

George
Boschetto

A BOOK OF
SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY PROSE

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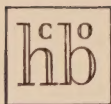
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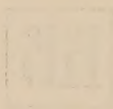


HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY

NEW YORK

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PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

TO THE STUDENTS IN
THE HONORS COURSES IN ENGLISH
IN WELLS AND YALE COLLEGES



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PREFACE

It is the purpose of the editors to give in this collection of prose pieces from the seventeenth century as large a body of the material as a year's course in seventeenth-century literature could possibly handle. The book is arranged so as to present, both to the special student of English literature and to the general reader who has never had the opportunity to read consecutively and widely the works of the century, a representative and generous selection of that prose which was so varied in content and style. The contents carry the reader from the "battery of eloquence" to modern prose; from the conscious and involved rhetoric and rhythms of Donne to the economical and plain prose tool of Dryden. The selections include religious tracts and sermons, scientific treatises, diaries of several sorts, historical sketches, political tracts, prefaces and other pieces of literary criticism, papers on education, biographies, and letters. The range is from the most serious to the lightest, from the kindly humor of Walton and Burton to the dead earnestness of Milton and Donne. Annals of wars and other events of national importance, philosophy, literary dicta, medicine and other sciences, religion, angling, insanity in all its variety, conviviality, clothes, food, the bread-and-butter business of everyday living, and above all human nature itself, are the subjects of the authors here presented. Puritan tracts and Cavalier letters are presented side by side. In every case the editors have confined their choices to such pieces as are, or ought to be, known for their literary excellence. They have tried wherever possible to give either whole pieces or selections long enough to do the author justice, though this is somewhat difficult to do for a century in which authors' minds were cut to the folio pattern.

The collection is unique in several respects. It is made up of many pieces that have never been brought together in one volume, and contains some works that are almost inaccessible to any save a few scholars. It brings to the modern reader the writings of the most neglected, perhaps, of all the centuries of English literature. Many of the greatest seventeenth-century authors have known modern print only in expensive separate editions or not at all. Here are whole works of John Donne, one of the greatest names in English prose, never anthologized before, along with a sheaf of Sir John Suckling's devil-may-care epistles. The book includes extracts from the well-nigh unknown but strikingly interesting Diary of Archbishop Laud, the founder of modern Anglicanism, and brings under one cover the accounts by both Pepys and Evelyn of the Plague and the Fire and other things. It brings together also the silks and velvets of Taylor and Browne and the homespun of John Bunyan.

The notes have been cut down to the minimum necessary for the intelligent reader, and they are given at the foot of the page where they are needed. The selections, furthermore, have been edited for the convenience of the student of literature rather than of the student of the text. In the case of each author the text followed is, wherever possible, that of the best seventeenth-century edition of his

works. Both spelling and punctuation have, in almost all cases, been modernized as in most present-day editions of the Bible and Milton, so that the general reader may have access to the literature here presented without being hindered by unfamiliarities or archaisms of orthography or printing. The seventeenth-century reader was not thus hindered, nor was he aware of any "quaintness" inherent in the spelling or phraseology of his authors. Furthermore, seventeenth-century punctuation represents, as is well known, the predilections of the typesetter almost as often as it does those of the writer. Each group of selections is preceded by a brief account of the life and character of the author.

The scholar and the more thorough student of the century's literature (and it is hoped that many who make their first acquaintance with the seventeenth century in these pages may be stimulated to become more thorough students of it) will, of course, not be satisfied with any anthology or book of selections, but will turn to the original texts and the standard editions of the authors, where at first hand they may study the seventeenth century's orthography, its punctuation, and its use of capitals and italics in relation to various elements of style.

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A BOOK OF
SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY PROSE

ENGLISH PROSE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

I

English prose has usually been more exactly dated than English poetry. For one thing, there has never been that strong tradition of the archaic, in words and in ideas, which in poetry has linked Spenser, the most Elizabethan of the Elizabethans, to Chaucer, Milton to Spenser, the mid-eighteenth-century poets to Milton, and so onwards. For another, prose has not had to preserve those conventionalized attitudes towards life, the pastoral, the mystical, the academic, that poetry makes it its business to perpetuate. Always nearer to the tools men handle with their hands, the problems men debate in political and legal, scholastic and ecclesiastical assemblies, prose has been more fluid, quicker to change, more readily harnessed to the business of conviction. It has tended to remain a means rather than to aspire to becoming an end in itself. It has usually remained the harness to the wild horses of religion, philosophy, politics, and science. Not the plowman, but the plow. Science achieves one of its frequent somersaults; and prose changes its vocabulary and its contents soon after. Religion thins out into philosophy; and prose divests itself of an enormous apparatus of ideas and words, *ecstasy*, *original sin*, *grace*, *election*, that will no longer be of service in a workaday world. Morality becomes sentimentality; and we have that peculiarly hollow sententiousness of the prose that fills the periodicals of the 1880's. Life seems to become a matter to be studied as mechanics; and we have the algebraic and statistical sentences that compose the jargon of most of the prose today. Prose is, by its very usefulness, always more at the mercy of the average mind than is poetry. It keeps up with the parade. It cries its wares, be they salvation for the soul or vehicles to carry a body at sixty miles an hour, in the idiom of current salesmanship. It sells its apples and its ideas. It changes its rhetorical clothes to newer cuts. Lace and velvet give way to machined seams and denim. It makes a living for those who use it. Sometimes only that. Sometimes that and a little more. For there are always hawkers who have something of the old *rhetor* in them still. There are always authors in whom the gesture of eloquence is more than a bread-and-butter affair.

There was a time, though, when English prose was for the moment more nearly akin to poetry in its power of sustaining itself as an end, a time when it was more of an art and less of a handicraft. That was in the day of the great prose artists Donne and Bacon and Burton, Taylor and Milton and Walton and Sir Thomas Browne; in the first half, roughly, of the seventeenth century. These men had the business of conviction very close to their hearts, axes religious, political, medical, or piscatorial to grind; but they made the words they used and the sentences they built matters of so much flavor and gusto and color and luxury that in their prose one can see minds that are in motion still after three hundred years, and in the balanced arrangements of their sentences hear the beat of their hearts. They laid hold on such sciences as the world has now relegated to the museums; they traf-

ficked in a theological system that has become archæology; they fought for principles that have long been household property of the nations, for freedom of speech, the skeptical approach to knowledge; they broke swords in battles that have long ago been won. Much of their material has turned to dust and chaff, or to the mummies of the museum. The world has improved upon many of their ideas, and discarded many of them. Yet, because these writers made their method of expressing their ideas so monumentally a part of their personalities, so sound and whole an art in itself, their books have lasted to this day, and their names are still among the names of the great. And theirs is an art from which we can learn much that will give a new wholeness and vitality to our prose today, from which we stand in great need to learn much. It is possible, and it will prove profitable, for us to take some leaves from these old books and, in doing so, to put into the contemporary medium something of the symmetry, the enthusiasm, the flexibility, and the richness of these older men.

Let it be admitted at the outset that there are some qualities in seventeenth-century prose which, for all the uniqueness and color they lend the medium, we should not do well to imitate. Such a quality is the fullness, the *copia*, of the prose of Donne and his contemporaries. Surely, one of the first impressions that a student new to these men receives is this of their prolixity. It stares him in the face whether he is following the Dean of St. Paul's through a nearly mortal fever, when one would suppose a man's mind would be pared down to the barest essentials; it meets him in Burton's endless catalogues of herbs good for all the ailments of man, tamarisk for the spleen, endives for the blood, fennel and anise-seed for the wind, wines of hellebore, syrups of borage, conserves of violets, mithridate, plasters, frontals, fomentations, odoraments, posies. No matter if the book be a short one, the quality of prolixity is still present. Mortal pangs, the presence of death cannot remove it. It is no wonder the student is at first repelled. It is only after he has read himself deeply into the century that he comes to sense the eloquence in this endless fertility of means. Where the books of the Psalms and Proverbs have two ways of saying the same thing, these seventeenth-century "secretaries" of religion have six. Nothing is too trivial or too small to say twice: "If hereafter, anatomizing this surly humor, my hand slip, and as an unskilful 'prentice, I lance too deep and cut through skin and all at unawares, make it smart, or cut awry, pardon a rude hand, an unskilful knife." These prose artists find *all* the words: "Those have been benighted till now, wintered and frozen, clouded and eclipsed, damped and benumbed, smothered and stupefied . . ." They pile synonyms on synonyms, parallel statements on parallel, Ossa on Pelion.

And this *copia* of speech is a deeper thing than a mere profusion of words and phrases and parallel sentences. It is a mirror to the wide reading of voluminous minds; it is an index to the fullness of their knowledge. These men are illustrations of the statement of one of their number, Bacon, "reading maketh a full man." Burton speaks with all the Bodleian behind him; Donne has digested the "whole body of divinity," church fathers, canonical writings, mediæval mystics. Milton has a legion of the ancient poets at his beck and call. It is not strange that these authors have minds cut to the folio size, that they write even a short treatise as if every page under their hands were of the folio dimension.

This *copia* is more than a mirror to much reading. It is one of the chief indexes of the richness of the souls of these writers. These men dwell upon rich words and

rare multiplications of words because they believe that repetitions and parallelisms and the play of words are a great part of eloquence. Donne loves to mouth the words *Chrysostom* and *Ambrose*, men who have gold and honey in their names. He dwells upon words of "blessed termination," *permission*, *commission*, *remission*. He is extravagant not only of words but of figures of speech. He makes his sermons bombardments of eloquent sentences. Though he can follow the Savior's simple *sequere me* when he so desires, he also falls a willing victim to the art of the *rhetor*, which he describes as "this battery of eloquence" and "this verbal violence." Donne strives consciously to imitate "the melodious fall of words" of St. Bernard, "who evermore embraced all occasions of exalting devotion" thereby. With such a man the abundance of rich words becomes a part of holiness.

So it is that this *copia* of the seventeenth-century writer, archaic as it is for us, is a part of that writer's greatness. It is the thing that does much to create the kingly leisure of his style. It is a part of the unction of his attitude towards life. It is an outward sign of the inward fervency of his politics or his religion, his fishing or his philosophy. It is a quality born of his enthusiasm for his thoughts. That the richness and zest of his spirit should so express themselves in a richly wordy style is the most natural thing in the world. That *copia* of his is not for us; yet we are haunted, perhaps, by the idea that our thoughts may be too gray and unaspiring to merit a habit of such flamboyant cut.

With another quality in the prose authors of the early seventeenth century it is even more difficult for the immature student or the casual modern reader to find sympathy. As one of the major facets of this *copia* of means there is the habit of using many authorities. Cut from the prose of the period the quotations direct and indirect from Latin authors alone, and there will be enormous lacunas; cut away all references to the books of the past, and the seventeenth-century folios will contract to quartos. At first sight these men seem topheavy with their learning. The Bible, the Classics, the mediæval books are worked into the very tissue of their discourse. They seem unable to state the obvious without buttressing it about with the opinions of the ancients. Bacon cannot do justice to the subject of friendship without calling to his assistance the names of Aristotle, Epimenides, Numa, Apollonius of Tyre, mediæval hermits, Scylla, Pompey, Julius Cæsar, Decimus Brutus, Antonius, Cicero, Augustus, Agrippa, Mæcenas, Tiberius Cæsar, Sejanus, Septimius Severus, Plautianus, Trajan, Marcus Aurelius, Commineus, Duke Charles the Hardy, Louis XI, Pythagoras, mediæval alchemists, Themistocles, Heraclitus, and St. James. Love, for Burton, is a catalogue of all the lovers human and divine from all the histories and fables of the past, a mosaic of ten thousand names. Sir Thomas Browne can no more think of sleep without referring to Aristotle's and Galen's theories about it than he can write of man without viewing him as a microcosm. Even in the jovial business of landing a trout the ancients have wise words to speak at our elbows; there is that Antonia, the wife of Drusus, who had a pet lamprey which she hung with jewels and trinkets; Pliny has such fish stories to tell as those of the thirty-foot eels of the Ganges; Aristotle must remind us of a river that music riles. Donne cannot prove that suicide is sometimes justified without canvassing some one hundred and eighty authors from Plato and St. Augustine down to the most microscopic men of the ancient and mediæval learning. Milton must support his very modern and original ideas on

divorce with forced instances from the Old Testament. Without the church fathers the sermons of Donne and Taylor would dwindle greatly. In spite of the fact that these authors live in a time of change when Aristotelian philosophy and Ptolemaic astronomy are crumbling, these men go on citing the ancients. And they cite them to prove theories the ancients would never have entertained. Bacon's mind moves in the manner of the modern; his style is full of the matter of the antique. Browne uses the authorities of the past in the midst of his essays in modern skepticism. The new sciences are springing up; but they are being watered from the watering-pots of the old learning.

Again the wonder of the matter is that this archaic and mediæval habit of dependence upon authority becomes a vital part of the organism of seventeenth-century prose. We cannot separate these men from their learned instances and have these men whole. Shorn of their historical and mythological hirsuteness, they become like the shorn Samson; many of their arguments fall to the ground. The pith of old books is the marrow in their bones. The Anatomy of Melancholy is a mighty mosaic of authors; yet the magic of Burton's artistry in bringing them together has made them come to life. Ovid lives again, and the fabulous ladies celebrated in old myths stir and move. It is the miracle of Elisha once more. Burton speaks with his mouth against the mouth of the dead, his heart upon the dead heart. And Democritus comes alive and laughs through the laughter of Burton. Nor can we tell with Burton where Democritus leaves off and Burton begins. He has fused his personality with the books he has read until there can be no cutting without starting a vein to bleed. He has identified himself with his thousand books; the valley of Bodleian bones turns into a valley of living men.

Let Burton give the *apologia* for his own mosaic: " 'Tis all mine," he writes, " and none mine. As a good housewife out of divers fleeces weaves one piece of cloth, a bee gathers wax and honey out of many flowers and makes a new bundle of all . . . I have laboriously collected this *cento* out of divers writers. . . . The matter is theirs most part and yet mine, . . . which nature doth with the aliment of our bodies, incorporate, digest, assimilate, I do *concoquere quod hausit*, dispose of what I take. I make them pay tribute to set out this my *Macaronicon*. The method only is mine own. . . . We can say nothing but what hath been said, the composition and method is ours only and shows a scholar. . . . Our poets steal from Homer. . . . Divines use Austin's words *verbatim* still, and our story-dressers do as much. He that comes last is commonly best."

As with Burton, so with the others, in their degree. These writers have an air of saying what they have to say with all the centuries speaking through them, with all the great minds of the past at their elbows as they write. Milton's music had elsewhere its origin; it vibrated in the brains of those who wrote the Psalms and the Proverbs, the Book of Job, and the ancient epics. "Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are." It is the power these men have, the power of making books come to life. So their writings give an impression of the continuity of the ages, a motif sadly lacking in our prose today. With us, the past is a mummy to case in glass, to study with the microscope like the ossification of matter that it seems to us to be. With us, old authors are apt to be geological. If we can learn nothing else from this habit of the artists of the seventeenth century, if the secret of their resuscitations of books be beyond us, we can at least learn to use quota-

tions more gracefully than we do. Burton and Bacon and the others can show us how to quote without contortions and deliberations like those of an athlete about to perform a running-high-jump. They can show us how to make quotations more of the stuff of our own discourse.

II

Feeders upon the past, devourers of ancient learning, these prose-writers of the seventeenth century came naturally by their passionate poses and eccentric attitudes. The artistic unities, the symmetric myths of culture that time can make of the lives of the buried great whose monuments are books, these men came to yearn to make their own. They came to look upon themselves as powers for prophecy and sanctified tools in the hands of God, philosophers and leaders of the people. The dignity of lonely men was upon them; they saw confusion and the wilderness around them; they saw order and law in the past. What wonder they felt themselves like Moses coming down from Sinai at the last? Milton laid aside easily his deliberate design to make himself the greatest in English poetry and to train himself austere as the singing runner of God as a strong man strips himself to run a race; but he laid that design aside easily only because he felt himself called to be a shepherd and warrior of a nation set free. The intimates of these men were great books; their lives were often sacrificial disciplines. For all his Chaucerian joviality Burton did have a serious pattern behind his colossal commentary on the follies of man. He played Democritus, the laughing philosopher, so long that the rôle became his soul. Deliberately fashioning his lonely Oxonian life step by step upon the legendary details of that of an ancient wise man, assuming life to be the insanity his prototype considered it, dissecting life as Democritus dissected the bodies of animals, Burton lived himself so thoroughly into a legend that one cannot tell where the legend leaves off and Burton begins. Even the local Oxonian anecdote of Burton's finding his only hilarity in life in standing on Folly Bridge and hearing the bargemen swear is all of a piece with the story of Democritus's going to the harbor of Abdera to laugh heartily at the ridiculous activities there. Surely Burton is justified in signing himself Democritus Junior! He brought a man to life; he deserves to have the man's name. Undertaking his work as a mithridate against insanity in himself, Burton came to be over half in love with this insanity which is life. Lord, what fools these mortals be! Life is all a Vanity Fair. Bachelors have all the best of it. — And isn't life wonderful, and isn't marriage the spiciest and brightest page of all! We are all fools together. And don't we have a splendid time of it! — The sanctity and salvation of laughter, the possession of man alone of all creation. Here is the serious pattern, here is the real meaning behind Burton's book. But it is a meaning that does not begin to reveal itself until the fifth reading. The reader who has finished the fifth, though, has only begun. Taylor, too, chose a rôle and played it. He actually practised his holy dying. Browne's gentle pessimism is that of the *vates*-elect. Skeptic and scientist, looking ahead into the years of our time, Browne writes with all the assurance of a major prophet; revelations two and three thousand years old give him the light for his page. Lonely men acquainted with meditation. Men of mortifications, men who crucified their own little vanities, who deliberately drove the nails into the beauty of their bodies and the pride of their strength.

John Donne, whose spouse was the church after the light loves of his youth

and the deep love of his married maturity were done, was at mortification the master of them all. He took his dram of death daily. Did the body he so loved puff itself up, he reminded it of its coming state in the grave. He did it publicly in the pulpit of old Paul's, for the edification of an audience that grew finally to be an audience of all England and some foreign lands. Men of heroic gestures on a stage that was the world. Big men and lonely men, acting the lamb of the sacrifice. Donne had himself painted in a shroud, the marriage veil of the grave, and kept the likeness hard by his bed during his last days to behold at his rising and his lying down. Turned to marble, that monument of his mortification was one of the few things in his cathedral to escape the Fire of London. If he could know that, Donne would glow. Did King Hezekiah write holy meditations after his illness, then Dean Donne would go him one better. Donne wrote his *Devotions upon Emergent Occasions*, a study of *his* sickness, in the very midst of his disease; and outside his walls the passing bell for those who had died but now gave the refrain to his thoughts. Fever and death to hold up to the people's eyes. And Donne rose from his own sick-bed, at the end, to preach his own funeral sermon, to preach to his surprised audience "mortality by a decayed body and a dying face." Lonely men acquainted with agonies. . . . Not for us, perhaps, this sense of greatness and consecration. Yet without men of this sort an age can be a sorry thing and a gray.

Because they felt themselves singled out to be scapegoats for the troubles of men, some of these writers were troubled greatly in their minds by the character of the times. They lived in a century of violent changes, a century when the modern world was being born and the old dying. They saw old values and old loyalties discarded; new sciences were remaking men's ideas about the very physical cosmos of their bodies, shifting the earth from the centre of cosmos to the position of an unimportant speck of dust whirling about a third-rate star, revising the theories of disease and pain as the glorification and warning of God, bringing new continents to be colonized into men's ken, challenging the divine right of rulers, the authority of the old philosophers. The heads of kings were falling; and unconsecrated men were going about the streets expounding the mysteries of God by the light of reason. The very texture of everyday life was changing; new articles of consumption were coming into use, potatoes, oranges, tobacco, and, later, coffee and tea. New lands were being settled by men whose religion or politics had made the Old World too hot a place to live in. The Old Boy's chickens of religious controversies were coming home to roost, now that the popular absolutism of the Tudors had been replaced by the unpopular absolutism of the Stuarts. The national unity was lost; unheard of revolutions were in the wind. The sound of swords and of Oliver's new artillery some of these men heard as they wrote. Donne had to devote a part of many of his sermons to an exposition of the false doctrines of the Roman Catholics, whom he knew intimately since he had been reared in their persuasion, on the one hand, and of the Puritans, whom he outdid in his emphasis upon the need of purity and upon the Calvinistic positivism of sin, on the other.

No wonder these men were prone to turn anatomists and cut up their thoughts in order to study their composition. The first part of the century is strewn with "anatomies." Donne's sermons are full of a surgeon's probing. Sin he dissects again and again, and still the essence of it eludes him. He finds that it is a sin to

take delight in the conviction of being clear of it; he finds that he sins over again the sins of his youth in the very act of recalling them and cataloguing them; the little sins are the vermin of the soul and cause more damage than the great; man sins in season and brings forth his fruit of sin proper to his age — in youth wantonness, in age indevotion. The body troubles and divides his mind to the end. As he preaches and says over the holy words, he suddenly finds that his mind is away in another place contemplating other things. The Dean of Paul's is an expert in psychology two hundred and fifty years before psychology is born: "I am not all here. I am here now preaching upon this text, and I am at home in my library considering whether St. Gregory or St. Jerome have said best of this text before. I am here speaking to you, and yet I consider by the way in the same instant what it is likely you will say to one another when I have done. You are not all here neither. You are here now hearing me, and yet you are thinking that you have heard a better sermon somewhere else of this text before; you are here, and yet you think you could have heard some other doctrine of downright predestination and reprobation roundly delivered somewhere else with more edification to you; you are here, and you remember yourselves that now you think of it this had been the fittest time, now when everybody else is at church, to have made such and such a private visit; and because you would be there you are there." Fascination is the key-word for Donne's ideas upon sin, upon death, upon many things, but most of all upon the fact of sex. There has never been an author more obsessed with the physical phenomena of life in relation to the mystery of reproduction; there has never been a poet or a writer in prose who came nearer to resolving the paradox of the flesh and spirit. In his analysis of sex, Donne has come the nearest perhaps of all the mystics, though he is not ever a complete mystic, to revealing the holiness of the body and the lust of the Holy Spirit, the marriage of heaven and earth, ecstasy, that thing which has haunted the mind of man since the beginning of art and religion. "Solomon, whose disposition was amorous and excessive in the love of women, when he turned to God, he departed not utterly from his old phrase and language, but having put a new and a spiritual tincture and form and habit in all his thoughts and words, he conveys all his loving approaches and applications to God and all God's gracious answers to his amorous soul into songs and epithalamiums and meditations upon contracts and marriages between God and his church and between God and his soul; as we see so evidently in all his other writings, and particularly in this text, I love them, etc. In which words is expressed all that belongs to love, all which is to desire and to enjoy; for to desire without fruition is a rage, and to enjoy without desire is a stupidity; in the first alone we think of nothing but that which we then would have; and in the second alone we are not for that when we have it; in the first we are without it; in the second we were as good as we were, for we have no pleasure in it; nothing then can give us satisfaction but when those two concur, *amare* and *frui*, to love and to enjoy." It is Donne's peculiarity that the dissections he performs are performed upon himself, whether it be Solomon or any other who furnishes the text. Donne makes the pulpit an operating-table and anatomizes himself for the sake of his hearers. Burton's masterpiece is another of these seventeenth-century "anatomies." Browne analyzes and divides. The poets whom Donne fired, Herbert and Vaughan, and, through Herbert, Crashaw, write lyrics that are impassioned dissections of the soul.

Yet, at the same time, these prose-writers are men who have enough of the vitality of old books in their heads and enough of the sense of being philosophers-elect to make wholes out of their very fascinations. So a study of the types of insanity becomes a Cavalier philosophy of life; an examination into a doctor's religion becomes another book for the New Testament; an essay on holy dying becomes a law of life; a passion over a divorce pamphlet turns into the vision of the Areopagitica. They start with surgeons' robes, these men, and they end with robes of the philosophers.

A quality that sets the prose of Donne apart from the modern, and makes it sometimes difficult for the modern reader, is the frequent figurativeness. Metaphors, similes, analogies, paradoxes — all the varieties are here. This author cannot move a stone without showing us the wing upon it; he cannot cite a city without thinking of a city in the soul. He cannot build an idea without putting something of music into it. We who are accustomed to look chiefly for plain facts in prose are apt, at first, to be put out. Sometimes Donne puts so many wings upon his ideas that one cannot see the ideas for the wings. His mind is double; he lays down a principle, and then he illustrates it with a metaphor or an analogy; and often the figure is of more importance and of more vitality than the fact. This man is a maker; the poet sits always at his elbow. Donne cannot think of the spiritual and the material without thinking of them in the terms of the hemispheres; tribulations are the Northwest Passage to the rich Indies of salvation; vanities are the dewdrops old Spider Satan has in his web to entice the bright-eyed flies that we are. *Metaphysical* is the word that has been coined for this preacher who can make sermons on the compass or the analogy of the world as a sea. By *metaphysical*, scholars mean chiefly that this poet turned preacher fills his work with a spiritual concept for every material fact, that he sees correspondence in all things, that he is avid of ransacking every time and every profession for concrete illustrations for his abstract statements. A volume could be written on the significance of his recurring figures, from mediæval alchemy, from medicine, from the sex relationships, from coining and minting, from the jeweler's craft, from law, from commerce, from husbandry. He goes far afield, and, sometimes, he comes home with odd and revolting matter in his hands. The blood of Christ is the varnish, the rosin, against the vermination of the sins that would make our hulls unseaworthy; a fever helps one towards a doctor's degree in the College of Death. Donne can outdo Antony of Padua, that prince of mediæval metaphor-makers, for whom the apostles were ichneumons and merciful men cranes, in his power of conceiving startling comparisons. He is a master, too, at making metaphors so simple that they shine. Hear him on high men and humble men: "A prince is a pilot of a great ship, a kingdom; we of a pinnacle, a family, or a less skiff, ourselves. . . . If he be a lion and live by prey and waste among cedars and pines, and I a mole and scratch out my bed in the ground happy in this, that I cannot see him; if he be a butterfly, the son of a silkworm, and I a scarab, the seed of dust; if he go to execution in a chariot, and I in a cart or by foot, where is the glorious advantage?" Or "if thou beest not amber, bezoar, nor liquid gold to restore princes; yet thou art a shrub to shelter a lamb or to feed a bird; or thou art a plaitain to ease a child's smart." Hear him on God as the potter: "Man is but an earthen vessel. 'Tis true, but when we are upon that consideration God is the potter. If God will be that, I am well content to be this.

Let me be anything, so that I be from my God, I am as well content to be a sheep as a lion, so God will be my shepherd; and the Lord is my shepherd; to be a cottage as a castle, so God will be my builder; and the Lord builds and watches the city, the house, this house, this city, me; to be rye as wheat, so God will be the husbandman; and the Lord plants me, and waters and weeds and gives the increase; and to be clothed in leather as well as in silk, so God will be the merchant; and he clothed me in Adam and assures me of clothing in clothing the lilies of the field, and is fitting the robe of Christ's righteousness to me now, this minute. Adam is as good to me as *Ghebar*, a clod of earth as a hill of earth; so God be the potter."

Donne looked upon the matter of metaphor and paradox as a thing more vital than mere adornment. His attitude in this respect is representative of the practice of most of the prose-writers of the early seventeenth century. Donne knew that the road to men's hearts lies through the emotions; and he knew that figures of speech are the ministers of the emotions, as the great literary artists have always known it. He deliberately, therefore, set out to amaze and astound and win his audiences by his figurativeness. He declares that he has an authority for his method in Holy Writ: "The Holy Ghost in penning the Scriptures delights himself, not only with a propriety but with a delicacy and harmony and melody of language, with height of metaphors and other figures which may work greater impressions upon the readers. . . . There are not in all the world so eloquent books as the Scriptures. . . . If we could take all these figures and tropes which are collected out of secular poets and orators, we may give higher and livelier examples of every one of those figures out of the Scriptures than out of all the Greek and Latin poets and orators." And in another place Donne describes the Scriptures as "such a height of figures, such voyages, such peregrinations to fetch remote and precious metaphors, such extensions, such spreadings, such curtains of allegories, such third heavens of hyperboles, so harmonious elocutions, so retired and so reserved expressions, so commanding persuasions, so persuading commandments, such sinews even in thy milk, and such things in thy words as all profane authors seem of the seed of the serpent that creeps, thou art the dove that flies." And Donne would be the first to subscribe to Herbert's contention that writers of sacred themes ought to employ rich and figurative language:

"Sweet phrases, lovely metaphors,
But will you leave me thus? When you before
Of stews and brothels only knew the doors,
Then did I wash you with my tears, and more,
Brought you to church well-drest and clad.
My God must have my best, ev'n all I had.

Lovely, enchanting language, sugar-cane,
Honey of roses, whither wilt thou fly?
Hath some fond lover 'tic'd thee to thy bane?
And wilt thou leave the church, and love a sty?

Christ used parables to astound men into acceptance; Christ chose "that dark way" of intriguing men; Donne will do likewise. So he dwells lovingly upon Bernard's conception of Christ as *verbum infans*, *puer sapiens*, *deus lactens*. So he handles paradoxes, those perilous cutting instruments, the most skilfully of any this side of the great mystics. In the resurrection the soul "reads without spelling

and knows without thinking and concludes without arguing; she is at the end of her race without running; in her triumph without fighting; in her haven without sailing; a free man without any 'prenticeship; at full years without any wardship; and a doctor without any proceeding; she knows truly and easily and immediately and entirely and everlastingly. . . . What a death is this life! What a resurrection is this death!"

III

Rhetorical ornament of one sort or another is a great feature of all the prose-writers of the early seventeenth century. Parallelism, repetition, antithesis, the figure, the illustration. Here are thinkers to whom rhetoric is a part of the strength of the thought. Bacon knows the force of practical examples to reinforce his idea. "Wisdom for a man's self is . . . a depraved thing." There is the statement of the bare principle; but such a statement as the brain will soon forget. So Bacon adds his examples, his sheaf of triple parallels: "It is the wisdom of rats that will be sure to leave a house somewhat before it fall. It is the wisdom of the fox that thrusts out the badger who digged and made room for him. It is the wisdom of crocodiles that shed tears when they would devour." And Bacon's principle is in the reader's brain for good and all. Take away the rhetorical devices of plain and clean analogies which Bacon employs throughout his essays, the rhythm and sculpturing of his statements, and you will have an intellectual algebra that will be cold and unconvincing. And so with many of the others. Milton is crabbed and loose at times, Browne can be idiosyncratic, Donne can be dry; but all of them have in them often that magic of emotional appeal through rhetoric which makes the King James Bible the masterpiece that it is.

Surely we can learn much from these rhetorical devices, from this high style of seventeenth-century prose. Without going to Donne's excess in figurativeness, we can well learn from him that the most matter-of-fact ideas may be given wings. Decoration may well become a textbook. A metaphor may assist in convincing the hardest of heads. Surely those of us who write literary criticism could introduce into our prose something of the seventeenth-century manner. There is no need to write of authors in a scientific jargon that differs from the report of the bureau of fisheries only in subject-matter. One is ready to begin to doubt if life means so much to us as it did to these older men, when our learned sentences are so dead.

High style these authors of the seventeenth century can write, a style that is reminiscent of the lonely and careful quill; and yet most of them can put down the quill on occasion and speak their sentences with a colloquial and homely grace that astounds us. Here is another marvel of this prose. It can talk, and talk with a richness of oral idiom and a rhetorical balance withal. Informality that is formal still; homeliness to set off the learned instances from great books, homespun illustrations from husbandry and commerce. These men are not parlor men wholly, as so many of the nineteenth-century prose-writers; they know the kitchen, too. Lovers of the fine vases of philosophy, they handle the earthen crocks of practical life, too. We catch them at their ease in unexpected places, even, as Matthew Arnold would put it, in Zion. Hear the Dean of Paul's: "Why should I pray to St. George for victory when I may go to the Lord of hosts, Almighty God himself, or consult with a sergeant or corporal when I may go to

the general? Or to another saint for peace when I may go to the Prince of Peace, Christ Jesus? Why should I pray to St. Nicholas for a fair passage at sea when he that rebuked the storm is nearer to me than St. Nicholas? Why should I pray to St. Antony for my hogs when he that gave the Devil leave to drown the Gergesens' whole herd of hogs did not do that by St. Antony's leave nor by putting a *caveat* or *præ-non-obstante* in his monopoly of preserving hogs? I know not where to find St. Petronilla when I have an ague, nor St. Apollonia when I have the tooth-ache, nor St. Liberius when I have the stone; I know not whether they can hear me in heaven or no. . . . I know that my Redeemer liveth, and I know where he is; and no man knows where he is not. He is our creditor, to him we must pay."

Many of Donne's best figures are homespun ones: God's pardon is an eyeglass; the cobwebs of occasions for sin must be swept down when we clean our soul's house; the church is God's mint; homilies are cold meats; our malice is the bellows that blows up another's sins; in Adam we were sold in gross, in ourselves in retail; God's corrections are his physic; Papist traditions destroy God's word as hogs root up and spoil the grass for the sheep; speech is the glue and cement of religion; God takes us into his church from the common and encloses us and impales us within it; the pleader will not go to Smithfield, nor the cattle dealer to Westminster, nor the prayerful man into the streets; private religious service is a tap of water outside, but the church is the cistern of water itself; temporal afflictions are merely caterpillars in one corner of our garden, the body of the estate, the soul, is safe; small sins make way for great ones, just as small children thrust in at a window open the doors of a house to grown-up thieves; a corpulent man would like to give away some of his fat, and a man fat in riches ought to wish to give away some of his wealth; mingling religions is making linsey-woolsey garments, or plowing with an ox and an ass; Christians should look for the Lord's day as schoolboys look for holidays, worldly men for rent-days, travellers and chapmen for market-days; it is as absurd for a man to go to the saints for help as for a man of Windsor to go to London Bridge for water; the Holy Ghost spread wings to gather us in as a hen does her chickens. It would be possible to make an adequate summary of all the themes of Donne's best eloquence, all the laws of life he preached, from such homely examples. And these practical applications of religious truth shine out from the very midst of opinions of the church fathers, mediæval contortions of texts, and the mighty music of Donne's grand manner. There is a homeliness, too, of more than material; there is often a homeliness in Donne's style that is of the very essence of simplicity, the eloquence of the plain and direct: "As your sons write by copies and your daughters work by samplers, be every father a copy to his son, every mother a sampler to her daughter, and every house will be a university."

Bacon has the gift, too. With him it is more his way of saying the wise thing in a manner that makes one think of the adage. He is the seventeenth-century Ben Franklin, always practical, given to the short and pithy statement. "If a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics." "He that cannot look into his own estate at all had need both to choose well those whom he employeth and change them often." "Long and curious speeches are as fit for dispatch as a robe or mantle with a long train is for a race."

Browne has the gift. "I could digest a salad gathered in a churchyard as well as in a garden." "I have no conscience of marble to resist the hammer of more

heavy offences." "My prayer goes with the husbandman's; I desire everything in its proper season." "I can cure the gout or stone in some sooner than divinity, pride, and avarice in others." Throughout his *Religio Medici*, for all the beauty of his sentences and the convolutions of his ideas, this man remains a plain man speaking with homespun honesty. His greatest book is a monologue with all the subtle idioms that are more of the tongue than of the pen.

Milton alone of these men does not talk in his prose. He indulges in invective, to be sure, but he is too earnestly a man in a forum to have the gift.

Walton's sentences in the Angler, for all their length and for all the Latinity of their words, fall naturally into the dialogue form. Walton has the ease of the natural-born conversationalist. Even in the Lives it is a polite and witty lecturer whom we meet. Here is nothing of the stiff formalism of Clarendon embarked upon the Suetonian venture of biography; here are rather the grace and the ease of Johnson's Lives.

But Burton is by far the best of them all in the homeliness and informality of his style. The Anatomy is sheer talk, glorious talk of a man to whom old authors are people. Here is spoken discourse always, rambling, returning, veering, running on and on, sparkling with all the brilliance of the impromptu. If to our ears he sounds a bit archaic at first, we must remember that the spoken idiom of his time would sound archaic if we heard it today. In these days when we are trained from the cradle to furnish forth all subjects with verbs and to end all sentences, it comes as a refreshing surprise to come upon a man who knows enough to speak in phrases: "A painter's shop, a flowery meadow, no so gracious an aspect in nature's storehouse as a young maid, *nubilis puella*, a Novitsa or Venetian bride that looks for a husband, or a young man that is her suitor; composed looks, composed gait, clothes, gestures, actions, all composed; all the graces, elegancies, in the world are in her face." Burton is the artist and master of the short sentence. I do not care how many long sentences measured by full stops you find; periods are a poor measure here. You could easily strew them through one sentence, measured by our yardstick, and have many sentences that are brief and striking. He says as much as he can say in one breath. He is to be measured in the terms of the voice.

And Burton is the most colloquial and idiomatic author of them all. We realize, when we read him, what we have lost in spiciness of language since the seventeenth century. Where we are richer in adjectives and nouns, Burton is a plutocrat to us in his prepositions and verbs, his variety of phrase, his ease in bringing forth an idea without stumbling over it. His asides, his parenthetical remarks, his surprising turns of mind are enough to arouse our envy. Suppose, without copying him slavishly or attempting to revive his archaic vocabulary and verb forms, we should try to write in a cognate manner, remembering how we *talked* of this thing we have on our minds last night, before ever we thought of putting it into *writing*. How much less jargon, how many fewer long and wooden words we should use! how many fewer sentences that lie like creatures long out of the sea there would be on our pages! Imagine what a surprise to open a magazine and come upon an essay full of sentences that began at once, without our everlasting *too* or *also* or *however*, and that went on to their conclusions innocent of a taint of the deadening fear of leaving out a connective or an antecedent! Suppose in our college work we should open a long paper that read like this: "A poor man drinks in a wooden

dish and eats his meat in wooden spoons, wooden platters, earthen vessels, and such homely stuff; the other in gold, silver, and precious stones; but with what success? *In auro bibitur venenum*; fear of poison in the one, security in the other. A poor man is able to write, to speak his mind, to do his own business himself; *locuples mittit parasitum*, saith Philostratus; a rich man employs a parasite, and as a mayor of a city speaks by the town-clerk or by Mr. Recorder when he cannot express himself. Nonius the senator hath a purple coat as stiff with jewels as his mind is full of vices; rings on his fingers worth 20,000 sesterces; and, as Perox the Persian king, an onion in his ear worth £100 weight of gold. Cleopatra hath whole boars and sheep served up to her table at once, drinks jewels dissolved, 40,000 sesterces in value; but to what end?

*Num tibi cum fauces urit sitis, aurea quæris
Pocula?*

Doth a man that is dry desire to drink in gold? doth not a cloth suit become him as well and keep him as warm as all their silks, satins, damasks, taffetas and tissues? Is not homespun cloth as great a preservative against cold as a coat of Tartar lambs' wool dyed in grain or a gown of giants' beards? Nero, saith Sueton, never put on one garment twice; and thou hast scarce one to put on. What's the difference? one's sick, the other sound. Such is the whole tenor of their lives and that which is the consummation and upshot of all, death itself, makes the greatest difference. One like an hen feeds on the dunghill all his days but is served up at last to his lord's table; the other as a falcon is fed with partridge and pigeons and carried on his master's fist, but when he dies is flung to the muckhill and there lies."

But there is more to the ease of Democritus Junior than a colloquial idiom or a sentence that is alive. These are the means he uses to the end of making himself and his books alive also. Here is another of the talkative rich men of the century, always at ease, always the graceful master of his material, who can make even philosophy seem like an opinion about the weather, who is not put out by Plato, not abashed by a folio. This man may have lived a lonely life; but he found many living men to talk to in his books. Full of whims and prejudices, always egotistically concentric, he airs his views on the fundamental values of life as if they were notions. The soberest and weightiest matters he makes into gestures. He starts new thoughts up like hares as he goes and sends them scampering off at all tangents. He creates his thinking as he goes. Like Browne he makes salvation and human health personal affairs. And it is precisely all this that Charles Lamb has learned from Burton and Browne. He has set himself up in the essay world out of these seventeenth-century essayists who talked of the wisdom of the world with their feet on the mantel, surprising the great in negligée. Lamb has even copied their idiom; but he had no need to be archaic to become a master of their craft. Lamb talks as they talk, in the very temple of wisdom. He refuses to be awed with himself or any other. From Burton he got the trick of the poker face and the china eye of his humor; from Browne the art of giving the rare sort of personal revelation that is as human as lovable, neither scandalous nor boring. Surely, here is a kind of literary archæology which we should do well to imitate. For this archæology is the one in which we exhume the entombed great and find them as alive as ourselves.

In a great measure it is in the sentences themselves of these men that we can find much of the magic of their eloquence. At first sight, most of them write long sentences. But when you come to examine these more closely, you discover little that one finds in the periodic sentence of the eighteenth or the nineteenth century. The units of thought are smaller and more independent, for one thing; they are not knit together into intricate coördinate and subordinate relationships. Except in Milton, there are fewer relative clauses — those blights and mildews of modern prose. The sentences of Donne and Burton and Browne are easy to read aloud. They are phrase-sentences, not clausal ones, and there is a fine rightness to the fall of the phrases that one can admire but not define. Parallelism is a part of the story, but not all. The sentences are molded to the breath. The units have a carelessness and an air of spontaneity. Above all, there is variety unending.

After all, it is largely a matter of music. It is in the rhythm of these sentences that the secret of their eloquence mainly lies. There is a balance that is as much a part of the thought as a law of their sentences, a balance of thought and words like that in the English Bible. Perhaps never before or since have thoughts so naturally found the best media of expression, in the measure of time, the measure of beat, the measure of the rising and falling of the voice. There are the equilateral triangles of Bacon's sentences; the voice goes up the slope and comes down with a nice flourish of the same length. There are the elegiac triangles of Sir Thomas Browne. Here the voice moves at a long sweep upwards and suddenly descends with an effect of pathos that suits well with the sepia tone of his mood of *vanitas vanitatum*. The color is that of the late and golden afternoon. Perhaps there is a prose equivalent here to the elegiac metre of Latin literature. And there are the isosceles triangles and the triangles acute and obtuse of Donne's sentences. With him there are endless variety and variation. He can thunder and rise, in phrases modelled to the bated breath, to that breathless and terrible conclusion of his greatest sentence, on the horror of being secluded eternally from the sight of God. He can skirmish and banter in homely, blunt rhythms. He can touch upon the *lacrimæ rerum* with his refrains such as the phrase, "Jezebel was a queen." He can sweep on with dirge-like rhythms, as in that sermon by the bier of his friend James the First, breaking the flow of his lamentation with the monosyllabic word "dead" at regularly recurring intervals measured — who knows? — to the time of the tolling of a bell outside. Refrains, repetitions, risings and fallings of the voice, a cadence that makes death and fear tangible things, that makes the concepts of eternity and the greatness of God wonderful things one can hear move and stir, wonderful things of life. There is in Donne's concept of the world as a sea something of the everlasting advance and recession of the sea: "So the world is a sea. It is a sea as it hath ebbs and floods and no man knows the true reason of those floods and those ebbs. All men have changes and vicissitudes in their bodies (they fall sick) and in their estates (they grow poor) and in their minds (they become sad) at which changes (sickness, poverty, sadness) themselves wonder, and the cause is wrapped up in the purpose and judgment of God only and hid even from them that have them; and so the world is a sea." Sentences that are works of art — and all the greater works of art because they came naturally and without effort of deliberation to a man who felt his emotions grip him as he gripped the pulpit and spoke of the beauty that lasts and the beauty that dies until his audience wept and he with them. Great sentences because they were sculptured by an

exhilarated heart and a shadowed brain. The rhythms of the vibrations of life, in our nerves and veins, in the wind-swept tree. Overtones of a cosmic beauty and sadness that we share with all created things. Laws of music we can only feel. A harmony that is not in our sentences now, a music that our prose, and perhaps our world, has lost.

Seventeenth-century prose can prove what a vital thing style can be, how much of the stuff of life. This vehicle that brings us facts about the systems of thought and statistics of civilization, the relationships of material objects, can lift facts to the plane of poetry. It can make any subject literature, as it made theology, angling, medicine, archæology, literature in the seventeenth century. These writers sat down to write sermons full of local theological color; to direct fishermen and to classify fish; to examine into what things a doctor can believe; what methods ancient peoples had of disposing of their dead; to catalogue the causes, symptoms, and cures of insanity; to compose polemics on social and political subjects; and they ended by writing books that are a part of our literature. These writers had the art of words, a rhetoric that became holiness or eloquence. They stirred the emotions as they told about the facts of life. They aimed not merely to convince but to edify. Browne wrote a treatise on burials that reads like another Book of Ecclesiastes. How many of our textbooks of history and politics and literature, how many of our treatises on science, after their value as scientific works has evaporated, will be found on the shelves of libraries where literature is preserved three hundred years hence? Why must the very scholars of literature today, who most of all should traffic in the art of the emotions, ape the men who write on chemistry and physics? Our doctors of letters are too often the undertakers of letters; and their sentences, like their matter, are dead. Cannot the scientist write and think in metaphor and simile again? Cannot the historian employ paradox and metonymy? must he speak only such jargon as *genetic evolution* and *group consciousness* and *industrial revolution*, speak only in abstractions and never in the terms of human emotions? Certainly there is the same old poetry in the new nebular hypothesis, and moving metaphors in the dance of the electrons. If only for the young, we might try to capture these. We have no need to make the present divorce between science and literature permanent. In the seventeenth century the two were as one. We have no need to banish the emotions, and the rhetoric that is their servant, to the personal essay and the play, the novel and the biography.

If we have looked thus at seventeenth-century prose as a matter, to a great extent, of style, it is because the fundamental character of seventeenth-century thinking is so bound up with style that he who would best lay hold of the one must understand the other. The conclusions that Sir Thomas Browne arrives at in his religion of a physician, taken from the matrix of Sir Thomas's sentences and baldly set down in the curiously unemotional and uncadenced prose of today, sound flat. There is no escaping that fact. It is like translating a mediæval Latin hymn into prose. The nuances of suggestion, constantly thrown forth like sparks from an intellect hammered by emotional reflexes, the play of a poetic fancifulness, the wings that beat in sudden analogies, the harmony of the fall of the phrases — all these are lost in a plain statement of the creed. Browne and Burton are makers, in the Greek sense of that word; they allow their feelings to shape their intellectual matter. Their ideas enlarge as they transfer them from the brain to the

page. Donne has not much that is original to give the world in the way of a theological content; but Donne has much to give in his quality of fervor in brooding and enlarging upon the old concepts, original sin, the actual resurrection of the body, the horror of death, the greatness of God. Let the man who must consider only the intellectual content of these seventeenth-century men, as if their books were to be reduced merely to tables of scientific data, winnow and be content. Apart from their style there will be enough of them left to engage his attention. One may sort out and label the shards of the very exact mediæval mystical theology in Donne, and he will write a large book. There is enough stark common sense in Milton's theories on the freedom of the press and the folly of prohibiting the things that lead us into temptation, on the rightness of divorce, to satisfy the student who wants common sense and that alone. The expert angler can learn a great deal from Walton to help him take today's trout. But the man who looks at the world through the windows of emotion will gain far more from these artists who built their sentences as if life and the symmetrical arrangements of words were one, as if sentences were as much a part of the cosmos as the stars and the wings of the winds.

IV

With the year 1660, which saw the return of Charles II to the throne of England, there came a distinct change in the character of English prose. When Samuel Pepys on the first of January of that year began the unique record of his doings and misdoings, he was, in effect, marking the beginning of a new period in English history and English literature. For Pepys and his Diary, his friends and his annals, belong to an era fundamentally different from that of Donne, Hooker, Browne, and Burton. The very language of the Diary, its lack of artifice and labored expressions, the absence of "wit," its spontaneity, its very mediocrity, are all symptomatic of the new age. Furthermore, Pepys's interest in himself, in all the events of the day and the world he lived in, his scientific curiosity, his attention to the affairs of his office, his passion for the theatre, all suggest a nature that is objective, practical, concrete, worldly, modern. There is in it none of the mysticism or the scholasticism of the early part of the century. The Elizabethan influence, which lasted in one form or another until the middle of the century, seems at last to have disappeared, except for some few belated strains in *Paradise Lost*. Those few vestiges of Elizabethanism with which Pepys came into contact in the playhouse of his day he found "most insipid and ridiculous." It will be instructive, therefore, to look at the life and literature of the last four decades of the seventeenth century with respect to some of the implications of Pepys's Diary.

In the first place, the period which saw the beginnings of the whole structure of modern business and the industrial life of present-day England, was pre-eminently an age of prose. The generation which founded the Bank of England and developed the great mechanism of making, buying, selling, and carrying inland and beyond the seas the necessities of life, could not devote much of its energy to poetry. If it produced, by chance, the greatest poem in the language, it will be remembered that the idea of that poem was conceived many years before by a poet long choosing and beginning late, and at the time of its publication it had, like its author, fallen on evil days. It was intended for an audience fit rather than large.

Its noble blank verse was, ironically enough, destined to be emasculated and made to conform to the lesser but more congenial verse of the time by the poet who was also the greatest prose-writer of the latter days of the century. The drama of the Restoration was, likewise, a prose drama, and chiefly comedy. The great age of blank verse had gone with the great age of tragedy. Dryden, in his final tragedy of a world well lost, echoes for a last time the tragic strains of the Elizabethans. But the Shakespearean buskin was out of place in the world of Charles II and William and Mary. English writers were becoming less and less interested in drama of any sort, and less able to handle it; the narrative medium rather than the dramatic was to absorb the major share of their energy for the next two centuries.

The changes which had come over England in the realms of art, economics, and religion, during the seventeenth century, as well as the political, social, and philosophical developments which had been going on since the death of Elizabeth, are all faithfully reflected in the literature of these closing years of the century. How different is the artistic temper, for instance, of the Age of Dryden from that of the Age of Shakespeare, is excellently illustrated in John Evelyn's *Account of Architects and Architecture*, which he dedicated to Sir Christopher Wren and appended to his translation of *A Parallel of the Ancient Architecture with the Modern* . . . written in French by Roland Freart. Evelyn declares that it is the ancient Greek and Roman architectures only which contain in themselves "all those perfections required in a faultless and accomplished building, such as for so many ages were so renowned and reputed by the universal suffrages of the civilized world, and would doubtless have still subsisted and made good their claim to what is recorded of them, had not the Goths, Vandals, and other barbarous nations subverted and demolished them, together with that glorious empire where these stately and pompous monuments stood; introducing in their stead a certain fantastical and licentious manner of building, which we have since called modern (or Gothic rather); congestions of heavy, dark, melancholy, and monkish piles, without any just proportionate use of beauty, compared with the truly ancient. . . . Instead of those beautiful orders, so majestic and proper for their stations, becoming variety, and other ornamental accessories, they set up these slender and *mesquine* pillars, or rather bundles of staves, and other incongruous props, to support incumbent weights and ponderous arched roofs without entablature; and though not without great industry . . . nor altogether naked of gaudy sculpture, trite and busy carvings, it is such as rather gluts the eye than gratifies and pleases it with any reasonable satisfaction." Evelyn asks what man "after he has looked a while upon King Henry VII's Chapel at Westminster, gazed at its sharp angles, jetties, narrow lights, lame statues, lace, and other cut-work and crinkle-crinkle, and shall then turn his eyes on the banqueting house built at Whitehall by Inigo Jones after the ancient manner, or on what his Majesty's surveyor, Sir Christopher Wren, has lately advanced at St. Paul's," will not pronounce that the latter manner "strikes the understanding as well as the eye with the more majesty and solemn greatness." He refers again to Gothic "turrets and pinnacles, thickset with monkeys and chimeras."

How strangely different is the late seventeenth century's disparaging attitude toward the old Gothic architecture, as represented by Evelyn's comments on it, from that of the young Milton in 1633, who would have his

"due feet never fail
 To walk the studious cloister's pale,
 And love the high embow'd roof,
 With antique pillars massy proof,
 And storied windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light."

Even in the realm of prose, however, the tastes of the Restoration were different from those that prevailed prior to 1660. Burton's *Anatomy* may be taken as a representative work of the early years of the century, and it had passed through seven editions in its first forty years, from 1621 through 1660. But in the one hundred and forty years between that date and 1800 it was reprinted only once, in 1676. The *Complete Angler*, from the pen of Izaak Walton, admirer and biographer of Donne and Hooker and Herbert and other gentlemen of the old school, also had little attraction for the generation of Charles II and his successors. It was published in 1653, and some five editions were required by 1676, but the Age of Dryden and the Age of Pope would have none of it, and it was not again printed until 1750. What fellowship, indeed, had the Gallic wits and courtiers of the Restoration, or the Augustan poets who described fish elegantly as the finny tribe, with an old barbarian who angled with flies and worms, and could handle even a frog as though he loved him?

What is perhaps most significant in both the literature and the life of the latter part of the century is a certain democratic expansiveness of thought and expression. The Civil War did more than any other thing to break down the remaining mediæval barriers to freedom of thought. Both the inward philosophy and the outward manifestations of feudalism had practically ceased to exist by the time of the Restoration. The divine right of kings gave way before the rights—divine or not—of the people. The pamphleteers had interested the general public in the problems of government to an extent unheard of before. The republican form of government had vanished with the return of Charles II, but republican ideas and habits of thought had not gone out of existence. The Puritan interregnum and the succeeding era of the coffee-houses with their constant discussions of the questions of the day had brought an element of democracy into English life which was to remain and to affect it profoundly. No longer were the records of the king and his court the history of England. The English people, rather than the throne, were from henceforth the centre of interest, and merchants and gentlemen became the potential peers of noble lords. The rise of the Whig party during this period, and its constant efforts to restrain and limit the powers of the crown in favor of the interests of Parliament and the people, are political parallels of the literary developments of the time. The throne itself was no longer the seat of an insular monarch. Charles II had not resided at the court of Louis XIV for nothing. And after 1688 the rule was borne by one who was Prince of Orange as well as King of England. The nation was becoming imperially minded, and the literature of the time accordingly became more and more varied, and less and less the expression of a single class or party.

This spirit of liberalism spread also to the church, that other great source of influence on the literature of the age. There had been illiberal and intolerant acts enough, both on the part of the church and on the part of the Dissenters. Two of the most important literary figures of the century were victims of this mutual

intolerance. Jeremy Taylor was arrested and thrown into prison for offending the Puritans, and his eloquent pen enriched the literature while he was in confinement. The church, on the other hand, had thrown John Bunyan into jail, and *The Pilgrim's Progress* was the glorious result. Fortunately as the century drew to its close a more liberal spirit gained the ascendancy in men's minds, and a policy of reconciliation and forbearance was adopted by both religious parties. An interesting example of this, and a further proof of that general lengthening of cords and strengthening of stakes which was going on in all sections of British life at the time, is to be found in the attitude of the revisers of the Book of Common Prayer in 1661. Religion as well as politics was becoming more democratic and more broad minded. If, as Milton had declared in 1644 in his *Areopagitica*, God, according to his custom, always revealed himself first to his Englishmen, nevertheless, the revisers of the Prayer Book did not think of the Almighty as confining his revelation to them. They had an outlook which was broader than the measure of the English parish church. They inserted new services to meet the new demands, such as that of adult baptism for converts from the Roman Church and from the Anabaptists, as well as for the heathen in the "Plantations" beyond the seas. Additional prayers for use at sea testify also to the rapidly increasing commerce and navy of the country.

The Restoration proved to be a renaissance for the Church of England. Never have its leaders been marked by such vigorous and brilliant intellectuality, and gifted with such literary ability as at that time. The pulpit had long since eclipsed the altar in England, and the prose of the day was greatly enriched by the sermons of South and Barrow, Tillotson and Baxter, and the literary labors of Burnet and Beveridge and Pearson. Dryden's testimony to the influence of the writings of these divines on the formation of his own style is well known. But the greatest influence of the church on English prose during the century came through the replacing of the older versions of the Bible by the King James Version of 1611. By the time of the Restoration the Dissenters had adopted no less generally and gladly than the members of the church the Authorized Version. England had become, in the words of J. R. Green, the people of a book, and that book was the Bible. In the revised Prayer Book the readings of the 1611 version were substituted for the older versions in all the services of the church, the Psalter alone remaining intact in the version of Coverdale. It is a curious proof of the extent to which the entire seventeenth century was dominated by religious and theological thought and interests that the King James Version of the Bible should have become the most important single influence on the prose of the century, and indeed on all English prose since. The influence of the Vulgate is noticeable in the style of Donne and Browne, and echoes of the Prayer Book are found throughout the work of Jeremy Taylor, but the language and rhythm of the 1611 Bible are the formative influences on the styles of Bunyan, Fox, Temple, and Defoe, and their successors. Learned and unlearned, high and low, found in that version a common source of inspiration and a common literary model. It thus became one of the most important of the democratic and liberalizing agencies of the time.

Another of these, but quite different in character, was the quickening of the popular interest in the study of natural science. Although the purely scientific works of such men as Newton and Boyle do not properly concern the study of the literature of the time, they are nevertheless important concomitants of the liter-

ary productions, and are illustrative of the serious practical and scientific nature of an age which walked by sight rather than by faith. The organ of that sight, moreover, was neither the spiritual "inner eye" of such mystical authors as Traherne and Vaughan, nor the poet's eye in its Elizabethan frenzy rolling, but the eye of the flesh, which was now being used as never before in the observation of natural phenomena and the physical world that lay round about.

The latter part of the century, therefore, fulfilled in many ways, both in science and in scholarship, the promise of the first half. Sir Thomas Browne and others in the earlier days had undertaken to do battle with some of the more vulgar phases of human error, but Sir Thomas's trumpet too often gave an uncertain sound, and he so constantly halted between two opinions that the reader is mindful rather of the vulgar errors themselves than of the author's corrections of them. Sir Thomas would fain lighten our darkness, but he has so embellished and adorned his lanthorn that the light can hardly penetrate it, and we are left with "no light, but rather darkness visible."

By the time of the Restoration, the study of natural science had become fashionable, and the king and more than one of his courtiers had laboratories of their own for experimentation. Even poets, notably Cowley and Waller, felt the scientific urge. The freedom of thought which allowed fresh and first-hand investigation of nature was already beginning to produce important results in the hands of such men as Locke, Newton, Boyle, Clarke, and Bentley. The programme and the work of the Royal Society, which had its inception as early as 1640, gave the death-blow to mediæval popular science and to mediæval methods of study. Its motto "*Nullius in verba*," from the Horatian line, "*Nullius addictus iurare in verba magistri*" (not under bond to abide by the authority of any master), was further expanded in the declaration expressed in an early minute of its proceedings: "This society will not own any hypothesis, system, or doctrine of the principles of natural philosophy, proposed or maintained by any philosopher ancient or modern, . . . nor dogmatically define, nor fix axioms of scientific things; but will question and canvass all opinions, adopting nor adhering to none, till by mature debate and clear arguments, chiefly such as are deduced from legitimate experiments, the truth of such positions be demonstrated invincibly."

To the student of literature, the scientific spirit and habit of thought which had been growing during the century is most interesting because of the impetus which it gave to literary criticism. The Elizabethans and their immediate successors were, in so far as they were critical at all, generally content to follow the older traditions of criticism, and with a few exceptions like Sidney and Daniel, were inclined to repeat with certain variations ancient critical dicta and maxims. Fresh investigation of books and authors, and especially English authors, and a more original evaluation of their work, represent one of the achievements of the new age. Until the seventeenth century, English literature had been strangely neglected by English writers and readers. Burton, for instance, is among the first of our authors who seem to be at all familiar with the older native literature, and to appreciate it. Bacon, it will be recalled, had declared that English books were not citizens of the world, and Selden agreed with him in spirit when he remarked that "to quote a modern Dutchman where I may use a classic author is as if I were to neglect all persons of note and quality that know me, and bring the testimonial of the scullion in the kitchen." But Burton knew *The Faerie Queene* thor-

oughly and quoted it extensively; he found Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde* "a neat book," and called Drayton "our English Ovid." These attempts at first-hand appraisal of English literature grew during the century, and English books may be said to have become during the life of Dryden naturalized citizens of the world. Davenant, Hobbes, Cowley, and Bentley, all contributed to the movement, and with the publication of Rymer's *View of Tragedy* and Dryden's *Essay of Dramatic Poesy* English criticism really attained its majority. The temper of Dryden's critical faculty is best gauged in his estimate of Chaucer, who had been well-nigh forgotten, and of Shakespeare, whom he preferred to Ben Jonson, the chief favorite of the seventeenth century.

This constantly increasing interest in native and local people and things, contemporary events, and natural phenomena, has another interesting phase with regard to literature. Never before, and probably never since, have people written so much about themselves and their personal, even trivial, interests and occupations. The Age of Dryden is the golden age of the diary, the journal, the memoir, the *pensée*, the letter. The names of Pepys, Evelyn, Temple, call to mind at once the richness of the fund of local and intimate personal annals which this period has to offer the historian and the general reader. The miscellaneous collections of detached thoughts, observations, and meditations of such writers as Selden, Fuller, Browne, and Butler give the reader fresh and unimpeded glimpses into the minds and personalities of many of the most vigorous people of the century. History and biography also felt the urge and the attraction of the local and the present. Earlier English historians gave themselves almost exclusively to the past, often because it was not safe to meddle with the present. Now writers like the Earl of Clarendon and Bishop Burnet undertook to write histories of their own times. If Bacon could have lived to see their work he would not have had to voice the regret in his *Advancement of Learning* that Englishmen were so little interested in describing the deeds and characters of their great countrymen.

The "characters" which Overbury and Earle had made so popular in the first quarter of the century grew naturally more dynamic and personal in the hands of later writers, and as a result we have a wealth of literary portraits of all the important people of the time. The character passed naturally into the short biography. With Aubrey's *Brief Lives*, Anthony à Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*, Bunyan's autobiographical *Grace Abounding*, Walton's famous *Lives*, and such works as Sprat's *Life of Cowley*, English literary biography was launched on its way to its great culmination in the next century.

This preoccupation with the real and the personal finds a natural response in the dramatic literature and the fiction of the time. Restoration drama is realistic to a fault. If it does not — and it does not — give a faithful picture of *all* the sides and angles of English life and manners after the Restoration, it does, nevertheless, portray realistically and truly certain prominent phases of it. It is not, in any true sense, "artificial" as Lamb would have us believe. In the field of prose fiction the late seventeenth century saw the genesis of the English novel proper. The vogue of the romance of chivalry passed early in the century, never to return, and the birth of realistic fiction, the story of ordinary everyday persons and their domestic affairs, followed soon after. Such a development would have been expected in view of the century's lively interest in character-drawing and verbal

portraiture, and certainly a matter-of-fact people like seventeenth-century Englishmen could not have been expected to endure patiently the preposterously vapid and unreal exploits of the romances. With Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* and *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman*, and Mrs. Aphra Behn's *Oroonoko*, the English novel entered upon the most important of its evolutionary phases. Bunyan's works are, of course, heavy with allegory and morality, and Mrs. Behn's novel, unlike her plays, is nothing if not didactic — and they had to be such if they were to supplement in any sense the sermon, which, during the greater part of the century was the favorite reading matter of the English middle classes. The hortatory and didactic cast of these works alone prevents them from being considered the first of our novels. At any rate, the century's achievement of bringing fiction to the ordinary people, and bringing ordinary people into fiction, as well as the introduction of women into the ranks of English writers, must be considered as among its most important contributions to our literary history.

The onward and triumphal march of democracy, which we have traced through the century, reached its final and most complete expression in the newspaper. The process by which the innumerable broadside ballads, journals, pamphlets, news-books, and newsletters of the period of the Civil War developed into the *Gazettes*, the *Intelligencers*, and the *Observers* of the days of Muddiman and Sir Roger L'Estrange, and so into our modern newspaper, is too long to be told here, but too important to go unnoticed. The newspaper and the coffee-house were together the outward and visible signs of the revolutionary change which the country had undergone since the days of the Tudor world that ushered in the century.

Finally, the Age of Dryden perfected and handed over to that of Addison and Steele the essay, that last of the literary forms which England had imported from Renaissance Europe. It had developed from the sententious and aphoristic medium of Bacon at the beginning of the century, through a varied series of meditations, resolves, characters, and didactic and reflective observations, into the familiar critical discussions and miscellaneous conversations of Cowley, Dryden, Swift, and Defoe. It was now ready for the periodical use of Addison and Steele.

While all these changes were going on in the external forms of the literature as the result of the great liberating movements of the century, the language itself and English prose style in general underwent profound and interesting changes. The prose of the first half of the century was cut definitely on the folio pattern. In theme and in manner it was for the most part heavy, pompous, learned, melodious, austere, voluminous. The period preceding the Civil War was not a time for lightness of thought or of expression. From the time of the Gothic style of Dr. Donne to that of the "Asiatic" style of Bishop Taylor, English prose had ever something of the altar and the pulpit, of missal, incense, and cope, about it. It is, in fact, the style of rhetoricians, and most seventeenth-century prose is much more akin to oratory than to conversation. Here and there, from such writers as Burton and Walton, comes straightforward, conversational prose, fresh and simple, like spring air through an open window, and fortunately such draughts grew more frequent as the decades went by. The advance in scientific studies, among other things, induced a growing precision of thought and a niceness and accuracy of expression hitherto unknown. Elizabethan luxuriance underwent constant pruning. As the dry light of reason came to beat more and more on the

printed page, and people and things were represented in their natural condition, the striving after art and artifice lessened. Rhetorical impedimenta were thrown aside, and English style, like Bunyan's Christian after he had lost his bundle, ran more swiftly and easily to fulfil its mission. The "quaintness" of seventeenth-century prose passed, one may say, with its great master, Thomas Fuller. His successors were less intent on their manner than on their matter. Language came to be the means of expressing and releasing thought, and not, as so often with writers like Browne, a method of embalming it. Even divinity felt the simplifying urge. To compare a sermon of Donne or Taylor with one of South or of Barrow, is like comparing an illuminated manuscript with a printed page. The prose-writers of the Restoration were in many ways lesser men than these giants before the flood, and their prose was lesser prose. But it was such prose as the new world needed — shorter, quicker, homelier, more nervous and pliable, and fitter for note-books, pamphlets, journals, and newspapers than for folios. It was to be used, moreover, for chronicling the events of laboratories, coffee-houses, offices, counting-houses, and streets, rather than for discourses on ecclesiastical polity or the way of fate with buried urns.

The composition of the language, the relative proportions of Romance and native words, had by 1660 been largely determined. Even the spelling of the words was at that time much what it is today. The revision of the Prayer Book affords interesting information again in this connection. The language of the book was made considerably more smooth and flexible and modern in tone, sometimes by verbal changes, sometimes by transposition of phrases. The word *be*, for instance, was changed to *are* in some forty or more cases. In general, old rubrics and services were refurbished to make them more intelligible to a new generation of priests and people.

We have referred already to a growing familiarity with the older English literature, and it is interesting that there was an increasing tendency to make new coinages from the native stock of words after the Latinizing vogue of the earlier part of the century had passed. Fuller, for instance, does not scruple to coin such words as *duncical*, or to employ old forms like *strook*, *farced*, and *understanden*. The exigencies of journalistic writing — the forced rapidity of composition, the fact that it had to appeal to the people, and the absolute necessity of its being readily intelligible — all worked for good toward English prose at this time. It was forced to become democratic, and thus homely, colloquial, and idiomatic English gradually routed much of the outrageous Latinism to which the language had been subjected. The most famous of the journalists, Sir Roger L'Estrange, has a vocabulary of as idiomatic and racy English as is to be found in any twentieth-century periodical. Seventeenth-century English prose, like Antæus, therefore, found that it had everything to gain and nothing to lose by falling back on its mother-soil.

It is not too much to say, then, that the century which found English prose scarcely out of its swaddling clothes left it full grown and at its very best, a supple, flexible, practical, and beautifully plain medium of expressing thought. The majestic and monumental style of Hooker, the mellifluous Latinity of Browne, and the solemn roll of Taylor's and Milton's labyrinthine fugues, were by the end of the century like echoes in the vaulted ceiling of old St. Paul's when organ and choir had ceased. The old Gothic St. Paul's in which Donne delivered his involved

and voluminous sermons, and with whose stained glass and gargoyles they had so much in common, perished in the Great Fire, with whatever Elizabethan overtones it retained; and the style of Donne and Browne and Hooker may be said to have passed with it. The new St. Paul's came with the prose of Addison and Steele, of which its classical proportions, simple lines, and clear glass were a true index and exponent.

NICHOLAS BRETON

(1545?-1626?)

Nicholas Breton came of an old and latterly affluent family of Essex, but his mother lost much of what her husband, William Breton, had left her, through her marriage to the poet, George Gascoigne. Few authors of the century who achieved such popularity as Breton have left such scanty facts about themselves as he. He was born in his father's "capital mansion house" in the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate, and he is thought to have been about fourteen when his father died in 1559. He had Gascoigne for a stepfather for about ten years, from 1568 to 1577. His early life was spent chiefly in London, and although there is no record at Oxford of his having been there, he is referred to elsewhere as "once of Oriel College," and he refers to himself in an early work as "a young gentleman . . . who had spent some years at Oxford." He was married to Ann Sutton in 1593.

Breton was one of the poets to whom Mary, Countess of Pembroke, sister of Sir Philip Sidney, gave her patronage, and like the others of the group he dedicated several of his works to her. The relationship between them ceased about 1601, and it has been conjectured, on the basis of references in his *Wit's Trenchmore* to the rejection of his suit by a high-born lady, that Breton's attentions may have become too intimate to suit the countess. His *Fantastics*, from which the following descriptions of the English months are taken, was published in 1626, and his death is usually assigned to that year.

Most of the great amount of verse and prose that Breton produced is inferior, but now and then he rises to a very high level of excellence. He wrote too easily, and tried his hand at everything — pastorals, satires, characters, letters, political pamphlets and philosophical works, and a vast quantity of religious verse and prose. Edward Phillips, the nephew of Milton, refers to him in his *Theatrum Poetarum*, 1675, as "a writer of pastorals, sonnets, canzons, and madrigals, in which kind of writing he keeps company with several other contemporary emulators of Spenser and Sir Philip Sidney." In an age when coarseness was the rule Breton succeeded in remaining refined, gentle, serene, and elegant. His work is, indeed, noticeably lacking in the robustness characteristic of most Elizabethan and Jacobean writers. He was passionately religious, and his references to the Blessed Virgin and the saints were so ardent and so numerous as to lead many to question his Protestantism. Breton's popularity died with the seventeenth century, and can never be revived. A few poems have contrived to survive in anthologies of verse, but he is better known as author of *Wit's Trenchmore*, which, as a treatise on angling, is second only to Walton's famous book, and of the *Fantastics*, *Serving for a Perpetual Prognostication*. The latter, although written when its author was eighty years old, has all the freshness of youth and spring about it. His sketches of the English countryside and rural occupations are unexcelled as specimens of pastoral prose and vignettes of the life of the time.

FROM FANTASTICS: SERVING FOR A PERPETUAL PROGNOSTICATION

(Text: first edition, 1626)

JANUARY

It is now January, and Time begins to turn on the wheel of his revolution. The woods begin to lose the beauty of their spreading boughs, and the proud oak must stoop to the axe. The squirrel now survey-

eth the nut and the maple, and the hedgehog rolls up himself like a football. An apple and a nutmeg make a gossip's cup, and the ale and the faggot are the victualler's merchandise. The northern black dust is the during fuel, and the fruit of the grape heats the stomach of the aged. Down beds and

quilted caps are now in the pride of their service, and the cook and the pantler are men of no mean office. The ox and the fat wether now furnish the market, and the coney is so ferreted that she cannot keep in her burrow. The currier¹ and the lime-rodd are the death of the fowl, and the falcon's bells ring the death of the mallard. The trotting gelding makes a way through the mire, and the hare and the hound put the huntsman to his horn. The barren doe subscribes to the dish, and the smallest seed makes sauce to the greatest flesh. The dried grass is the horse's ordinary, and the meal of the beans makes him go through with his travel. Fishermen now have a cold trade and travellers a foul journey. The cook room now is not the worst place in the ship, and the shepherd hath a bleak seat on the mountain. The blackbird leaveth not a berry on the thorn, and the garden earth is turned up for her roots. The water floods run over the proud banks, and the gaping oyster leaves his shell in the streets, while the proud peacock leaps into the pie. Muscovia commodities are now much in request, and the water spaniel is a necessary servant. The load-horse to the mill hath his full back-burden, and the thresher in the barn tries the strength of his flail. The woodcock and the pheasant pay their lives for their feed, and the hare after a course makes his hearse in a pie. The shoulder of a hog is a shoeing-horn to good drink,² and a cold alms makes a beggar shrug. To conclude, I hold it a time of little comfort, the rich man's charge and the poor man's misery. Farewell.

FEBRUARY

It is now February, and the sun is gotten up a cock-stride of his climbing. The valleys now are painted white, and the brooks are full of water. The frog goes to seek out the paddock, and the crow and the rook begin to mislike their old makes. Forward coney begins now to kindle, and the fat grounds are not without lambs. The gardener falls to sorting of his seeds, and the husbandman falls afresh to scouring of his

plowshare. The term-travellers³ make the shoemaker's harvest, and the chandler's cheese makes the chalk walk apace.⁴ The fishmonger sorts his ware against Lent, and a lamb-skin is good for a lame arm. The waters now alter the nature of their softness, and the soft earth is made stony hard. The air is sharp and piercing, and the winds blow cold. The taverns and the inns seldom lack guests, and the ostler knows how to gain by his hay. The hunting horse is at the heels of the hound, while the ambling nag carrieth the physician and his footcloth. The blood of youth begins to spring, and the honor of art is gotten by exercise. The trees a little begin to bud, and the sap begins to rise up out of the root. Physic now hath work among weak bodies, and the apothecary's drugs are very gainful. There is hope of a better time not far off, for this in itself is little comfortable. And for the small pleasure that I find in it, I will thus briefly conclude of it: it is the poor man's pick-purse and the miser's cut-throat, the enemy to pleasure and the time of patience. Farewell.

MARCH

It is now March, and the northern wind drieth up the southern dirt. The tender lips are now masked for fear of chapping, and the fair hands must not be ungloved. Now riseth the sun a pretty step to his fair height, and Saint Valentine calls the birds together where nature is pleased in the variety of love. The fishes and the frogs fall to their manner of generation, and the adder dies to bring forth her young. The air is sharp, but the sun is comfortable and the day begins to lengthen. The forward gardens give the fine sallets, and a nosegay of violets is a present for a lady. Now be-ginneth nature, as it were, to wake out of her sleep and send the traveller to survey the walks of the world. The sucking rabbit is good for weak stomachs, and the diet for the rheum doth many a great cure. The farrier now is the horse's physician, and the fat dog feeds the falcon in the

1 A light used in catching birds.

2 Salt bacon helps down good drink.

3 Scholars.

4 Salted cheese runs up the scores chalked up against customers in alehouses.

mew.⁵ The tree begins to bud and the grass to peep abroad, while the thrush with the blackbird make a charm in the young springs. The milkmaid with her best-beloved talk away weariness to the market, and in an honest meaning kind words do no hurt. The football now trieth the legs of strength, and merry matches continue good-fellowship. It is a time of much work and tedious to discourse of, but in all I find of it, I thus conclude in it: I hold it the servant of nature and the schoolmaster of art, the hope of labor and the subject of reason. Farewell.

APRIL

It is now April, and the nightingale begins to tune her throat against May. The sunny showers perfume the air and the bees begin to go abroad for honey. The dew, as in pearls, hangs upon the tops of the grass, while the turtles sit billing upon the little green boughs. The trout begins to play in the brooks, and the salmon leaves the sea to play in the fresh waters. The garden-banks are full of gay flowers, and the thorn and the plum send forth their fair blossoms. The March colt begins to play, and the cosset lamb⁶ is learned to butt. The poets now make their studies in the woods, and the youth of the country make ready for the morris-dance. The little fishes lie nibbling at a bait, and the porpoise plays in the pride of the tide. The shepherd's pipe entertains the Princess of Arcadia, and the healthful soldier has a pleasant march. The lark and the lamb look up at the sun, and the laborer is abroad by the dawning of the day. Sheep's eyes in lambs' heads⁷ tell kind hearts strange tales, while faith and troth make the true lover's knot. The aged hairs find a fresh life, and the youthful cheeks are as red as a cherry. It were a world to set down the worth of this month, but in sum, I thus conclude: I hold it the heaven's blessing and the earth's comfort. Farewell.

MAY

It is now May, and the sweetness of the air refresheth every spirit. The sunny beams

bring forth fair blossoms, and the dripping clouds water Flora's great garden. The male deer puts out the velvet head, and the paged⁸ doe is near her fawning. The sparrowhawk now is drawn out of the mew, and the fowler makes ready his whistle for the quail. The lark sets the morning watch, and the evening the nightingale. The barges, like bowers, keep the streams of the sweet rivers, and the mackerel with the shad are taken prisoners in the sea. The tall young oak is cut down for the maypole. The scythe and the sickle are the mower's furniture, and fair weather makes the laborer merry. The physician now prescribes the cold whey, and the apothecary gathers the dew for a medicine. Butter and sage make the wholesome breakfast, but fresh cheese and cream are meat for a dainty mouth, and the strawberry and the peasecod want no price in the market. The chicken and the duck are fattened for the market, and many a gosling never lives to be a goose. It is the month wherein nature hath her full of mirth and the senses are filled with delights. I conclude, it is from the heavens a grace and to the earth a gladness. Farewell.

JUNE

It is now June, and the haymakers are mustered to make an army for the field where, not always in order, they march under the bag and the bottle, when betwixt the fork and the rake there is seen great force of arms. Now doth the broad oak comfort the weary laborer while under his shady boughs he sits singing to his bread and cheese. The hay-cock is the poor man's lodging, and the fresh river is his gracious neighbor. Now the falcon and the tassel try their wings at the partridge, and the fat buck fills the great pasty. The trees are all in their rich array, but the seely⁹ sheep is turned out of his coat. The roses and sweet herbs put the distiller to his cunning, while the green apples on the tree are ready for the great-bellied wives. Now begins the hare to gather up her heels, and the fox looks about him for fear of the hound. The hook and the sickle are making ready for

⁵ Cage.

⁶ A lamb reared by hand.

⁷ The wanton glances of lovelorn maidens.

⁸ Pregnant.

⁹ Innocent.

the harvest. The meadow grounds gape for rain, and the corn in the ear begins to harden. The little lads make pipes of the straw, and they that cannot dance will yet be hopping. The air now groweth somewhat warm, and the cool winds are very comfortable. The sailor now makes merry passage, and the nimble footman runs with pleasure. In brief, I thus conclude: I hold it a sweet season, the senses' perfume and the spirit's comfort. Farewell.

JULY

It is now July and the sun is gotten up to his height, whose heat parcheth the earth and burns up the grass on the mountains. Now begins the cannon of heaven to rattle, and when the fire is put to the charge, it breaketh out among the clouds. The stones of congealed water cut off the ears of the corn, and the black storms affright the faint-hearted. The stag and the buck are now in the pride of their time, and the hardness of their heads makes them fit for the horner.¹⁰ Now hath the sparrowhawk the partridge in the foot, and the ferret doth tickle the coney in the burrow. Now doth the farmer make ready his team, and the carter with his whip hath no small pride in his whistle. Now do the reapers try their backs and their arms, and the lusty youths pitch the sheaves into the cart. The old partridge calls her covey in the morning, and in the evening the shepherd falls to folding of his flock. The sparrows make a charm upon the green bushes till the fowler come and take them by the dozens. The smelt now begins to be in season, and the lamprey out of the river leaps into a pie. The soldier now hath a hot march, and the lawyer sweats in his lined gown. The pedlar now makes a long walk, and the aqua-vitæ bottle sets his face on a fiery heat. In sum, I thus conclude of it: I hold it a profitable season, the laborer's gain and the rich man's wealth. Farewell.

AUGUST

It is now August and the sun is somewhat towards his declination, yet such is his

heat as hardeneth the soft clay, dries up the standing ponds, withereth the sappy leaves and scorseth the skin of the naked. Now begin the gleaners to follow the corn cart, and a little bread to a great deal of drink maketh the traveller's dinner. The melon and the cucumber is now in request, and oil and vinegar give attendance on the sallet herbs. The alehouse is more frequented than the tavern, and a fresh river is more comfortable than a fiery furnace. The bath is now much visited by diseased bodies, and in the fair rivers swimming is a sweet exercise. The bow and the bowl pick many a purse, and the cocks with their heels spurn away many a man's wealth. The pipe and the tabor is now lustily set on work, and the lad and the lass will have no lead on their heels. The new wheat makes the gossip's cake, and the bride cup is carried above the heads of the whole parish. The furmenty pot welcomes home the harvest cart, and the garland of flowers crowns the captain of the reapers. Oh, 'tis the merry time, wherein honest neighbors make good cheer and God is glorified in his blessings on the earth. In sum, for that I find, I thus conclude: I hold it the world's welfare and the earth's warming-pan. Farewell.

SEPTEMBER

It is now September, and the sun begins to fall much from his height. The meadows are left bare by the mouths of hungry cattle, and the hogs are turned into the cornfields. The winds begin to knock the apples' heads together on the trees, and the fallings are gathered to fill the pies for the household. The sailors fall to work to get afore the wind, and if they spy a storm it puts them to prayer. The soldier now begins to shrug at the weather, and the camp dissolved, the companies are put to garrison. The lawyer now begins his harvest, and the client pays for words by weight. The inns now begin to provide for guests, and the night-eaters in the stable pinch the traveler in his bed. Paper, pen and ink are much in request, and the quarter-sessions take order with the way-layers. Coals and wood make toward the chimney, and ale and

¹⁰ Horn merchant.

sack are in account with good fellows. The butcher now knocks down the great beeves, and the poulter's feathers make toward the upholster. Walflet oysters are the fishwives' wealth, and pippins fine are the costermonger's rich merchandise. The flail and the fan fall to work in the barn, and the corn market is full of the bakers. The porkets now are driven to the woods, and the home-fed pigs make pork for the market. In brief, I thus conclude of it: I hold it the winter's forewarning and the summer's farewell.

OCTOBER

It is now October, and the lofty winds make bare the trees of their leaves, while the hogs in the woods grow fat with the fallen acorns. The forward deer begin to go to rut, and the barren doe groweth good meat. The basket-makers now gather their rods, and the fishers lay their leaps¹¹ in the deep. The load-horses go apace to the mill, and the meal-market is seldom without people. The hare on the hill makes the greyhound a fair course, and the fox in the woods calls the hounds to a full cry. The multitude of people raiseth the price of wares, and the smooth tongue will sell much. The sailor now bestirreth his stumps, while the merchant liveth in fear of the weather. The great feasts are now at hand for the city, but the poor must not beg for fear of the stocks. A fire and a pair of cards keep the guests in the ordinary, and tobacco is held very precious for the rheum. The coaches now begin to rattle in the streets, but the cry of the poor is displeasing to the rich. Muffs and cuffs are now in request, and the shuttlecock with the battle-dore is a pretty house exercise. Tennis and balloon are sports of some charge, and a quick bandy is the court-keeper's commodity. Dancing and fencing are now in some use, and kind hearts and true lovers lie close to keep off cold. The titmouse now keeps in the hollow tree, and the blackbird sits close in the bottom of a hedge. In brief, for the little pleasure I find in it, I thus

conclude of it: I hold it a messenger of ill news and a second service to a cold dinner. Farewell.

NOVEMBER

It is now November, and according to the old proverb,

Let the thresher take his flail,
And the ship no more sail,

for the high winds and the rough seas will try the ribs of the ship and the hearts of the sailors. Now come the country people all wet to the market, and the toiling carriers are pitifully moiled. The young hern and the shoulder¹² are now fat for the great feast, and the woodcock begins to make toward the cockshoot.¹³ The warreners¹⁴ now begin to pile their harvest, and the butcher after a good bargain drinks a health to the grazier. The cook and the comfit-maker make ready for Christmas, and the minstrels in the country beat their boys for false fingering. Scholars before breakfast have a cold stomach to their books, and a master without art is fit for an A B C. A red herring and a cup of sack make war in a weak stomach, and the poor man's fast is better than the glutton's surfeit. Trenchers and dishes are now necessary servants, and a lock to the cupboard keeps a bit for a need. Now begins the goshawk to weed the wood of the pheasant, and the mallard loves not to hear the bells of the falcon. The winds now are cold and the air chill, and the poor die through want of charity. Butter and cheese begin to raise their prices, and kitchen stuff is a commodity that every man is not acquainted with. In sum, with a conceit of the chilling cold of it, I thus conclude in it: I hold it the discomfort of nature and reason's patience. Farewell.

DECEMBER

It is now December, and he that walks the streets shall find dirt on his shoes, except he go all in boots. Now doth the lawyer make an end of his harvest and the client

¹¹ Baskets or nets to catch fish in.

¹² The shoveler, a fresh-water duck.

¹³ An open space with nets stretched across to catch game.

¹⁴ Rabbit-catchers.

of his purse. Now capons and hens, beside turkeys, geese and ducks, besides beef and mutton, must all die for the great feast, for in twelve days a multitude of people will not be fed with a little. Now plums and spice, sugar and honey, square it among pies and broth, and Gossip I drink to you, and you are welcome, and I thank you, and how do you, and I pray you be merry. Now are the tailors and tiremakers ¹⁵ full of work against the holidays, and music now must be in tune or else never. The youth must dance and sing and the aged sit by the fire. It is the law of nature and no contradiction in reason. The ass that hath borne all the year must now take a little rest, and the lean ox must feed till he be fat. The footman now shall have many a foul step, and the ostler shall have work enough about the heels of the horses, while the tapster,

if he take not heed, will lie drunk in the cellar. The prices of meat will rise apace, and the apparel of the proud will make the tailor rich. Dice and cards will benefit the butler, and if the cook do not lack wit he will sweetly lick his fingers. Starchers and launderers will have their hands full of work, and periwigs and paintings will not be a little set by.

Strange stuffs will be well sold,
 Strange tales well told,
 Strange sights much sought,
 Strange things much bought,
 And what else as falls out.

To conclude, I hold it the costly purveyor of excess and the after-breeder of necessity, the practice of folly and the purgatory of reason. Farewell.

15 Head-dress makers.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

(1552-1618)

Sir Walter Raleigh is not so much a writer as a myth, not so much a man as a monument. There are few people today to brush the dust from *The History of the World*; yet there are few people of this or any day to whom his name will not be lace and swords, a magnificent gesture, a pattern of life's irony, and something of everlasting youth.

Raleigh was the last of the great "boys grown tall," the men of Gloriana. His work falls, by the exigencies of his life, within the seventeenth century; but it belongs in spirit with that of the Elizabethans. It has the Elizabethan ponderousness and gravity and easy piety, and it has the splendid Elizabethan flavor and gusto, assurance and wholeness. Raleigh is a sixteenth-century freebooter living beyond his day into a century of a more complex political policy and a sensitiveness to the international situation undreamt of in his youth. He is a boy caught by adults red-handed in the jams of old Spain. In the years when all things had seemed possible, an author for all the world to write of the kingliness of life sprung from a tradesman's house in Stratford, gold on the beaches of the Chesapeake, perpetual youth in the glades of Florida, this was the right and proper business of life, this having one's hands in Spanish jam. A galleon was legal tender on any of the seas; it served one purpose—that of being despoiled. But now it was different. Christianity had become a set of thirty-odd articles, a sect, a faction, instead of a gentleman's code; possible and complicating royal marriages were in the air; and politicians were becoming men good at walking all manner of tight-ropes. It was confusing to one who still thought of England as the footstool of God, "this other Eden, demi-paradise," of a great man as a courageous one, and of life as an adventure instead of a labor and an essay in tact. So it was best that Raleigh should spend the afternoon of his days in the security of the Tower and thereby have the leisure to embark at last upon his literary voyage with all the calm assurance he had shown in his other expeditions. The pity of it was that he was allowed once more to shake out his sail for the West after the pot at the end of the rainbow which he had sought when the world seemed younger and simpler. And yet the end that overtook him, the shadow of the headsman of Tower Hill, gave Raleigh just the opportunity that such an Elizabethan as he needed to make an excellent exit; and he wrote in his Bible the night before his execution that valediction to life, his best verses, those words on time and death, the beloved themes of the Elizabethans, that even the greatest poet would have given his hand to write.

As for *The History of the World*, this sufficiently ambitious work that a good Elizabethan sea-captain could confidently undertake, it is heavy with dusty authority, stiff as sixteenth-century neckwear in its periods, pompous, slow, and, to our ears, naïve. Anthony à Wood calls it the work of an age. It is not so much a history, in our use of the word, as it is a garner of inscriptions for fine old marble tombs. There are too many massy names; the life of the sentences is crushed out beneath them. Raleigh's opinions—and *they* would have made reading to bring the blood like a hammer to the temples—are crowded out by his moldy facts. The work never got beyond the fifth book and the first part only; it got the world created strictly in accordance with the Book of Genesis and unrolled its progress only as far as the Second Macedonian War, the fall of Perseus before the Romans, and the completion of only some three-quarter of a million of words. The author intended two more parts. He hoped to get down to the mediæval and his own times. But the shadow fell across his design. He had, in any case, the chance to close this much of the book with as noble a passage on death as any Elizabethan, however splendid, had the happiness to pen. So the boy who came out of Devon where men think to the sound of the sea, the boy who refused to grow old with his graying temples and beard, the knight who deserves to be the patron saint of all those who love tobacco, good soldier of the Great Queen who outlived his usefulness, took his leave of his book, as was fitting, with his best prose passage of all.

FROM THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD

(Text: first complete edition, 1621)

How unfit and how unworthy a choice I have made of myself to undertake a work of this mixture mine own reason, though exceeding weak, hath sufficiently resolved me. For had it been begotten then with my first dawn of day, when the light of common knowledge began to open itself to my younger years and before any wound received either from fortune or time, I might yet well have doubted that the darkness of age and death would have covered over both it and me long before the performance. For beginning with the creation, I have proceeded with the History of the World; and lastly, purposed, some few sallies excepted, to confine my discourse within this our renowned Island of Great Britain. I confess that it had better sorted with my disability the better part of whose times are run out in other travels to have set together as I could the unjointed and scattered frame of our English affairs than of the universal, in whom, had there been no other defect (who am all defect) than the time of day, it were enough; the day of a tempestuous life drawn on to the very evening ere I began. But those inmost and soul-piercing wounds which are ever aching while uncured, with the desire to satisfy those few friends which I have tried by the fire of adversity, the former enforcing, the latter persuading, have caused me to make my thoughts legible and myself the subject of every opinion, wise or weak.

Now for King Henry the Eighth, if all the pictures and patterns of a merciless prince were lost in the world, they might all again be painted to the life out of the story of this king. For how many servants did he advance in haste, but for what virtue no man could suspect and with the change of his fancy ruined again, no man knowing for what offence! To how many others of more desert gave he abundant flowers from whence to gather honey, and in the end of harvest burnt them in the hive! How many wives did he cut off and cast off as his fancy and affection changed! How many

princes of the blood, whereof some of them for age could hardly crawl towards the block, with a world of others of all degrees of whom our common chronicles have kept the accompt, did he execute! Yea, in his very death-bed, and when he was at the point to have given his accompt to God for the abundance of blood already spilt, he imprisoned the Duke of Norfolk, the father, and executed the Earl of Surrey, the son; the one, whose deservings he knew not how to value, having never omitted anything that concerned his own honor and the king's service; the other, never having committed anything worthy of his least displeasure; the one exceeding valiant and advised; the other no less valiant than learned, and of excellent hope. But besides the sorrows which he heaped upon the fatherless and widows at home and besides the vain enterprises abroad, wherein it is thought that he consumed more treasure than all our victorious kings did in their several conquests, what causeless and cruel wars did he make upon his own nephew King James the Fifth! What laws and wills did he devise to establish this kingdom in his own issues! using his sharpest weapons to cut off and cut down those branches which sprang from the same root that himself did. And in the end, notwithstanding these his so many irreligious provisions, it pleased God to take away all his own without increase, though, for themselves in their several kinds, all princes of eminent virtue:

But for myself I shall never be persuaded that God hath shut up all the light of learning within the lanthorn of Aristotle's brains or that it was ever said unto him as unto Esdras, *Accendam in corde tuo lucernam intellectus*, that God hath given invention but to the heathen and that they only invaded nature and found the strength and bottom thereof, the same nature having consumed all her store and left nothing of price to after ages. That these and these be the causes of these and these effects time

hath taught us and not reason, and so hath experience without art. The cheese-wife knoweth it as well as the philosopher that sour rennet doth coagulate the milk into a curd. But if we ask a reason of this cause why the sourness doth it, whereby it doth it, and the manner how, I think that there is nothing to be found in vulgar philosophy to satisfy this and many other like vulgar questions. But man to cover his ignorance in the least things, who cannot give a true reason for the grass under his feet, why it should be green rather than red or of any other color, that could never yet discover the way and reason of nature's working in those which are far less noble creatures than himself, who is far more noble than the heavens themselves, "man," saith Solomon, "that can hardly discern the things that are upon the earth and with great labor find out the things that are before us," that hath so short a time in the world as he no sooner begins to learn than to die, that hath in his memory but borrowed knowledge, in his understanding, nothing truly, that is ignorant of the essence of his own soul and which the wisest of the naturalists, if Aristotle be he, could never so much as define but by the action and effect, telling us what it works (which all men know as well as he) but not what it is, which neither he nor any else doth know, but God that created it — "For though I were perfect, yet I know not my soul," saith Job — man, I say, that is but an idiot in the next cause of his own life and in the cause of all actions of his life, will, notwithstanding, examine the art of God in creating the world, of God, who, saith Job, "is so excellent as we know him not," and examine the beginning of the work which had end before mankind had a beginning of being.¹

But as men once fallen away from undoubted truth do then after wander for evermore in vices unknown and daily travel towards their eternal perdition; so did these gross and blind idolaters every age after other descend lower and lower and shrink and slide downwards from the knowledge of one true and very God and did not thereby err in worshipping mortal men only but they

gave divine reverence and had the same respect to beasts, birds, fishes, fowls, winds, earth, water, air, fire, to the morning, to the evening, to plants, trees, and roots, to passions and affections of the mind, to paleness, sickness, sorrows, yea, to the most unworthy and basest of all these. Which barbarous blasphemy Rhodius Anaxandrides derideth in this manner:

*Bovem colis, ego deis macto bovem.
Tu maximum anguillam deum putas; ego
Obsoniorum credidi suavissimum.
Carnes suillas tu caves, at gaudeo
His maxime; canem colis quem verbero
Edentem ubi deprehendo forte obsonium.*

I sacrifice to god the beef which you adore.
I broil th' Egyptian eels which you, as god,
implore;
You fear to eat the flesh of swine, I find it
sweet.
You worship dogs, to beat them I think
meet
When they my store devour.

And in this manner Juvenal:

*Porrum aut cæpe nefas violare aut frangere
morsu.
O sanctas gentes quibus hæc nascuntur in
hortis numina!*

The Egyptians think it sin to root up or to
bite
Their leeks or onions, which they serve with
holy rite.
O happy nations which of their own sowing
Have store of gods in every garden growing!²

But in so great a confusion of vanities, where among the heathens themselves there is no agreement or certainty, it were hard to find out from what example the beginnings of these inventions were borrowed, or after what ancient pattern they erected their building, were it not certain that the Egyptians had knowledge of the first age and of whatsoever was done therein, partly from some inscriptions upon stone or metal remaining after the Flood, and partly from Mizraim, the son of Cham, who had learnt the same of Cham, and Cham of his father, Noah. For all that the Egyptians write of their ancient kings and date of times cannot be feigned. And though other

¹ From the Preface.

² Section iii of Chapter VI, "Of Idolatrous Corruptions."

nations after them had by imitation their Jupiters also, their Saturns, Vulcans, and Mercuries, with the rest, which St. Augustine out of Varro, Eusebius out of many profane histories, Cicero, Diodorus Siculus, Arnobius, and many more have observed, to wit, the Phœnicians, Phrygians, Cretans, Greeks, and other nations; yet was Cain, the son of Adam, as some very learned men conceive, called and reputed for the first and ancient Jupiter, and Adam for the first Saturn; for Jupiter was said to have invented the founding of cities; and the first city of the world was built by Cain, which he called Enoch, of whom were the *Henochii* before remembered. And so much may be gathered out of Plato in Protagoras, which also Hyginus in his 275 chapter confirmeth. For, besides that many cities were founded by divers men, *tamen primam latissimam a primo et antiquissimo Iove ædificatam*, "yet the first and largest was built by the first and most ancient Iupiter," seated in the east parts, or in India, according to that of Moses: "And Cain dwelt towards the east side of Eden," etc., where also the *Henochii* were found after the Flood. And therefore was Jupiter by the Athenians called *Polieus*, a founder of cities, and *Herceios*, an encloser or strengthener of cities, say Phornutus and Pausanias, and that to Jupiter *Herceios* there were in very many places altars and temples erected. And that there were cities built before the Flood Plato also witnesseth, as may be gathered in this his affirming that soon after mankind began to increase they built many cities, which as his meaning he delivereth in plain terms in his third book of laws; for he saith that cities were built an exceeding space of time before the destruction by the great Flood.

This first Jupiter of the ethnics was then the same Cain, the son of Adam, who marrying his own sister, as also Jupiter is said to have done, inhabited the East, where Stephanus, *De Urbibus*, placeth the city Henochia. And besides this City of Enoch, Philo Judæus conceiveth that Cain built six others, as Maich, Jared, Tehe, Jesca, Selet, and Gebat. But where Philo had this I know not. Now as Cain was the

first Jupiter and from whom also the ethnics had the invention of sacrifice, so were Jubal, Tubal, and Tubal Cain, inventors of pastorage, smiths'-craft, and music, the same which were called by the ancient profane writers, Mercurius, Vulcan, and Apollo. And as there is a likelihood of name between Tubal Cain and Vulcan, so doth Augustine expound the name of Noema or Naamath, the sister of Tubal Cain, to signify Venusta or beautiful, Voluptas or pleasure; as the wife of Vulcan is said to be Venus, the lady of pleasure and beauty. And as Adam was the ancient and first Saturn, Cain, the eldest Jupiter, Eva, Rhea, and Nomea or Naamath, the first Venus; so did the fable of the dividing of the world between the three brethren, the sons of Saturn, arise from the true story of the dividing of the earth between the three sons of Noah; so also was the fiction of those golden apples kept by a dragon, taken from the serpent which tempted Evah; so was paradise itself transported out of Asia into Africa and made the garden of the Hesperides; the prophecies that Christ should break the serpent's head and conquer the power of hell occasioned the fables of Hercules killing the serpent of Hesperides and descending into hell and captivating Cerberus; so out of the taking up of Enoch by God was borrowed the conversion of their heroes, the inventors of religion and such arts as the life of man had profit by, into stars and heavenly signs and withal, that leaving of the world and ascension of Astræa, of which Ovid:

Ultima cœlestum terras Astræa reliquit.

Astræa last of heavenly wights the earth did leave.³

For the rest, if we seek a reason of the succession and continuance of this boundless ambition in mortal men, we may add to that which hath been already said that the kings and princes of the world have always laid before them the actions but not the ends of those great ones which preceded them. They are always transported with the glory of the one, but they never mind

³ Section iv of Chapter VI.

the misery of the other till they find the experience in themselves. They neglect the advice of God while they enjoy life or hope of it; but they follow the counsel of Death upon his first approach. It is he that puts into man all the wisdom of the world without speaking a word, which God, with all the words of his law, promises, or threats doth infuse. Death, which hateth and destroyeth man, is believed; God, which hath made him and loves him, is always deferred. "I have considered," saith Solomon, "all the works that are under the sun, and behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit." But who believes it, till Death tells it us! It was Death, which opening the conscience of Charles the Fifth, made him enjoin his son Philip to restore Navarre, and King Francis the First of France to command that justice should be done upon the murderers of the Protestants in Merindol and Cabrieres, which till then he neglected. It is therefore Death alone that can suddenly make man to know himself. He tells the proud and insolent that they are but abjects and humbles them at the instant, makes them cry, complain, and repent, yea, even to hate their fore-passed happiness. He takes the account of the rich and

proves him a beggar, a naked beggar, which hath interest in nothing but in the gravel that fills his mouth. He holds a glass before the eyes of the most beautiful and makes them see therein their deformity and rottenness, and they acknowledge it.

O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise thou hast persuaded; what none have dared thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered thou only hast cast out of the world and despised. Thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet*.

Lastly, whereas this book by the title it hath calls itself The First Part of the General History of the World, implying a second and third volume, which I also intended and have hewn out; besides many other discouragements persuading my silence, it hath pleased God to take that glorious prince out of the world to whom they were directed; whose unspeakable and never enough lamented loss hath taught me to say with Job, *Versa est in luctum cithara mea et organum meum in vocem flentium*.⁴

⁴ This is the close of Chapter VI of the fifth book and the end of the History.

FRANCIS BACON

(1561-1626)

The lives of few English men of letters touch the great world of affairs at so many points as Bacon's. He was the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Seals, and his wife, Ann Cook, sister-in-law to Lord Burghley and one of the most brilliant women of the sixteenth century. Bacon began early to show signs of his great qualities. Indeed, he was never a child. It is well known how Queen Elizabeth, attracted by his keen mind and mature deportment, called him her "young Lord Keeper." He entered Trinity College, Cambridge, at twelve, and remained for some two years, chafing under the restrictions and rebelling against the narrow curriculum of the sixteenth-century university. He left Cambridge in high dudgeon in 1575 and was admitted to Gray's Inn, where he began the preparation for his career in law. In 1576 he went with the household of the English ambassador, Sir Amias Paulet, to France, remaining there for three years. During this time he wrote his first book, *On the State of Europe*, which he published at the age of nineteen after his return to England.

Bacon would gladly have devoted his life to philosophy, and sought unsuccessfully through Lord Burghley some government position which might enable him to do this. The law now became his profession. He was admitted Utter Barrister of Gray's Inn in 1582, and entered Parliament the following year. But despite his brilliance and energy, and despite his connection with Lord Burghley and his friendship with the favorite, Essex, advancement was slow. Whether Elizabeth was not sufficiently aware of, or afraid of, his great qualities, she at any rate did little for him. He was made Queen's Counsel in 1596, and either because of a strict sense of duty, or because of the absolute lack of a sense of loyalty, he took an active part in the prosecution for treason of his friend and patron, Lord Essex, in 1601. Meanwhile he had begun to lay the foundations of his literary fame with the first edition of his *Essays* in 1597. After the accession of James I, Bacon's fortune rapidly improved. His new patron, the Duke of Buckingham, was more influential in his behalf than the ill-starred Essex had been, and Bacon was knighted in 1603. But always his philosophical interests were paramount, and between his being knighted and his being married in 1606 to Alice Barham, daughter of a wealthy city alderman, he published in 1605 his *Advancement of Learning*. His political advancement continued. First Solicitor-General, he next became Attorney-General, then Privy Councillor, Lord Keeper, Lord High Chancellor, Baron Verulam of Verulam, and Viscount St. Albans. And amidst all the official duties which these positions entailed he found time for the writing of numerous philosophical works, including the great *Novum Organum*, which was published in 1620.

With tragic suddenness the decline in his fortunes began. He was arraigned the next year for permitting the Duke of Buckingham to influence the decisions of his court and for accepting bribes. He pleaded guilty to twenty-three different charges, and the House of Lords fined him £40,000, rendered him incapable of holding any office, and condemned him to imprisonment during the king's pleasure. The fine was remitted, Bacon was again at liberty within two days, and a yearly pension of £1,200 was granted him. But the glory had departed. He lived in retirement thereafter, carrying on his experiments and publishing others of his works. In his sixty-fourth year he began the *New Atlantis*, which he left unfinished and which was published posthumously in 1627. The story of his contracting a fatal cold while experimenting with the preservative qualities of snow is familiar to all his readers. He died on Easter Day, 1626.

There is so much dross among the gold in Bacon's character that it is not surprising that the gold has been insufficiently appraised. He has been held up as heartless, as Machiavellian in principles, thoroughly materialistic in practices, and a believer in the theory that the end justifies the means. He is referred to as a man generally lacking in moral sentiments. But his more recent biographers and appraisers do not paint such a black picture of him. Doubtless he did take too much counsel of the head and too little of the heart, and

certainly he was too much given to weighing in the grosser scales of this world such imponderables as love and friendship and religion. But if to individual men he failed in this or that duty, he was always the devoted servant and well-wisher of mankind in general, and his whole life was spent in that service. He was false in certain specific trusts as Lord Chancellor, but he was speaking little less than the truth when he maintained that he was the justest judge and the best Lord Chancellor England had known for centuries. He was, when all is said, a great man, and the greatest single influence in the philosophical and scientific developments of his day. Always in advance of his own age, always hindered by petty persons who failed completely to understand him, he rightly enlists the sympathy and interest of the present century as the greatest prophet of his own day and generation.

Bacon's prose is by common consent the best which the first quarter of the seventeenth century produced, and superior for clearness and conciseness to any which had yet been written in English. For fullness of thought and fewness of words he has never been surpassed. The place which his *Essays* occupy is unique and indisputable. The *New Atlantis* is specially interesting as the Baconian contribution to the Utopias of the world, and fragmentary though it is, it furnishes the picture of Solomon's House, the prototype of the Royal Society and of the other learned associations and institutions which by coöperation and experimentation are discovering from century to century the secrets of all that knowledge which Bacon claimed as his province.

NEW ATLANTIS (Text: first edition, 1627)

We sailed from Peru (where we had continued by the space of one whole year) for China and Japan, by the South Sea, taking with us victuals for twelve months; and had good winds from the east, though soft and weak, for five months' space and more. But then the wind came about, and settled in the west for many days, so as we could make little or no way, and were sometimes in purpose to turn back. But then again there arose strong and great winds from the south, with a point east; which carried us up, for all that we could do, towards the north; by which time our victuals failed us, though we had made good spare of them. So that finding ourselves, in the midst of the greatest wilderness of waters in the world, without victual, we gave ourselves for lost men, and prepared for death. Yet we did lift up our hearts and voices to God above, who "showeth his wonders in the deep"; beseeching him of his mercy, that as in the beginning he discovered the face of the deep, and brought forth dry land, so he would now discover land to us, that we might not perish.

And it came to pass, that the next day about evening we saw within a kenning before us, towards the north, as it were thick clouds, which did put us in some hope

of land; knowing how that part of the South Sea was utterly unknown; and might have islands or continents that hitherto were not come to light. Wherefore we bent our course thither, where we saw the appearance of land, all that night; and in the dawning of the next day, we might plainly discern that it was a land, flat to our sight, and full of boscase,¹ which made it show the more dark. And after an hour and a half's sailing, we entered into a good haven, being the port of a fair city: not great indeed, but well built, and that gave a pleasant view from the sea. And we thinking every minute long till we were on land, came close to the shore and offered to land. But straightways we saw divers of the people, with bastons² in their hands, as it were, forbidding us to land: yet without any cries or fierceness, but only as warning us off, by signs that they made. Whereupon being not a little discomforted, we were advising with ourselves what we should do.

During which time there made forth to us a small boat, with about eight persons in it, whereof one of them had in his hand a tipstaff of a yellow cane, tipped at both ends with blue, who came aboard our ship, without any show of distrust at all. And when he saw one of our number present

1 Woods.

2 Staves.

himself somewhat afore the rest, he drew forth a little scroll of parchment (somewhat yellower than our parchment, and shining like the leaves of writing tables, but otherwise soft and flexible), and delivered it to our foremost man. In which scroll were written in ancient Hebrew, and in ancient Greek, and in good Latin of the School,³ and in Spanish, these words: "Land ye not, none of you, and provide to be gone from this coast within sixteen days, except you have further time given you. Meanwhile, if you want fresh water, or victual, or help for your sick, or that your ship needeth repair, write down your wants, and you shall have that which belongeth to mercy." This scroll was signed with a stamp of cherubin's wings, not spread, but hanging downwards; and by them a cross. This being delivered, the officer returned, and left only a servant with us to receive our answer.

Consulting hereupon amongst ourselves, we were much perplexed. The denial of landing, and hasty warning us away, troubled us much: on the other side, to find that the people had languages, and were so full of humanity, did comfort us not a little. And above all, the sign of the cross to that instrument, was to us a great rejoicing, and as it were a certain presage of good. Our answer was in the Spanish tongue, "That for our ship, it was well; for we had rather met with calms and contrary winds, than any tempests. For our sick, they were many, and in very ill case; so that if they were not permitted to land, they ran in danger of their lives." Our other wants we set down in particular, adding, "That we had some little store of merchandise, which if it pleased them to deal for, it might supply our wants, without being chargeable unto them." We offered some reward in pistolets unto the servant, and a piece of crimson velvet to be presented to the officer: but the servant took them not, nor would scarce look upon them; and so left us, and went back in another little boat which was sent for him.

About three hours after we had dispatched our answer there came towards us a person (as it seemed) of place. He had on

him a gown with wide sleeves, of a kind of water chamolet,⁴ of an excellent azure color, far more glossy than ours: his under apparel was green, and so was his hat, being in the form of a turban, daintily made, and not so huge as the Turkish turbans; and the locks of his hair came down below the brims of it. A reverend man was he to behold. He came in a boat, gilt in some parts of it, with four persons more only in that boat; and was followed by another boat, wherein were some twenty. When he was come within a flight-shot of our ship, signs were made to us that we should send forth some to meet him upon the water, which we presently did in our ship-boat, sending the principal man amongst us save one, and four of our number with him.

When we were come within six yards of their boat, they called to us to stay, and not to approach farther, which we did. And thereupon the man, whom I before described, stood up, and with a loud voice, in Spanish, asked, "Are ye Christians?" We answered, we were; fearing the less, because of the cross we had seen in the subscription. At which answer the said person lift up his right hand towards heaven, and drew it softly to his mouth (which is the gesture they use, when they thank God), and then said: "If ye will swear, all of you, by the merits of the Savior, that ye are no pirates, nor have shed blood, lawfully nor unlawfully, within forty days past, you may have license to come on land." We said we were all ready to take that oath. Whereupon one of those that were with him, being (as it seemed) a notary, made an entry of this act. Which done, another of the attendants of the great person, which was with him in the same boat, after his lord had spoken a little to him, said aloud: "My lord would have you know, that it is not of pride, or greatness, that he cometh not aboard your ship: but for that, in your answer, you declare that you have many sick amongst you, he was warned by the Conservator of Health of the city that he should keep a distance." We bowed ourselves towards him, and answered we were his humble servants; and accounted for

³ Academic or Classical Latin.

⁴ A fabric made of goat's hair.

great honor and singular humanity towards us, that which was already done: but hoped well that the nature of the sickness of our men was not infectious. So he returned; and a while after came the notary to us aboard our ship, holding in his hand a fruit of that country, like an orange, but of color between orange-tawny and scarlet: which cast a most excellent odor. He used it (as it seemed) for a preservative against infection. He gave us our oath, "By the name of Jesus, and his merits": and after told us, that the next day, by six of the clock in the morning, we should be sent to, and brought to the Strangers' House (so he called it), where we should be accommodated of things, both for our whole and for our sick. So he left us; and when we offered him some pistolets, he smiling, said, he must not be twice paid for one labor: meaning (as I take it) that he had salary sufficient of the state for his service. For (as I after learned) they call an officer that taketh rewards twice-paid.

The next morning early there came to us the same officer that came to us at first with his cane, and told us: "He came to conduct us to the Strangers' House: and that he had prevented the hour, because we might have the whole day before us for our business. For (said he) if you will follow my advice, there shall first go with me some few of you, and see the place, and how it may be made convenient for you; and then you may send for your sick, and the rest of your number, which ye will bring on land." We thanked him, and said that this care which he took of desolate strangers, God would reward. And so six of us went on land with him; and when we were on land, he went before us, and turned to us, and said, he was but our servant, and our guide. He led us through three fair streets; and all the way we went there were gathered some people on both sides, standing in a row; but in so civil a fashion, as if it had been, not to wonder at us, but to welcome us! and divers of them, as we passed by them, put their arms a little abroad, which is their gesture when they bid any welcome.

The Strangers' House is a fair and spa-

cious house, built of brick, of somewhat a bluer color than our brick; and with handsome windows, some of glass, some of a kind of cambric oiled. He brought us first into a fair parlor above stairs, and then asked us what number of persons we were? and how many sick? We answered, we were in all (sick and whole) one and fifty persons, whereof our sick were seventeen. He desired us to have patience a little, and to stay till he came back to us, which was about an hour after; and then he led us to see the chambers which were provided for us, being in number nineteen. They having cast it (as it seemeth) that four of those chambers, which were better than the rest, might receive four of the principal men of our company; and lodge them alone by themselves; and the other fifteen chambers were to lodge us, two and two together. The chambers were handsome and cheerful chambers, and furnished civilly. Then he led us to a long gallery, like a dorture,⁵ where he showed us all along the one side (for the other side was but wall and window) seventeen cells, very neat ones, having partitions of cedar wood. Which gallery and cells, being in all forty (many more than we needed), were instituted as an infirmary for sick persons. And he told us withal, that as any of our sick waxed well, he might be removed from his cell to a chamber: for which purpose there were set forth ten spare chambers, besides the number we spake of before. This done, he brought us back to the parlor, and lifting up his cane a little (as they do when they give any charge or command), said to us, "Ye are to know that the custom of the land requireth, that after this day and to-morrow (which we give you for removing your people from your ship), you are to keep within doors for three days. But let it not trouble you, nor do not think yourselves restrained, but rather left to your ease and rest. You shall want nothing, and there are six of our people appointed to attend you for any business you may have abroad." We gave him thanks with all affection and respect, and said, "God surely is manifested in this land." We offered him also twenty pistolets; but he smiled, and only said:

⁵ Dormitory.

"What? twice paid!" And so he left us.

Soon after our dinner was served in; which was right good viands, both for bread and meat: better than any collegiate diet that I have known in Europe. We had also drink of three sorts, all wholesome and good; wine of the grape; a drink of grain, such as is with us our ale, but more clear; and a kind of cider made of a fruit of that country; a wonderful pleasing and refreshing drink. Besides, there were brought in to us great store of those scarlet oranges for our sick; which (they said) were an assured remedy for sickness taken at sea. There was given us also a box of small gray or whitish pills, which they wished our sick should take, one of the pills every night before sleep; which (they said) would hasten their recovery.

The next day, after that our trouble of carriage and removing of our men and goods out of our ship was somewhat settled and quiet, I thought good to call our company together, and when they were assembled, said unto them, "My dear friends, let us know ourselves, and how it standeth with us. We are men cast on land, as Jonas was out of the whale's belly, when we were as buried in the deep; and now we are on land, we are but between death and life, for we are beyond both the Old World and the New; and whether ever we shall see Europe, God only knoweth. It is a kind of miracle hath brought us hither, and it must be little less that shall bring us hence. Therefore in regard of our deliverance past, and our danger present and to come, let us look up to God, and every man reform his own ways. Besides we are come here amongst a Christian people, full of piety and humanity: let us not bring that confusion of face upon ourselves, as to show our vices or unworthiness before them. Yet there is more, for they have by commandment (though in form of courtesy) cloistered us within these walls for three days: who knoweth whether it be not to take some taste of our manners and conditions? And if they find them bad, to banish us straightways; if good, to give us further time. For these men that they have given us for attendance may withal have an eye

upon us. Therefore, for God's love, and as we love the weal of our souls and bodies, let us so behave ourselves, as we may be at peace with God, and may find grace in the eyes of this people." Our company with one voice thanked me for my good admonition, and promised me to live soberly and civilly, and without giving any the least occasion of offence. So we spent our three days joyfully, and without care, in expectation what would be done with us when they were expired. During which time, we had every hour joy of the amendment of our sick, who thought themselves cast into some divine pool of healing, they mended so kindly⁶ and so fast.

The morrow after our three days were past, there came to us a new man, that we had not seen before, clothed in blue as the former was, save that his turban was white with a small red cross on the top. He had also a tippet of fine linen. At his coming in he did bend to us a little, and put his arms abroad. We of our parts saluted him in a very lowly and submissive manner; as looking that from him we should receive sentence of life or death. He desired to speak with some few of us. Whereupon six of us only stayed, and the rest avoided the room. He said, "I am by office Governor of this House of Strangers, and by vocation I am a Christian priest; and therefore am come to you to offer you my service, both as strangers, and chiefly as Christians. Some things I may tell you, which I think you will not be unwilling to hear. The state hath given you license to stay on land for the space of six weeks: and let it not trouble you, if your occasions ask further time, for the law in this point is not precise; and I do not doubt but myself shall be able to obtain for you such further time as shall be convenient. Ye shall also understand, that the Strangers' House is at this time rich, and much aforehand; for it hath laid up revenue these thirty-seven years: for so long it is since any stranger arrived in this part: and therefore take ye no care; the state will defray you all the time you stay. Neither shall you stay one day the less for that. As for any merchandise ye have brought, ye shall be well used, and

⁶ Naturally.

have your return, either in merchandise or in gold and silver: for to us it is all one. And if you have any other request to make, hide it not; for ye shall find we will not make your countenance to fall by the answer ye shall receive. Only this I must tell you, that none of you must go above a karan (that is with them a mile and a half) from the walls of the city, without especial leave."

We answered, after we had looked awhile one upon another, admiring this gracious and parent-like usage, that we could not tell what to say, for we wanted words to express our thanks; and his noble free offers left us nothing to ask. It seemed to us that we had before us a picture of our salvation in heaven; for we that were a while since in the jaws of death, were now brought into a place where we found nothing but consolations. For the commandment laid upon us, we would not fail to obey it, though it was impossible but our hearts should be inflamed to tread further upon this happy and holy ground. We added that our tongues should first cleave to the roofs of our mouths ere we should forget, either his reverend person, or this whole nation, in our prayers. We also most humbly besought him to accept of us as his true servants, by as just a right as ever men on earth were bounden; laying and presenting both our persons and all we had at his feet. He said he was a priest, and looked for a priest's reward; which was our brotherly love, and the good of our souls and bodies. So he went from us, not without tears of tenderness in his eyes, and left us also confused with joy and kindness, saying amongst ourselves that we were come into a land of angels, which did appear to us daily, and prevent⁷ us with comforts, which we thought not of, much less expected.

The next day, about ten of the clock, the Governor came to us again, and after salutations, said familiarly, that he was come to visit us; and called for a chair, and sat him down; and we, being some ten of us (the rest were of the meaner sort, or else gone abroad), sat down with him; and when we were set, he began thus: "We of

this island of Bensalem (for so they called it in their language) have this: that by means of our solitary situation, and of the laws of secrecy, which we have for our travellers, and our rare admission of strangers, we know well most part of the habitable world, and are ourselves unknown. Therefore because he that knoweth least is fitted to ask questions, it is more reason, for the entertainment of the time, that ye ask me questions than that I ask you."

We answered, that we humbly thanked him that he would give us leave so to do: and that we conceived, by the taste we had already, that there was no worldly thing on earth more worthy to be known than the state of that happy land. But above all (we said) since that we were met from the several ends of the world, and hoped assuredly that we should meet one day in the kingdom of heaven (for that we were both part Christians), we desired to know (in respect that land was so remote, and so divided by vast and unknown seas from the land where our Savior walked on earth) who was the apostle of that nation, and how it was converted to the faith? It appeared in his face, that he took great contentment in this our question; he said, "Ye knit my heart to you, by asking this question in the first place: for it sheweth that you first seek the kingdom of heaven: and I shall gladly, and briefly, satisfy your demand.

"About twenty years after the ascension of our Savior it came to pass, that there was seen by the people of Renfusa (a city upon the eastern coast of our island), within sight (the night was cloudy and calm), as it might be some mile in the sea, a great pillar of light; not sharp, but in form of a column, or cylinder, rising from the sea, a great way up towards heaven; and on the top of it was seen a large cross of light, more bright and resplendent than the body of the pillar. Upon which so strange a spectacle the people of the city gathered apace together upon the sands, to wonder; and so after put themselves into a number of small boats to go nearer to this marvellous sight. But when the boats were come within about sixty yards of the pillar they found themselves all bound, and could

⁷ Anticipate.

go no further, yet so as they might move to go about, but might not approach nearer: so as the boats stood all as in a theatre, beholding this light, as an heavenly sign. It so fell out that there was in one of the boats one of our wise men, of the Society of Solomon's House; which house or college, my good brethren, is the very eye of this kingdom, who having awhile attentively and devoutly viewed and contemplated this pillar and cross, fell down upon his face; and then raised himself upon his knees, and lifting up his hands to heaven, made his prayers in this manner:

"Lord God of heaven and earth, thou hast vouchsafed of thy grace, to those of our order, to know thy works of creation, and the secrets of them; and to discern (as far as appertaineth to the generations of men) between divine miracles, works of nature, works of art, and impostures and illusions of all sorts. I do here acknowledge and testify before this people, that the thing which we now see before our eyes is thy finger, and a true miracle. And forasmuch as we learn in our books that thou workest miracles but to a divine and excellent end (for the laws of nature are thine own laws, and thou exceedest them not but upon great cause), we most humbly beseech thee to prosper this great sign, and to give us the interpretation and use of it in mercy; which thou dost in some part secretly promise, by sending it unto us."

"When he had made his prayer, he presently found the boat he was in movable and unbound; whereas all the rest remained still fast; and taking that for an assurance of leave to approach, he caused the boat to be softly and with silence rowed towards the pillar. But ere he came near it, the pillar and cross of light broke up, and cast itself abroad, as it were, into a firmament of many stars, which also vanished soon after, and there was nothing left to be seen but a small ark, or chest of cedar, dry, and not wet at all with water, though it swam. And in the fore-end of it, which was towards him, grew a small green branch of palm; and when the wise man had taken it with all reverence into his boat, it opened of itself, and there were found in it a book and a letter, both written in fine parchment, and wrapped in

sindons of linen. The book contained all the canonical books of the Old and New Testament, according as you have them (for we know well what the Churches with you receive), and the Apocalypse itself; and some other books of the New Testament, which were not at that time written, were nevertheless in the book. And for the letter, it was in these words:

"I Bartholomew, a servant of the Highest, and apostle of Jesus Christ, was warned by an angel that appeared to me in a vision of glory that I should commit this ark to the floods of the sea. Therefore I do testify and declare unto that people where God shall ordain this ark to come to land, that in the same day is come unto them salvation and peace and goodwill from the Father, and from the Lord Jesus."

"There was also in both these writings, as well the book as the letter, wrought a great miracle, conform to that of the apostles, in the original gift of tongues. For there being at that time, in this land, Hebrews, Persians, and Indians, besides the natives, every one read upon the book and letter, as if they had been written in his own language. And thus was this land saved from infidelity (as the remain of the Old World was from water) by an ark, through the apostolical and miraculous evangelism of St. Bartholomew." And here he paused, and a messenger came, and called him forth from us. So this was all that passed in that conference.

The next day the same Governor came again to us, immediately after dinner, and excused himself, saying, that the day before he was called from us somewhat abruptly, but now he would make us amends, and spend time with us, if we held his company and conference agreeable. We answered that we held it so agreeable and pleasing to us, as we forgot both dangers past, and fears to come, for the time we heard him speak; and that we thought an hour spent with him was worth years of our former life. He bowed himself a little to us, and after we were set again, he said, "Well, the questions are on your part."

One of our number said, after a little pause, that there was a matter we were no less desirous to know than fearful to ask, lest we might presume too far. But encouraged

by his rare humanity towards us (that could scarce think ourselves strangers, being his vowed and professed servants), we would take the hardiness to propound it; humbly beseeching him, if he thought it not fit to be answered, that he would pardon it, though he rejected it. We said we well observed those his words, which he formerly spake, that this happy island, where we now stood, was known to few, and yet knew most of the nations of the world, which we found to be true, considering they had the languages of Europe, and knew much of our state and business; and yet we in Europe (notwithstanding all the remote discoveries and navigations of this last age) never heard any of the least inkling or glimpse of this island. This we found wonderful strange; for that all nations have interknowledge one of another, either by voyage into foreign parts, or by strangers that come to them; and though the traveller into a foreign country doth commonly know more by the eye than he that stayeth at home can by relation of the traveller; yet both ways suffice to make a mutual knowledge, in some degree, on both parts. But for this island, we never heard tell of any ship of theirs that had been seen to arrive upon any shore of Europe; no, nor of either the East or West Indies, nor yet of any ship of any other part of the world, that had made return from them. And yet the marvel rested not in this; for the situation of it (as his lordship said) in the secret conclave of such a vast sea mought cause it. But then, that they should have knowledge of the languages, books, affairs, of those that lie such a distance from them, it was a thing we could not tell what to make of; for that it seemed to us a condition and propriety of divine powers and beings, to be hidden and unseen to others, and yet to have others open, and as in a light to them.

At this speech the Governor gave a gracious smile and said that we did well to ask pardon for this question we now asked, for that it imported, as if we thought this land a land of magicians, that sent forth spirits of the air into all parts, to bring them news and intelligence of other countries. It was answered by us all, in all possible humble-

ness, but yet with a countenance taking knowledge, that we knew he spake it but merrily; that we were apt enough to think there was somewhat supernatural in this island, but yet rather as angelical than magical. But to let his lordship know truly what it was that made us tender and doubtful to ask this question, it was not any such conceit, but because we remembered he had given a touch in his former speech that this land had laws of secrecy touching strangers. To this he said, "You remember it aright; and therefore in that I shall say to you, I must reserve some particulars, which it is not lawful for me to reveal, but there will be enough left to give you satisfaction.

"You shall understand (that which perhaps you will scarce think credible) that about three thousand years ago, or somewhat more, the navigation of the world (especially for remote voyages) was greater than at this day. Do not think with yourselves, that I know not how much it is increased with you, within these six-score years; I know it well, and yet I say, greater then than now; whether it was, that the example of the Ark, that saved the remnant of men from the universal Deluge, gave men confidence to adventure upon the waters, or what it was; but such is the truth. The Phœnicians, and specially the Tyrians, had great fleets; so had the Carthaginians their colony, which is yet further west. Towards the east the shipping of Egypt, and of Palestine, was likewise great. China also, and the Great Atlantis (that you call America), which have now but junks and canoes, abounded then in tall ships. This island (as appeareth by faithful registers of those times) had then fifteen hundred strong ships, of great content. Of all this there is with you sparing memory, or none; but we have large knowledge thereof.

"At that time, this land was known and frequented by the ships and vessels of all the nations before named. And (as it cometh to pass) they had many times men of other countries, that were no sailors, that came with them; as Persians, Chaldeans, Arabians, so as almost all nations of might and fame resorted hither; of whom we have some stirps^s and little tribes with us at this

day. And for our own ships, they went sundry voyages, as well to your straits, which you call the Pillars of Hercules, as to other parts in the Atlantic and Mediterranean Seas; as to Paguin (which is the same with Cambaline) and Quinzy, upon the Oriental Seas, as far as to the borders of the East Tartary.

"At the same time, and an age after or more, the inhabitants of the Great Atlantis did flourish. For though the narration and description which is made by a great man with you, that the descendants of Neptune planted there, and of the magnificent temple, palace, city, and hill; and the manifold streams of goodly navigable rivers (which as so many chains environed the same site and temple); and the several degrees of ascent, whereby men did climb up to the same, as if it had been a *scala cæli*,⁹ be all poetical and fabulous; yet so much is true, that the said country of Atlantis, as well that of Peru, then called Coya, as that of Mexico, then named Tyrambel, were mighty and proud kingdoms, in arms, shipping, and riches: so mighty as at one time (or at least within the space of ten years), they both made two great expeditions; they of Tyrambel through the Atlantic to the Mediterranean Sea; and they of Coya, through the South Sea upon this our island; and for the former of these, which was into Europe, the same author amongst you (as it seemeth) had some relation from the Egyptian priest, whom he citeth. For assuredly such a thing there was. But whether it were the ancient Athenians that had the glory of the repulse and resistance of those forces, I can say nothing; but certain it is there never came back either ship or man from that voyage. Neither had the other voyage of those of Coya upon us had better fortune, if they had not met with enemies of greater clemency. For the king of this island, by name Altabin, a wise man and a great warrior, knowing well both his own strength and that of his enemies, handled the matter so, as he cut off their land forces from their ships, and entailed¹⁰ both their navy and their camp with a greater power than theirs, both by sea and land, and compelled them to render themselves without

striking stroke; and after they were at his mercy, contenting himself only with their oath that they should no more bear arms against him, dismissed them all in safety.

"But the divine revenge overtook not long after those proud enterprises. For within less than the space of one hundred years the Great Atlantis was utterly lost and destroyed; not by a great earthquake, as your man saith (for that whole tract is little subject to earthquakes), but by a particular deluge or inundation, those countries having at this day far greater rivers and far higher mountains to pour down waters, than any part of the Old World. But it is true that the same inundation was not deep, not past forty foot in most places from the ground, so that although it destroyed man and beast generally, yet some few wild inhabitants of the wood escaped. Birds also were saved by flying to the high trees and woods. For as for men, although they had buildings in many places higher than the depth of the water, yet that inundation, though it were shallow, had a long continuance, whereby they of the vale that were not drowned perished for want of food, and other things necessary.

"So as marvel you not at the thin population of America, nor at the rudeness and ignorance of the people; for you must account your inhabitants of America as a young people, younger a thousand years at the least than the rest of the world, for that there was so much time between the universal Flood and their particular inundation. For the poor remnant of human seed which remained in their mountains peopled the country again slowly, by little and little, and being simple and savage people (not like Noah and his sons, which was the chief family of the earth) they were not able to leave letters, arts, and civility to their posterity; and having likewise in their mountainous habitations been used (in respect of the extreme cold of those regions) to clothe themselves with the skins of tigers, bears, and great hairy goats, that they have in those parts; when after they came down into the valley, and found the intolerable heats which are there, and knew no means of lighter apparel, they were forced to begin

⁹ The Ladder of Heaven; cf. Genesis 28:12.

¹⁰ Ensnared.

the custom of going naked, which continueth at this day. Only they take great pride and delight in the feathers of birds, and this also they took from those their ancestors of the mountains, who were invited unto it, by the infinite flight of birds that came up to the high grounds, while the waters stood below. So you see, by this main accident of time, we lost our traffic with the Americans, with whom of all others, in regard they lay nearest to us, we had most commerce.

"As for the other parts of the world, it is most manifest that in the ages following (whether it were in respect of wars, or by a natural revolution of time) navigation did everywhere greatly decay, and specially far voyages (the rather by the use of galleys, and such vessels as could hardly brook the ocean) were altogether left and omitted. So then, that part of intercourse which could be from other nations, to sail to us, you see how it hath long since ceased; except it were by some rare accident, as this of yours. But now of the cessation of that other part of intercourse, which might be by our sailing to other nations, I must yield you some other cause. For I cannot say, if I shall say truly, but our shipping, for number, strength, mariners, pilots, and all things that appertain to navigation, is as great as ever; and therefore why we should sit at home, I shall now give you an account by itself; and it will draw nearer, to give you satisfaction, to your principal question.

"There reigned in this island, about 1,900 years ago, a king, whose memory of all others we most adore; not superstitiously, but as a divine instrument, though a mortal man: his name was Solamona; and we esteem him as the lawgiver of our nation. This king had a large heart, inscrutable for good, and was wholly bent to make his kingdom and people happy. He therefore taking into consideration how sufficient and substantive this land was, to maintain itself without any aid at all of the foreigner; being 5,600 miles in circuit, and of rare fertility of soil, in the greatest part thereof; and finding also the shipping of this country might be plentifully set on work, both by fishing and by transportations from port to port, and likewise by sailing unto some small islands that are not far from us, and

are under the crown and laws of this state; and recalling into his memory the happy and flourishing estate wherein this land then was, so as it might be a thousand ways altered to the worse, but scarce any one way to the better; though nothing wanted to his noble and heroic intentions, but only (as far as human foresight might reach) to give perpetuity to that which was in his time so happily established. Therefore amongst his other fundamental laws of this kingdom he did ordain the interdicts and prohibitions which we have touching entrance of strangers; which at that time (though it was after the calamity of America) was frequent; doubting novelties and commixture of manners. It is true, the like law against the admission of strangers without license is an ancient law in the kingdom of China, and yet continued in use. But there it is a poor thing; and hath made them a curious, ignorant, fearful, foolish nation. But our lawgiver made his law of another temper. For first, he hath preserved all points of humanity, in taking order and making provision for the relief of strangers distressed; whereof you have tasted."

At which speech (as reason was) we all rose up, and bowed ourselves. He went on:

"That king also still desiring to join humanity and policy together; and thinking it against humanity to detain strangers here against their wills; and against policy that they should return, and discover their knowledge of this estate, he took this course: he did ordain, that of the strangers that should be permitted to land, as many (at all times) might depart as would; but as many as would stay, should have very good conditions, and means to live from the state. Wherein he saw so far, that now in so many ages since the prohibition, we have memory not of one ship that ever returned, and but of thirteen persons only, at several times, that chose to return in our bottoms. What those few that returned may have reported abroad I know not. But you must think, whatsoever they have said, could be taken where they came but for a dream. Now for our travelling from hence into parts abroad, our lawgiver thought fit altogether to restrain it. So is it not in China. For the Chinese sail where they will, or can; which

showeth, that their law of keeping out strangers is a law of pusillanimity and fear. But this restraint of ours hath one only exception, which is admirable; preserving the good which cometh by communicating with strangers, and avoiding the hurt: and I will now open it to you. And here I shall seem a little to digress, but you will by and by find it pertinent.

"Ye shall understand, my dear friends, that amongst the excellent acts of that king, one above all hath the preëminence. It was the erection and institution of an order, or society, which we call Solomon's House; the noblest foundation, as we think, that ever was upon the earth, and the lantern of this kingdom. It is dedicated to the study of the works and creatures of God. Some think it beareth the founder's name a little corrupted, as if it should be Solamona's House. But the records write it as it is spoken. So as I take it to be denominate of the king of the Hebrews, which is famous with you, and no stranger to us; for we have some parts of his works which with you are lost; namely, that Natural History which he wrote of all plants, from the cedar of Libanus to the moss that groweth out of the wall; and of all things that have life and motion. This maketh me think that our king finding himself to symbolize, in many things, with that king of the Hebrews (which lived many years before him) honored him with the title of this foundation. And I am the rather induced to be of this opinion, for that I find in ancient records, this order or society is sometimes called Solomon's House, and sometimes the College of the Six Days' Works; whereby I am satisfied that our excellent king had learned from the Hebrews that God had created the world, and all that therein is, within six days: and therefore he instituting that house, for the finding out of the true nature of all things (whereby God mought have the more glory in the workmanship of them, and men the more fruit in the use of them), did give it also that second name.

"But now to come to our present purpose. When the king had forbidden to all his people navigation into any part that was not under his crown, he made nevertheless this ordinance: that every twelve

years there should be set forth out of this kingdom two ships, appointed to several voyages; that in either of these ships there should be a mission of three of the fellows or brethren of Solomon's House, whose errand was only to give us knowledge of the affairs and state of those countries to which they were designed; and especially of the sciences, arts, manufactures, and inventions of all the world; and withal to bring unto us books, instruments, and patterns in every kind: that the ships, after they had landed the brethren, should return; and that the brethren should stay abroad till the new mission. These ships are not otherwise fraught than with store of victuals, and good quantity of treasure to remain with the brethren, for the buying of such things, and rewarding of such persons, as they should think fit. Now for me to tell you how the vulgar sort of mariners are contained from being discovered at land, and how they that must be put on shore for any time, color themselves under the names of other nations, and to what places these voyages have been designed, and what places of rendezvous are appointed for the new missions, and the like circumstances of the practice, I may not do it, neither is it much to your desire. But thus you see we maintain a trade, not for gold, silver, or jewels, nor for silks, nor for spices, nor any other commodity of matter; but only for God's first creature, which was light: to have light, I say, of the growth of all parts of the world."

And when he had said this, he was silent, and so were we all; for indeed we were all astonished to hear so strange things so probably told. And he perceiving that we were willing to say somewhat, but had it not ready, in great courtesy took us off, and descended to ask us questions of our voyage and fortunes, and in the end concluded that we mought do well to think with ourselves, what time of stay we would demand of the state, and bade us not to scant ourselves; for he would procure such time as we desired. Whereupon we all rose up and presented ourselves to kiss the skirt of his tippet, but he would not suffer us, and so took his leave. But when it came once amongst our people, that the state used to

offer conditions to strangers that would stay, we had work enough to get any of our men to look to our ship, and to keep them from going presently to the Governor, to crave conditions; but with much ado we restrained them, till we mought agree what course to take.

We took ourselves now for free men, seeing there was no danger of our utter perdition, and lived most joyfully, going abroad and seeing what was to be seen in the city and places adjacent, within our tedder; ¹¹ and obtaining acquaintance with many of the city, not of the meanest quality, at whose hands we found such humanity, and such a freedom and desire to take strangers, as it were, into their bosom, as was enough to make us forget all that was dear to us in our own countries; and continually we met with many things, right worthy of observation and relation; as indeed, if there be a mirror in the world, worthy to hold men's eyes, it is that country.

One day there were two of our company bidden to a feast of the family, as they call it; a most natural, pious, and reverend custom it is, showing that nation to be compounded of all goodness. This is the manner of it. It is granted to any man that shall live to see thirty persons descended of his body, alive together, and all above three years old, to make this feast, which is done at the cost of the state. The father of the family, whom they call the Tirsan, two days before the feast, taketh to him three of such friends as he liketh to choose, and is assisted also by the Governor of the city or place where the feast is celebrated, and all the persons of the family, of both sexes, are summoned to attend him. These two days the Tirsan sitteth in consultation, concerning the good estate of the family. There, if there be any discord or suits between any of the family, they are compounded and appeased. There, if any of the family be distressed or decayed, order is taken for their relief, and competent means to live. There, if any be subject to vice, or take ill courses, they are reprovved and censured. So likewise direction is given touching marriages, and the courses of life which any of them should take, with divers other the

like orders and advices. The Governor assisteth, to the end to put in execution, by his public authority, the decrees and orders of the Tirsan, if they should be disobeyed, though that seldom needeth; such reverence and obedience they give to the order of nature. The Tirsan doth also then ever choose one man from amongst his sons, to live in house with him; who is called ever after the Son of the Vine. The reason will hereafter appear.

On the feast day, the father or Tirsan cometh forth after divine service into a large room where the feast is celebrated; which room hath an half-pace at the upper end. Against the wall, in the middle of the half-pace, is a chair placed for him, with a table and carpet before it. Over the chair is a state, made round or oval, and it is of ivy; an ivy somewhat whiter than ours, like the leaf of a silver asp, but more shining; for it is green all winter. And the state is curiously wrought with silver and silk of divers colors, broiding or binding in the ivy; and is ever of the work of some of the daughters of the family, and veiled over at the top, with a fine net of silk and silver. But the substance of it is true ivy; whereof, after it is taken down, the friends of the family are desirous to have some leaf or sprig to keep.

The Tirsan cometh forth with all his generation or lineage, the males before him, and the females following him; and if there be a mother from whose body the whole lineage is descended, there is a traverse placed in a loft above, on the right hand of the chair, with a privy door, and a carved window of glass, leaded with gold and blue; where she sitteth, but is not seen. When the Tirsan is come forth, he sitteth down in the chair; and all the lineage place themselves against the wall, both at his back, and upon the return of the half-pace, in order of their years, without difference of sex, and stand upon their feet. When he is set, the room being always full of company, but well kept and without disorder, after some pause there cometh in from the lower end of the room a Taratan (which is as much as an herald), and on either side of him two young lads: whereof one carrieth

a scroll of their shining yellow parchment, and the other a cluster of grapes of gold, with a long foot or stalk. The herald and children are clothed with mantles of seawater green satin; but the herald's mantle is streamered with gold, and hath a train.

Then the herald with three curtsies, or rather inclinations, cometh up as far as the half-pace, and there first taketh into his hand the scroll. This scroll is the king's charter, containing gift of revenue, and many privileges, exemptions, and points of honor, granted to the father of the family; and it is ever styled and directed, "To such an one, our well-beloved friend and creditor," which is a title proper only to this case. For they say, the king is debtor to no man, but for propagation of his subjects. The seal set to the king's charter is the king's image, embossed or molded in gold; and though such charters be expedited of course, and as of right, yet they are varied by discretion, according to the number and dignity of the family. This charter the herald readeth aloud; and while it is read, the father or Tirsan standeth up, supported by two of his sons, such as he chooseth. Then the herald mounteth the half-pace, and delivereth the charter into his hand; and with that there is an acclamation, by all that are present, in their language, which is thus much, "Happy are the people of Bensalem."

Then the herald taketh into his hand from the other child the cluster of grapes, which is of gold; both the stalk and the grapes. But the grapes are daintily enamelled; and if the males of the family be the greater number, the grapes are enamelled purple, with a little sun set on the top; if the females, then they are enamelled into a greenish yellow, with a crescent on the top. The grapes are in number as many as there are descendants of the family. This golden cluster the herald delivereth also to the Tirsan; who presently delivereth it over to that son that he had formerly chosen to be in house with him; who beareth it before his father, as an ensign of honor, when he goeth in public ever after; and is thereupon called the Son of the Vine.

After this ceremony ended the father or Tirsan retireth; and after some time cometh

forth again to dinner, where he sitteth alone under the state, as before; and none of his descendants sit with him, of what degree or dignity so ever, except he hap to be of Solomon's House. He is served only by his own children, such as are male; who perform unto him all service of the table upon the knee, and the women only stand about him, leaning against the wall. The room below the half-pace hath tables on the sides for the guests that are bidden; who are served with great and comely order; and towards the end of dinner (which in the greatest feasts with them lasteth never above an hour and a half) there is a hymn sung, varied according to the invention of him that composeth it (for they have excellent poesy); but the subject of it is always the praises of Adam, and Noah, and Abraham; whereof the former two peopled the world, and the last was the father of the faithful: concluding ever with a thanksgiving for the nativity of our Savior, in whose birth the births of all are only blessed.

Dinner being done, the Tirsan retireth again; and having withdrawn himself alone into a place where he maketh some private prayers, he cometh forth the third time, to give the blessing, with all his descendants, who stand about him as at the first. Then he calleth them forth by one and by one, by name as he pleaseth, though seldom the order of age be inverted. The person that is called (the table being before removed) kneeleth down before the chair, and the father layeth his hand upon his head, or her head, and giveth the blessing in these words: "Son of Bensalem (or daughter of Bensalem), thy father saith it; the man by whom thou hast breath and life speaketh the word; the blessing of the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace, and the Holy Dove, be upon thee, and make the days of thy pilgrimage good and many." This he saith to every of them; and that done, if there be any of his sons of eminent merit and virtue (so they be not above two), he calleth for them again, and saith, laying his arm over their shoulders, they standing: "Sons, it is well ye are born, give God the praise, and persevere to the end." And withal delivereth to either of them a jewel, made in the figure of an ear of wheat, which

they ever after wear in the front of their turban, or hat. This done, they fall to music and dances, and other recreations, after their manner, for the rest of the day. This is the full order of that feast.

By that time six or seven days were spent, I was fallen into straight acquaintance with a merchant of that city, whose name was Joabin. He was a Jew and circumcised; for they have some few stirps of Jews yet remaining amongst them, whom they leave to their own religion. Which they may the better do, because they are of a far differing disposition from the Jews in other parts. For whereas they hate the name of Christ, and have a secret inbred rancor against the people amongst whom they live; these, contrariwise, give unto our Savior many high attributes, and love the nation of Bensalem extremely. Surely this man of whom I speak would ever acknowledge that Christ was born of a virgin and that he was more than a man; and he would tell how God made him ruler of the seraphim, which guard his throne; and they call him also the Milken Way, and the Eliah of the Messiah, and many other high names, which though they be inferior to his divine majesty, yet they are far from the language of other Jews.

And for the country of Bensalem, this man would make no end of commending it, being desirous by tradition among the Jews there to have it believed that the people thereof were of the generations of Abraham, by another son, whom they call Nachoran; and that Moses by a secret cabala ordained the laws of Bensalem which they now use; and that when the Messiah should come, and sit in his throne at Jerusalem, the King of Bensalem should sit at his feet, whereas other kings should keep a great distance. But yet setting aside these Jewish dreams, the man was a wise man and learned, and of great policy, and excellently seen in the laws and customs of that nation.

Amongst other discourses one day I told him, I was much affected with the relation I had from some of the company of their custom in holding the feast of the family, for that, methought, I had never heard of a solemnity wherein nature did so much preside. And because propagation of fami-

lies proceedeth from the nuptial copulation, I desired to know of him what laws and customs they had concerning marriage, and whether they kept marriage well, and whether they were tied to one wife? For and such as with them it seemed to be, there is commonly permission of plurality of that where population is so much affected, wives.

To this he said: "You have reason for to commend that excellent institution of the feast of the family; and indeed we have experience, that those families that are partakers of the blessings of that feast do flourish and prosper ever after in an extraordinary manner. But hear me now, and I will tell you what I know. You shall understand that there is not under the heavens so chaste a nation as this of Bensalem, nor so free from all pollution or foulness. It is the virgin of the world. . . ."

I have not read of any such chastity in any people as theirs. And their usual saying is, that whosoever is unchaste cannot reverence himself; and they say that the reverence of a man's self, is, next religion, the chiefest bridle of all vices.

And when he had said this the good Jew paused a little; whereupon I, far more willing to hear him speak on than to speak myself, yet thinking it decent that upon his pause of speech I should not be altogether silent, said only this; that I would say to him, as the widow of Sarepta said to Elias, that he was come to bring to memory our sins; and that I confess the righteousness of Bensalem was greater than the righteousness of Europe. At which speech he bowed his head, and went on this manner.

"They have also many wise and excellent laws touching marriage. They allow no polygamy. They have ordained that none do intermarry, or contract, until a month be past from their first interview. Marriage without consent of parents they do not make void, but they mulct it in the inheritors; for the children of such marriages are not admitted to inherit above a third part of their parents' inheritance."

And as we were thus in conference, there came one that seemed to be a messenger, in a rich huke,¹² that spake with the Jew;

¹² A kind of cape with a hood.

whereupon he turned to me, and said, "You will pardon me, for I am commanded away in haste." The next morning he came to me again, joyful as it seemed, and said, "There is word come to the Governor of the city, that one of the fathers of Solomon's House will be here this day seven-night; we have seen none of them this dozen years. His coming is in state; but the cause of his coming is secret. I will provide you and your fellows of a good standing to see his entry." I thanked him, and told him I was most glad of the news.

The day being come he made his entry. He was a man of middle stature and age, comely of person, and had an aspect as if he pitied men. He was clothed in a robe of fine black cloth, with wide sleeves, and a cape: his under garment was of excellent white linen down to the foot, girt with a girdle of the same; and a sindon or tippet of the same about his neck. He had gloves that were curious, and set with stone; and shoes of peach-colored velvet. His neck was bare to the shoulders. His hat was like a helmet, or Spanish montero; and his locks curled below it decently: they were of color brown. His beard was cut round and of the same color with his hair, somewhat lighter. He was carried in a rich chariot, without wheels, litter-wise, with two horses at either end, richly trapped in blue velvet embroidered; and two footmen on each side in the like attire. The chariot was all of cedar, gilt, and adorned with crystal; save that the fore-end had panels of sapphires, set in borders of gold, and the hinder-end the like of emeralds of the Peru color. There was also a sun of gold, radiant upon the top, in the midst; and on the top before, a small cherub of gold, with wings displayed. The chariot was covered with cloth of gold tissued upon blue. He had before him fifty attendants, young men all, in white satin loose coats to the midleg; and stockings of white silk, and shoes of blue velvet; and hats of blue velvet, with fine plumes of divers colors, set round like hat-bands. Next before the chariot went two men, bare-headed, in linen garments down to the foot, girt, and shoes of blue velvet, who carried the one a crosier, the other a pastoral staff like a sheep-hook: neither of

them of metal, but the crosier of balm-wood, the pastoral staff of cedar. Horsemen he had none, neither before nor behind his chariot: as it seemeth, to avoid all tumult and trouble. Behind his chariot went all the officers and principals of the companies of the city. He sat alone, upon cushions, of a kind of excellent plush, blue; and under his foot curious carpets of silk or divers colors; like the Persian, but far finer. He held up his bare hand, as he went, as blessing the people, but in silence. The street was wonderfully well kept; so that there was never any army had their men stand in better battle-array than the people stood. The windows likewise were not crowded, but every one stood in them, as if they had been placed.

When the show was passed, the Jew said to me, "I shall not be able to attend you as I would, in regard of some charge the city hath laid upon me for the entertaining of this great person." Three days after the Jew came to me again, and said, "Ye are happy men; for the father of Solomon's House taketh knowledge of your being here, and commanded me to tell you, that he will admit all your company to his presence, and have private conference with one of you that ye shall choose; and for this hath appointed the next day after tomorrow. And because he meaneth to give you his blessing, he hath appointed it in the forenoon."

We came at our day and hour, and I was chosen by my fellows for the private access. We found him in a fair chamber, richly hanged, and carpeted under foot, without any degrees to the state. He was set upon a low throne richly adorned, and a rich cloth of state over his head, of blue satin embroidered. He was alone, save that he had two pages of honor, on either hand one, finely attired in white. His under garments were the like that we saw him wear in the chariot; but instead of his gown, he had on him a mantle with a cape, of the same fine black, fastened about him. When we came in, as we were taught, we bowed low at our first entrance; and when we were come near his chair, he stood up, holding forth his hand ungloved; and in posture of blessing; and we every one of us stooped down,

and kissed the hem of his tippet. That done, the rest departed, and I remained. Then he warned the pages forth of the room, and caused me to sit down beside him, and spake to me thus in the Spanish tongue:

“God bless thee, my son; I will give thee the greatest jewel I have. For I will impart unto thee, for the love of God and men, a relation of the true state of Solomon’s House. Son, to make you know the true state of Solomon’s House, I will keep this order. First, I will set forth unto you the end of our foundation. Secondly, the preparations and instruments we have for our works. Thirdly, the several employments and functions whereto our fellows are assigned. And fourthly, the ordinances and rites which we observe.

“The end of our foundation is the knowledge of causes, and secret motions of things; and the enlarging of the bounds of human empire, to the effecting of all things possible.

“The preparations and instruments are these. We have large and deep caves of several depths: the deepest are sunk six hundred fathoms; and some of them are digged and made under great hills and mountains; so that if you reckon together the depth of the hill, and the depth of the cave, they are, some of them, above three miles deep. For we find that the depth of a hill, and the depth of a cave from the flat, is the same thing; both remote alike from the sun and heaven’s beams, and from the open air. These caves we call the lower region, and we use them for all coagulations, inductions, refrigerations, and conservations of bodies. We use them likewise for the imitation of natural mines, and the producing also of new artificial metals, by compositions and materials which we use and lay there for many years. We use them also sometimes (which may seem strange) for curing of some diseases, and for prolongation of life, in some hermits that choose to live there, well accommodated of all things necessary, and indeed live very long; by whom also we learn many things.

“We have burials in several earths, where we put divers cements, as the Chinese do their porcelain. But we have them

in greater variety, and some of them more fine. We also have great variety of composts and soils, for the making of the earth fruitful.

“We have high towers, the highest about half a mile in height, and some of them likewise set upon high mountains, so that the vantage of the hill, with the tower, is in the highest of them three miles at least. And these places we call the upper region, accounting the air between the high places and the low as a middle region. We use these towers, according to their several heights and situations, for insulation, refrigeration, conservation, and for the view of divers meteors — as winds, rain, snow, hail; and some of the fiery meteors also. And upon them, in some places, are dwellings of hermits, whom we visit sometimes, and instruct what to observe.

“We have great lakes, both salt and fresh, whereof we have use for the fish and fowl. We use them also for burials of some natural bodies, for we find a difference in things buried in earth, or in air below the earth, and things buried in water. We have also pools, of which some do strain fresh water out of salt, and others by art do turn fresh water into salt. We have also some rocks in the midst of the sea, and some bays upon the shore for some works, wherein is required the air and vapor of the sea. We have likewise violent streams and cataracts, which serve us for many motions; and likewise engines for multiplying and enforcing of winds to set also on divers motions.

“We have also a number of artificial wells and fountains, made in imitation of the natural sources and baths, as tinted upon vitriol, sulphur, steel, brass, lead, nitre, and other minerals; and again, we have little wells for infusions of many things, where the waters take the virtue quicker and better than in vessels or basins. And amongst them we have a water, which we call Water of Paradise, being by that we do to it made very sovereign for health and prolongation of life.

“We have also great and spacious houses, where we imitate and demonstrate meteors — as snow, hail, rain, some artificial rains of bodies, and not of water, thunders,

lightnings; also generations of bodies in air — as frogs, flies, and divers others.

“We have also certain chambers, which we call chambers of health, where we qualify the air as we think good and proper for the cure of divers diseases, and preservation of health.

“We have also fair and large baths, of several mixtures, for the cure of diseases, and the restoring of man’s body from arefaction; and others for the confirming of it in strength of sinews, vital parts, and the very juice and substance of the body.

“We have also large and various orchards and gardens, wherein we do not so much respect beauty as variety of ground and soil, proper for divers trees and herbs, and some very spacious, where trees and berries are set, whereof we make divers kinds of drinks, besides the vineyards. In these we practise likewise all conclusions of grafting and inoculating, as well of wild-trees as fruit-trees, which produceth many effects. And we make by art, in the same orchards and gardens, trees and flowers to come earlier or later than their seasons, and to come up and bear more speedily than by their natural course they do. We make them also by art greater much than their nature; and their fruit greater and sweeter, and of differing taste, smell, color, and figure, from their nature. And many of them we so order as they become of medicinal use.

“We have also means to make divers plants rise by mixtures of earths, without seeds, and likewise to make divers new plants, differing from the vulgar, and to make one tree or plant turn into another.

“We have also parks, and enclosures of all sorts, of beasts and birds; which we use not only for view or rareness, but likewise for dissections and trials, that thereby we may take light what may be wrought upon the body of man. Wherein we find many strange effects: as continuing life in them, though divers parts, which you account vital, be perished and taken forth; resuscitating of some that seem dead in appearance, and the like. We try also all poisons, and other medicines upon them, as well of chirurgery as physic. By art likewise we make them greater or taller than their

kind is, and contrariwise dwarf them and stay their growth; we make them more fruitful and bearing than their kind is, and contrariwise barren and not generative. Also we make them differ in color, shape, activity, many ways. We find means to make commixtures and copulations of divers kinds, which have produced many new kinds, and them not barren, as the general opinion is. We make a number of kinds, of serpents, worms, flies, fishes, of putrefaction, whereof some are advanced (in effect) to be perfect creatures, like beasts or birds, and have sexes, and do propagate. Neither do we this by chance, but we know beforehand of what matter and commixture, what kind of those creatures will arise.

“We have also particular pools where we make trials upon fishes, as we have said before of beasts and birds.

“We have also places for breed and generation of those kinds of worms and flies which are of special use; such as are with you your silkworms and bees.

“I will not hold you long with recounting of our brew-houses, bake-houses, and kitchens, where are made divers drinks, breads, and meats, rare and of special effects. Wines we have of grapes, and drinks of other juice, of fruits, of grains, and of roots, and of mixtures with honey, sugar, manna, and fruits dried and decocted; also of the tears or woundings of trees, and of the pulp of canes. And these drinks are of several ages, some to the age or last of forty years. We have drinks also brewed with several herbs, and roots and spices; yea, with several fleshes and white-meats; whereof some of the drinks are such as they are in effect meat and drink both, so that divers, especially in age, do desire to live with them with little or no meat or bread. And above all we strive to have drinks of extreme thin parts, to insinuate into the body, and yet without all biting, sharpness, or fretting; insomuch as some of them, put upon the back of your hand, will with a little stay pass through to the palm, and taste yet mild to the mouth. We have also waters, which we ripen in that fashion, as they become nourishing, so that they are indeed excellent drinks, and many will use no other. Bread we have of several grains,

roots, and kernels; yea, and some of flesh, and fish, dried; with divers kinds of leavenings and seasonings; so that some do extremely move appetites, some do nourish so, as divers do live of them, without any other meat, who live very long. So for meats, we have some of them so beaten, and made tender, and mortified, yet without all corrupting, as a weak heat of the stomach will turn them into good chilus, as well as a strong heat would meat otherwise prepared. We have some meats also, and breads, and drinks, which taken by men, enable them to fast long after; and some other, that used make the very flesh of men's bodies sensibly more hard and tough, and their strength far greater than otherwise it would be.

"We have dispensaries or shops of medicines; wherein you may easily think, if we have such variety of plants, and living creatures, more than you have in Europe (for we know what you have), the simples, drugs and ingredients of medicines, must likewise be in so much the greater variety. We have them likewise of divers ages, and long fermentations. And for their preparations, we have not only all manner of exquisite distillations and separations, and especially by gentle heats, and percolations through divers strainers, yea, and substances; but also exact forms of composition, whereby they incorporate almost as they were natural simples.

"We have also divers mechanical arts, which you have not; and stuffs made by them, as papers, linen, silks, tissues, dainty works of feathers of wonderful lustre, excellent dyes, and many others: and shops likewise, as well for such as are not brought into vulgar use amongst us, as for those that are. For you must know, that of the things before recited, many of them are grown into use throughout the kingdom, but yet, if they did flow from our invention, we have of them also for patterns and principles.

"We have also furnaces of great diversities, and that keep great diversity of heats: fierce and quick, strong and constant, soft and mild; blown, quiet, dry, moist, and the like. But above all we have heats, in imitation of the sun's and heavenly bodies' heats,

that pass divers inequalities, and (as it were) orbs, progresses, and returns, whereby we produce admirable effects. Besides, we have heats of dungs, and of bellies and maws of living creatures and of their bloods and bodies, and of hays and herbs laid up moist, of lime unquenched, and such like. Instruments also which generate heat only by motion. And farther, places for strong insulations; and again, places under the earth, which by nature or art yield heat. These divers heats we use as the nature of the operation which we intend requireth.

"We have also perspective houses, where we make demonstrations of all lights and radiations, and of all colors; and out of things uncolored and transparent, we can represent unto you all several colors, not in rainbows (as it is in gems and prisms), but of themselves single. We represent also all multiplications of light, which we carry to great distance, and make so sharp, as to discern small points and lines. Also all colorations of light; all delusions and deceits of the sight, in figures, magnitudes, motions, colors; all demonstrations of shadows. We find also divers means yet unknown to you of producing of light, originally from divers bodies. We procure means of seeing objects afar off, as in the heaven and remote places; and represent things near as afar off, and things afar off as near; making feigned distances. We have also helps for the sight, far above spectacles and glasses in use. We have also glasses and means to see small and minute bodies, perfectly and distinctly; as the shapes and colors of small flies and worms, grains, and flaws in gems which cannot otherwise be seen, observations in urine and blood not otherwise to be seen. We make artificial rainbows, halos, and circles about light. We represent also all manner of reflections, refractions, and multiplications of visual beams of objects.

"We have also precious stones of all kinds, many of them of great beauty and to you unknown; crystals likewise, and glasses of divers kinds; and amongst them some of metals vitrified, and other materials, besides those of which you make glass. Also a number of fossils and imperfect min-

erals, which you have not. Likewise loadstones of prodigious virtue: and other rare stones, both natural and artificial.

"We have also sound-houses, where we practise and demonstrate all sounds and their generation. We have harmonies which you have not, of quarter-sounds and lesser slides of sounds. Divers instruments of music likewise to you unknown, some sweeter than any you have; together with bells and rings that are dainty and sweet. We represent small sounds as great and deep; likewise great sounds, extenuate and sharp; we make divers tremblings and warblings of sounds, which in their original are entire. We represent and imitate all articulate sounds and letters, and the voices and notes of beasts and birds. We have certain helps which set to the ear do further the hearing greatly. We have also divers strange and artificial echoes, reflecting the voice many times, and as it were tossing it; and some that give back the voice louder than it came, some shriller and some deeper: yea, some rendering the voice, differing in the letters or articulate sound from that they receive. We have also means to convey sounds in trunks and pipes, in strange lines and distances.

"We have also perfume-houses, where-with we join also practices of taste. We multiply smells, which may seem strange: we imitate smells, making all smells to breathe out of other mixtures than those that give them. We make divers imitations of taste likewise, so that they will deceive any man's taste. And in this house we contain also a confiture-house, where we make all sweetmeats, dry and moist, and divers pleasant wines, milks, broths, and salads, far in greater variety than you have.

"We have also engine-houses, where are prepared engines and instruments for all sorts of motions. There we imitate and practise to make swifter motions than any you have, either out of your muskets or any engine that you have; and to make them and multiply them more easily and with small force, by wheels and other means, and to make them stronger and more violent than yours are, exceeding your greatest cannons and basilisks. We represent also ordnance and instruments of war and en-

gines of all kinds; and likewise new mixtures and compositions of gunpowder, wild-fires burning in water and unquenchable, also fire-works of all variety, both for pleasure and use. We imitate also flights of birds; we have some degrees of flying in the air. We have ships and boats for going under water and brooking of seas, also swimming-girdles and supporters. We have divers curious clocks, and other like motions of return, and some perpetual motions. We imitate also motions of living creatures by images of men, beasts, birds, fishes, and serpents; we have also a great number of other various motions, strange for equality, fineness, and subtlety.

"We have also a mathematical-house, where are represented all instruments, as well of geometry as astronomy, exquisitely made.

"We have also houses of deceits of the senses, where we represent all manner of feats of juggling, false apparitions, impostures and illusions, and their fallacies. And surely you will easily believe that we, that have so many things truly natural which induce admiration, could in a world of particulars deceive the senses if we would disguise those things, and labor to make them seem more miraculous. But we do hate all impostures and lies, insomuch as we have severely forbidden it to all our fellows, under pain of ignominy and fines, that they do not show any natural work or thing adorned or swelling, but only pure as it is, and without all affectation of strangeness.

"These are, my son, the riches of Solomon's House.

"For the several employments and offices of our fellows, we have twelve that sail into foreign countries under the names of other nations (for our own we conceal), who bring us the books and abstracts, and patterns of experiments of all other parts. These we call Merchants of Light.

"We have three that collect the experiments which are in all books. These we call Depredators.

"We have three that collect the experiments of all mechanical arts, and also of liberal sciences, and also of practices which are not brought into arts. These we call Mystery-men.

"We have three that try new experiments, such as themselves think good. These we call Pioneers or Miners.

"We have three that draw the experiments of the former four into titles and tables, to give the better light for the drawing of observations and axioms out of them. These we call Compilers.

"We have three that bend themselves, looking into the experiments of their fellows, and cast about how to draw out of them things of use and practice for man's life and knowledge, as well for works as for plain demonstration of causes, means of natural divinations, and the easy and clear discovery of the virtues and parts of bodies. These we call Dowry-men or Benefactors.

"Then after divers meetings and consultations of our whole number, to consider of the former labors and collections, we have three that take care out of them to direct new experiments, of a higher light, more penetrating into nature than the former. These we call Lamps.

"We have three others that do execute the experiments so directed, and report them. These we call Inoculators.

"Lastly, we have three that raise the former discoveries by experiments into greater observations, axioms, and aphorisms. These we call Interpreters of Nature.

"We have also, as you must think, novices and apprentices, that the succession of the former employed men do not fail; besides a great number of servants and attendants, men and women. And this we do also: we have consultations, which of the inventions and experiences which we have discovered shall be published, and which not: and take all an oath of secrecy for the concealing of those which we think fit to keep secret: though some of those we do reveal sometimes to the state, and some not.

"For our ordinances and rites, we have two very long and fair galleries: in one of these we place patterns and samples of all manner of the more rare and excellent inventions: in the other we place the statues of all principal inventors. There we have the statue of your Columbus, that discovered the West Indies: also the inventor of

ships: your monk that was the inventor of ordnance and of gunpowder: the inventor of music: the inventor of letters: the inventor of printing: the inventor of observations of astronomy: the inventor of works in metal: the inventor of glass: the inventor of silk of the worm: the inventor of wine: the inventor of corn and bread: the inventor of sugars: and all these by more certain tradition than you have. Then we have divers inventors of our own, of excellent works, which since you have not seen, it were too long to make descriptions of them; and besides, in the right understanding of those descriptions you might easily err. For upon every invention of value we erect a statue to the inventor, and give him a liberal and honorable reward. These statues are some of brass, some of marble and touchstone, some of cedar and other special woods gilt and adorned; some of iron, some of silver, some of gold.

"We have certain hymns and services, which we say daily, of laud and thanks to God for his marvellous works. And forms of prayer, imploring his aid and blessing for the illumination of our labors, and the turning of them into good and holy uses.

"Lastly, we have circuits or visits, of divers principal cities of the kingdom; where, as it cometh to pass, we do publish such new profitable inventions as we think good. And we do also declare natural divinations of diseases, plagues, swarms of hurtful creatures, scarcity, tempests, earthquakes, great inundations, comets, temperature of the year, and divers other things; and we give counsel thereupon, what the people shall do for the prevention and remedy of them."

And when he had said this he stood up; and I, as I had been taught, knelt down; and he laid his right hand upon my head, and said, "God bless thee, my son, and God bless this relation which I have made. I give thee leave to publish it, for the good of other nations; for we here are in God's bosom, a land unknown." And so he left me; having assigned a value of about two thousand ducats for a bounty to me and my fellows. For they give great largesses, where they come, upon all occasions.

The rest was not perfected.

JOHN DONNE

(1571-1630/1)

Dean Donne in the pulpit of old Paul's, holding his audience spellbound still as he reversed his glass of sands after an hour of exposition and application of texts by the light of the church fathers, of mortification for edification, of exhortation that brought tears to the eyes of himself and his hearers, and of analogies born of the study, but sounding of wings,—there was a man who should have had wisdom, surely. For if experience can bring it, this was the man. He knew the world by having walked its streets. If there were sins, he had shaken many of them by the hand. Ambition, adulation, adultery, and so on to the end of the alphabet. If there were lace, he had worn it at his wrists; if wine, he had had it on his lips. If there be ecstasy and something shining even in the love that is sensual, he had seen the stars above his head. Honey and amber, jet and the dust, he had handled life. Books, great houses and great prides, exhilarations and dejections, wealth and poverty, these he had run through. If ever a man might minister to others at the well of experience, Donne was qualified.

Donne's life was a cabinet of curios and herbs both bitter and medicinal, leaf-gold beaten out to the texture of a butterfly's wing, coins, some pearls bought for a great price, splendid and precious things, but marked, many of them, with the vermiculation of the worm, packets of dust, and phials of burnt-out passions. Some drawers in that cabinet will probably never see the light. There are whole lost years. And that probably is best. But we have enough to examine. His history is heat, and the ashes after heat. Agony is invited always to share the cup of his ruddiest pleasures. Cynicism and coldness to sit by his fire. Massy diamonds, but flawed.

There had been a proud family name on the mother's side of the house; and Donne had used it at its best worth. There had been the Oxford years and the Cambridge, too, and books unending; but the study was not for him. There had been a religion too purple for the temperament of his nation; and he had left the universities without a degree, but Roman Catholic still. There had been a mother with a will of steel; an uncle, Jasper Heywood, Oxonian scholar, banished for ever from his native land as a Jesuit; a younger brother, Henry, who had suffered for his faith and died of a fever contracted in prison. There had been lonely hours, between wine and the pleasures of illicit love perhaps, when, in the words of Walton, he had found time "to survey and consider the body of divinity," to read through the church fathers and so convince himself of the errors of Roman Catholicism. There had been ambition extraordinary, even in the midst of his loose and lost early years, to aggravate the dropsy of his thirst for knowing; and that, rather than his readings in theology which Walton adduces, had probably led him into the Anglican faith. There had been Lincoln's Inn; but nothing had come of that save legal figures of speech for his poems. There had been the study of medicine and the new and old sciences; to the same end. Indirection, aimlessness. There had been a fortune; he had run through it like an Elizabethan blade born to silks that whistled and sudden swords. There had been great and powerful friends, probably. There had probably been other men's wives. Donne had drunk the glass of the sensual to the dregs and had gone on his *wanderjahr* and stretched out his education in foreign parts far beyond the usual period and the usual paths. Spain and its beauty that is like a knife between the ribs had cast its spell upon him. One does not know his comings and goings; Walton speaks glibly and sunnily of these midnights. He was months and years behind strange doors. He had gone to his wars with the Earl of Essex in 1596 and 1597. And all this time there had been poems, poems utterly unlike the Petrarchan things proper for the gallant of the time; full of a strange prolixity, a haunting feverishness for scientific accuracy in the observation of emotion, the thorns of the analytical, aloes, and a fire that makes Spenser's lyrics seem like cold cameos of ivory; holiness in the midst of the fleshly, rapture in the midst of the cynical. These poems, the strange and rich wild-oats of Jack Donne, John Donne tried afterwards to collect again and destroy; but they were already sown through the gardens of English poetry and bearing

hardy bloom, and Donne could no more root them up than he could have changed the temper of the times. If, as Donne declared more than once in the pulpit, any of these examples of his unregenerate days should lead others into sin, on his head would the punishment fall, even unto eternity. But Donne in trying to extirpate the poems from the past of the preacher was attempting a vain thing, for the sensual spirituality of his verse was the foundation of the spiritual sensuality of his sermons. Jack Donne was Dean Donne, only now his passion, as his punning, was harnessed to a holy use. Then there had been, in 1601, his clandestine marriage to a big-wig's niece, Anne More, that had made him acquainted with the inside of a prison and, what was worse, lost him a promising position and closed Sir Thomas Egerton's door to him, the door of advancement in the field of diplomacy for which his studies, his travels, and his background and life hitherto had so exquisitely fitted him to become an ambassador extraordinary. And after that there had been the lean and lonesome years of patron-hunting, of flattering the great and picking up crumbs under their tables, some employment as a writer of controversial tracts such as that, the *Pseudo-Martyr*, which could prove the Jesuits damned to the lowest ice of hell out of their own subtle books and the canonical writings; there had been numerous children's mouths to feed. Donne may have contemplated suicide even; at any rate, in his early essay *Biathanatos* he had gone far and split many hairs to prove that self-homicide may on some occasions be no sin. He had even thought of emigrating; and the Plantation of Virginia had just missed having a strange and restless citizen and we of the New World a preacher second to none in English civilization. There had been the friendship of a king. And that king, keen-set to be the champion of a militant Protestantism for all Europe, eager to gain recruits for his cause, had seen to it personally that no single door of preferment save that of the church should be opened to him. And, at last, in 1615, Donne gave in, took holy orders, received James's quick favor; and, as Walton has it, "the English church had gained a second St. Austin." For the flames that he had had in his brain he now set like a lamp before him in the pulpit, and the light of them was very great.

So, finally, Donne found his place as a shepherd of souls and filled the vastness of Gothic Paul's with his eloquence. But he had not come to the cloth by any sudden or supernal flash of conviction. There had been fierce battles fought in silence with himself over the problem of his fitness, after his early excesses, for the life of a preacher. Nor was the preacher now at last sure that he was fit. Here was no St. Austin, though Walton in his best *Life* would have us believe it; here was no life all amber and quiet with the colors of a late and holy afternoon. Here was no Herbert sure of the steps on the ladder that leads to God. Dante saw the rest which is the centre and God at last, and it was like a rose or the quintessence of the quietude in the heart of a flame. But John Donne stands like a man at the forge still, wreathed in smoke, gripped by the necessity of his contortioning, bathed in the agony and labor to the end. He is only the hotter half of the mystic; the white peace was never his. For here was a man with a mind sharp as a surgeon's probe, a poet wearing the robes of the laboratory, an alchemist who never resolved the essence, an orator who had to convince himself as well as his audience and who hewed his sentences not to the line of the brain but to the line of the heart, a believer who could doubt still. A saint who could suffer.... He was cursed, or blessed, with the double mind, or, better, the multiple.

Poet, scholar, arch-sensualist, lover, adventurer, self-mortifier, believer, doubter, moralist, waster, cynic, a complex kind of a saint — Jack Donne of the fleshliest vision of beauty our literature has known — John Donne of the flesh that has an aureole about it, Dean of St. Paul's. Fire he was, and smoke, to the last. And because this was so, his words have a strange vitality and eloquence for us even after three hundred years; and they carry, in spite of their burden of dogma and the dead chaff of authority, a strange conviction for us that we must be the ones to complete what they could never quite say, and evolve the substance of which they could give only the rhythm and the shadow. More than Milton, more than Browne, more even than the very present and everlasting Burton, this man lives on. He is not so much a finished sepulchre of the passion or the intellect of a past age as a troubled and passionate part of ourselves groping on ahead towards the coasts of a far light.

MEDITATIONS
FROM
DEVOTIONS UPON EMERGENT OCCASIONS
(Text: first edition, 1624)

Donne's Devotions upon Emergent Occasions is one of the few works of his printed during his lifetime. It is also one of the strangest and most unique of all published books. In the last part of the year 1623 the Dean of St. Paul's fell ill of a fever. For six weeks or more he lay near death's door, hearing the passing-bell toll out for those preceding him into the house of death. King James, his friend, sent his own physician to join forces with those already at his favorite preacher's bedside. In the midst of his illness Donne kept careful notes on the symptoms and progress of his disease. These, in convalescence, he composed into this book in which he took so much pride. Donne, mindful of his wanton younger years, had lived himself so thoroughly into the practice of daily mortification that it came natural to him thus to dwell upon each stage of an almost fatal sickness. He had golden and ancient examples for his proceeding in Job and in King Hezekiah, whom he quotes in his fourth prayer. The work is remarkably like the fever wanderings of the brain in the way the author's mind leaps from one thing to another, hurries forward and doubles back; yet all these fever wanderings wheel with a fierce unity about the central fact of the pathos and helplessness of man and his need of an everlasting arm on which to lean. A sick and morbid theme it may be; yet here is a man that lifts it to the dignity and the eloquence and the grandeur of a theme of Marcus Aurelius. Out of misery Donne makes honey, as St. Augustine had made it before him. Here is a man, if ever there was one, who lived his religion.

In form the book is typical of Donne. There are twenty-three stages to his study of his illness, each with its three divisions, its sequence of Meditation, Expostulation, and Prayer. Each stage has its text, like a sermon, in Latin; but Donne, as usually when he employs Latin, has given us the translation of each text, as follows: "1. The first alteration, the first grudging of the sickness. 2. The strength and the function of the senses and other faculties change and fail. 3. The patient takes his bed. 4. The physician is sent for. 5. The physician comes. 6. The physician is afraid. 7. The physician desires to have others joined with him. 8. The king sends his own physician. 9. Upon their consultation, they prescribe. 10. They find the disease to steal on insensibly, and endeavor to meet with it so. 11. They use cordials to keep the venom and malignity of the disease from the heart. 12. They apply pigeons to draw the vapors from the head.¹ 13. The sickness declares the infection and malignity thereof by spots. 14. The physicians observe these accidents to have fallen upon the critical days. 15. I sleep not day nor night. 16. From the bells of the church adjoining, I am daily remembered of my burial in the funerals of others. 17. Now this bell tolling softly for another says to me, Thou must die. 18. The bell rings out, and tells me in him that I am dead. 19. At last the physicians, after a long and stormy voyage, see land: they have so good signs of the concoction of the disease as that they may safely proceed to purge. 20. Upon these indications of digested matter, they proceed to purge. 21. God prospers their practice, and he by them calls Lazarus out of his tomb, me out of my bed. 22. The physicians consider the root and occasion, the embers and coal and fuel of the disease, and seek to purge or correct that. 23. They warn me of the fearful danger of relapsing."

Insultus morbi primus

I. MEDITATION

Variable and therefore miserable condition of man! this minute I was well, and am ill this minute. I am surprised with a sudden change and alteration to worse, and

can impute it to no cause, nor call it by any name. We study health, and we deliberate upon our meats and drink and air and exercises, and we hew and we polish every stone that goes to that building; and so our health is a long and regular work. But in a minute a cannon batters all, over-

¹ These were applied to the feet.

throws all, demolishes all; a sickness unprevented for all our diligence, unsuspected for all our curiosity, nay, undeserved, if we consider only disorder, summons us, seizes us, possesses us, destroys us in an instant. O miserable condition of man! which was not imprinted by God, who, as he is immortal himself, had put a coal, a beam of immortality into us, which we might have blown into a flame but blew it out by our first sin; we beggared ourselves by hearkening after false riches, and infatuated ourselves by hearkening after false knowledge. So that now we do not only die but die upon the rack, die by the torment of sickness; nor that only but are pre-afflicted, super-afflicted with these jealousies and suspicions and apprehensions of sickness, before we can call it a sickness. We are not sure we are ill; one hand asks the other by the pulse, and our eye asks our own urine how we do. O multiplied misery! we die and cannot enjoy death because we die in this torment of sickness; we are tormented with sickness, and cannot stay till the torment come, but pre-apprehensions and presages prophesy those torments which induce that death before either come; and our dissolution is conceived in these first changes, quickened in the sickness itself, and born in death, which bears date from these first changes. Is this the honor which man hath by being a little world² that he hath these earthquakes in himself, sudden shakings; these lightnings, sudden flashes; these thunders, sudden noises; these eclipses, sudden offuscations and darkening of his senses; these blazing stars, sudden fiery exhalations; these rivers of blood, sudden red waters? Is he a world to himself only therefore that he hath enough in himself not only to destroy and execute himself but to presage that execution upon himself, to assist the sickness, to antedate the sickness, to make the sickness the more irremediable by sad apprehensions, and, as if he would make a fire the more vehement by sprinkling water upon the coals, so to wrap a hot fever in cold melancholy lest the fever alone should not destroy fast enough without this contribution nor perfect the work — which is destruction — ex-

cept we joined an artificial sickness of our own melancholy to our natural, our unnatural fever? O perplexed discomposition, O riddling distemper! O miserable condition of man!

Decubitus sequitur tandem

III. MEDITATION

We attribute but one privilege and advantage to man's body above other moving creatures, that he is not as others grovelling but of an erect, of an upright form naturally built and disposed to the contemplation of heaven. Indeed it is a thankful form, and recompenses that soul which gives it with carrying that soul so many feet higher towards heaven. Other creatures look to the earth; and even that is no unfit object, no unfit contemplation for man, for thither he must come; but because man is not to stay there as other creatures are, man in his natural form is carried to the contemplation of that place which is his home, heaven. This is man's prerogative; but what state hath he in this dignity? A fever can fillip him down, a fever can depose him; a fever can bring that head which yesterday carried a crown of gold five feet towards a crown of glory as low as his own foot today. When God came to breathe into man the breath of life, he found him flat upon the ground; when he comes to withdraw that breath from him again, he prepares him to it by laying him flat upon his bed. Scarce any prison so close that affords not the prisoner two or three steps. The anchorites that barked themselves up in hollow trees and immured themselves in hollow walls, that perverse man that barrellled himself in a tub, all could stand or sit and enjoy some change of posture. A sick-bed is a grave, and all that the patient says there is but a varying of his own epitaph. Every night's bed is a type of the grave; at night we tell our servants at what hour we will rise, here we cannot tell ourselves at what day, what week, what month. Here the head lies as low as the foot; the head of the people as low as they whom those feet trod upon; and that hand

² The mediæval conception of man as a microcosm, a "little world."

that signed pardons is too weak to beg his own, if he might have it for lifting up that hand. Strange fetters to the feet, strange manacles to the hands, when the feet and hands are bound so much the faster by how much the cords are slacker; so much the less able to do their offices by how much more the sinews and ligaments are the looser. In the grave I may speak through the stones, in the voice of my friends and in the accents of those words which their love may afford my memory; here I am mine own ghost and rather affright my beholders than instruct them; they conceive the worst of me now and yet fear worse; they give me up for dead now and yet wonder how I do when they wake at midnight and ask how I do tomorrow. Miserable and (though common to all) inhuman posture where I must practise my lying in the grave by lying still and not practise my resurrection by rising any more!

Medicusque vocatur

IV. MEDITATION

It is too little to call a man a little world; except God, man is a diminutive to nothing. Man consists of more pieces, more parts than the world, than the world doth, nay, than the world is. And if those pieces were extended and stretched out in man as they are in the world, man would be the giant and the world the dwarf; the world but the map and the man the world. If all the veins in our bodies were extended to rivers and all the sinews to veins of mines and all the muscles that lie upon one another to hills and all the bones to quarries of stones and all the other pieces to the proportion of those which correspond to them in the world, the air would be too little for this orb of man to move in, the firmament would be but enough for this star; for as the whole world hath nothing to which something in man doth not answer, so hath man many pieces of which the whole world hath no representation. Enlarge this meditation upon this great world, man, so far as to consider the immensity of the creatures this world produces; our creatures are our thoughts,

creatures that are born giants, that reach from east to west, from earth to heaven, that do not only bestride all the sea and land but span the sun and firmament at once; my thoughts reach all, comprehend all. Inexplicable mystery! I their creator am in a close prison, in a sick-bed, anywhere, and any one of my creatures, my thoughts, is with the sun and beyond the sun, overtakes the sun and overgoes the sun in one pace, one step, everywhere. And then as the other world produces serpents and vipers, malignant and venomous creatures and worms and caterpillars that endeavor to devour that world which produces them and monsters compiled and complicated of divers parents and kinds; so this world, ourselves, produces all these in us in producing diseases and sicknesses of all those sorts, venomous and infectious diseases, feeding and consuming diseases, and manifold and entangled diseases made up of many several ones. And can the other world name so many venomous, so many consuming, so many monstrous creatures as we can diseases of all these kinds? O miserable abundance! O beggarly riches! how much do we lack of having remedies for every disease when as yet we have not names for them! But we have a Hercules against these giants, these monsters; that is, the physician; he musters up all the forces of the other world to succor this, all nature to relieve man. We have the physician, but we are not the physician. Here we shrink in our proportion, sink in our dignity in respect of very mean creatures who are physicians to themselves. The hart that is pursued and wounded, they say, knows an herb which being eaten throws off the arrow. A strange kind of vomit! The dog that pursues it, though he be subject to sickness, even proverbially knows his grass that recovers him. And it may be true that the druggier is as near to man as to other creatures; it may be that obvious and present simples easy to be had would cure him; but the apothecary is not so near him nor the physician so near him as they two are to other creatures; man hath not that innate instinct to apply those natural medicines to his present danger as those inferior creatures have; he is not his own apothecary.

cary, his own physician, as they are. Call back therefore thy meditation again and bring it down. What's become of man's great extent and proportion when himself shrinks himself and consumes himself to a handful of dust? what's become of his soaring thoughts, his compassing thoughts when himself brings himself to the ignorance, to the thoughtlessness, of the grave? His diseases are his own, but the physician is not; he hath them at home, but he must send for the physician.

Solus adest

V. MEDITATION

As sickness is the greatest misery, so the greatest misery of sickness is solitude, when the infectiousness of the disease deters them who should assist from coming; even the physician dares scarce come. Solitude is a torment which is not threatened in hell itself. Mere vacuity, the first agent, God, the first instrument of God, nature, will not admit; nothing can be utterly empty but so near a degree towards vacuity as solitude, to be but one they love not. When I am dead and my body might infect, they have a remedy, they may bury me; but when I am but sick and might infect, they have no remedy but their absence and my solitude. It is an excuse to them that are great and pretend and yet are loth to come; it is an inhibition to those who would truly come, because they may be made instruments and pestiducts to the infection of others by their coming. And it is an outlawry, an excommunication upon the patient and separates him from all offices, not only of civility but of working charity. A long sickness will weary friends at last, but a pestilential sickness averts them from the beginning. God himself would admit a figure of society, as there is a plurality of persons in God though there be but one God; and all his external actions testify a love of society and communion. In heaven there are orders of angels and armies of martyrs and in that house many mansions; in earth, families,

cities, churches, colleges, all plural things; and lest either of these should not be company enough alone, there is an association of both, a communion of saints which makes the militant and triumphant church one parish; so that Christ was not out of his diocese when he was upon the earth nor out of his temple when he was in our flesh. God, who saw that all that he made was good, came not so near seeing a defect in any of his works as when he saw that it was not good for man to be alone; therefore he made him a helper, and one that should help him so as to increase the number and give him her own and more society. Angels, who do not propagate nor multiply, were made at first in an abundant number, and so were stars; but for things of this world, their blessing was increase; for I think, I need not ask leave to think that there is no phoenix; nothing singular, nothing alone. Men that inhere upon nature only are so far from thinking that there is anything singular in this world as that they will scarce think that this world itself is singular but that every planet and every star is another world like this; they find reason to conceive not only a plurality in every species in the world but a plurality of worlds; so that the abhorrrers of solitude are not solitary, for God and nature and reason concur against it. Now a man may counterfeit the plague in a vow and mistake a disease for religion by such a retiring and recluding of himself from all men as to do good to no man, converse with no man. God hath two testaments, two wills; but this is a schedule, and not of his, a codicil, and not of his, not in the body of his testaments but interlined and postscripted by others, that the way to the communion of saints should be by such a solitude as excludes all doing of good here.³ That is a disease of the mind, as the height of an infectious disease of the body is solitude, to be left alone. For this makes an infectious bed equal, nay, worse than a grave, that though in both I be equally alone, in my bed I know it and feel it, and shall not in my grave; and this too, that in my bed my soul is still in an infectious body, and shall not in my grave be so.

³ A grievous fever cannot keep Donne from a typical polemic against Roman Catholicism.

Metuit

VI. MEDITATION

I observe the physician with the same diligence as he the disease; I see he fears, and I fear with him; I overtake him, I overrun him in his fear, and I go the faster because he makes his pace slow; I fear the more because he disguises his fear, and I see it with the more sharpness because he would not have me see it. He knows that his fear shall not disorder the practice and exercise of his art, but he knows that my fear may disorder the effect and working of his practice. As the ill affections of the spleen complicate and mingle themselves with every infirmity of the body, so doth fear insinuate itself in every action or passion of the mind; and as wind in the body will counterfeit any disease and seem the stone and seem the gout, so fear will counterfeit any disease of the mind. It shall seem love, a love of having; and it is but a fear, a jealous and suspicious fear of losing. It shall seem valor in despising and undervaluing danger; and it is but fear in an overvaluing of opinion and estimation and a fear of losing that. A man that is not afraid of a lion is afraid of a cat; not afraid of starving and yet is afraid of some joint of meat at the table presented to feed him; not afraid of the sound of drums and trumpets and shot and those which they seek to drown, the last cries of men, and is afraid of some particular harmonious instrument; so much afraid as that with any of these the enemy might drive this man, otherwise valiant enough, out of the field. I know not what fear is, nor I know not what it is that I fear now; I fear not the hastening of my death, and yet I do fear the increase of the disease; I should belie nature if I should deny that I feared this; and if I should say that I feared death, I should belie God. My weakness is from nature, who hath but her measure; my strength is from God, who possesses and distributes infinitely. As then every cold air is not a damp, every shivering is not a stupefaction; so every fear is not a fearfulness, every declination is not a running away, every debating is not a resolving, every wish that it were not thus is

not a murmuring nor a dejection, though it be thus; but as my physician's fear puts not him from his practice, neither doth mine put me from receiving from God and man and myself spiritual and civil and moral assistances and consolations.

Socios sibi jungier instat

VII. MEDITATION

There is more fear, therefore more cause. If the physician desire help, the burden grows great. There is a growth of the disease, then; but there must be an autumn too; but whether an autumn of the disease or me, it is not my part to choose; but if it be of me, it is of both; my disease cannot survive me. I may overlive it. Howsoever, his desiring of others argues his candor and his ingenuity; if the danger be great, he justifies his proceedings, and he disguises nothing that calls in witnesses; and if the danger be not great, he is not ambitious that is so ready to divide the thanks and the honor of that work which he began alone with others. It diminishes not the dignity of a monarch that he derive a part of his care upon others; God hath not made many suns, but he hath made many bodies that receive and give light. The Romans began with one king; they came to two consuls; they returned in extremities to one dictator. Whether in one or many, the sovereignty is the same in all states; and the danger is not the more, and the providence is the more, where there are more physicians; as the state is happier where businesses are carried by more counsels than can be in one breast how large soever. Diseases themselves hold consultations and conspire how they can multiply and join with one another and exalt one another's force so; and shall we not call physicians to consultations? Death is in an old man's door, he appears and tells him so, and death is at a young man's back and says nothing; age is a sickness, and youth is an ambush; and we need so many physicians as may make up a watch and spy every inconvenience. There is scarce anything that hath not killed somebody; a hair, a feather hath done it; nay, that

which is our best antidote against it hath done it, the best cordial hath been deadly poison. Men have died of joy and almost forbidden their friends to weep for them, when they have seen them die laughing. Even that tyrant, Dionysius — I think the same that suffered so much after — who could not die of that sorrow of that high fall from a king to a wretched private man, died of so poor a joy as to be declared by the people at a theatre that he was a good poet. We say often that a man may live of a little; but, alas, of how much less may a man die! And therefore the more assistants the better. Who comes to a day of hearing in a cause of any importance with one advocate? In our funerals we ourselves have no interest; there we cannot advise, we cannot direct; and though some nations, the Egyptians in particular, built themselves better tombs than houses because they were to dwell longer in them; yet amongst ourselves the greatest man of style whom we have had, the Conqueror, was left, as soon as his soul left him, not only without persons to assist at his grave but without a grave. Who will keep us then we know not; as long as we can, let us admit as much help as we can; another and another physician is not another and another indication and symptom of death but another and another assistant and proctor of life. Nor do they so much feed the imagination with apprehension of danger as the understanding with comfort. Let not one bring learning, another diligence, another religion, but every one bring all; and as many ingredients enter into a receipt, so may many men make the receipt. But why do I exercise my meditation so long upon this of having plentiful help in time of need? Is not my meditation rather to be inclined another way, to condole and commiserate their distress who have none? How many are sicker perchance than I and laid in their woeful straw at home — if that corner be a home — and have no more hope of help, though they die, than of preferment, though they live! Nor do more expect to see a physician then than to be an officer after! of whom the first that

takes knowledge is the sexton that buries them, who buries them in oblivion too! For they do but fill up the number of the dead in the bill, but we shall never hear their names till we read them in the book of life with our own. How many are sicker perchance than I, and thrown into hospitals, where, as fish left upon the sand must stay the tide, they must wait the physician's hour of visiting, and then can be but visited! How many are sicker perchance than all we and have not this hospital to cover them, not this straw to lie in, to die in, but have their gravestone under them and breathe out their souls in the ears and in the eyes of passengers, harder than their bed, the flint of the street! that taste of no part of our physic but a sparing diet, to whom ordinary porridge would be julep enough, the refuse of our servants bezoar⁴ enough, and the offscouring of our kitchen tables cordial enough! O my soul, when thou art not enough awake to bless thy God enough for his plentiful mercy in affording thee many helpers, remember how many lack them and help them to them or to those other things which they lack as much as them.

Et rex ipse suum mittit

VIII. MEDITATION

Still when we return to that meditation that man is a world, we find new discoveries. Let him be a world, and himself will be the land, and misery the sea. His misery (for misery is his, his own; of the happiness even of this world he is but tenant, but of misery the freeholder; of happiness he is but the farmer, but the usufructuary, but of misery the lord, the proprietary), his misery, as the sea, swells above all the hills and reaches to the remotest parts of this earth, man; who of himself is but dust and coagulated and kneaded into earth by tears; his matter is earth, his form misery. In this world that is mankind the highest ground, the eminentest hills, are kings; and have they line and lead enough to fathom this sea and say my misery is but

⁴ A precious substance which, in ancient Hebrew lore, cut rocks apart and opened the sightless eyes of nestlings. Here some rare and expensive drug is meant which may have been a sort of laxative.

this deep? Scarce any misery equal to sickness, and they are subject to that equally with their lowest subject. A glass is not the less brittle because a king's face is represented in it, nor a king the less brittle because God is represented in him. They have physicians continually about them and therefore sickness, or the worst of sickness, continual fear of it. Are they gods? He that called them so cannot flatter. They are gods, but sick gods; and God is presented to us under many human affections as far as infirmities. God is called angry and sorry and weary and heavy, but never a sick God; for then he might die like men as our gods do. The worst that they could say in reproach and scorn of the gods of the heathen was that perchance they were asleep; but gods that are so sick as that they cannot sleep are in an infirmer condition. A god, and need a physician? A Jupiter, and need an Esculapius? that must have rhubarb to purge his choler lest he be too angry and agaric to purge his phlegm lest he be too drowsy? that as Tertullian says of the Egyptian gods, plants and herbs, that "God was beholden to man for growing in his garden," so we must say of these gods their eternity, an eternity of threescore and ten years, is in the apothecary's shop and not in the metaphorical deity? But their deity is better expressed in their humility than in their height; when abounding and overflowing as God in means of doing good they descend as God to a communication of their abundances with men according to their necessities, then they are gods. No man is well that understands not, that values not his being well, that hath not a cheerfulness and a joy in it; and whosoever hath this joy hath a desire to communicate, to propagate that which occasions his happiness and his joy to others; for every man loves witnesses of his happiness, and the best witnesses are experimental witnesses, they who have tasted of that in themselves which makes us happy. It consummates therefore, it perfects the happiness of kings to confer, to transfer, honor and riches, and, as they can, health upon those that need them.

*Spirante columba supposita pedibus revo-
cantur ad ima vapores*

XII. MEDITATION

What will not kill a man if a vapor will! How great an elephant how small a mouse destroys! To die by a bullet is the soldier's daily bread; but few men die by hail-shot. A man is more worth than to be sold for single money, a life to be valued above a trifle. If this were a violent shaking of the air by thunder or by cannon, in that case the air is condensed above the thickness of water, of water baked into ice, almost petrified, almost made stone, and no wonder that kills; but that which is but a vapor, and a vapor not forced but breathed, should kill, that our nurse should overlay us, and air that nourishes us should destroy us! But that it is a half atheism to murmur against nature, who is God's immediate commissioner, who would not think himself miserable to be put into the hands of nature, who does not only set him up for a mark for others to shoot at but delights herself to blow him up like a glass till she see him break, even with her own breath? Nay, if this infectious vapor were sought for or travelled to, as Pliny hunted after the vapor of Etna and dared and challenged death in the form of a vapor to do his worst, and felt the worst—he died; or if this vapor were met withal in an ambush and we surprised with it out of a long shut well or out of a new opened mine, who would lament, who would accuse when we had nothing to accuse, none to lament against but fortune, who is less than a vapor? But when ourselves are the well that breathes out this exhalation, the oven that spits out this fiery smoke, the mine that spews out this suffocating and strangling damp, who can ever after this aggravate his sorrow by this circumstance, that it was his neighbor, his familiar friend, his brother that destroyed him and destroyed him with a whispering and a calumniating breath when we ourselves do it ourselves by the same means, kill ourselves with our own vapors? Or if these occasions of this self-destruction had any contribution from our own wills, any assistance from our own intentions, nay,

from our own errors, we might divide the rebuke and chide ourselves as much as them. Fevers upon wilful distempers of drink and surfeits, consumptions upon intemperances and licentiousness, madness upon misplacing or overbending our natural faculties proceed from ourselves and so as that ourselves are in the plot; and we are not only passive, but active too, to our own destruction. But what have I done either to breed or to breathe these vapors? They tell me it is my melancholy; did I infuse, did I drink in melancholy into myself? It is my thoughtfulness; was I not made to think? It is my study; doth not my calling call for that? I have done nothing wilfully, perversely toward it, yet must suffer in it, die by it. There are too many examples of men that have been their own executioners and that have made hard shift to be so. Some have always had poison about them in a hollow ring upon their finger and some in their pen that they used to write with; some have beat out their brains at the wall of their prison, and some have eaten the fire out of their chimneys; and one is said to have come nearer our case than so, to have strangled himself, though his hands were bound, by crushing his throat between his knees. But I do nothing upon myself, and yet am mine own executioner. And we have heard of death upon small occasions and by scornful instruments. A pin, a comb, a hair pulled hath gangrened and killed; but when I have said a vapor, if I were asked again what is a vapor, I could not tell, it is so insensible a thing; so near nothing is that that reduces us to nothing. But extend this vapor, rarefy it from so narrow a room as our natural bodies to any politic body, to a state. That which is fume in us is in a state rumor; and these vapors in us, which we consider here pestilent and infectious fumes, are in a state infectious rumors, detracting and dishonorable calumnies, libels. The heart in that body is the king, and the brain his council; and the whole magistracy that ties all together is the sinews which proceed from thence; and the life of all is honor and just respect and due reverence; and therefore, when these vapors, these venomous rumors, are directed against these noble parts, the whole body suffers. But yet for

all their privileges, they are not privileged from our misery; that as the vapors most pernicious do arise in our own bodies, so do the most dishonorable rumors and those that wound a state most arise at home. What ill air that I could have met in the street, what charnel, what shambles, what dunghill, what vault, could have hurt me so much as these homebred vapors? What fugitive, what almsman of any foreign state, can do so much harm as a detractor, a libeller, a scornful jester at home? For as they that write of poisons and of creatures naturally disposed to the ruin of man do as well mention the flea as the viper, because the flea, though he kill none, he does all the harm he can; so even these libellous and licentious jesters utter the venom they have, though sometimes virtue, and always power, be a good pigeon to draw this vapor from the head and from doing any deadly harm there.

*Ingeniumque malum numero stigmatē
fassus pellitur ad pectus morbique
suburbia morbus*

XIII. MEDITATION

We say that the world is made of sea and land, as though they were equal; but we know that there is more sea in the western than in the eastern hemisphere. We say that the firmament is full of stars, as though it were equally full; but we know that there are more stars under the northern than under the southern pole. We say the elements of man are misery and happiness, as though he had an equal proportion of both, and the days of man vicissitudinary, as though he had as many good days as ill, and that he lived under a perpetual equinoctial, night and day equal, good and ill fortune in the same measure. But it is far from that; he drinks misery, and he tastes happiness; he mows misery, and he gleans happiness; he journeys in misery, he does but walk in happiness; and, which is worst, his misery is positive and dogmatical, his happiness is but disputable and problematical. All men call misery misery, but happiness changes the name by the taste of

man. In this accident that befalls me, now that this sickness declares itself by spots to be a malignant and pestilential disease, if there be a comfort in the declaration that thereby the physicians see more clearly what to do, there may be as much discomfort in this, that the malignity may be so great as that all that they can do shall do nothing; that an enemy declares himself then when he is able to subsist and to pursue and to achieve his ends is no great comfort. In intestine conspiracies, voluntary confessions do more good than confessions upon the rack; in these infections, when nature herself confesses and cries out by these outward declarations which she is able to put forth of herself, they minister comfort; but when all is by the strength of cordials, it is but a confession upon the rack, by which, though we come to know the malice of that man, yet we do not know whether there be not as much malice in his heart then as before his confession; we are sure of his treason, but not of his repentance; sure of him, but not of his accomplices. It is a faint comfort to know the worst when the worst is remediless, and a weaker than that to know much ill and not to know that that is the worst. A woman is comforted with the birth of her son, her body is eased of a burden; but if she could prophetically read his history, how ill a man, perchance how ill a son he would prove, she should receive a greater burden into her mind. Scarce any purchase that is not clogged with secret encumbrances; scarce any happiness that hath not in it so much of the nature of false and base money as that the alloy⁵ is more than the metal. Nay, is it not so (at least much towards it) even in the exercise of virtues? I must be poor and want before I can exercise the virtue of gratitude; miserable and in torment before I can exercise the virtue of patience. How deep do we dig and for how coarse gold! And what other touchstone have we of our gold but comparison, whether we be as happy as others, or as ourselves at other times? O poor step toward being well, when these spots do only tell us that we are worse than we were sure of before!

Idque notant criticis medici evenisse diebus

XIV. MEDITATION

I would not make man worse than he is nor his condition more miserable than it is. But could I though I would? As a man cannot flatter God nor overpraise him, so a man cannot injure man nor undervalue him. Thus much must necessarily be presented to his remembrance, that those false happinesses which he hath in this world have their times and their seasons and their critical days; and they are judged and denominated according to the times when they befall us. What poor elements are our happinesses made of if time, time which we can scarce consider to be anything, be an essential part of our happiness! All things are done in some place; but if we consider place to be no more but the next hollow superficies of the air, alas! how thin and fluid a thing is air, and how thin a film is a superficies, and a superficies of air! All things are done in time too, but if we consider time to be but the measure of motion, and howsoever it may seem to have three stations, past, present, and future, yet the first and last of these are not—one is not now, and the other is not yet—and that which you call present is not now the same that it was when you began to call it so in this line—before you sound that word present or that monosyllable now, the present and the now is past. If this imaginary half-nothing, time, be of the essence of our happinesses, how can they be thought durable! Time is not so; how can they be thought to be! Time is not so; not so considered in any of the parts thereof. If we consider eternity, into that time never entered; eternity is not an everlasting flux of time, but time is a short parenthesis in a long period; and eternity had been the same as it is, though time had never been. If we consider, not eternity, but perpetuity; not that which had no time to begin in but which shall outlive time and be when time shall be no more, what a minute is the life of the durablest creature compared to that! and what a minute is man's life in respect of the sun's or of a

⁵ Alloy.

tree! and yet how little of our life is occasion, opportunity to receive good in! and how little of that occasion do we apprehend and lay hold of! How busy and perplexed a cobweb is the happiness of man here that must be made up with a watchfulness to lay hold upon occasion, which is but a little piece of that which is nothing, time! And yet the best things are nothing without that. Honors, pleasures, possessions presented to us out of time, in our decrepit and distasted and unapprehensive age, lose their office and lose their name; they are not honors to us that shall never appear nor come abroad into the eyes of the people to receive honor from them who give it, nor pleasures to us who have lost our sense to taste them, nor possessions to us who are departing from the possession of them. Youth is their critical day that judges them, that denominates them, that inanimates and informs them, and makes them honors and pleasures and possessions; and when they come in an unapprehensive age, they come as a cordial when the bell rings out, as a pardon when the head is off. We rejoice in the comfort of fire, but does any man cleave to it at midsummer? We are glad of the freshness and coolness of a vault, but does any man keep his Christmas there? or are the pleasures of the spring acceptable in autumn? If happiness be in the season or in the climate, how much happier then are birds than men, who can change the climate and accompany and enjoy the same season ever!

*Et properare meum clamant e turre propinqua obstreperæ campanæ aliorum
in funere funus*

XVI. MEDITATION

We have a convenient author⁶ who writ a discourse of bells when he was prisoner in Turkey. How would he have enlarged himself if he had been my fellow prisoner in this sick-bed so near to that steeple which never ceases no more than the harmony of the spheres, but is more heard! When the Turks

took Constantinople, they melted the bells into ordnance; I have heard both bells and ordnance⁷ but never been so much affected with those as with these bells. I have lain near a steeple in which there are said to be more than thirty bells⁸ and near another where there is one so big as that the clapper is said to weigh more than six hundred pounds,⁹ yet never so affected as here. Here the bells can scarce solemnize the funeral of any person but that I knew him or knew that he was my neighbor. We dwelt in houses near to one another before, but now he is gone into that house into which I must follow him. There is a way of correcting the children of great persons, that other children are corrected in their behalf and in their names, and this works upon them who indeed had more deserved it. And when these bells tell me that now one and now another is buried, must not I acknowledge that they have the correction due to me and paid the debt I owe? There is a story of a bell in a monastery¹⁰ which, when any of the house was sick to death, rung always voluntarily, and they knew the inevitableness of the danger by that. It rung once when no man was sick, but the next day one of the house fell from the steeple and died, and the bell held the reputation of a prophet still. If these bells that warn to a funeral now were appropriated to none, may not I by the hour of the funeral supply? How many men that stand at an execution, if they would ask, for what dies that man? should hear their own faults condemned and see themselves executed by attorney! We scarce hear of any man preferred but we think of ourselves that we might very well have been that man; why might not I have been that man that is carried to his grave now? Could I fit myself to stand or sit in any man's place, and not to lie in any man's grave? I may lack much of the good parts of the meanest, but I lack nothing of the mortality of the weakest; they may have acquired better abilities than I, but I was born to as many infirmities as they. To be an incumbent by lying down in a grave, to be a doctor by teaching mortification by example, by

⁶ Magius.

⁷ Donne had heard Spanish cannon with Essex.

⁸ Antwerp.

⁹ Roan.

¹⁰ Roccha.

dying, though I may have seniors, others may be older than I, yet I have proceeded apace in a good university and gone a great way in a little time by the furtherance of a vehement fever; and whomsoever these bells bring to the ground today, if he and I had been compared yesterday, perchance I should have been thought likelier to come to this preferment than than he. God hath kept the power of death in his own hands lest any man should bribe death. If man knew the gain of death, the ease of death, he would solicit, he would provoke death to assist him by any hand which he might use. But as when men see many of their own professions preferred, it ministers a hope that that may light upon them; so when these hourly bells tell me of so many funerals of men like me, it presents, if not a desire that it may, yet a comfort whensoever mine shall come.

Nunc lento sonitu dicunt, morieris

XVII. MEDITATION

Perchance he for whom this bell tolls may be so ill as that he knows not it tolls for him; and perchance I may think myself so much better than I am as that they who are about me and see my state may have caused it to toll for me, and I know not that. The church is catholic, universal, so are all her actions; all that she does belongs to all. When she baptizes a child, that action concerns me; for that child is thereby connected to that body which is my head too and ingrafted into that body whereof I am a member. And when she buries a man, that action concerns me. All mankind is of one author, and is one volume; when one man dies, one chapter is not torn out of the book, but translated into a better language; and every chapter must be so translated. God employs several translators; some pieces are translated by age, some by sickness, some by war, some by justice; but God's hand is in every translation, and his hand shall bind up all our scattered leaves again for that library where every book shall lie open to one another. As therefore the bell that rings to a sermon calls not upon the preacher only but upon the congregation to come, so this bell calls us all;

but how much more me who am brought so near the door by this sickness! There was a contention as far as a suit — in which piety and dignity, religion and estimation, were mingled — which of the religious orders should ring to prayers first in the morning; and it was determined that they should ring first that rose earliest. If we understand aright the dignity of this bell that tolls for our evening prayer, we would be glad to make it ours by rising early, in that application, that it might be ours as well as his, whose indeed it is. The bell doth toll for him that thinks it doth; and though it intermit again, yet from that minute that that occasion wrought upon him he is united to God. Who casts not up his eye to the sun when it rises? but who takes off his eye from a comet when that breaks out? Who bends not his ear to any bell which upon any occasion rings? but who can remove it from that bell which is passing a piece of himself out of this world? No man is an island entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main. If a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less, as well as if a promontory were, as well as if a manor of thy friend's or of thine own were. Any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind, and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee. Neither can we call this a begging of misery or a borrowing of misery, as though we were not miserable enough of ourselves but must fetch in more from the next house, in taking upon us the misery of our neighbors. Truly it were an excusable covetousness if we did, for affliction is a treasure, and scarce any man hath enough of it. No man hath affliction enough that is not matured and ripened by it and made fit for God by that affliction. If a man carry treasure in bullion or in a wedge of gold and have none coined into current money, his treasure will not defray him as he travels. Tribulation is treasure in the nature of it, but it is not current money in the use of it, except we get nearer and nearer our home, heaven, by it. Another man may be sick too, and sick to death, and this affliction may lie in his bowels as gold in a mine and be of no use to him; but this bell that tells me of his affliction digs out

and applies that gold to me, if by this consideration of another's danger I take mine own into contemplation and so secure myself by making my recourse to my God, who is our only security.

*Atque annuit ille qui per eos clamat, lin-
quas iam, Lazare, lectum*

XXI. MEDITATION

If man had been left alone in this world at first, shall I think that he would not have fallen? If there had been no woman, would not man have served to have been his own tempter? When I see him now subject to infinite weaknesses, fall into infinite sin without any foreign temptations, shall I think he would have had none if he had been alone? God saw that man needed a helper if he should be well; but to make woman ill the Devil saw that there needed no third. When God and we were alone in Adam, that was not enough; when the Devil and we were alone in Eve, it was enough. O what a giant is man when he fights against himself, and what a dwarf when he needs or exercises his own assistance for himself! I cannot rise out of my bed till the physician enable me, nay, I cannot tell that I am able to rise till he tell me so. I do nothing, I know nothing of myself; how little and how impotent a piece of the world is any man alone! And how much less a piece of himself is that man! So little as that when it falls out, as it falls out in some cases, that more misery and more oppression would be an ease to a man, he cannot give himself that miserable addition of more misery. A man that is pressed to death and might be eased by more weights, cannot lay those more weights upon himself. We can sin alone and suffer alone, but not repent, not be absolved, without another. Another tells me I may rise; and I do so. But is every rising a preferment? or is every present preferment a station? I am readier to fall to the earth, now I am up, than I was when I lay in the bed. O perverse way, irregular motion of man! even rising itself is the way to ruin! How many men are raised, and then do not fill the place they are raised to! No corner

of any place can be empty; there can be no vacuity. If that man do not fill the place, other men will; complaints of his insufficiency will fill it; nay, such an abhorring is there in nature of vacuity that, if there be but an imagination of not filling in any man, that which is but imagination neither will fill it, that is, rumor and voice, and it will be given out — upon no ground but imagination, and no man knows whose imagination — that he is corrupt in his place or insufficient in his place, and another prepared to succeed him in his place. A man rises sometimes and stands not because he doth not or is not believed to fill his place; and sometimes he stands not because he overfills his place. He may bring so much virtue, so much justice, so much integrity to the place as shall spoil the place, burthen the place; his integrity may be a libel upon his predecessor and cast an infamy upon him and a burthen upon his successor to proceed by example and to bring the place itself to an undervalue and the market to an uncertainty. I am up, and I seem to stand, and I go round; and I am a new argument of the new philosophy¹¹ that the earth moves round. Why may I not believe that the whole earth moves in a round motion, though that seem to me to stand, when as I seem to stand to my company, and yet am carried in a giddy and circular motion as I stand? Man hath no centre but misery; there, and only there, he is fixed and sure to find himself. How little soever he be raised, he moves, and moves in a circle giddily; and as in the heavens there are but a few circles that go about the whole world, but many epicycles and other lesser circles but yet circles; so of those men which are raised and put into circles few of them move from place to place and pass through many and beneficial places, but fall into little circles, and within a step or two are at their end and not so well as they were in the centre from which they were raised. Everything serves to exemplify, to illustrate man's misery. But I need go no farther than myself. For a long time I was not able to rise; at last I must be raised by others; and now I am up, I am ready to sink lower than before.

SERMON XV, FOLIO OF 1640¹

"The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death."

This is a text of the resurrection, and it is not Easter yet; but it is Easter Eve; all Lent is but the vigil, the eve of Easter. To so long a festival as never shall end, the resurrection, we may well begin the eve betimes. Forty years long was God grieved for that generation which he loved; let us be content to humble ourselves forty days to be fitter for that glory which we expect. In the book of God there are many songs; there is but one lamentation. And that one Song of Solomon, nay, some one of David's hundred and fifty psalms is longer than the whole Book of Lamentations. Make way to an everlasting Easter by a short Lent, to an undeterminable glory by a temporary humiliation. You must weep these tears, tears of contrition, tears of mortification, before God will wipe all tears from your eyes; you must die this death, this death of the righteous, the death to sin, before this last enemy, death, shall be destroyed in you and you made partakers of everlasting life in soul and body too.

Our division shall be but a short and our whole exercise but a larger paraphrase upon the words. The words imply, first, that the kingdom of Christ, which must be perfected, must be accomplished — because all things must be subdued unto him — is not yet perfected, not accomplished yet. Why? what lacks it? It lacks the bodies of men which yet lie under the dominion of another. When we shall also see by that metaphor which the Holy Ghost chooseth to express that in, which is that there is *hostis* and so *militia*, an enemy and a war, and therefore that kingdom is not perfected, that he places perfect happiness and perfect glory in perfect peace. But then how far is any state consisting of many men, how far the state and condition of any one man in particular from this perfect peace! How truly a warfare is this life if the kingdom of heaven itself have not this peace in perfection! And it hath it not, *quia hostis*, because there is an enemy: though that enemy shall

not overthrow it, yet because it plots and works and machinates and would overthrow it, this is a defect in that peace.

Who then is this enemy? An enemy that may thus far think himself equal to God, that as no man ever saw God and lived so no man ever saw this enemy and lived, for it is death, and in this may think himself in number superior to God, that many men live who shall never see God. But *quis homo* is David's question, which was never answered, "Is there any man that lives and shall not see death?" An enemy that is so well victualled against man as that he cannot want as long as there are men, for he feeds upon man himself. And so well armed against man as that he cannot want munition while there are men, for he fights with our weapons; our own faculties, nay, our calamities, yea, our own pleasures are our death. And therefore he is *novissimus hostis*, saith the text, the last enemy.

We have other enemies; Satan about us, sin within us; but the power of both those this enemy shall destroy; but when they are destroyed, he shall retain a hostile and triumphant dominion over us. But *usque quo, Domine?* How long, O Lord? for ever? No, *abolebitur*. We see this enemy all the way, and all the way we feel him; but we shall see him destroyed; *abolebitur*. But how? or when? At and by the resurrection of our bodies. For as upon my expiration, my transmigration from hence, as soon as my soul enters into heaven I shall be able to say to the angels, I am of the same stuff as you, spirit and spirit, and therefore let me stand with you and look upon the face of your God and my God; so at the resurrection of this body, I shall be able to say to the angel of the great council, the Son of God, Christ Jesus himself, I am of the same stuff as you, body and body, flesh and flesh, and therefore let me sit down with you at the right hand of the Father in an everlasting security from this last enemy, who is now destroyed, death. And in these seven

¹ Preached at Whitehall, March 8, 1621/2.

steps we shall pass apace and yet clearly through this paraphrase.

We begin with this, that the kingdom of heaven hath not all that it must have to a consummate perfection till it have bodies too. In those infinite millions of millions of generations in which the holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity enjoyed themselves one another and no more, they thought not their glory so perfect but that it might receive an addition from creatures; and therefore they made a world, a material world, a corporeal world; they would have bodies. In that noble part of the world which Moses calls the firmament, that great expansion from God's chair to his footstool, from heaven to earth, there was a defect which God did not supply that day nor the next, but the fourth day he did; for that day he made those bodies, those great and light-some bodies, the sun and moon and stars and placed them in the firmament. So also the heaven of heavens, the presence chamber of God himself, expects the presence of our bodies.

No state upon earth can subsist without those bodies, men of their own. For men that are supplied from others may either in necessity or in indignation be withdrawn, and so that state which stood upon foreign legs sinks. Let the head be gold and the arms silver and the belly brass, if the feet be clay, men that may slip and molder away, all is but an image, all is but a dream of an image. For foreign helps are rather crutches than legs. There must be bodies, men, and able bodies, able men; men that eat the good things of the land, their own figs and olives; men not macerated with exactions. They are glorified bodies that make up the kingdom of heaven, bodies that partake of the good of the state that make up the state, bodies, able bodies; and lastly, bodies inanimated with one soul, one vegetative soul — all must be compassionate of one another's misery — and especially the immortal soul, one supreme soul, one religion. For God hath made us under good princes a great example of all that, abundance of men, men that live like men, men united in one religion; so we need not go far for an example of a slippery and uncertain being, where they must stand upon

other men's men and must overload all men with exactions and distortions and convulsions and earthquakes in the multiplicity of religions.

The kingdom of heaven must have bodies; kingdoms of the earth must have them; and if upon the earth thou beest in the way to heaven, thou must have a body too, a body of thine own, a body of thy possession; for thy body hath thee, and not thou it, if thy body tyrannize over thee. If thou canst not withdraw thine eye from an object of temptation or withhold thy hand from subscribing against thy conscience nor turn thine ear from a popular and seditious libel, what hast thou towards a man? Thou hast no soul, nay, thou hast no body. There is a body, but thou hast it not; it is not thine, it is not in thy power. Thy body will rebel against thee even in a sin; it will not perform a sin when and where thou wouldst have it. Much more will it rebel against any good work, till thou have imprinted *stigmata Jesu*, the marks of the Lord Jesus, which were but exemplar in him but are essential and necessary to thee, abstinences and such discreet disciplines and mortifications as may subdue that body to thee and make it thine; for till then it is but thine enemy and maintains a war against thee; and war and enemy is the metaphor which the Holy Ghost hath taken here to express a want, a kind of imperfectness even in heaven itself. *Bellum symbolum mali*. As peace is of all goodness, so war is an emblem, a hieroglyphic, of all misery; and that is our second step in this paraphrase.

If the feet of them that preach peace be beautiful (and "O how beautiful are the feet of them that preach peace?" The Prophet Isaiah asks the question, 52:7, and the Prophet Nahum asks it, 1:15, and the Apostle St. Paul asks it, Rom. 10:15; they all ask it, but none answers it), who shall answer us if we ask, how beautiful is his face who is the author of this peace when we shall see that in the glory of heaven, the centre of all true peace? It was the inheritance of Christ Jesus upon the earth, he had it at his birth, he brought it with him, "Glory be to God on high, peace upon earth." It was his purchase upon earth, "He

made peace" — indeed he bought peace — "through the blood of his cross." It was his testament when he went from earth: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you." Divide with him in that blessed inheritance, partake with him in that blessed purchase, enrich thyself with that blessed legacy, his peace.

Let the whole world be in thy consideration as one house; and then consider in that, in the peaceful harmony of creatures, in the peaceful succession and connection of causes and effects, the peace of nature. Let this kingdom where God hath blessed thee with a being be the gallery, the best room of that house, and consider in the two walls of that gallery, the church and the state, the peace of a royal and a religious wisdom; let thine own family be a cabinet in this gallery, and find in all the boxes thereof, in the several duties of wife and children and servants the peace of virtue, and of the father and mother of all virtues, active discretion, passive obedience, and then lastly, let thine own bosom be the secret box and reserve in this cabinet; and then the best jewel in the best cabinet and that in the best gallery of the best house that can be had, peace with the creature,² peace in the church, peace in the state, peace in thy house, peace in thy heart is a fair model and a lovely design even of the heavenly Jerusalem which is *visio pacis* where there is no object but peace.

And therefore the Holy Ghost to intimate to us that happy perfectness which we shall have at last, and not till then, chooses the metaphor of an enemy and enmity to avert us from looking for true peace from anything that presents itself in the way. Neither truly could the Holy Ghost imprint more horror by any word than that which intimates war as the word enemy does. It is but a little way that the poet hath got in description of war, *iam seges est*, that now that place is plowed where the great city stood; for it is not so great a depopulation to translate a city from merchants to husbandmen, from shops to plows, as it is from many husbandmen to one shepherd; and yet that hath been often done. And all that, at most, is but a depopulation; it is

not a devastation that Troy was plowed. But when the Prophet Isaiah comes to the devastation, to the extermination of a war, he expresses it first thus: "Where there were a thousand vineyards at a cheap rate all the land shall become briars and thorns." That is much; but there is more: "The earth shall be removed out of her place; that land, that nation, shall no more be called that nation nor that land." But yet more than that too; not only not that people but no other shall ever inhabit it: "It shall never be inhabited from generation to generation, neither shall shepherds be there; not only no merchant nor husbandman but no depopulators; none but owls and ostriches and satyrs," — indeed God knows what, *ochim* and *ziim*, words which truly we cannot translate.

In a word, the horror of war is best discerned in the company he keeps, in his associates. And when the Prophet Gad brought war into the presence of David, there came with him famine and pestilence. And when famine entered, we see the effects; it brought mothers to eat their children of a span long; that is, as some expositors take it, to take medicines to procure abortions to cast their children, that they might have children to eat. And when war's other companion, the pestilence, entered, we see the effects of that too; in less than half the time that it was threatened for, it devoured three-score and ten thousand of David's men; and yet for all the vehemence, the violence, the impetuosity of this pestilence, David chose this pestilence rather than a war. *Militia* and *malitia* are words of so near a sound as that the Vulgate edition takes them as one. For where the prophet, speaking of the miseries that Jerusalem had suffered, says, *finita militia eius*, let her warfare be at an end, they read, *finita malitia eius*, let her misery be at an end; war and misery is all one thing. But is there any of this in heaven? Even the saints in heaven lack something of the consummation of their happiness, *quia hostis*, because they have an enemy. And that is our third and next step.

Michael and his angels fought against the Devil and his angels; though that war

² Creation; nature.

ended in victory, yet — taking that war, as divers expositors do, for the fall of angels — that kingdom lost so many inhabitants as that all the souls of all that shall be saved shall but fill up the places of them that fell, and so make that kingdom but as well as it was before that war. So ill effects accompany even the most victorious war. There is no war in heaven, yet all is not well, because there is an enemy; for that enemy would kindle a war again but that he remembers how ill he sped last time he did so. It is not an enemy that invades neither but only detains. He detains the bodies of the saints which are in heaven and therefore is an enemy to the kingdom of Christ; he that detains the souls of men in superstition, he that detains the hearts and allegiance of subjects in an hesitation, a vacillation, an irresolution where they shall fix them, whether upon their sovereign or a foreign power, he is in the notion and acceptation of enemy in this text, an enemy, though no hostile act be done. It is not a war, it is but an enemy, not an invading but a detaining enemy; and then this enemy is but one enemy, and yet he troubles and retards the consummation of that kingdom.

Antichrist³ alone is enemy enough; but never carry this consideration beyond thyself. As long as there remains in thee one sin or the sinful gain of that one sin, so long there is one enemy; and where there is one enemy, there is no peace. Gardeners that husband their ground to the best advantage sow all their seeds in such order one under another that their garden is always full of that which is then in season. If thou sin with that providence, with that seasonableness that all thy spring, thy youth, be spent in wantonness, all thy summer, thy middle-age, in ambition and the ways of preferment, and thy autumn, thy winter, in indevotion and covetousness, though thou have no farther taste of licentiousness in thy middle-age (thou hast thy satiety in that sin) nor of ambition in thy last years (thou hast accumulated titles and honor), yet all the way thou hast had one enemy, and therefore never any perfect peace. But who is this one enemy in this text? As long as we put it off and as loth

as we are to look this enemy in the face, yet we must, though it be death. And this is *vestigium quartum*, the fourth and the next step in this paraphrase.

Surge et descende in domum figuli, says the Prophet Jeremiah, that is, say the expositors, to the consideration of thy mortality. It is *surge*, *descende*, arise and go down, a descent with an ascension. Our grave is upward, and our heart is upon Jacob's ladder; in the way and nearer to heaven. Our daily funerals are some emblems of that; for though we be laid down in the earth after, yet we are lifted up upon men's shoulders before. We rise in the descent to death, and so we do in the descent to the contemplation of it. In all the potter's house is there one vessel made of better stuff than clay? There is his matter. And of all forms a circle is the perfectest. And art thou loth to make up that circle with returning to the earth again?

Thou must, though thou be loth. *Fortasse*, says St. Augustine, that word of contingency, of casualty, perchance, *in omnibus ferme rebus præterquam in morte locum habet*. It hath room in all human actions excepting death. He makes his example thus: such a man is married, where he would or at least where he must, where his parents or his guardian will have him. Shall he have children? *Fortasse*, says he, they are a young couple, perchance they shall. And shall those children be sons? *Fortasse*, they are of a strong constitution, perchance they shall. And shall those sons live to be men? *Fortasse*, they are from healthy parents, perchance they shall. And when they have lived to be men, shall they be good men? Such as good men may be glad they may live? *Fortasse*, still; they are of virtuous parents, it may be they shall. But when they are come to that *morientur*, shall those good men die? here, says that father, the *fortasse* vanishes; here it is *omnino, certe, sine dubitatione*; infallibly, inevitably, irrecoverably they must die. Doth not a man die even in his birth? The breaking of prison is death, and what is our birth but a breaking of prison? As soon as we were clothed by God our very apparel was an emblem of death. In the skins of dead beasts

³ In popular mediæval belief the supreme opponent of Christ, to appear before the end of the world.

he covered the skins of dying men. As soon as God set us on work our very occupation was an emblem of death; it was to dig the earth; not to dig pitfalls for other men but graves for ourselves. Hath any man here forgot today that yesterday is dead? And the bell tolls for today and will ring out anon; and for as much of every one of us as appertains to this day. *Quotidie morimur, et tamen nos esse æternos putamus*, says St. Jerome; we die every day, and we die all the day long; and because we are not absolutely dead, we call that an eternity, an eternity of dying. And is there comfort in that state? Why that is the state of hell itself, eternal dying, and not dead!

But for this there is enough said by the moral man⁴ that we may respite divine proofs for divine points anon for our several resurrections; for this death is merely natural, and it is enough that the moral man says, *mors lex, tributum, officium mortalium*. First it is *lex*; you were born under that law, upon that condition to die; so it is a rebellious thing not to be content to die, it opposes the law. Then it is *tributum*, an imposition which nature the queen of this world lays upon us and which she will take when and where she list; here a young man, there an old man, here a happy, there a miserable man, and so it is a seditious thing not to be content to die, it opposes the prerogative. And lastly, it is *officium*; men are to have their turns, to take their time, and then to give way by death to successors; and so it is *incivile, inofficiosum*, not to be content to die, it opposes the frame and form of government. It comes equally to us all and makes us all equal when it comes. The ashes of an oak in the chimney are no epitaph of that oak to tell me how high or how large it was; it tells me not what flocks it sheltered while it stood, nor what men it hurt when it fell. The dust of great persons' graves is speechless too, it says nothing, it distinguishes nothing; as soon the dust of a wretch whom thou wouldst not as of a prince whom thou couldst not look upon will trouble thine eyes if the wind blow it thither; and when a whirlwind hath blown the dust of the churchyard into the church, and the man

sweeps out the dust of the church into the churchyard, who will undertake to sift those dusts again and to pronounce, this is the patrician, this is the noble flour, and this the yeomanly, this the plebeian bran. So is the death of Jezebel (Jezebel was a queen) expressed; they shall not say, this is Jezebel; not only not wonder that it is nor pity that it should be, but they shall not say, they shall not know, this is Jezebel. It comes to all, to all alike; but not alike welcome to all. To die too willingly out of impatience to wish or out of violence to hasten death, or to die too unwillingly, to murmur at God's purpose revealed by age or by sickness, are equal distempers; and to harbor a disobedient lothness all the way, or to entertain it at last, argues but an irreligious ignorance; an ignorance that death is in nature but *expiratio*, a breathing out, and we do that every minute; an ignorance that God himself took a day to rest in, and a good man's grave is his Sabbath; an ignorance that Abel, the best of those whom we can compare with him, was the first that died. Howsoever, whensoever, all times are God's times; *vocantur boni ne diutius vexentur a noxiis, mali ne diutius bonos persequantur*, God calls the good to take them from their dangers, and God takes the bad to take them from their triumph. And therefore neither grudge that thou goest, nor that worse stay, for God can make his profit of both; *aut ideo vivit ut corrigatur, aut ideo ut per illum bonus exerceatur*; God reprieves him to mend him or to make another better by his exercise and not to exult in the misery of another but to glorify God in the ways of his justice let him know, *quantumcunque sero, subito ex hac vita tollitur qui finem prævidere nescit*, how long soever he live, how long soever he lie sick, that man dies a sudden death who never thought of it. If we consider death in St. Paul's *statutum est*, "It is decreed that all men must die," there death is indifferent; if we consider it in his *mori lucrum*, "that it is an advantage to die," there death is good; and so much the Vulgate edition seems to intimate when (Deut. 30 : 19), whereas we read I have set before you life and death, that reads it

vitam et bonum, life and that which is good. If then death be at the worst indifferent and to the good, good, how is it *hostis*, an enemy to the kingdom of Christ? For that also is *vestigium quintum*, the fifth and next step in this paraphrase.

First God did not make death, says the wise man; and therefore St. Augustine makes a reasonable prayer to God, *Ne permittas, Domine, quod non fecisti dominari creaturæ quam fecisti*, suffer not, O Lord, death whom thou didst not make to have dominion over me whom thou didst. Whence then came death? The same wise man hath showed us the father, through envy of the Devil came death into the world; and a wiser than he, the Holy Ghost himself, hath showed us the mother, "By sin came death into the world." But yet if God have naturalized death, taken death into the number of his servants, how is death an enemy? First, he was an enemy in invading Christ, who was not in his commission because he had no sin; and still he is an enemy because still he adheres to the enemy. Death hangs upon the edge of every persecutor's sword, and upon the sting of every calumniator's and accuser's tongue. In the bull of Phalaris, in the bulls of Bashan, in the bulls of Babylon, the shrewdest bulls of all, in temporal, in spiritual persecutions ever since God put an enmity between man and the serpent, from the time of Cain who began in a murder to the time of Antichrist who proceeds in massacres, death hath adhered to the enemy, and so is an enemy.

Death hath a commission, *stipendium peccati mors est*, "The reward of sin is death," but where God gives a *supersedeas* upon that commission, *Vivo ego, nolo mortem*, "As I live saith the Lord, I would have no sinner die," not die the second death, yet death proceeds to that execution; and whereas the enemy whom he adheres to, the serpent himself, hath power but *in calcaneo*, upon the heel, the lower, the mortal part, the body of man, "Death is come up into our windows," saith the prophet, into our best lights, our understandings, and benights us there either with ignorance before sin or with senselessness after; and a sheriff that should burn him

who were condemned to be hanged were a murderer, though that man must have died. To come in by the door, by the way of sickness upon the body, is, but to come in at the window by the way of sin is not death's commission; God opens not that window.

So then he is an enemy, for they that adhere to the enemy are enemies; and adhering is not only a present subministration of supply to the enemy—for that death doth not—but it is also a disposition to assist the enemy then when he shall be strong enough to make benefit of that assistance. And so death adheres; when sin and Satan have weakened body and mind, death enters upon both. And in that respect he is *ultimus hostis*, the last enemy, and that is *sextum vestigium*, our sixth and next step in this paraphrase.

Death is the last and in that respect the worst enemy. In an enemy that appears at first, when we are or may be provided against him, there is some of that which we call honor; but in the enemy that reserves himself unto the last and attends our weak estate, there is more danger. Keep it where I intend it, in that which is my sphere, the conscience. If mine enemy meet me betimes in my youth in an object of temptation (so Joseph's enemy met him in Potiphar's wife), yet I do not adhere to this enemy, dwell upon a delightful meditation of that sin, if I do not fuel and foment that sin, assist and encourage that sin, by high diet, wanton discourse, other provocation, I shall have reason on my side, and I shall have grace on my side, and I shall have the history of a thousand that have perished by that sin on my side; even spittles⁵ will give me soldiers to fight for me by their miserable example against that sin; nay, perchance sometimes the virtue of that woman whom I solicit will assist me. But when I lie under the hands of that enemy that hath reserved himself to the last, to my last bed, then when I shall be able to stir no limb in any other measure than a fever or a palsy shall shake them, when everlasting darkness shall have an inchoation in the present dimness of mine eyes, and the everlasting gnashing in the present chattering of my teeth,

⁵ Hospitals.

and the everlasting worm in the present gnawing of the agonies of my body and anguishes of my mind, when the last enemy shall watch my remediless body and my disconsolate soul there, there, where not the physician in his way, perchance not the priest in his shall be able to give any assistance, and when he hath sported himself with my misery upon that stage, my death-bed, shall shift the scene and throw me from that bed into the grave and there triumph over me God knows how many generations, till the Redeemer, my Redeemer, the Redeemer of all me, body as well as soul, come again, as death is *novissimus hostis*, the enemy which watches me at my last weakness and shall hold me when I shall be no more till that angel come who shall say and swear that time shall be no more, in that consideration, in that apprehension, he is the powerfulest, the fearfulest enemy; and yet even there this enemy *abolebitur*, he shall be destroyed, which is *septimum vestigium*, our seventh and last step in this paraphrase.

This destruction, this abolition of this last enemy, is by the resurrection; for the text is part of an argument for the resurrection. And truly, it is a fair intimation and testimony of an everlasting end in that state of the resurrection (that no time shall end it) that we have it presented to us in all the parts of time; in the past, in the present, and in the future. We had a resurrection in prophecy; we have a resurrection in the present working of God's spirit; we shall have a resurrection in the final consummation. The prophet speaks in the future, "He will swallow up death in victory," there it is *abolebit*; all the evangelists speak historically of matter of fact, in them it is *abolevit*; and here in this apostle, it is in the present, *aboletur*, now he is destroyed. And this exhibits unto us a threefold occasion of advancing our devotion in considering a threefold resurrection: first, a resurrection from dejections and calamities in this world, a temporal resurrection; secondly, a resurrection from sin, a spiritual resurrection; and then a resurrection from the grave, a final resurrection.

A calamitate; when the prophets speak of a resurrection in the Old Testament, for the

most part their principal intention is upon a temporal restitution from calamities that oppress them then. Neither doth Calvin carry those emphatical words which are so often cited for a proof of the last resurrection, "That he knows his Redeemer lives, that he knows he shall stand the last man upon earth, that though his body be destroyed, yet in his flesh and with his eyes he shall see God," to any higher sense than so, that how low soever he be brought, to what desperate state soever he be reduced in the eyes of the world, yet he assures himself of a resurrection, a reparation, a restitution to his former bodily health and worldly fortune which he had before. And such a resurrection we all know Job had.

In that famous and most considerable prophetic vision which God exhibited to Ezekiel, where God set the prophet in a valley of very many and very dry bones and invites the several joints to knit again, ties them with their old sinews and ligaments, clothes them in their old flesh, wraps them in their old skin, and calls life into them again, God's principal intention in that vision was thereby to give them an assurance of a resurrection from their present calamity, not but that there is also good evidence of the last resurrection in that vision too; thus far God argues with them *a re nota*; from that which they knew before, the final resurrection; he assures them that which they knew not till then, a present resurrection from those pressures; remember by this vision that which you all know already, that at the last I shall reunite the dead and dry bones of all men in a general resurrection; and then if you remember, if you consider, if you look upon that, can you doubt but that I who can do that can also recollect you from your present desperation and give you a resurrection to your former temporal happiness? And this truly arises pregnantly, necessarily out of the prophet's answer; God asks him there, "Son of man, can these bones live?" and he answers, *Domine, tu nosti*, "O Lord God, thou knowest." The prophet answers according to God's intention in the question. If that had been for their living in the last resurrection, Ezekiel would have answered

God as Martha answered Christ when he said, "Thy brother Lazarus shall rise again," "I know that he shall rise again at the resurrection at the last day." But when the question was whether men so macerated, so scattered in this world, could have a resurrection to their former temporal happiness here, that puts the prophet to his *Domine, tu nosti*, it is in thy breast to propose it, it is in thy hand to execute it, whether thou do it or do it not, thy name be glorified; it falls not within our conjecture which way it shall please thee to take for this resurrection, *Domine, tu nosti*, thou Lord and thou only knowest; which is also the sense of those words, "Others were tortured and accepted not a deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection." A present deliverance had been a resurrection, but to be the more sure of a better hereafter, they less respected that; according to that of our Savior, "He that finds his life, shall lose it"; he that fixeth himself too earnestly upon this resurrection shall lose a better.

This is then the prophetic resurrection for the future, but a future in this world: that if the rulers take counsel against the Lord, the Lord shall have their counsel in derision; if they take arms against the Lord, the Lord shall break their bows and cut their spears in sunder; if they hiss and gnash their teeth and say, we have swallowed him up, if we be made their by-word, their parable, their proverb, their libel, the theme and burden of their songs, as Job complains; yet whatsoever fall upon me, damage, distress, scorn, or *hostis ultimus*, death itself, that death which we consider here, death of possessions, death of estimation, death of health, death of contentment, yet *abolebitur*, it shall be destroyed in a resurrection, in the return of the light of God's countenance upon me even in this world. And this is the first resurrection.

But this first resurrection, which is but from temporal calamities, doth so little concern a true and established Christian whether it come or no (for still Job's basis is his basis and his centre, *etiamsi occiderit*, though he kill me, kill me, kill me, in all these several deaths and give me no resurrection in this world, yet I will trust in him)

as that, as though this first resurrection were no resurrection, not to be numbered among the resurrections, St. John calls that which we call the second, which is from sin, the first resurrection: "Blessed and holy is he who hath part in the first resurrection," and this resurrection Christ implies when he says, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, the hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear it shall live." That is, by the voice of the word of life, the Gospel of repentance, they shall have a spiritual resurrection to a new life.

St. Augustine and Lactantius both were so hard in believing the roundness of the earth that they thought that those *homines pensiles*, as they call them, those men that hang upon the other cheek of the face of the earth, those Antipodes whose feet are directly against ours, must necessarily fall from the earth, if the earth be round. But whither should they fall? If they fall, they must fall upwards, for heaven is above them too, as it is to us. So if the spiritual Antipodes of this world, the sons of God that walk with feet opposed in ways contrary to the sons of men, shall be said to fall, when they fall to repentance, to mortification, to a religious negligence and contempt of the pleasures of this life; truly their fall is upwards, they fall towards heaven. "God gives breath unto the people upon the earth," says the prophet, *et spiritum his qui calcant illam*. Our translation carries that no farther but that "God gives breath to people upon the earth and spirit to them that walk thereon"; but Irenæus makes a useful difference between *afflatus* and *spiritus*, that God gives breath to all upon earth, but his spirit only to them who tread in a religious scorn upon earthly things.

Is it not a strange phrase of the apostle, "Mortify your members: fornication, uncleanness, inordinate affections"? He does not say, mortify your members against those sins, but he calls those very sins the members of our bodies, as though we were elemented and compacted of nothing but sin till we come to this resurrection, this mortification, which is indeed our vivification; "till we bear in our body the dying of our

Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus may be made manifest in our body." God may give the other resurrection from worldly misery, and not give this. A widow may be rescued from the sorrow and solitariness of that state by having a plentiful fortune; there she hath one resurrection; but "the widow that liveth in pleasure is dead while she lives"; she hath no second resurrection; and so in that sense even this chapel may be a churchyard, men may stand and sit and kneel, and yet be dead; and any chamber alone may be a Golgotha, a place of dead men's bones, of men not come to this resurrection, which is the renunciation of their beloved sin.

It was inhumanly said by Vitellius upon the death of Otho, when he walked in the field of carcasses where the battle was fought, O how sweet a perfume is a dead enemy! But it is a divine saying to thy soul, O what a savor of life unto life is the death of a beloved sin! What an angelic comfort was that to Joseph and Mary in Egypt after the death of Herod, "Arise, for they are dead that sought the child's life!" And even that comfort is multiplied upon thy soul when the spirit of God says to thee, arise, come to this resurrection; for that Herod, that sin, that sought the life, the everlasting life of this child, the child of God, thy soul, is dead, dead by repentance, dead by mortification. The highest cruelty that story relates, or poets imagine, is when a persecutor will not afford a miserable man death, not to be so merciful to him as to take his life. Thou hast made thy sin thy soul, thy life; inanimated all thy actions, all thy purposes with that sin. *Miserere animæ tuæ*, be so merciful to thyself as to take away that life by mortification, by repentance, and thou art come to this resurrection. And though a man may have the former resurrection and not this, peace in his fortune and yet not peace in his conscience, yet whosoever hath this second hath an infallible seal of the third resurrection too, a fulness of glory in body as well as in soul. For *spiritus maturam efficit carnem et capacem incorruptalæ*; this resurrection by the spirit mellows the body of man and makes that capable of everlasting glory, which is the last weapon

by which the last enemy, death, shall be destroyed; *a morte*.

Upon that pious ground that all Scriptures were written for us as we are Christians, that all Scriptures conduce to the proof of Christ and of the Christian state, it is the ordinary manner of the fathers to make all that David speaks historically of himself and all that the prophet speaks futurally of the Jews, if those places may be referred to Christ, to refer them to Christ primarily and but by reflection and in a second consideration upon David, or upon the Jews. Thereupon do the fathers, truly I think more generally more unanimously than in any other place of Scripture, take that place of Ezekiel which we spake of before to be primarily intended of the last resurrection and but secondarily of the Jews' restitution. But Gasper Sanctius, a learned Jesuit—that is not so rare, but an ingenuous Jesuit too—though he be bound by the Council of Trent to interpret the Scriptures according to the fathers, yet he here acknowledges the whole truth, that God's purpose was to prove by that which they did know, which was the general resurrection, that which they knew not, their temporal restitution. Tertullian is vehement at first, but after, more supple. *Allegoricæ Scripturæ*, says he, *resurrectionem subradiant aliæ, aliæ determinant*; some figurative places of Scripture do intimate a resurrection, and some manifest it; and of those manifest places he takes this vision of Ezekiel to be one. But he comes after to this, *Sit et corporum et rerum, et mea nihil interest*; let it signify a temporal resurrection, so it may signify the general resurrection of our bodies too, says he, and I am well satisfied; and then the truth satisfies him, for it doth signify both. It is true that Tertullian says, *De vacuo similitudo non competit*; if the vision be but a comparison, if there were no such thing as a resurrection, the comparison did not hold. *De nullo parabola non convenit*, says he, and truly; if there were no resurrection to which that parable might have relation, it were no parable. All that is true; but there was a resurrection always known to them, always believed by them, and that made their present resurrection from that

calamity the more easy, the more intelligible, the more credible, the more discernible to them.

Let therefore God's method be thy method; fix thyself firmly upon that belief of the general resurrection, and thou wilt never doubt of either of the particular resurrections, either from sin, by God's grace, or from worldly calamities, by God's power. For the last resurrection is the ground of all. By that *vere victa mors*, says Irenæus, this last enemy, death, is truly destroyed, because his last spoil, the body, is taken out of his hands. The same body, *eadem ovis*, as the same father notes, Christ did not fetch another sheep to the flock in the place of that which was lost, but the same sheep. God shall not give me another, a better body at the resurrection, but the same body made better; for *si non haberet caro salvati, neutiquam verbum Dei caro factum fuisset*, if the flesh of man were not to be saved, the anchor of salvation would never have taken the flesh of man upon him.

The punishment that God laid upon Adam, *in dolore et in sudore*, "In sweat, and in sorrow shalt thou eat thy bread," is but *donec reverteris*, "till man return to dust." But when man is returned to dust, God returns to the remembrance of that promise, "Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust." A mercy already exhibited to us in the person of our Savior Christ Jesus, in whom *per primitias benedixit campo*, says St. Chrysostom, as God by taking a handful for the first fruits gave a blessing to the whole field; so he hath sealed the bodies of all mankind to his glory by pre-assuming the body of Christ to that glory. For by that

there is now *commercium inter cælum et terram*; there is a trade driven, a staple established between heaven and earth; *ibi caro nostra, hic spiritus eius*; thither have we sent our flesh, and hither hath he sent his spirit.

This is the last abolition of this enemy death; for after, the bodies of the saints he cannot touch, the bodies of the damned he cannot kill, and if he could, he were not therein their enemy but their friend. This is that blessed and glorious state of which, when all the apostles met to make the creed, they could say no more but *credo resurrectionem*, "I believe the resurrection of the body"; and when those two reverend fathers to whom it belongs shall come to speak of it upon the day proper for it in this place, and if all the bishops that ever met in councils should meet them here, they could but second the apostles' *credo* with their *anathema*, we believe, and woe be unto them that do not believe the resurrection of the body; but in going about to express it the lips of an angel would be uncircumcised lips, and the tongue of an archangel would stammer. I offer not therefor at it. But in respect of and with relation to that blessed state according to the doctrine and the practice of our church, we do pray for the dead; for the militant church upon earth and the triumphant church in heaven and the whole catholic church in heaven and earth; we do pray that God will be pleased to hasten that kingdom, that we with all others departed in the true faith of his holy name may have this perfect consummation, both of body and soul, in his everlasting glory. Amen.

SERMON XXIII, FOLIO OF 1640¹

"For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then I shall know even as also I am known."

These two terms in our text, *nunc* and *tunc*, now and then, now in a glass, then face to face, now in part, then in perfection, these two secular terms, of which one designs the whole age of this world from the creation to the dissolution thereof, for

all that is comprehended in this word *now*, and the other designs the everlastingness of the next world, for that incomprehensibleness is comprehended in the other word *then* — these two words that design two such ages are now met in one day, in this day

¹ Preached at St. Paul's on Easter Day, 1628.

in which we celebrate all resurrections in the root in the resurrection of our Lord and Savior Christ Jesus blest for ever. For the first term, *now*, "Now in a glass, now in part," is intended most especially of that very act which we do now at this present, that is, of the ministry of the Gospel, of declaring God in his ordinance, of preaching his word, "Now," in this ministry of his Gospel, "we see in a glass, we know in part"; and then the *then*, the time of seeing face to face and knowing as we are known is intended of that time which we celebrate this day, the day of resurrection, the day of judgment, the day of the actual possession of the next life. So that this day this whole Scripture is fulfilled in your ears; for now, now in this preaching, you have some sight, and then, then when that day comes which in the first root thereof we celebrate this day, you shall have a perfect sight of all; "Now we see through a glass," etc.

That therefore you may the better know him when you come to see him face to face than by having seen him in a glass now, and that your seeing him now in his ordinance may prepare you to see him then in his essence, proceed we thus in the handling of these words. First, that there is nothing brought into comparison, into consideration, nothing put into the balance, but the sight of God, the knowledge of God; it is not called a better sight, nor a better knowledge, but there is no other sight, no other knowledge proposed or mentioned or intimated or imagined but this; all other sight is blindness, all other knowledge is ignorance; and then we shall see how there is a twofold sight of God and a twofold knowledge of God proposed to us here; a sight and a knowledge here in this life, and another manner of sight and another manner of knowledge in the life to come; for here we see God *in speculo*, in a glass, that is, by reflection, and here we know God *in enigmatè*, says our text, darkly, so we translate it, that is, by obscure presentations, and therefore it is called a knowledge but in part; but in heaven our sight is face

to face, and our knowledge is to know as we are known.

For our sight of God here, our theatre, the place where we sit and see him, is the whole world, the whole house and frame of nature, and our medium, our glass, is the book of creatures, and our light, by which we see him, is the light of natural reason. And then for our knowledge of God here, our place, our academy, our university is the church, our medium is the ordinance of God in his church, preaching and sacraments; and our light is the light of faith. Thus we shall find it to be for our sight and for our knowledge of God here. But for our sight of God in heaven, our place, our sphere is heaven itself, our medium is the patefaction, the manifestation, the revelation of God himself, and our light is the light of glory. And then for our knowledge of God there, God himself is all; God himself is the place, we see him in him; God is our medium, we see him by him; God is our light; not a light which is his, but a light which is he; not a light which flows from him, no, nor a light which is in him, but that light which is he himself. "Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee, O Lord, O Father of lights, that in thy light we may see light," that now we see this through this thy glass, thy ordinance, and by the good of this hereafter face to face.

The sight is so much the noblest of all the senses as that it is all the senses. As the reasonable soul of man, when it enters, becomes all the soul of man, and he hath no longer a vegetative and a sensitive soul² but all is that one reasonable soul; so, says St. Augustine, and he exemplifies it by several pregnant places of Scripture, *Visus per omnes sensus recurrit*, all the senses are called seeing; as there is *videre et audire*, "St. John turned to see the sound"; and there is *gustate et videte*, "Taste and see how sweet the Lord is"; and so of the rest of the senses, all is sight. Employ then this noblest sense upon the noblest object, see God; see God in everything, and then thou needst not take off thine eye from beauty, from riches, from honor, from anything. St.

² A reference to the Neoplatonic conception of the three souls in man, the three ascending stages of being, represented in the verbs, *esse*, *sentire*, *intelligere*. The vegetative and sensitive souls are fused and made a part of the third, the immortal soul.

Paul speaks here of a diverse seeing of God. Of seeing God in a glass, and seeing God face to face; but of not seeing God at all, the apostle speaks not at all.

When Christ took the blind man by the hand, though he had then begun his cure upon him, yet he asked him if he saw aught. Something he was sure he saw; but it was a question whether it were to be called a sight, for he saw men but as trees. The natural man³ sees beauty and riches and honor, but yet it is a question whether he sees them or no, because he sees them but as a snare. But he that sees God in them sees them to be beams and evidences of that beauty, that wealth, that honor, that is in God, that is in God himself. The other blind man that importuned Christ, "Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me," when Christ asked him, "What wilt thou that I shall do unto thee?" had presently that answer, "Lord, that I may receive my sight"; and we may easily think that if Christ had asked him a second question, "What wouldst thou see when thou hast received thy sight?" he would have answered, "Lord, I will see thee"; for when he had his sight and Christ said to him, "Go thy way," he had no way to go from Christ, but, as the text says there, "He followed him." All that he cared for was seeing, all that he cared to see was Christ. Whether he would see a peace or a war may be a statesman's problem; whether he would see plenty or scarcity of some commodity may be a merchant's problem; whether he would see Rome or Spain grow in greatness may be a Jesuit's problem; but whether I had not rather see God than anything is no problematical matter. All sight is blindness, that was our first; all knowledge is ignorance till we come to God, is our next consideration.

The first act of will is love, says the School; ⁴ for till the will love, till it would have something, it is not a will. But then, *amare nisi nota non possumus*; it is impossible to love anything till we know it. First our understanding must present it as *verum*, as a known truth, and then our will embraces it as *bonum*, as good, and worthy to be loved. Therefore the philosopher⁵ concludes easily, as a thing that admits no

contradiction, that naturally all men desire to know, that they may love. But then, as the addition of an honest man varies the signification with the profession and calling of the man — for he is an honest man at court that oppresses no man with his power, and at the exchange he is the honest man that keeps his word, and in an army the valiant man is the honest man — so the addition of learning and understanding varies with the man; the divine, the physician, the lawyer are not qualified, not denominated by the same kind of learning. But yet, as it is for honesty, there is no honest man at court or exchange or army if he believe not in God; so there is no knowledge in the physician nor lawyer if he know not God. Neither does any man know God except he know him so as God hath made himself known, that is, in Christ. Therefore, as St. Paul desires to know nothing else, so let no man pretend to know anything but Christ crucified; that is, crucified for him, made his. In the eighth verse of this chapter he says, "Prophecy shall fail, and tongues shall fail, and knowledge shall vanish"; but this knowledge of God in Christ made mine, by being crucified for me, shall dwell with me for ever. And so from this general consideration all sight is blindness, all knowledge is ignorance, but of God, we pass to the particular consideration of that twofold sight and knowledge of God expressed in this text, "Now we see through a glass," etc.

First then we consider — before we come to our knowledge of God — our sight of God in this world, and that is, says our apostle, *in speculo*, "We see as in a glass." But how do we see in a glass? Truly, that is not easily determined. The old writers in the optics said that when we see a thing in a glass, we see not the thing itself but a representation only; all the later men say we do see the thing itself but not by direct but by reflected beams. It is a useless labor for the present to reconcile them. This may well consist with both, that as that which we see in a glass assures us that such a thing there is, for we cannot see a dream in a glass, nor a fancy, nor a chimera, so this sight of God, which our apostle says we

³ The man without religion,

⁴ The mediæval Schoolmen.

⁵ Augustine,

have in a glass, is enough to assure us that a God there is.

This glass is better than the water; the water gives a crookedness and false dimensions to things that it shows; as we see by an oar when we row a boat, and as the poet describes a wry and distorted face, *qui faciem sub aqua, Phæbe, natantis habes*, that he looked like a man that swam under water. But in the glass which the apostle intends we may see God directly, that is, see directly that there is a God. And therefore St. Cyril's addition in this text is a diminution; *videmus quasi in fumo*, says he, we see God as in a smoke; we see him better then so; for it is a true sight of God, though it be not a perfect sight, which we have this way. This way our theatre, where we sit to see God, is the whole frame of nature; our medium, our glass in which we see him is the creature; and our light by which we see him is natural reason.

Aquinas calls this theatre, where we sit and see God, the whole world; and David compasses the world and finds God everywhere and says at last, "Whither shall I fly from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there"; at Babel they thought to build to heaven; but did any man ever pretend to get above heaven? Above the power of the winds, or the impression of other malignant meteors, some high hills are got. But can any man get above the power of God? "If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, there thy right hand shall hold me and lead me." If we sail to the waters above the firmament, it is so too. Nay, take a place which God never made, a place which grew out of our sins, that is, hell; yet, "If we make our bed in hell, God is there too." It is a woeful inn to make our bed in, hell; and so much the more woeful as it is more than an inn, an everlasting dwelling. But even there God is; and so much more strangely than in any other place because he is there without any emanation of any beam of comfort from him who is the God of all consolation or any beam of light from him who is the Father of all lights. In a word, whether we be in the eastern parts of the world, from whom the

truth of religion is passed, or in the western, to which it is not yet come; whether we be in the darkness of ignorance, or darkness of the works of darkness, or darkness of oppression of spirit in sadness; the world is the theatre that represents God, and everywhere every man may, nay, must see him.

The whole frame of the world is the theatre, and every creature the stage, the medium, the glass in which we may see God. "Moses made the laver in the tabernacle of the looking glasses of women." Scarce can you imagine a vainer thing — except you will except the vain lookers-on in that action — than the looking glasses of women; and yet Moses brought the looking glasses of women to a religious use, to show them that came in the spots of dirt which they had taken by the way, that they might wash themselves clean before they passed any farther.

There is not so poor a creature but may be the glass to see God in. The greatest flat glass that can be made cannot represent anything greater than it is. If every gnat that flies were an archangel, all that could but tell me that there is a God; and the poorest worm that creeps tells me that. If I should ask the basilisk,⁶ how camest thou by those killing eyes? he would tell me, thy God made me so; and if I should ask the slowworm, how camest thou to be without eyes? he would tell me, thy God made me so. The cedar is no better a glass to see God in than the hyssop upon the wall; all things that are, are equally removed from being nothing; and whatsoever hath any being is by that very being a glass in which to see God, who is the root and the fountain of all being. The whole frame of nature is the theatre, the whole volume of creatures is the glass, and the light of nature, reason, is our light; which is another circumstance.

Of these words, John 1 : 9, "That was the true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world," the slackest sense that they can admit gives light enough to see God by. If we spare St. Chrysostom's sense, that that light is the light of the Gospel and of grace, and that that light considered in itself and without opposition in us does

⁶ The reptile of fable whose eyes were deadly enough to slay.

enlighten, that is, would enlighten every man if that man did not wink at that light; if we forbear St. Augustine's sense, that light enlightens every man, that is, every man that is enlightened is enlightened by that light; if we take but St. Cyril's sense, that this light is the light of natural reason, which, without all question, "enlighteneth every man that comes into the world"; yet have we light enough to see God by that light in the theatre of nature and in the glass of creatures. God affords no man the comfort, the false comfort of atheism. He will not allow a pretending atheist the power to flatter himself so far as seriously to think there is no God. He must pull out his own eyes and see no creature before he can say, he sees no God; he must be no man and quench his reasonable soul before he can say to himself, there is no God. The difference between the reason of man and the instinct of the beast is this, that the beast does but know, but the man knows that he knows. The bestial atheist will pretend that he knows there is no God; but he cannot say that he knows that he knows it; for his knowledge will not stand the battery of an argument from another nor a ratiocination from himself. He dares not ask himself, who is it that I pray to in a sudden danger if there be no God? Nay, he dares not ask, who is it that I swear by in a sudden passion if there be no God? Whom do I tremble at and sweat under at midnight and whom do I curse by next morning if there be no God? It is safely said in the School, *media perfecta ad quæ ordinantur*, how weak soever those means which are ordained by God seem to be, and be indeed in themselves, yet they are strong enough to those ends and purposes for which God ordained them.

And so for such a sight of God as we take the apostle to intend here, which is to see that there is a God, the frame of nature, the whole world is our theatre, the book of creatures is our medium, our glass, and natural reason is light enough. But then for the other degree, the other notification of God, which is the knowing of God, though that also be first to be considered in this world, the means is of a higher nature than served for the sight of God; and yet whilst we are in this world it is but in *ænigmate*,

in an obscure riddle, a representation, darkly, and in part, as we translate it.

As the glass which we spoke of before was proposed to the sense, and so we might see God, that is, see that there is a God, this *ænigma* that is spoken of now, this dark similitude and comparison, is proposed to our faith; and so far we know God, that is, believe in God in this life but by enigmas, by dark representations and allusions. Therefore says St. Augustine that Moses saw God, in that conversation which he had with him in the mount, *sevocatus ab omni corporis sensu*, removed from all benefit and assistance of bodily senses — he needed not that glass, the help of the creature; and more than so, *ab omni significativo ænigmate spiritus*, removed from all allusions or similitudes or representations of God which might bring God to the understanding and so to the belief; Moses knew God by a more immediate working than either sense or understanding or faith. Therefore says that father, *per speculum et ænigma*, by this which the apostle calls a glass and this which he calls *ænigma*, a dark representation, *intelliguntur omnia accommodata ad notificandum deum*, he understands all things by which God hath notified himself to man, by the glass to his reason, by the *ænigma* to his faith. And so for this knowing of God by way of believing in him — as for seeing him our theatre was the world, the creature was our glass, and reason was our light — our academy to learn this knowledge is the church, our medium is the ordinance and institution of Christ in his church, and our light is the light of faith in the application of those ordinances in that church.

This place then where we take our degrees in this knowledge of God, our academy, our university for that, is the church; for, though as there may be some few examples given of men that have grown learned who never studied at university; so there may be some examples of men enlightened by God and yet not within that covenant which constitutes the church; yet the ordinary place for degrees is the university, and the ordinary place for illumination in the knowledge of God is the church. Therefore did God, who ever in-

tended to have his kingdom of heaven well peopled, so powerfully, so miraculously enlarge his way to it, the church, that it prospered as a wood which no felling, no stubbing could destroy. We find in the acts of the church five thousand martyrs executed in a day; and we find in the Acts of the Apostles five thousand brought to the church by one sermon; still our christenings were equal to our burials at least.

Therefore when Christ says to the church, "Fear not, little flock," it was not *quia de magno minuitur, sed quia de pusillo crescit*, says Chrysologus, not because it should fall from great to little, but rise from little to great. Such care had Christ of the growth thereof; and then such care of the establishment and power thereof as that the first time that ever he names the church he invests it with an assurance of perpetuity, "Upon this rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it"; therein is denoted the strength and stability of the church in itself and then the power and authority of the church upon others in those often directions, *dic ecclesiæ*, complain to the church, and consult with the church, and then, *audi ecclesiam*, harken to the church, be judged by the church, hear not them that hear not the church, and then *ejice de ecclesia*, let them that disobey the church be cast out of the church. In all which we are forbidden private conventicles, private spirits, private opinions. For, as St. Augustine says well — and he cites it from another whom he names not, *quidam dixit* — if a wall stand single, not joined to any other wall, he that makes a door through the wall and passes through that door, *adhuc foris est*, for all this is without still, *nam domus non est*, one wall makes not a house; one opinion makes not catholic doctrine, one man makes not a church; for this knowledge of God the church is our academy; there we must be bred; and there we may be bred all our lives and yet learn nothing. Therefore, as we must be there, so there we must use the means; and the means in the church are the ordinances and institutions of the church.

The most powerful means is the Scripture; but the Scripture in the church. Not

that we are discouraged from reading the Scripture at home; God forbid we should think any Christian family to be out of the church. At home the Holy Ghost is with thee in the reading of the Scriptures; but there he is with thee as a remembrancer; "The Holy Ghost shall bring to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you," says our Savior; here in the church he is with thee as a doctor to teach thee; first learn at church and then meditate at home; receive the seed by hearing the Scriptures interpreted here, and water it by returning to those places at home. When Christ bids you "Search the Scriptures," he means you should go to them who have a warrant to search, a warrant in their calling. To know which are Scriptures, to know what the Holy Ghost says in the Scriptures, apply thyself to the church. Not that the church is a judge above the Scriptures, for the power and the commission which the church hath, it hath from the Scriptures, but the church is a judge above thee, which are the Scriptures and what is the sense of the Holy Ghost in them.

So then thy means are the Scriptures; that is thy evidence. But then this evidence must be sealed to thee in the sacraments and delivered to thee in preaching, and so sealed and delivered to thee in the presence of competent witnesses, the congregation. When St. Paul was carried up *in raptu*, in an ecstasy, into paradise, that which he gained by this powerful way of teaching is not expressed in a *vidit* but an *audivit*; it is not said that he saw but that he heard unspeakable things. The eye is the Devil's door before the ear; for though he do enter at the ear, by wanton discourse, yet he was at the eye before; we see, before we talk, dangerously. But the ear is the Holy Ghost's first door, he assists us with ritual and ceremonial things which we see in the church; but ceremonies have their right use when their right use hath first been taught by preaching. Therefore to hearing does the apostle apply faith; and as the church is our academy, and our medium the ordinances of the church, so the light by which we see this, that is, know God so as to make him our God, is faith; and that is our other consideration in this part.

Those heretics against whom St. Chrysostom and others of the fathers writ, the *Anomæi*, were inexcusable in this that they said they were able to know God in this life as well as God knew himself; but in this more especially lay their impiety, that they said that they were able to do all this by the light of nature without faith. By the light of nature in the theatre of the world, by the medium of creatures, we see God; but to know God by believing, not only him, but in him, is only in the academy of the church, only through the medium of the ordinances there, and only by the light of faith.

The School does ordinarily design four ways of knowing God; and they make the first of these four ways to be by faith; but then by faith they mean no more but an assent that there is a God; which is but that which in our former considerations we called the seeing of God; and which indeed needs not faith; for the light of nature will serve for that, to see God so. They make their second way contemplation, that is, an union of God in this life;⁷ which is truly the same thing that we mean by faith; for we do not call an assent to the Gospel, faith, but faith is the application of the Gospel to ourselves; not an assenting that Christ died but an assurance that Christ died for all. Their third way of knowing God is by apparition; as when God appeared to the patriarchs and others in fire, in angels, or otherwise. And their fourth way is *per apertam visionem*, by his clear manifestation of himself in heaven.

Their first way, by assenting only, and their third way of apparition, are weak and uncertain ways. The other two, present faith and future vision, are safe ways, but admit this difference, that that of future vision is *gratiæ consummantis*, such a knowledge of God as when it is once had can never be lost nor diminished; but knowledge by faith in this world is *gratiæ communis*, it is an effect and fruit of that grace which God shed upon the whole communion of saints, that is, upon all those who in this academy, the church, do embrace the medium, that is, the ordinances

of the church; and this knowledge of God, by this faith, may be diminished or increased; for it is but in *enigmate*, says our text, darkly, obscurely; clearly in respect of the natural man, but yet but obscurely in respect of that knowledge of God which we shall have in heaven; for, says the apostle, "As long as we walk by faith, and not by sight, we are absent from the Lord." Faith is a blessed presence, but compared with heavenly vision it is but an absence; though it create and constitute in us a possibility, a probability, a kind of certainty of salvation, yet that faith which the best Christian hath is not so far beyond that sight of God which the natural man hath as that sight of God which I shall have in heaven is above that faith which we have now in the highest exaltation. Therefore there belongs a consideration to that which is added by our apostle here, that the knowledge which I have of God here, even by faith through the ordinances of the church, is but a knowledge in part. "Now I know in part."

That which we call in part the Syriac translates *modicum ex multis*; though we know by faith, yet, for all that faith, it is but a little of a great deal that we know yet, because, though faith be good evidence, yet faith is but "the evidence of things not seen"; and there is better evidence of them when they are seen. For if we consider the object, we cannot believe so much in God nor of our happiness in him as we shall see then. For when it is said that the heart comprehends it not, certainly faith comprehends it not neither. And if we consider the manner, faith itself is but darkness in respect of the vision of God in heaven. For those words of the prophet, "I will search Jerusalem with candles," are spoken of the times of the Christian church and of the best men in the Christian church; yet they shall be searched with candles, some darkness shall be found in them. To the Galatians well instructed and well established the apostle says, "Now, after ye have known God, or rather are known of God"; the best knowledge that we have of God here, even by faith, is rather that he knows

⁷ The Neoplatonic conception of ecstasy, the mystic experience in which the soul of the contemplator of God was fused with the divine essence.

us than that we know him. And in this text it is in his own person that the apostle puts the instance, "Now I"—I, an apostle taught by Christ himself—"know but in part." And therefore, as St. Augustine saith, *Sunt quasi cunabula caritatis dei, quibus diligimus proximum*, the love which we bear to our neighbor is but as the infancy, but as the cradle of that love which we bear to God; so the sight of God which we have in *speculo*, in the glass, that is, in nature, is but *cunabula fidei*, but the infancy, but the cradle of that knowledge which we have in faith; and yet that knowledge which we have in faith is but *cunabula visionis*, the infancy and cradle of that knowledge which we shall have when we come to see God face to face. Faith is infinitely above nature, infinitely above works, even above those works which faith itself produces, as parents are to children and the tree to the fruit. But yet faith is as much below vision and seeing God face to face. And therefore, though we ascribe willingly to faith more than we can express, yet let no man think himself so infallibly safe because he finds that he believes in God as he shall be when he sees God; the faithfullest man in the church must say, *Domine, adauge*, "Lord, increase my faith"; he that is least in the kingdom of heaven shall never be put to that. All the world is but *speculum*, a glass, in which we see God; the church itself and that which the ordinance of the church begets in us, faith itself, is but *enigma*, a dark representation of God to us till we come to that state, to see God face to face and to know as also we are known.

Now as for the sight of God here our theatre was the world, our medium and glass was the creature, and our light was reason, and then for our knowledge of God here our academy was the church, our medium the ordinances of the church, and our light the light of faith; so we consider the same terms, first, for the sight of God, and then for the knowledge of God in the next life. First, the sphere, the place where we shall see him, is heaven; he that asks me what heaven is means not to hear me, but to silence me; he knows I cannot tell

him; when I meet him there, I shall be able to tell him, and then he will be as able to tell me; yet then we shall be but able to tell one another this, this that we enjoy is heaven, but the tongues of angels, the tongues of glorified saints, shall not be able to express what that heaven is; for even in heaven our faculties shall be finite. Heaven is not a place that was created; for all place that was created shall be dissolved. God did not plant a paradise for himself and remove to that as he planted a paradise for Adam and removed him to that; but God is still where he was before the world was made. And in that place where there are more suns than there are stars in the firmament, for all the saints are suns, and more light in another sun, the sun of righteousness, the sun of glory, the Son of God, than in all them in that illustration, that emanation, that effusion of beams of glory, which began not to shine 6,000 years ago, but 6,000 millions of millions ago, had been 6,000 millions of millions before that, in those eternal, in those uncreated heavens, shall we see God.

This is our sphere and that which we are fain to call our place; and then our medium, our way to see him is *patefactio sui*, God's laying himself open, his manifestation, his revelation, his evisceration, and embowelling of himself to us there. Doth God never afford this patefaction, this manifestation of himself in his essence, to any in this life? We cannot answer yea, nor no, without offending a great part in the School,⁸ so many affirm, so many deny that God hath been seen in his essence in this life. There are those that say that it is *fere de fide*, little less than an article of faith that it hath been done; and Aquinas denies it so absolutely as that his followers interpret him *de absoluta potentia*, that God by his absolute power cannot make a man a mortal man and under the definition of a mortal man capable of seeing his essence; as we may truly say that God cannot make a beast remaining in that nature capable of grace or glory. St. Augustine speaking of discourses that passed between his mother and him not long before her death, says, *Perambulavimus cuncta mortalia et ipsum*

⁸ The Scholastics made the experience of ecstasy an article of faith; see preceding note.

cælum, we talked ourselves above this earth and above all the heavens; *venimus in mentes nostras et transcendimus eas*, we came to the consideration of our own minds and our own souls, and we got above our own souls; that is, to the consideration of that place where our souls should be for ever; and we could consider God then; but then we could not see God in his essence. As it may be fairly argued that Christ suffered not the very torments of very hell, because it is essential to the torments of hell to be eternal, they were not torments of hell if they received an end; so it is fairly argued too that neither Adam in his ecstasy in paradise nor Moses in his conversation in the mount nor the other apostles in the transfiguration of Christ nor St. Paul in his rapture to the third heavens saw the essence of God, because he that is admitted to that sight of God can never look off nor lose that sight again. Only in heaven shall God proceed to this patefaction, this manifestation, this revelation of himself; and that by the light of glory.

The light of glory is such a light as that our Schoolmen dare not say confidently that every beam of it is not all of it. When some of them say that some souls see some things in God and others, others, because all have not the same measure of the light of glory, the rest cry down that opinion and say that as the essence of God is indivisible and he that sees any of it sees all of it, so is the light of glory communicated entirely to every blessed soul. God made light first, and three days after that light became a sun, a more glorious light. God gave me the light of nature when I quickened in my mother's womb by receiving a reasonable soul; and God gave me the light of faith when I quickened in my second mother's womb, the church, by receiving my baptism; but in my third day, when my mortality shall put on immortality, he shall give me the light of glory by which I shall see himself. To this light of glory the light of honor is but a glow-worm; and majesty itself but a twilight; the cherubims and seraphims are but candles; and the Gospel itself, which the apostle calls the glorious Gospel, but a star of the least magnitude.

And if I cannot tell what to call this light by which I shall see it, what shall I call that which I shall see by it, the essence of God himself! And yet there is something else than this sight of God intended in that which remains; I shall not only see God face to face, but I shall know him — which, as you have seen all the way, is above sight — and know him even as also I am known.

In this consideration God alone is all; in all the former there was a place and a means and a light; here, for this perfect knowledge of God, God is all those. "Then," says the apostle, "God shall be all in all." *Hic agit omnia in omnibus*, says St. Jerome; here God does all in all; but here he does all by instruments; even in the infusing of faith he works by the ministry of the Gospel. But there he shall be all in all, do all in all immediately by himself; for Christ shall deliver up the kingdom to God even the Father. His kingdom is the administration of his church by his ordinances in the church. At the resurrection there shall be an end of that kingdom; no more church; no more working upon men by preaching, but God himself shall be all in all. *Ministri quasi larvæ dei*, says Luther. It may be somewhat too familiarly, too vulgarly said, but usefully; the ministry of the Gospel is but as God's vizard; for by such a liberty the apostle here calls it *anigma*, a riddle, or, as Luther says too, God's picture; but in the resurrection God shall put off that vizard and turn away that picture and show his own face. Therefore is it said that "in heaven there is no temple, but God himself is the temple"; God is service and music and psalm and sermon and sacrament and all. *Erit vita de verbo sine verbo*; we shall live upon the word, and hear never a word; live upon him who, being the word, was made flesh, the eternal Son of God. *Hic non est omnia in omnibus, sed pars in singulis*; here God is not all in all; where he is at all in any man that man is well; *in Solomone sapientia*, says that father;⁹ it was well with Solomon because God was wisdom with him and patience in Job and faith in Peter and zeal in Paul; but there was something in all these which God was not. But in heaven he shall be so all in all

⁹ St. Jerome.

ut singuli sanctorum omnes virtutes habent, that every soul shall have every perfection in itself; and the perfection of these perfections shall be that their sight shall be face to face and their knowledge as they are known.

Since St. Augustine calls it a debt, a double debt, a debt because she asked it, a debt because he promised it, to give, even a woman, Paulina, satisfaction in that high point and mystery, how we should see God face to face in heaven, it cannot be unfit in this congregation to ask and answer some short questions concerning that. Is it always a declaration of favor when God shows his face? No. "I will set my face against that soul that eateth blood and cut him off." But when there is light joined with it, it is a declaration of favor; this was the blessing that God taught Moses for Aaron to bless the people with, "The Lord make his face to shine upon thee and be gracious to thee." And there we shall see him face to face by the light of his countenance, which is the light of glory. What shall we see by seeing him so, face to face? Not to enlarge ourselves into Gregory's wild speculation, *Qui videt videntem omnia omnia videt*, because we shall see him that sees all things we shall see all things in him (for then we should see the thoughts of men), rest we in the testimony of a safer witness, a council, *In speculo divinitatis quicquid eorum intersit illucescet*; in that glass we shall see whatsoever we can be the better for seeing. First, all things that they believed here they shall see there; and therefore, *discamus in terris quorum scientia nobiscum perseveret in cælis*, let us meditate upon no other things on earth than we would be glad to think on in heaven; and this consideration would put many frivolous and many fond thoughts out of our mind, if men and women would love another but so as that love might last in heaven.

This then we shall get concerning ourselves by seeing God face to face; but what concerning God? Nothing but the sight of the humanity of Christ, which only is visible to the eye. So Theodoret, so some others have thought; but that answers not the *sicut est*; and we know we shall see God — not only the body of Christ — as he is in

his essence. Why? Did all that are said to have seen God face to face see his essence? No. In earth God assumed some material things to appear in and is said to have been face to face when he was seen in those assumed forms. But in heaven there is no material thing to be assumed, and if God be seen face to face there, he is seen in his essence. St. Augustine sums it up fully upon those words, *in lumine tuo*, "in thy light we shall see light," *te scilicet in te*, we shall see thee in thee; that is, says he, face to face.

And then what is it to know him as we are known? First, is that it which is intended here that we shall know God so as we are known? It is not expressed in the text so. It is only that we shall know so; not that we shall know God so. But the frame, and context of the place, hath drawn that unanimous exposition from all, that it is meant of our knowledge of God then. A comprehensive knowledge of God it cannot be; to comprehend is to know a thing as well as that thing can be known; and we can never know God so but that he will know himself better. Our knowledge cannot be so dilated, nor God condensed and contracted so as that we can know him that way, comprehensively. It cannot be such a knowledge of God as God hath of himself, nor as God hath of us; for God comprehends us and all this world and all the worlds that he could have made and himself. But it is *nota similitudinis, non æqualitatis*; as God knows me, so I shall know God; but I shall not know God so as God knows me. It is not *quantum* but *sicut*; not as much but as truly; as the fire does as truly shine as the sun shines, though it shine not out so far nor to so many purposes. So then I shall know God so as that there shall be nothing in me to hinder me from knowing God; which cannot be said of the nature of man, though regenerate, upon earth, no, nor of the nature of an angel in heaven left to itself, till both have received a super-illustration from the light of glory.

And so it shall be a knowledge so like his knowledge as it shall produce a love like his love, and we shall love him as he loves us. For as St. Chrysostom and the rest of the fathers whom Ecumenius hath com-

pacted interpret it, *Cognoscam practice, id est, accurrendo*, I shall know him, that is, embrace him, adhere to him. *Qualis sine fine festivitas!* what a holiday this shall be which no working day shall ever follow! By knowing and loving the unchangeable, the immutable God, *mutabimur in immutabilitatem*, we shall be changed into an unchangeableness, says that father¹⁰ that never said anything but extraordinarily. He says more, *dei presentia si in inferno appareret*, if God could be seen and known in hell, hell in an instant would be heaven.

How many heavens are there in heaven? how is heaven multiplied to every soul in heaven where infinite other happinesses are crowned with this, this sight and this knowledge of God there? And how shall all those heavens be renewed to us every day, *qui non mirabimur hodie*, that shall be as glad to see and to know God millions of ages after every day's seeing and knowing as the first hour of looking upon his face. And as this seeing, and this knowing of God crowns all other joys and glories even in heaven, so this very crown is crowned; there grows from this a higher glory, which is, *participes*

erimus divinæ naturæ, words of which Luther says that both testaments afford none equal to them, that we shall be made partakers of the divine nature; immortal as the Father, righteous as the Son, and full of all comfort as the Holy Ghost.

Let me dismiss you with an easy request of St. Augustine, *Fieri non potest ut seipsum non diligat qui deum diligit*; that man does not love God that loves not himself; do but love yourselves; *immo solus se diligere novit qui deum diligit*, only that man that loves God hath the art to love himself; do but love yourselves; for if he love God, he would live eternally with him, and if he desire that and endeavor it earnestly, he does truly love himself and not otherwise. And he loves himself who, by seeing God in the theatre of the world and in the glass of the creature by the light of reason and knowing God in the academy of the church by the ordinances thereof through the light of faith, endeavors to see God in heaven by the manifestation of himself through the light of glory and to know God himself, in himself, and by himself as he is all in all, contemplatively, by knowing as he is known and practically, by loving as he is loved.

SERMON LXXII, FOLIO OF 1640¹

"And Jesus walking by the Sea of Galilee saw two brethren, Simon called Peter and Andrew his brother, casting a net into the sea, for they were fishers. And he saith unto them, 'Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men;' and they straightway left their nets and followed him."

We are now in our order proposed at first come to our second part from the consideration of these persons, Peter and Andrew, in their former state and condition before and at their calling to their future estate in promise, but an infallible promise, Christ's promise, if they followed him; "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." In which part we shall best come to our end, which is your edification, by these steps. First, that there is an humility enjoined them in the *sequere*, follow, come after; that though they be brought to a higher calling, that do not make them proud

nor tyrannous over men's consciences; and then even this humility is limited, *sequere me*, follow me; for there may be a pride even in humility, and a man may follow a dangerous guide; our guide here is Christ, *sequere me*, follow me. And then we shall see the promise itself, the employment, the function, the preferment; in which there is no new state promised them, no innovation — they were fishers, and they shall be fishers still — but there is an improvement, a bettering, a reformation — they were fishermen before, and now they shall be fishers of men; to which purpose we shall

¹⁰ St. Augustine; Donne holds him highest in esteem among all the church fathers, and he quotes him the most frequently of all.

¹ This and the preceding Sermon lxxi Donne expanded in 1630 from a sermon preached at the Hague in 1619.

find the world to be the sea and the Gospel their net. And lastly, all this is presented to them, not as it was expressed in the former part with a *for*; it is not follow me, for I will prefer you; he will not have that the reason of their following; but yet it is follow me, and I will prefer you; it is a subsequent addition of his own goodness, but so infallible a one as we may rely upon; whosoever doth follow Christ, speeds well. And into these considerations will fall all that belongs to this last part, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men."

First then, here is an impression of humility in following, in coming after, *sequere*, follow, press not to come before; and it had need be first, if we consider how early, how primary a sin pride is, and how soon it possesses us. Scarce any man, but if he look back seriously into himself and into his former life and revolve his own history, but that the first act which he can remember in himself, or can be remembered of by others, will be some act of pride. Before ambition or covetousness or licentiousness is awake in us, pride is working; though but a childish pride, yet pride; and this parents rejoice at in their children, and call it spirit, and so it is, but not the best. We enlarge not therefore the consideration of this word *sequere*, follow, come after, so far as to put our meditations upon the whole body and the several members of this sin of pride; nor upon the extent and diffusiveness of this sin, as it spreads itself over every other sin (for every sin is complicated with pride so as every sin is a rebellious opposing of the law and will of God); nor to consider the weighty heinousness of pride, how it aggravates every other sin, how it makes a musket a cannon bullet and a pebble a millstone; but after we have stopped a little upon that useful consideration that there is not so direct and diametrical a contrariety between the nature of any sin and God as between him and pride, we shall pass to that which is our principal observation in this branch, how early and primary a sin pride is, occasioned by this, that the commandment of humility is first given, first enjoined in our first word, *sequere*, follow.

But first, we exalt that consideration,

that nothing is so contrary to God as pride, with this observation, that God in the Scriptures is often by the Holy Ghost invested and represented in the qualities and affections of man; and to constitute a commerce and familiarity between God and man, God is not only said to have bodily lineaments, eyes and ears and hands and feet, and to have some of the natural affections of man, as joy in particular — "The Lord will rejoice over thee for good, as he rejoiced over thy fathers," and so pity too — "The Lord was with Joseph and extended kindness unto him," but some of those inordinate and irregular passions and perturbations, excesses and defects of man are imputed to God by the Holy Ghost in the Scriptures. For so laziness, drowsiness is imputed to God — "Awake Lord, why sleepest thou?" so corruptibleness and deterioration and growing worse by ill company is imputed to God — *cum perverso perverteris*. God is said to grow froward with the froward, and that he learns to go crookedly with them that go crookedly; and prodigality and wastefulness is imputed to God — "Thou sellest thy people for naught, and dost not increase thy wealth by their price"; so sudden and hasty choler — "Kiss the Son lest he be angry and ye perish in *ira brevi*, though his wrath be kindled but a little"; and then illimited and boundless anger, a vindictive irreconcilableness is imputed to God — "I was but a little displeased" — (but it is otherwise now), "I am very sore displeased"; so there is *ira devorans* — "wrath that consumes like stubble"; so there is *ira multiplicata* — "plagues renewed and indignation increased," so God himself expresses it — "I will fight against you in anger and in fury"; and so for his inexorableness, his irreconcilableness — "O Lord God of Hosts, *quousque*, how long wilt thou be angry against the prayer of thy people"? — God's own people, God's own people praying to their own God, and yet their God irreconcilable to them. Scorn and contempt is imputed to God; which is one of the most enormous and disproportioned weaknesses in man; that a worm that crawls in the dust, that a grain of dust that is hurried with every blast of wind should find any-

thing so much inferior to itself as to scorn it, to deride it, to condemn it; yet scorn and derision and contempt is imputed to God — “He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh, the Lord shall have them in derision,” and again — “I will laugh at your calamity, I will mock you when your fear cometh.” Nay, beloved, even inebriation, excess in that kind, drunkenness, is a metaphor which the Holy Ghost hath mingled in the expressing of God’s proceedings with man; for God does not only threaten to make his enemies drunk — and to make others drunk is a circumstance of drunkenness, so Jerusalem being in his displeasure complains, *inebriavit absinthio* — “He hath made me drunk with wormwood,” and again — “They shall be drunk with their own blood, as with new wine,” nor only to express his plentiful mercies to his friends and servants, does God take that metaphor — *inebriabo animam sacerdotis*, “I will make the soul of the priest drunk,” fill it, satiate it, and again — “I will make the weary soul, and the sorrowful soul drunk”; but not only all this — though in all this God have a hand — not only towards others, but God in his own behalf complains of the scant and penurious sacrificer, *non inebriasti me*, “Thou hast not made me drunk with thy sacrifices.” And yet, though for the better applying of God to the understanding of man the Holy Ghost impute to God these excesses and defects of man, laziness and drowsiness, deterioration, corruptibleness by ill conversation, prodigality and wastefulness, sudden choler, long irreconcilableness, scorn, inebriation, and many others in the Scriptures; yet in no place of the Scripture is God for any respect said to be proud; God in the Scriptures is never made so like man as to be made capable of pride; for this had not been to have God like man, but like the Devil.

God is said in the Scriptures to apparel himself gloriously — “God covers him with light as with a garment”; and so of his spouse the church it is said — “Her clothing is of wrought gold, and her raiment of needle work,” and, as though nothing in this world were good enough for her wearing, she is said to be clothed with the sun.” But glorious apparel is not pride in them

whose conditions require it and whose revenues will bear it. God is said in the Scriptures to appear with greatness and majesty — “A stream of fire came forth before him; thousand thousands ministered unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him.” And so Christ shall come at judgment with his hosts of angels in majesty and in glory. But these outward appearances and acts of greatness are not pride in those persons to whom there is a reverence due, which reverence is preserved by this outward splendor, and not otherwise. God is said in the Scriptures to triumph over his enemies and to be jealous of his glory — “The Lord, whose name is Jealous, is a jealous God”; but for princes to be jealous of their glory, studious of their honor, for any private man to be jealous of his good name, careful to preserve an honest reputation, is not pride. For pride is *appetitus celsitudinis perversus*, it is an inordinate desire of being better than we are.

Now there is a lawful, nay, a necessary desire of being better and better; and that not only in spiritual things — for so every man is bound to be better and better, better today than yesterday, and tomorrow than today, and he that grows not in religion withers, there is no standing at a stay, he that goes not forward in godliness goes backward, and he that is not better is worse; but even in temporal things too there is a liberty given us, nay, there is a law, an obligation laid upon us, to endeavor by industry in a lawful calling to mend and improve, to enlarge ourselves and spread even in worldly things. The first commandment that God gave man was not prohibitive; God in that forbade man nothing, but enlarged him with that *crescite et multiplicamini*, increase and multiply, which is not only in the multiplication of children, but in the enlargement of possessions too; for so it follows in the same place, not only *replete* but *dominamini*, not only to replenish the world but subdue and take dominion over it, that is, make it your own. For *terram dedit filiis hominum*, as God has given sons to men, so God gives the possession of this world to the sons of men. For so when God delivers that commandment the second time to Noah for the reparation of the world, *crescite et multi-*

plicamini, increase and multiply, he accompanies it with that reason, "The fear of you and the dread of you shall be upon all, and all are delivered into your hands"; which reason can have no relation to the multiplying of children, but to the enlarging of possessions. God planted trees in paradise in a good state at first; at first with ripe fruits upon them; but God's purpose was that even those trees, though well then, should grow greater. God gives many men good estates from their parents at first; yet God's purpose is that they should increase those estates. He that leaves no more than his father left him, if the fault be in himself, shall hardly make a good account of his stewardship to God; for he hath but kept his talent in a handkerchief. And "the slothful man is even brother to the waster." The Holy Ghost in Solomon scarce prefers him that does not get more before him that wastes all. He makes them brethren; almost all one. "Cursed be he that does the work of God negligently," that does any commandment of God by halves; and this negligent and lazy man, this in-industrious and illaborious man that takes no pains, he does one part of God's commandment, he does multiply, but he does not the other, he does not increase; he leaves children enow, but he leaves them nothing; not in possessions and maintenance, nor in vocation and calling.

And truly, howsoever "the love of money be the root of all evil" — he cannot mistake who told us so, howsoever "they that will be rich," that resolve to be rich by any means, "shall fall into many temptations," howsoever a hasty desire of being suddenly and prematurely rich be a dangerous and an obnoxious thing, a pestilent and contagious disease (for what a perverse and inordinate anticipation and prevention² of God and nature is it to look for our harvest in May, or to look for all grains at once? and such a perverseness is the hasty desire of being suddenly and prematurely rich), yet to go on industriously in an honest calling and giving God his leisure and giving God his portion all the way in tithes and in alms and then still to lay up something for posterity is that which God does not

only permit and accept from us, but command to us and reward in us. And certainly, that man shall not stand so right in God's eye at the last day that leaves his children to the parish as he that leaves the parish to his children, if he have made his purchases out of honest gain in a lawful calling and not out of oppression.

In all which I would be rightly understood; that is, that I speak of such poverty as is contracted by our own laziness or wastefulness. For otherwise poverty that comes from the hand of God is as rich a blessing as comes from his hand. He that is poor with a good conscience, that hath labored and yet not prospered, knows to whom to go and what to say, "Lord, thou hast put gladness into my heart more than in the time when corn and wine increased" (more now than when I had more); "I will lay me down and sleep, for thou Lord only makest me to dwell in safety." Does every rich man dwell in safety? Can every rich man lie down in peace and sleep? No, nor every poor man neither; but he that is poor with a good conscience can. And though he that is rich with a good conscience may in a good measure do so too (sleep in peace), yet not so out of the sphere and latitude of envy and free from the machinations and supplantations and underminings of malicious men that feed upon the confiscations and build upon the ruins of others as the poor man is.

Though then St. Chrysostom call riches *absurditatis parentes*, the parents of absurdities, that they make us do not only ungodly but inhuman things, not only irreligious but unreasonable things, uncomely and absurd things, things which we ourselves did not suspect that we could be drawn to; yet there is a growing rich which is not covetousness, and there is a desire of honor and preferment which is not pride. For pride is, as we said before, *appetitus perversus*, a perverse and inordinate desire; but there is a desire of honor and preferment regulated by rectified reason; and rectified reason is religion. And therefore, as we said, however other affections of man may be and are by the Holy Ghost in Scriptures in some respects ascribed to God,

yet never pride. Nay, the Holy Ghost himself seems to be straitened and in a difficulty when he comes to express God's proceedings with a proud man and his detestation of him and aversion from him. There is a considerable, a remarkable, indeed a singular manner of expressing it (perchance you find not the like in all the Bible), where God says, "Him that hath a high look and a proud heart I will not" (in our last), "I cannot" (in our former translation). Not what? Not as it is in those translations, "I cannot suffer him, I will not suffer him"; for that word of suffering is but a voluntary word supplied by the translators; in the original it is as it were an abrupt breaking off on God's part from the proud man and, if we may so speak, a kind of froward departing from him. God does not say of the proud man, I cannot work upon him, I cannot mend him, I cannot pardon him, I cannot suffer him, I cannot stay with him, but merely "I cannot," and no more; I cannot tell what to say of him, what to do for him—"Him that hath a proud heart I cannot"; pride is so contrary to God as that the proud man and he can meet in nothing. And this consideration hath kept us thus long from that which we made our first and principal collection, that this commandment of humility was imprinted in our very first word, *sequere*, follow, be content to come after, to denote how early and primary a sin pride is and how soon it entered into the world and how soon into us; and that consideration we shall pursue now.

We know that light is God's eldest child, his first-born of all creatures; and it is ordinarily received that the angels are twins with the light, made then when light was made. And then the first act that these angels that fell did was an act of pride. They did not thank nor praise God for their creation, which should have been their first act; they did not solicit nor pray to God for their sustentation, their melioration, their confirmation (so they should have proceeded); but the first act those first creatures did was an act of pride, a proud reflecting upon themselves, a proud overvaluing of their own condition and an acquiescence in that, in an imaginary possi-

bility of standing by themselves without any farther relation or beholdingness to God. So early, so primary a sin is pride as that it was the first act of the first of creatures.

So early, so primary a sin as that whereas all pride is but a comparative pride, this first pride in the angels was a positive, a radical pride. The pharisee is but proud "that he is not as other men are"; that is but a comparative pride. No king thinks himself great enough, yet he is proud that he is independent, sovereign, subject to none. No subject thinks himself rich enough, yet he is proud that he is able to oppress others that are poorer, *et gloriatur in malo quia potens est*, he boasteth himself in mischief because he is a mighty man. But all these are but comparative prides; and there must be some subjects to compare with before a king can be proud, and some inferiors before the magistrate, and some poor before the rich man can be proud. But this pride in those angels in heaven was a positive pride; there were no other creatures yet made with whom these angels could compare themselves and before whom these angels could prefer themselves; and yet before there was any other creature but themselves, any other creature to undervalue or insult³ over, these angels were proud of themselves. So early, so primary a sin is pride.

So early, so primary as that in that ground which was for goodness next to heaven, that is, paradise, pride grew very early too. Adam's first act was not an act of pride, but an act of lawful power and jurisdiction, in naming the creatures; Adam was above them all, and he might have called them what he would; there had been⁴ no action, no appeal, if Adam had called a lion a dog or an eagle an owl. And yet we dispute with God why he should not make all us vessels of honor, and we complain of God that he hath not given us all, all the abundances of this world. Comparatively Adam was better than all the world beside, and yet we find no act of pride in Adam when he was alone. Solitude is not the scene of pride; the danger of pride is in company, when we meet to look

³ Note the closeness of the meaning to the Latin; exult.

⁴ Past participle of *lie*; Biblical.

upon another. But in Adam's wife, Eve, her first act that is noted was an act of pride, a harkening to that voice of the serpent, "Ye shall be as gods." As soon as there were two, there was pride. How many may we have known, if we have had any conversation in the world, that have been content all the week at home alone with their workaday faces as well as with their workaday clothes, and yet on Sundays, when they come to church and appear in company, will mend both, their faces as well as their clothes. Not solitude but company is the scene of pride; and therefore I know not what to call that practice of the nuns in Spain who though they never see man yet will paint. So early, so primary a sin is pride as that it grew instantly from her whom God intended for a helper, because he saw "that it was not good for man to be alone." God sees that it is not good for man to be without health, without wealth, without power and jurisdiction and magistracy; and we grow proud of our helpers, proud of our health and strength, proud of our wealth and riches, proud of our office and authority over others.

So early, so primary a sin is pride as that out of every mercy and blessing which God affords us (and "His mercies are new every morning"), we gather pride; we are not the more thankful for them, and yet we are the prouder of them. Nay, we gather pride not only out of those things which mend and improve us, God's blessings and mercies, but out of those actions of our own that destroy and ruin us we gather pride; sins overthrow us, demolish us, destroy and ruin us; and yet we are proud of our sins. How many men have we heard boast of their sins, and, as St. Augustine confesses of himself, belie themselves and boast of more sins than ever they committed? Out of everything, out of nothing sin grows. Therefore was this commandment in our text, *sequere*, follow, come after, well placed first; for we are come to see even children strive for place and precedence, and mothers are ready to go to the Heralds⁵ to know how cradles shall be ranked, which cradle shall have the highest place; nay, even in the womb there was contention for precedence; Jacob took hold

of his brother Esau's heel and would have been born before him.

And as our pride begins in our cradle it continues in our graves and monuments. It was a good while in the primitive church before any were buried in the church; the best contented themselves with the churchyards. After, a holy ambition (may we call it so), a holy pride brought them *ad limina*, to the church threshold, to the church door, because some great martyrs were buried in the porches and devout men desired to lie near them, as one prophet did to lie near another, "Lay my bones beside his bones." But now persons whom the Devil kept from church all their lives, Separatists, libertines, that never came to any church, and persons whom the Devil brought to church all their lives (for such as come merely out of the obligation of the law and to redeem that vexation, or out of custom or company or curiosity or a perverse and sinister affection to the particular preacher, though they come to God's house, come upon the Devil's invitation), such as one devil, that is, worldly respect, brought to church in their lives, another devil, that is, pride and vainglory, brings to church after their deaths in an affectation of high places and sumptuous monuments in the church. And such as have given nothing at all to any pious uses or have determined their alms and their dole which they have given in that one day of their funeral and no farther have given large annuities, perpetuities, for new-painting their tombs and for new flags and 'scutcheons every certain number of years.

O the earliness! O the lateness! how early a spring and no autumn! how fast a growth and no declination of this branch of this sin, pride, against which this first word of ours, *sequere*, follow, come after, is opposed! This love of place and precedence, it rocks us in our cradles, it lies down with us in our graves. There are diseases proper to certain things, rots to sheep, murrain to cattle. There are diseases proper to certain places, as the sweat was to us. There are diseases proper to certain times, as the plague is in divers parts of the eastern countries, where they know assuredly when it will begin and

⁵ The College of Heralds.

end. But for this infectious disease of precedency and love of place, it is over all places, as well cloisters as courts, and over all men, as well spiritual as temporal, and over all times, as well the apostles' as ours. The apostles disputed often, who should be greatest; and it was not enough to them that Christ assured them, "that they should sit upon the twelve thrones and judge the twelve Tribes"; it was not enough for the sons of Zebedee to be put into that commission, but their friends must solicit the office to place them high in that commission; their mother must move that one may sit at Christ's right hand and the other at his left in the execution of that commission. Because this sin of pride is so early and primary a sin, is this commandment of humility first enjoined, and because this sin appears most generally in this love of place and precedency, the commandment is expressed in that word, *sequere*, follow, come after. But then, even this humility is limited, for it is *sequere me*, follow me, which was proposed for our second consideration, *sequere me*.

There may be a pride in humility, and an over-weening of ourselves in attributing too much to our own judgment in following some leaders; for so we may be so humble as to go after some man, and yet so proud as to go before the church, because that man may be a schismatic. Therefore Christ proposes a safe guide, himself, *sequere me*, follow me. It is a dangerous thing when Christ says, *vade post me*, "get thee behind me"; for that is accompanied with a shrewd name of increpation, "Satan, get thee behind me, Satan!" Christ speaks it but twice in the Gospel; once to Peter, whom because he then did the part of an adversary Christ called Satan, and once to Satan himself because he pursued his temptations upon him; for there is a going behind Christ, which is a casting out of his presence without any future following, and that is a fearful station, a fearful retrogradation; but when Christ says, not *vade retro*, "get thee behind me," see my face no more, but *sequere me*, follow me, he means to look back upon us; so "the Lord turned and looked upon Peter, and Peter wept bitterly," and all was well; when he bids us follow

him, he directs us in a good way and by a good guide.

The Carthusian Friars thought they descended into as low pastures as they could go when they renounced all flesh and bound themselves to feed on fish only; and yet another order follows them in their superstitious singularity and goes beyond them, *Foliantes*, the *Feuillans*, they eat neither flesh nor fish, nothing but leaves and roots; and as the Carthusians in a proud humility despise all other orders that eat flesh so do the *Feuillans* the Carthusians that eat fish. There is a pride in such humility. That order of friars that called themselves *Ignorantes*, ignorant men, that pretended to know nothing, sunk as low as they thought it possible into an humble name and appellation; and yet the Minorites (Minorites that are less than any) think they are gone lower, and then the Minims (Minims that are less than all) lower than they. And when one would have thought that there had not been a lower step than that, another sect went beyond all, beyond the Ignorants and the Minorities and the Minims and all and called themselves *Nullanos*, Nothings. But yet even these diminutives, the Minorites and Minims and *Nullans*, as little, as less, as least, as very nothing as they profess themselves, lie under this disease which is opposed in the *sequere me*, follow, come after, in our text; for no sort nor condition of men in the world are more contentious, more quarrelsome, more vehement for place and precedency than these orders of friars are there where it may appear, that is, in their public processions, as we find by those often troubles which the superiors of the several orders and bishops in their several dioceses and some of those councils which they call general have been put to for the ranking and marshalling of these contentious and wrangling men. Which makes me remember the words in which the eighteenth of Elizabeth's injunctions is conceived, that to take away fond courtesy, that is, needless compliment, and to take away challenging of places (which it seems were frequent and troublesome then), to take away fond courtesy and challenging of places, processions themselves were taken away, because in those processions these orders of

friars that pretended to follow and come after all the world did thus passionately and with so much scandalous animosity pursue the love of place and precedency. Therefore is our humility limited, *sequere me, follow me, follow Christ*. How is that done?

Consider it in doctrinal things first, and then in moral; first, how we are to follow Christ in believing, and then how in doing, in practising. First, in doctrinal things there must have gone somebody before, else it is no following; take heed therefore of going on with thine own inventions, thine own imaginations, for this is no following; take heed of accompanying the beginners of heresies and schisms; for these are no followings where none have gone before. Nay, there have not gone enow before to make it a path to follow in except it have had a long continuance and been much trodden in. And therefore to follow Christ doctrinally is to embrace those doctrines in which his church hath walked from the beginning and not to vex thyself with new points not necessary to salvation. That is the right way, and then thou art well entered; but that is not all; thou must walk in the right way to the end, that is, to the end of thy life. So that to profess the whole Gospel and nothing but Gospel for Gospel and profess this to thy death, for no respect, no dependence upon any great person, to slacken in any fundamental point of thy religion, nor to be shaken with hopes or fears in thy age when thou wouldst fain live at ease and therefore thinkest it necessary to do as thy supporters do; to persevere to the end in the whole Gospel, this is to follow Christ in doctrinal things.

In practical things, things that belong to action, we must also follow Christ in the right way and to the end. They are both (way and end) laid together, *sufferentiam Job audivistis, et finem Domini vidistis*; "You have heard of the patience of Job, and you have seen the end of the Lord"; and you must go Job's way to Christ's end. Job hath beaten a path for us to show us all the way; a path that affliction walked in, and seemed to delight in it, in bringing the Sabæan upon his oxen, the Chaldean upon his camels, the fire upon his sheep, destruction upon his servants, and at last, ruin

upon his children. One affliction makes not a path; iterated, continued calamities do; and such a path Job hath showed us, not only patience but cheerfulness; more, thankfulness for our afflictions, because they were multiplied. And then we must set before our eyes as the way of Job so the end of the Lord; now the end of the Lord was the cross; so that to follow him to the end is not only to bear afflictions, though to death, but it is to bring our crosses to the cross of Christ. How is that progress made? For it is a royal progress, not a pilgrimage, to follow Christ to his cross. Our Savior saith, "He that will follow me, let him take up his cross and follow me." You see four stages, four resting, baiting places in this progress. It must be a cross, and it must be my cross, and then it must be taken up by me, and with this cross of mine thus taken up by me I must follow Christ, that is, carry my cross to his.

First it must be a cross, *tollat crucem*; for every man hath afflictions, but every man hath not crosses. Only those afflictions are crosses, "whereby the world is crucified to us, and we to the world." The afflictions of the wicked exasperate them, enrage them, stone and pave them, obdurate and petrify them; but they do not crucify them. The afflictions of the godly crucify them. And when I come to that conformity with my Savior as to fulfil his sufferings in my flesh (as I am when I glorify him in a Christian constancy and cheerfulness in my afflictions), then I am crucified with him, carried up to his cross. And as Elisha in raising the Shunamite's dead child put his mouth upon the child's mouth, his eyes and his hands upon the hands and the eyes of the child; so when my crosses have carried me up to my Savior's cross, I put my hands into his hands and hang upon his nails, I put mine eyes upon his and wash off all my former unchaste looks and receive a sovereign tincture and a lively verdure and a new life into my dead tears from his tears. I put my mouth upon his mouth, and it is I that say, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" and it is I that recover again and say, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." Thus my afflictions are truly a cross when those

afflictions do truly crucify me, supple me and mellow me and knead me and roll me out to a conformity with Christ. It must be this cross, and then it must be my cross that I must take up, *tollat suam*.

Other men's crosses are not my crosses; no man hath suffered more than himself needed. That is a poor treasure which they boast of in the Roman Church, that they have their exchequer, all the works of supererogation, of the martyrs in the primitive church that suffered so much more than was necessary for their own salvation, and those superabundant crosses and merits they can apply to me. If the treasure of the blood of Christ Jesus be not sufficient, Lord, what addition can I find to match them, to piece out them! And if it be sufficient of itself, what addition need I seek? Other men's crosses are not mine, other men's merits cannot save me. Nor is any cross mine own which is not mine by a good title; if I be not possessor *bona fide*, if I came not well by that cross. And *quid habeo quod non accepi*? is a question that reaches even to my crosses; what have I that I have not received! Not a cross; and from whose hands can I receive any good thing but from the hands of God? So that that only is my cross which the hand of God hath laid upon me. Alas! that cross of present bodily weakness which the former wantonnesses of my youth have brought upon me is not my cross; that cross of poverty which the wastefulness of youth hath brought upon me is not my cross; for these, weakness upon wantonness, want upon wastefulness, are nature's crosses, not God's, and they would fall naturally, though there were (which is an impossible supposition) no God. Except God therefore take these crosses in the way as they fall into his hands and sanctify them so and then lay them upon me, they are not my crosses; but if God do this, they are. And then this cross thus prepared I must take up; *tollat*.

Foreign crosses, other men's merits are not mine; spontaneous and voluntary crosses contracted by my own sins are not mine; neither are devious and remote and unnecessary crosses my crosses. Since I am bound to take up my cross, there must be a cross that is mine to take up; that

is, a cross prepared for me by God and laid in my way, which is temptations or tribulations in my calling; and I must not go out of my way to seek a cross; for so it is not mine nor laid for my taking up. I am not bound to hunt after a persecution, nor to stand it and not fly, nor to affront a plague and not remove, nor to open myself to an injury and not defend. I am not bound to starve myself by inordinate fasting, nor to tear my flesh by inhuman whippings and flagellations. I am bound to take up my cross; and that is only mine which the hand of God hath laid for me, that is, in the way of my calling, temptations, and tribulations incident to that.

If it be mine, that is, laid for me by the hand of God and taken up by me, that is, voluntarily embraced, then *sequatur*, says Christ, I am bound to follow him with that cross, that is, to carry my cross to his cross. And if at any time I faint under this cross in the way, let this comfort me, that even Christ himself was eased by Simon of Cyrene in the carrying of his cross; and in all such cases I must fly to the assistance of the church and of good men that God, since it is his burden, will make it lighter, since it is his yoke, easier, and since it is his cross, more supportable, and give me the issue with the temptation. When all is done, with this cross thus laid for me and taken up by me, I must follow Christ; Christ to his end; his end is his cross; that is, I must bring my cross to his; lay down my cross at the foot of his; confess that there is no dignity, no merit in mine but as it receives an impression, a sanctification from his. For if I could die a thousand times for Christ, this were nothing if Christ had not died for me before. And this is truly to follow Christ both in the way and to the end as well in doctrinal things as in practical. And this is all that lay upon these two, Peter and Andrew, "Follow me." Remains yet to be considered, what they shall get by this; which is our last consideration.

They shall be fishers. And what shall they catch? Men. They shall be fishers of men. And then for that the world must be their sea, and their net must be the Gospel. And here is so vast a sea and with so small a net there was no great appearance of much

gain. And in this function, whosoever they should catch, they should catch little for themselves. The apostleship as it was the fruitfullest, so it was the barrenest vocation; they were to catch all the world; there is their fecundity; but the apostles were to have no successors, as apostles; there is their barrenness. The apostleship was not intended for a function to raise house and families; the function ended in their persons; after the first, there were no more apostles.

And therefore it is an usurpation, an imposture, an illusion, it is a forgery, when the Bishop of Rome will proceed by apostolical authority and with apostolical dignity and apostolical jurisdiction; if he be St. Peter's successor in the bishopric of Rome, he may proceed with episcopal authority in his diocese. If he be; for, though we do not deny that St. Peter was at Rome and Bishop of Rome, though we receive it with an historical faith induced by the consent of ancient writers; yet when they will constitute matter of faith out of matter of fact and because St. Peter was *de facto* Bishop of Rome, therefore we must believe as an article of faith such an infallibility in that church as that no successor of St. Peter's can ever err; when they stretch it to matter of faith, then for matter of faith we require Scriptures; and then we are confident, and justly confident, that though historically we do believe it, yet out of Scriptures, which is a necessary proof in articles of faith, they can never prove that St. Peter was Bishop of Rome or ever at Rome. So then, if the present Bishop of Rome be St. Peter's successor as Bishop of Rome, he hath episcopal jurisdiction there; but he is not St. Peter's successor in his apostleship; and only that apostleship was a jurisdiction over all the world. But the apostleship was an extraordinary office instituted by Christ for a certain time and to certain purposes and to continue in ordinary use. As also the office of the prophet was in the Old Testament an extraordinary office and was not transferred then nor does not remain now in the ordinary office of the minister.

And therefore they argue impertinently and collect and infer sometimes seditiously

that say the prophet proceeded thus and thus, therefore the minister may and must proceed so too; the prophets would chide the kings openly and threaten the kings publicly and proclaim the fault of the kings in the ears of the people confidently, authoritatively, therefore the minister may and must do so. God sent that particular Prophet Jeremiah with that extraordinary commission, "Behold I have this day set thee over the nations and over the kingdoms to root out and to pull down, to destroy and throw down, and then to build and to plant again"; but God hath given none of us his ministers in our ordinary function any such commission over nations and over kingdoms. Even in Jeremiah's commission there seems to be a limitation of time; "Behold this day I have set thee over them," where that addition, this day, is not only the date of the commission, that it passed God's hand that day, but this day is the term, the duration of the commission, that it was to last but that day, that is, as the phrase of that language is, that time for which it was limited. And therefore as they argue perversely, frowardly, dangerously that say the minister does not his duty that speaks not as boldly and as publicly too and of kings and great persons as the prophets did, because theirs was an extraordinary, ours an ordinary office — and no man will think that the justices in their sessions or the judges in their circuits may proceed to executions without due trial by a court of law because marshals in time of rebellion and other necessities may do so, because the one hath but an ordinary, the other an extraordinary commission — so do they deceive themselves and others that pretend in the Bishop of Rome an apostolical jurisdiction, a jurisdiction over all the world, whereas howsoever he may be St. Peter's successor as Bishop of Rome, yet he is no successor to St. Peter as an apostle; upon which only the universal power can be grounded and without which that universal power falls to the ground. The apostolical faith remains spread over all the world, but apostolical jurisdiction is expired with their persons.

These twelve Christ calls fishers. Why fishers? Because it is a name of labor, of

service, and of humiliation; and names that taste of humiliation and labor and service are most properly ours (fishers we may be); names of dignity and authority and command are not so properly ours (apostles we are not in any such sense as they were); nothing inflames nor swells nor puffs us up more than that leaven of the soul, that empty, airy, frothy love of names and titles. We have known men part with ancient lands for new titles and with old manors for new honors; and as a man that should bestow all his money upon a fair purse and then have nothing to put into it; so whole estates have melted away for titles and honors and nothing left to support them. And how long last they? How many winds blast them? That name of God in which Moses was sent to Pharaoh is by our translators and expositors ordinarily said to be, "I am that I am, go and say, 'I am hath sent me!'" says God there; but in truth in the original the name is conceived in the future, it is, "I shall be." Every man is that he is; but only God is sure that he shall be so still. Therefore Christ calls them by a name of labor and humiliation. But why by that name of labor and humiliation, fishers?

Because it was *nomen primitivum*, their own, their former name. The Holy Ghost pursues his own way and does here in Christ as he does often in other places, he speaks in such forms and such phrases as may most work upon them to whom he speaks. Of David, that was a shepherd before, God says, he took him to feed his people. To those Magi of the East, who were given to the study of the stars, God gave a star to be their guide to Christ at Bethlehem. To those who followed him to Capernaum for meat, Christ took occasion by that to preach to them of the spiritual food of their souls. To the Samaritan woman, whom he found at the well, he preached of the water of life. To the men in our text accustomed to a joy and gladness, when they took great or great store of fish, he presents his comforts agreeably to their taste; they should be fishers still. Christ puts no man out of his way — for sinful courses are no way but continual deviations—to go to heaven. Christ makes heaven all things to all men

that he might gain all. To the mirthful man he presents heaven as all joy; and to the ambitious man, as all glory; to the merchant it is a pearl; and to the husbandman it is a rich field. Christ hath made heaven all things to all men that he might gain all, and he puts no man out of his way to come thither. These men he calls fishers.

He does not call them from their calling, but he mends them in it. It is not an innovation; God loves not innovations; old doctors, old disciples, old words and forms of speech in his service God loves best. But it is a renovation though not an innovation, and renovations are always acceptable to God; that is, the renewing of a man's self in a consideration of his first estate, what he was made for and wherein he might be most serviceable to God. Such a renewing it is as could not be done without God; no man can renew himself, regenerate himself; no man can prepare that work, no man can begin it, no man can proceed in it of himself. The desire and the actual beginning is from the preventing^a grace of God, and the constant proceeding is from the concomitant and subsequent and continual succeeding grace of God; for there is no conclusive, no consummative grace in this life; no such measure of grace given to any man as that that man needs no more or can lose or frustrate none of that. The renewing of these men in our text Christ takes to himself; *faciam vos*, "I will make ye fishers of men"; no worldly respects must make us such fishers; it must be a calling from God; and yet, as the other evangelist in the same history expresses it, it is *faciam fieri vos*, "I will cause ye to be made fishers of men," that is, I will provide an outward calling for you too. Our calling to this man-fishing is not good, *nisi Dominus faciat et fieri faciat*, except God make us fishers by an eternal, and make his church to make us so too, by an external calling. Then we are fishers of men, and then we are successors to the apostles, though not in their apostleship yet in this fishing. And then for this fishing the world is the sea, and our net is the Gospel.

The world is a sea in many respects and assimilations. It is a sea as it is sub-

^a Foreseeing.

ject to storms and tempests; every man — and every man is a world⁷ — feels that. And then it is never the shallower for the calmness, the sea is as deep, there is as much water in the sea, in a calm as in a storm; we may be drowned in a calm and flattering fortune, in prosperity, as irrecoverably as in a wrought sea, in adversity; so the world is a sea. It is a sea as it is bottomless to any line which we can sound it with and endless to any discovery that we can make of it. The purposes of the world, the ways of the world, exceed our consideration; but yet we are sure the sea hath a bottom, and sure that it hath limits that it cannot overpass; the power of the greatest in the world, the life of the happiest in the world, cannot exceed those bounds which God hath placed for them; so the world is a sea. It is a sea as it hath ebbs and floods and no man knows the true reason of those floods and those ebbs. All men have changes and vicissitudes in their bodies (they fall sick) and in their estates (they grow poor) and in their minds (they become sad) at which changes (sickness, poverty, sadness) themselves wonder, and the cause is wrapped up in the purpose and judgment of God only and hid even from them that have them; and so the world is a sea. It is a sea as the sea affords water enough for all the world to drink but such water as will not quench the thirst. The world affords conveniences enow to satisfy nature, but these increase our thirst with drinking, and our desire grows and enlarges itself with our abundance, and though we sail in a full sea, yet we lack water; so the world is a sea. It is a sea if we consider the inhabitants. In the sea the greater fish devour the less; and so do the men of this world too. And as fish, when they mud themselves, have no hands to make themselves clean, but the current of the waters must do that; so have the men of this world no means to clean themselves from those sins which they have contracted in the world, of themselves, till a new flood, waters of repentance drawn up and sanctified by the Holy Ghost, work that blessed effect in them.

All these ways the world is a sea, but

especially is it a sea in this respect, that the sea is no place of habitation, but a passage to our habitations. So the apostle expresses the world, "Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come"; we seek it not here, but we seek it whilst we are here, else we never find it. Those are the two great works which we are to do in this world: first to know that this world is not our home, and then to provide us another home whilst we are in this world. Therefore the prophet says, "Arise and depart, for this is not your rest." Worldly men that have no farther prospect promise themselves some rest in this world ("Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry," says the rich man), but this is not your rest; indeed no rest; at least not yours. You must depart, depart by death, before ye come to that rest; but then you must arise before you depart; for except ye have a resurrection to grace here before you depart, you shall have no resurrection to glory in the life to come when you are departed.

Now, in this sea every ship that sails must necessarily have some part of the ship under water; every man that lives in this world must necessarily have some of his life, some of his thoughts, some of his labors spent upon this world; but that part of the ship by which he sails is above water; those meditations and those endeavors which bring us to heaven are removed from this world and fixed entirely upon God. And in this sea we are made fishers of men, of men in general; not rich men, to profit by them, nor of poor men, to pierce them the more sharply because affliction hath opened a way into them; not of learned men, to be over-glad of their approbation of our labors, nor of ignorant men, to affect them with an astonishment or admiration of our gifts. But we are fishers of men, of all men, of that which makes them men, their souls. And for this fishing in this sea this Gospel is our net.

Eloquence is not our net; traditions of men are not our net; only the Gospel is. The Devil angles with hooks and baits; he

⁷ This is Donne's favorite figure of the *microcosm*. In this old mediaeval concept the body of man was supposed to repeat in detail all the physical characteristics of the universe.

deceives and he wounds in the catching; for every sin hath his sting. The Gospel of Christ Jesus is a net; it hath leads and corks; it hath leads, that is, the denouncing of God's judgments and a power to sink down and lay flat any stubborn and rebellious heart; and it hath corks, that is, the power of absolution and application of the mercies of God that swim above all his works, means to erect a humble and contrite spirit above all the waters of tribulation and affliction. A net is *res nodosa*, a knotty thing; and so is the Scripture, full of knots, of scruple, and perplexity and anxiety and vexation if thou wilt go about to entangle thyself in those things which appertain not to thy salvation; but knots of a fast union and inseparable alliance of thy soul to God and to the fellowship of his saints if thou take the Scriptures as they were intended for thee, that is, if thou beest content to rest in those places which are clear and evident in things necessary. A net is a large thing, past thy fathoming if thou cast it from thee, but if thou draw it to thee, it will lie upon thy arm. The Scriptures will be out of thy reach and out of thy use, if thou cast and scatter them upon reason, upon philosophy, upon morality, to try how the Scriptures will fit all them, and believe them but so far as they agree with thy reason. But draw the Scripture to thine own heart and to thine own actions, and thou shalt find it made for that; all the promises of the Old Testament made and all accomplished in the New Testament for the salvation of thy soul hereafter and for thy consolation in the present application of them.

Now this that Christ promises here is not here promised in the nature of wages due to our labor and to our fishing. There is no merit in all that we can do. "The wages of sin is death"; death is due to sin, the proper reward of sin; but the apostle does not say there that eternal life is the wages of any good work of ours. "The wages of sin is death, but eternal life is the gift of God through Jesus Christ our Lord." Through Jesus Christ, that is, as we are considered in him; and in him who is a savior, a redeemer, we are not considered but as sinners. So that God's purpose works

no otherwise upon us but as we are sinners; neither did God mean ill to any man till that man was in his sight a sinner. God shuts no man out of heaven by a lock on the inside except that man have clapped the door after him and never knocked to have it opened again, that is, except that he has sinned and never repented. Christ does not say in our text, follow me, for I will prefer you; he will not have that the reason, the cause. If I would not serve God except I might be saved for serving him, I shall not be saved though I serve him; my first end in serving God must not be myself but he and his glory. It is but an addition from his own good self, *et faciam*, follow me, and I will do this; but yet it is as certain and infallible as a debt or as an effect upon a natural cause; those propositions in nature are not so certain; the earth is at such a time just between the sun and the moon, therefore the moon must be eclipsed; the moon is at such a time just between the earth and the sun, therefore the sun must be eclipsed; for upon the sun and those other bodies God can and hath sometimes wrought miraculously and changed the natural courses of them; the sun stood still in Joshua, and there was an unnatural eclipse at the death of Christ; but God cannot by any miracle so work upon himself as to make himself not himself, unmerciful or unjust; and out of his mercy he makes this promise, do this, and thus it shall be with you, and then of his justice he performs that promise which was made merely and only out of mercy; if we do it, though not because we do it, we shall have eternal life.

Therefore did Andrew and Peter faithfully believe such a net should be put into their hands. Christ had vouchsafed to fish for them and caught them with that net, and they believed that he that made them fishers of men would also enable them to catch others with that net. And that is truly the comfort that refreshes us in all our lucubrations and night-studies through the course of our lives, that that God that sets us to sea will prosper our voyage, that he, whether he fix us upon our own or send us to other congregations, will open the hearts of those congregations to us and bless our labors to them. And as St. Paul's

væ si non lies upon us wheresoever we are — woe be unto us if we do not preach — so, as St. Paul says too, we were of all men the most miserable if we preached without hope of doing good. With this net St. Paul caught three thousand souls in one day at one sermon and five thousand in another. With this net St. Paul fished all the Mediterranean Sea and caused the Gospel of Christ Jesus to abound from Jerusalem round about to Illyricum. This is the net with which if ye be willing to be caught,

that is, to lay down all your hopes and affiances in the gracious promises of his Gospel, then you are fishers reserved for that great marriage feast which is the kingdom of heaven; where whosoever is a dish is a guest too; whosoever is served in at the table sits at the table; whosoever is caught by this net is called to this feast; and there your soul shall be satisfied with marrow and with fatness in an infallible assurance of an everlasting and undeterminable term in inexpressible joy and glory. Amen.

SELECTIONS FROM OTHER SERMONS

DECAY OF THE WORLD

As the world is the whole frame of the world, God hath put into it a reproof, a rebuke, lest it should seem eternal, which is a sensible decay and age in the whole frame of the world and every piece thereof. The seasons of the year irregular and dis-tempered; the sun fainter and languishing; men less in stature and shorter-lived. No addition but only every year new sorts, new species of worms and flies and sicknesses which argue more and more putrefaction of which they are engendered. And the angels of heaven which did so familiarly converse with men in the beginning of the world, though they may not be doubted to perform to us still their ministerial assistances, yet they seem so far to have deserted this world as that they do not appear unto us as they did to those of our fathers. St. Cyprian observed this in his time, when writing to Demetrianus, who imputed all those calamities which afflicted the world then to the impiety of the Christians who would not join with them in the worship of their gods, Cyprian went no farther for the cause of these calamities but *ad senescentem mundum*, to the age and impotency of the whole world; and therefore, says he, *Imputent senes Christianis quod minus valeant in senectutem*; old men were best accuse Christians that they are more sickly in their age than they were in their youth; is the fault in our religion, or in their decay?

Canos in pueris videmus, nec ætas in senectute desinit sed incipit a senectute; we see gray hairs in children, and we do not die old, and yet we are born old. Lest the world, as the world signifies the whole frame of the world, should glorify itself or flatter and abuse us with an opinion of eternity, we may admit usefully, though we do not conclude peremptorily, this observation to be true, that there is a reproof, a rebuke born in it, a sensible decay and mortality of the whole world.¹

WRETCHED MAN

Fire and air, water and earth are not the elements of man; inward decay and outward violence, bodily pain and sorrow of heart may be rather styled his elements; and though he be destroyed by these, yet he consists of nothing but these. As the good qualities of all creatures are not for their own use, for the sun sees not his own glory, nor the rose smells not her own breath, but all their good is for man; so the ill conditions of the creature are not directed upon themselves, the toad poisons not itself, nor does the viper bite itself; but all their ill pours down upon men. As though man could be a microcosm, a world in himself, no other way except all the misery of the world fell upon him. . . . If a man do but prick a finger and bind it above that part so that the spirits or that which they call the *balsamum* of the body² cannot descend by

¹ Sermon xxxvi, folio of 1640.

² Donne was well read in the medical science of Paracelsus.

reason of that ligature to that part, it will gangrene; and (which is an argument and an evidence that mischiefs are more operative, more insinuating, more penetrative, more diligent than remedies against mischiefs are) when the spirits and *balsamum* of the body cannot pass by that ligature to that wound, yet the gangrene will pass from that wound by that ligature to the body, to the heart, and destroy. In every part of the body death can find a door or make a breach; mortal diseases breed in every part. . . . Behold God hath walled us with mud walls, and wet mud walls, that waste away faster than God meant at first they should. And by sins this flesh that is but the loam and plaster of thy tabernacle, thy body, that, all that, that in the entire substance is corrupted. Those gums and spices which should embalm thy flesh when thou art dead are spent upon that diseased body whilst thou art alive. Thou seemest in the eye of the world to walk in silks, and thou dost but walk in cerecloth; thou hast a desire to please some eyes, when thou hast much to do, not to displease every nose; and thou wilt solicit an adulterous entrance into their beds, who, if they should but see thee go into thine own bed, would need no other mortification nor answer to thy solicitation. Thou pursuest the works of the flesh, and hast none, for thy flesh is but dust held together by plasters; dissolution and putrefaction is gone over thee alive; thou hast over-lived thine own death and art become thine own ghost and thine own hell.³

We understand the frame of man's body better when we see him naked than apparelled, howsoever; and better by seeing him cut up than by seeing him do any exercise alive; one dissection, one anatomy teaches more of that than the marching or drilling of a whole army of living men. Let every one of us therefore dissect and cut up himself, and consider what he was before God raised him friends to bring those abilities and good parts which he had into knowledge and into use and into employment; what he was before he had by education and study and industry imprinted

those abilities in his soul; what he was before that soul was infused into him, capable of such education; what he was when he was but in the list and catalogue of creatures and might have been left in the state of a worm or a plant or a stone; what he was when he was not so far but only in the vast and inexpressible and unimaginable depth of nothing at all.⁴

When I consider what I was in my parents' loins, a substance unworthy of a word, unworthy of a thought; when I consider what I am now, a volume of diseases bound up together, a dry cinder, if I look for natural, for radical moisture, and yet a sponge, a bottle of overflowing rheums, if I consider accidentals, an aged child, a gray-headed infant, and but a ghost of mine own youth; when I consider what I shall be at last by the hand of death in my grave, first but putrefaction and then not so much as putrefaction, I shall not be able to send forth so much as an ill air, not any air at all, but shall be all insipid, tasteless, savorless dust, for a while all worms and after a while not so much as worms, sordid, senseless, nameless dust; when I consider the past and present and future state of this body in this world; I am able to conceive, able to express the worst that can befall it in nature and the worst that can be inflicted upon it by man or fortune; but the least degree of glory that God hath prepared for that body in heaven I am not able to express, not able to conceive.⁵

Shall we that are but worms, but silk-worms, but glow-worms at best, chide God that he hath made slow-worms and other venomous creeping things? Shall we that are nothing but boxes of poison in ourselves reprove God for making toads and spiders in the world? Shall we that are all discord quarrel the harmony of his creation or his providence? Can an apothecary make a sovereign treacle of vipers and other poisons, and cannot God admit offences and scandals into his physick? Scandals and offences, temptations and tribulations are our leaven that ferment us and our lees that

3 Sermon xx, folio of 1649.

4 Sermon xii, folio of 1660.

5 Sermon xxii, folio of 1640.

preserve us. Use them to God's glory and to thine own establishing.⁶

Begin therefore to pay these debts to thyself betimes; for, as we told you at beginning, some of you are to tender at noon, some at evening. Even at your noon and warmest sunshine of prosperity you owe yourselves a true information how you came by that prosperity, who gave it you, and why he gave it. Let not the olive boast of her own fatness nor the fig-tree of her own sweetness nor the vine of her own fruitfulness, for we are all but brambles. Let no man say, I could not miss a fortune, for I have studied all my youth; how many men have studied more nights than he hath done hours and studied themselves blind and mad in the mathematics and yet wither in beggary in a corner! Let him never add, but I studied in a useful and gainful profession; how many have done so too and yet never compassed the favor of a judge! And how many that have had all that have struck upon a rock even at full sea and perished there! In their grandfathers and great-grandfathers, in a few generations, whosoever is greatest now must say, with this staff came I over Jordan; nay, without any staff came I over Jordan, for he had in them at first a beginning of nothing. As for spiritual happiness, *non volentis nec currentis sed miserantis Dei*, it is not in him that would run nor in him that doth but only in God that prospers his course; so for the things of this world it is in vain to rise early and to lie down late and to eat the bread of sorrow, for *nisi Dominus ædificaverit, nisi Dominus custodierit*, except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain. Come not therefore to say, I studied more than my fellows and therefore am richer than my fellows but say, God that gave me my contemplations at first gave me my practice after and hath given me his blessing now. How many men have worn their brains upon their studies and spent their time and themselves therein! How many men have studied more in thine own profession and yet for diffidence in themselves or some disfavor from others have not had

thy practice! How many men have been equal to thee in study, in practice, and in getting too, and yet upon a wanton confidence that that world would always last or upon the burden of many children and an expensive breeding of them or for other reasons which God hath found in his ways are left upon the sand at last in a low fortune! Whilst the sun shines upon thee in all these, pay thyself the debt of knowing whence and why all this came, for else thou canst not know how much or how little is thine, nor thou canst not come to restore that which is none of thine but unjustly wrung from others. Pay therefore this debt of surveying thine estate, and then pay thyself thine own too by a cheerful enjoying and using that which is truly thine, and do not deny nor defraud thyself of those things which are thine and so become a wretched debtor to thy back or to thy belly, as though the world had not enough or God knew not what were enough for thee.

Pay this debt to thyself of looking into thy debts, of surveying, of severing, of serving thyself with that which is truly thine at thy noon, in the best of thy fortune and in the strength of thine understanding; that when thou comest to pay thy other, thy last debt to thyself, which is to open a door out of this world by the dissolution of body and soul, thou have not all thy money to tell over when the sun is ready to set, all the account to make of every bag of money and of every quillet of land, whose it is and whether it be his that looks for it from thee or his from whom it was taken by thee, whether it belong to thine heir that weeps joyful tears behind the curtain or belong to him that weeps true and bloody tears in the hole in a prison. There will come a time when that land that thou leavest shall not be his land, when it shall be nobody's land, when it shall be no land, for the earth must perish; there will be a time when there shall be no manors, no acres in the world, and yet there shall lie manors and acres upon thy soul, when land shall be no more, when time shall be no more, and thou pass away, not into the land of the living, but of eternal death. Then the accuser will be ready to interline the schedules of thy debts, thy sins,

and insert false debts by abusing an over-tenderness which may be in thy conscience then, in thy last sickness, in thy death-bed. Then he will be ready to add a cipher more to thy debts and make hundreds thousands and abuse the faintness which may be in thy conscience then, in thy last sickness, in thy death-bed. Then he will be ready to abuse even thy confidence in God and bring thee to think that, as a pirate ventures boldly home, though all that he hath be stolen, if he be rich enough to bribe for a pardon, so, howsoever those families perish whom thou hast ruined and those whole parishes whom thou hast depopulated, thy soul may go confidently home too, if thou bribe God then with an hospital or a fellowship in a college or a legacy to any pious use in appearance and in the eye of the world.⁷

SIN

The wanton and licentious man sighs out his soul, weeps out his soul, swears out his soul in every place where his lust or his custom or the glory of victory in overcoming and deluding puts him upon such solicitations. In the corrupt taker his soul goes out that it may leave him insensible of his sin and not trouble him in his corrupt bargain; and in a corrupt giver ambitious of preferment his soul goes out with his money, which he loves well, but not so well as his preferment; this year his soul and his money goes out upon one office, and next year more soul and more money upon another; he knows how his money will come in again; for they will bring it that have need of his corruptness in his offices. But where will this man find his soul, thus scattered upon every woman corruptly won, upon every office corruptly usurped, upon every quillet⁸ corruptly bought, upon every fee corruptly taken?

Thus it is when a soul is scattered upon the daily practice of any one predominant and habitual sin. But when it is indifferently scattered upon all, how much more is it so! In him that swallows sins in the world as he would do meats at a feast, passes through every dish and never asks physician the nature, the quality, the dan-

ger, the offence of any dish; that baits at every sin that rises, and pours himself into every sinful mold he meets; that knows not when he began to spend his soul nor where nor upon what sin he laid it out; no, nor whether he have, whether he ever had any soul or no; but hath lost his soul so long ago in rusty and in incoherent sins (not sins that produced one another as in David's case — and yet that is a fearful state, that concatenation of sins, that pedigree of sins — but in sins which he embraces merely out of an uneasiness to sin and not out of a love, no, nor out of a temptation to that sin in particular), that in these incoherent sins hath so scattered his soul as that he hath not soul enough left to seek out the rest.⁹

For every one of us well-nigh hath married himself to some particular sin, some beloved sin that he can hardly divorce himself from; nay, no man keeps his faith to that one sin that he hath married himself to, but mingles himself with other sins also. Though covetousness whom he loves as the wife of his bosom have made him rich, yet he will commit adultery with another sin, with ambition; and he will part even with those riches for honor. Though ambition be his wife, his married sin, yet he will commit adultery with another sin, with licentiousness, and he will endanger his honor to fulfil his lust; ambition may be his wife, but lust is his concubine.¹⁰

Have we not secular sins, sins of our own age, our own time, and yet sin by precedent of former as well as create precedents for future? And not only silver and gold but vessels of iron and brass were brought into the treasury of the Lord; not only the glorious sins of high places and national sins and secular sins; but the wretchedest beggar in the street contributes to this treasure, the treasure of sin, and to this mischievous use, to increase this treasure, the treasure of sin, is a subsidy man. He begs in Jesus' name and for God's sake; and in the same name curses him that does not give. He counterfeits a lameness, or he

⁷ Sermon ix, folio of 1640.

⁸ A narrow strip of land.

⁹ Sermon xxi, folio of 1640.

¹⁰ Sermon iii, folio of 1640.

loves his lameness and would not be cured; for his lameness is his stock, it is his demesne.¹¹

There are some sins so rooted, so riveted in men, so incorporated, so consubstantiated in the soul by habitual custom as that those sins have contracted the nature of ancient possessions. As men call manors by their names, so sins have taken names from men and from places; Simon Magus gave the name to a sin, and so did Gehazi, and Sodom did so. There are sins that run in names, in families, in blood; hereditary sins, entailed sins; and men do almost prove their gentry by those sins, and are scarce believed to be rightly born if they have not those sins; these are great possessions, and men do much more easily part with Christ than with these sins. But then there are less sins, light sins, vanities; and yet even these come to possess us and separate us from Christ. How many men neglect this ordinary means of their salvation, the coming to these exercises, not because their undoing lies on it, or their discountenancing, but merely out of levity, of vanity, of nothing! They know not what to do else, and yet do not this. You hear of one man that was drowned in a vessel of wine; but how many thousands in ordinary water! And he was no more drowned in that precious liquor than they in that common water. A gad of steel does no more choke a man than a feather, than a hair; men perish with whispering sins, nay, with silent sins, sins that never tell the conscience they are sins, as often as with crying sins. And in hell there shall meet as many men that never thought what was sin as that spent all their thoughts in the compassing of sin; as many who in a slack inconsideration never cast a thought upon that place as that by searing their conscience overcame the sense and fear of the place. Great sins are great possessions; but levities and vanities possess us too; and men had rather part with Christ than with any possessions.¹²

As a spider builds always where he knows there is most access and haunt of flies, so the Devil that hath cast these light cob-

webs into thy heart knows that that heart is made of vanities and levities; and he that gathers into his treasure whatsoever thou wastest out of thine, how negligent soever thou be, he keeps thy reckoning exactly and will produce against thee at last as many lascivious glances as shall make up an adultery, as many covetous wishes as shall make up a robbery, as many angry words as shall make up a murder; and thou shalt have dropt and crumbled away thy soul with as much irrecoverableness as if thou hadst poured it out all at once; and thy merry sins, thy laughing sins shall grow to be crying sins even in the ears of God; and though thou drown thy soul here drop after drop, it shall not burn spark after spark but have all the fire, and all at once and all eternally, in one entire and intense torment.¹³

We say sometimes, and not altogether improperly, that a man walks clean, if in a foul way he contract but a few spots of dirt; but yet this is not absolute cleanness. A house is not clean except cobwebs be swept down; a man is not clean except he remove the lightest and slightest occasions of provocation. It is the speech of the greatest to the greatest, of Christ to the church, *Capite vulpeculas*, "Take us the little foxes, for they devour the vine." It is not a cropping, a pilling, a retarding of the growth of the vine that is threatened, but a devouring, though but from little foxes. It is not so desperate a state to have thy soul attempted by that lion that seeks whom he may devour (for then, in great and apparent sins, thou wilt be occasioned to call upon the lion of the tribe of Judah to thine assistance) as it is to have thy soul eaten up by vermin, by the custom and habit of small sins. God punished the Egyptians with little things, with hailstones and frogs and grasshoppers; and Pharaoh's conjurers, that counterfeited all Moses' greater works, failed in the least, in the making of lice. A man may stand a great temptation and satisfy himself in that and think he hath done enough in the way of spiritual valor, and then fall as irrecoverably under the custom of small. I were as good lie under

¹¹ Sermon v, folio of 1660.

¹² Sermon xvii, folio of 1640.

¹³ Sermon xxiv, folio of 1660.

a millstone as under a hill of sand; for howsoever I might have blown away every grain of sand, if I had watched it as it fell, yet when it is a hill I cannot blow it nor shove it away. And when I shall think to say to God, I have done no great sins, God shall not proceed with me by weight but by measure, nor ask how much but how long I have sinned.¹⁴

A house is not clean, though all the dust be swept together, if it lie still in a corner within doors; a conscience is not clean by having recollected all her sins in the memory, for they may fester there and gangrene even to desperation till she have emptied them in the bottomless sea of the blood of Christ Jesus and the mercy of his Father by this way of confession. But a house is not clean neither, though the dust be thrown out, if there hang cobwebs about the walls in how dark corners soever. A conscience is not clean, though the sins brought to our memory by this examination be cast upon God's mercy and the merits of his Son by confession, if there remain in me but a cobweb, a little but a sinful delight in the memory of those sins which I had formerly committed. How many men sin over the sins of their youth again in their age by a sinful delight in remembering those sins and a sinful desire that their bodies were not past them! How many men sin over some sins but imaginarily, and yet damnably, a hundred times, which they never sinned actually at all, by filling their imaginations with such thoughts as these, how would I be revenged of such an enemy, if I were in such a place of authority! How easily could I overthrow such a wasteful young man and compass his land, if I had but money to feed his humors! Those sins which we have never been able to do actually to the harm of others we do as hurtfully to our own souls by a sinful desire of them and a sinful delight in them.¹⁵

And for sin itself I would not, I do not extenuate my sin, but let me have fallen not seven times a day but seventy times a minute, yet what are my sins to all those

sins that were upon Christ! The sins of all men and all women and all children, the sins of all nations, all the East and West and all the North and South, the sins of all times and ages, of nature, of law, of grace, the sins of all natures, sins of the body and sins of the mind, the sins of all growth and all extensions, thoughts and words and acts and habits and delight and glory and contempt and the very sin of boasting, nay, of belying ourselves in sin; all these sins, past, present, and future, were once upon Christ, and in that depth of sin mine are but a drop to his ocean; in that treasure of sin mine are but single money to his talent.¹⁶

DEATH

Now if all this earth were made in that minute, may not all come to the general dissolution in this minute? Or may not thy acres, thy miles, thy shires shrink into feet, and so few feet as shall but make up thy grave? When he who was a great lord must be a cottager; and not so well; for a cottager must have so many acres to his cottage; but in this case a little piece of an acre, five feet, is become the house itself; the house and the land; the grave is all. Lower than that; the grave is the land and the tenement and the tenant too. He that lies in it becomes the same earth that he lies in. They all make but one earth, and but a little of it.¹⁷

Truly, to see the hand of a great and mighty monarch, that hand that hath governed the civil sword, the sword of justice at home, and drawn and sheathed the foreign sword, the sword of war abroad, to see that hand lie dead and not be able to nip or fillip away one of his own worms (and then *quis homo*, what man, though he be one of those men of whom God hath said, "Ye are gods," yet *quis homo*, "What man is there that lives and shall not see death" ?), to see the brain of a great and religious counsellor (and God bless all from making, all from calling any great that is not religious), to see that brain that produced means to becalm gusts at council

¹⁴ Sermon xii, folio of 1640.

¹⁵ Sermon xlix, folio of 1649.

¹⁶ Sermon xx, folio of 1640.

¹⁷ Sermon xxviii, folio of 1649.

tables, storms in Parliament, tempests in popular commotions, to see that brain produce nothing but swarms of worms and no proclamation to disperse them, to see a reverend prelate that hath resisted heretics and schismatics all his life fall like one of them by death and perchance be called one of them when he is dead — to recollect all — to see great men made no men, to be sure that they shall never come to us, not to be sure that we shall know them when we come to them, to see the lieutenants and images of God, kings, the sinews of the state, religious counsellors, the spirit of the church, zealous prelates, and then to see vulgar, ignorant, wicked, and facinorous men thrown all by one hand of death into one cart, into one common tide-boat, one hospital, one almshouse, one prison, the grave, in whose dust no man can say, this is the king, this is the slave, this is the bishop, this is the heretic, this is the counsellor, this is the fool, even this miserable equality of so unequal persons by so foul a hand is the subject of this lamentation, even *quia mortuus*, because Lazarus was dead, “Jesus wept.”¹⁸

Even those bodies that were the temples of the Holy Ghost come to this dilapidation, to ruin, to rubbish, to dust; even the Israel of the Lord and Jacob himself hath no other specification, no other denomination but that, *vermis Jacob*, thou worm of Jacob. Truly the consideration of this posthume death, this death after burial, that after God, with whom are the issues of death, hath delivered me from the death of the womb by bringing me into the world and from the manifold deaths of the world by laying me in the grave, I must die again in an incineration of this flesh and in a dispersion of that dust; that that monarch who spread over many nations alive must in his dust lie in a corner of that sheet of lead, and there but so long as the lead will last; and that private and retired man that

thought himself his own for ever and never came forth must in his dust of the grave be published and — such are the revolutions of the grave — be mingled with the dust of every highway and of every dunghill and swallowed in every puddle and pond; this is the most inglorious and contemptible vilification, the most deadly and peremptory nullification of man, that we can consider.¹⁹

Except an epitaph tell me who lies there, I cannot tell by the dust, nor by the epitaph know which is the dust it speaks of, if another have been laid before or after in the same grave. Nor can any epitaph be confident in saying here lies, but here was laid. For so various, so vicissitudinary is all this world as that even the dust of the grave hath revolutions. As the motions of an upper sphere²⁰ imprint a motion in the lower sphere other than naturally it would have; so the changes of this life work after death. And as envy supplants and removes us alive, a shovel removes us and throws us out of our grave after death. No limbec,²¹ no weights can tell you, this is dust royal, this plebeian dust. No commission, no inquisition can say, this is catholic, this is heretical dust. All lie alike.²²

Every puff of wind within these walls may blow the father into the son's eyes or the wife into her husband's or his into hers or both into their children's or their children's into both. Every grain of dust that flies here is a piece of a Christian; you need not distinguish your pews by figures; you need not say, I sit within so many of such a neighbor, but I sit within so many inches of my husband's or wife's or child's or son's grave. Ambitious men never made more shift for places in court than dead men for graves in churches; and as in our later times we have seen two and two almost in every place and office, so almost every grave is oppressed with twins.²³

¹⁸ Sermon xvi, folio of 1640.

¹⁹ From *Death's Duel*, the last sermon of Donne, published in 1632 and reprinted in the folio of 1660 as *Sermon xxvi: Donne, sick unto death*, preached it before Charles the First at Whitehall at the beginning of Lent, 1630/1, a few days before he died; it was this sermon, “called by his Majesty's household the Doctor's own funeral sermon,” that Walton mentions in his *Life*.

²⁰ The *primum mobile*, the outside globe which, in Ptolemaic astronomy, gave motion to the rest.

²¹ Alembic; the alchemist's apparatus for distilling.

²² Sermon xxviii, folio of 1649.

²³ Sermon xxi, folio of 1660.

And thy skin shall come to that absolute corruption as that, though a hundred years after thou art buried one may find thy bones and say, this was a tall man, this was a strong man, yet we shall soon be past saying upon any relic of thy skin, this was a fair man; corruption seizes the skin, all outward beauty quickly. . . .

When of the whole body there is neither eye nor ear nor any member left, where is the body? And what should an eye do there where there is nothing to be seen but loathsomeness? or a nose there where there is nothing to be smelt but putrefaction? or an ear where in the grave they do not praise God? Doth not that body that boasted but yesterday of that privilege above all creatures that it only could go upright, lie today so flat upon the earth as the body of a horse or of a dog? And doth it not tomorrow lose his other privilege, of looking up to heaven? Is it not farther removed from the eye of heaven, the sun, than any dog or horse by being covered with the earth, which they are not? Painters have presented to us with some horror the skeleton, the frame of the bones of a man's body; but the state of a body in the dissolution of the grave no pencil can present to us. Between that excremental jelly that thy body is made of at first and that jelly which thy body dissolves to at last there is not so noisome, so putrid a thing in nature. . . .

Ask where that iron is that is ground off a knife or axe; ask that marble that is worn off of the threshold in the church porch by continual treading; and with that iron and with that marble thou mayst find thy father's skin and body; *contrita sunt*, the knife, the marble, the skin, the body are ground away, trod away; they are destroyed. Who knows the revolutions of dust? Dust upon the king's highway and dust upon the king's grave are both, or neither, dust royal and may change places. Who knows the revolutions of dust?

Destroyed by worms. It makes the destruction the more contemptible; thou that wouldst not admit the beams of the sun upon thy skin, and yet hast admitted the

pollutions of sin; thou that wouldst not admit the breath of air upon thy skin, and yet hast admitted the spirit of lust and unchaste solicitations to breathe upon thee in execrable oaths and blasphemies to vicious purposes; thou whose body hath — as far as it can — putrefied and corrupted even the body of thy Savior in an unworthy receiving thereof in this skin, in this body, must be the food of worms, the prey of destroying worms. After a low birth thou mayst pass an honorable life, after a sentence of an ignominious death thou mayst have an honorable end; but in the grave canst thou make these worms silk-worms? They were bold and early worms that ate up Herod before he died; they are bold and everlasting worms which after thy skin and body is destroyed shall remain as long as God remains in an eternal gnawing of thy conscience, long, long after the destroying of skin and body by bodily worms.²⁴

If in death there be no remembrance of God, if this remembrance perish in death, certainly it decays in the nearness to death; if there be a possession in death, there is an approach in age; and therefore "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." There are spiritual lethargies that make a man forget his name, forget that he was a Christian and what belongs to that duty. God knows what forgetfulness may possess thee upon thy death-bed and freeze thee there; God knows what rage, what distemper, what madness may scatter thee then; and though in such cases God reckon with his servants according to that disposition which they used to have towards him before and not according to those declinations from him which they show in such distempered sicknesses, yet God's mercy towards them can work but so that he returns to those times when those men did remember him before. But if God can find no such time that they never remembered him, then he seals their former negligence with a present lethargy; they neglected God all their lives, and now in death there is no remembrance of him, nor there is no remembrance in him; God shall forget him

eternally; and when he thinks he is come to his *consummatum est*, the bell tolls and will ring out and there is an end of all in death, by death he comes to his *sæcula sæculorum*, to the beginning of that misery which shall never end.²⁵

I take no farther occasion from this circumstance but to arm you with consolation; how low soever God be pleased to cast you, though it be to the earth, yet he does not so much cast you down in doing that as bring you home. Death is not a banishing of you out of this world; but it is a visitation of your kindred that lie in the earth; neither are any nearer of kin to you than the earth itself and the worms of the earth. You heap earth upon your souls and encumber them with more and more flesh by a superfluous and luxuriant diet; you add earth to earth in new purchases and measure not by acres but by manors, nor by manors but by shires; and there is a little quillet, a little close, worth all these, a quiet grave. And therefore when thou readest that God makes thy bed in thy sickness, rejoice in this, not only that he makes that bed where thou dost lie but that bed where thou shalt lie; that that God that made the whole earth is now making thy bed in the earth, a quiet grave, where thou shalt sleep in peace till the angel's trumpet wake thee at the resurrection to that judgment where thy peace shall be made before thou comest and writ and sealed in the blood of the Lamb.²⁶

Quis homo? What is that man that hungers and thirsts not, that labors not, that sickens not? I can tell you of many that never felt any of these; but contract the question to that one of death, *quis homo?* What man is he that shall not taste death? And I know of none. Whether we consider the summer solstice when the day is sixteen hours and the night but eight or the winter solstice when the night is sixteen hours and the day but eight, still all is but twenty-four hours, and still the evening and morning make but a day. The patriarchs in the Old Testament had their summer day, long lives; we are in the winter, short-lived; but *quis homo?* Which of them or us come

not to our night in death? If we consider violent deaths, casual deaths, it is almost a scornful thing to see with what wantonness and sportfulness death plays with us; we have seen a man cannon-proof in the time of war and slain with his own pistol in the time of peace. We have seen a man recovered after his drowning and live to hang himself. But for that one kind of death which is general — though nothing be in truth more against nature than dissolution and corruption which is death — we are come to call that death natural death than which, indeed, nothing is more unnatural; the generality makes it natural. Moses says that man's age is seventy, and eighty is labor and pain; and yet himself was more than eighty and in good state and habitude when he said so. No length, no strength enables us to answer this *quis homo?* What man? etc.

Take a flat map, a globe *in plano*, and here is east and there is west as far asunder as two points can be put. But reduce this flat map to roundness, which is the true form, and then east and west touch one another, and all are one. So consider man's life aright to be a circle, *Pulvis es and in pulverem reverteris*, "Dust thou art and to dust thou must return"; *nudus egressus nudus revertar*, "Naked I came, and naked I must go"; in this the circle, the two points meet, the womb and the grave are but one point, they make but one station, there is but a step from that to this. This brought in that custom amongst the Greek emperors that ever at the day of their coronation they were presented with several sorts of marble that they might then bespeak their tomb. And this brought in that custom into the primitive church that they called the martyrs' days wherein they suffered *nata litia martyrum*, their birthdays; birth and death is all one.

Their death was a birth to them into another life, into the glory of God; it ended one circle and created another; for immortality and eternity is a circle too; not a circle where two points meet but a circle made at once; this life is a circle made with a compass that passes from point to point that life is a circle stamped with a print

an endless and perfect circle as soon as it begins. Of this circle the mathematician is our great and good God; the other circle we make up ourselves; we bring the cradle and grave together by a course of nature. . . .

As every man must die, so every man may see that he must die; as it cannot be avoided, so it may be understood. A beast dies, but he does not see death; St. Basil says he saw an ox weep for the death of his yoke-fellow; but St. Basil might mistake the occasion of that ox's tears. Many men die too and yet do not see death; the approaches of death amaze and stupefy them; they feel no collocation with powers and principalities upon their death-bed; that is true; they feel no terrors in their consciences, no apprehensions of judgment, upon their death-bed; that is true; and this we call going away like a lamb. But the Lamb of God had a sorrowful sense of death; his soul was heavy unto death, and he had an apprehension that his Father had forsaken him. . . .

If I can say that the blood of the Savior runs in my veins, that the breath of his Spirit quickens all my purposes, that all my deaths have their resurrection, all my sins their remorses, all my rebellions their reconciliations, I will hearken no more after this question; as it is intended *de morte naturali*, of a natural death, I know I must die that death; what care I? nor *de morte spirituali*, the death of sin, I know I do and shall die so; why despair I? But I will find out another death, *mortem raptus*, a death of rapture and of ecstasy, that death which St. Paul died more than once, the death which St. Gregory speaks of, *divina contemplatio quoddam sepulchrum animæ*. The contemplation of God and heaven is a kind of burial and sepulchre and rest of the soul; and in this death of rapture and ecstasy, in this death of the contemplation of my interest in my Savior I shall find myself and all my sins interred and entombed in his wounds, and like a lily in paradise out of red earth I shall see my soul rise out of his blade in a candor and in an innocence contracted there acceptable in the sight of his Father.²⁷

DAMNATION

When God who is all blessing hath learned to curse us and being of himself spread as an universal honeycomb over all takes an impression, a tincture, an infusion, of gall from us, what extraction of wormwood can be so bitter, what exaltation of fire can be so raging, what multiplying of talents can be so heavy, what stiffness of destiny can be so inevitable, what confection of gnawing worms, of gnashing teeth, of howling cries, of scalding brimstone, of palpable darkness can be so, so insupportable, so inexpressible, so unimaginable as the curse and malediction of God? ²⁸

"It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God"; but to fall out of the hands of the living God is a horror beyond our expression, beyond our imagination.

That God should let my soul fall out of his hand into a bottomless pit and roll an unremovable stone upon it and leave it to that which it finds there (and it shall find that there which it never imagined till it came thither) and never think more of that soul, never have more to do with it; that of that providence of God that studies the life of every weed and worm and ant and spider and toad and viper there should never, never any beam flow out upon me; that that God who looked upon me when I was nothing and called me when I was not, as though I had been, out of the womb and depth of darkness, will not look upon me now when though a miserable and banished and damned creature, yet I am his creature still and contribute something to his glory even in my damnation; that that God who hath often looked upon me in my foulest uncleanness and when I had shut out the eye of day, the sun, and the eye of the night, the taper, and the eyes of all the world with curtains and windows and doors did yet see me and see me in mercy by making me see that he saw me and sometimes brought me to a present remorse and for that time to a forbearing of that sin, should so turn himself from me to his glorious saints and angels as that no saint

nor angel nor Christ Jesus himself should ever pray him to look towards me, never remember him that such a soul there is; that that God who hath so often said to my soul, *Quare morieris?* why wilt thou die? and so often sworn to my soul, *Vivit Dominus*, as the Lord liveth, I would not have thee die but live, will neither let me die nor let me live, but die an everlasting life and live an everlasting death; that that God who, when he could not get into me by standing and knocking, by his ordinary means of entering, by his word, his mercies, hath applied his judgments and hath shaken the house, this body, with agues and palsies, and set this house on fire with fevers and calentures and frightened the master of the house, my soul, with horrors and heavy apprehensions and so made an entrance into me; that that God should frustrate all his own purposes and practices upon me and leave me and cast me away as though I had cost him nothing; that this God at last should let this soul go away as a smoke, as a vapor, as a bubble; and that then this soul cannot be a smoke, a vapor, nor a bubble but must lie in darkness as long as the Lord of light is light itself, and never spark of that light reach to my soul; what Tophet is not paradise, what brimstone is not amber, what gnashing is not a comfort, what gnawing of the worm is not a tickling, what torment is not a marriage-bed to this damnation, to be secluded eternally, eternally, eternally from the sight of God? ²⁹

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY

No man is superannuated in the grave that he is too old to enter into heaven where the master of the house is the ancient of days. No man is bed-ridden with age in the grave that he cannot rise. It is not with God as it is with man; we do, but God does not forget the dead; and as long as God is with them they are with him. "As he puts all thy tears into his bottles," so he puts all the grains of thy dust into his cabinet, and the winds that scatter, the waters that wash them away carry them not out of his sight. "He remembers that we are but dust," but dust then when we lie in the

grave; and yet he remembers us. But his memory goes farther than so; he remembers that we were but dust alive at our best; "They die," says David, "and they return to their own dust." It is not an entering into a new state when they die, but a returning to their old; they return to dust and it is not to that dust which is cast upon them in the grave, for that may be another man's dust, but to that dust which they carried about them in their bodies; they return, and to dust, and to their own dust.³⁰

In the general resurrection upon natural death God shall work upon this dispersion of our scattered dust as in the first fall, which is the divorce by way of reunion, and in the second, which is putrefaction, by way of reformation; so in this third, which is dispersion, by way of recollection; where man's buried flesh hath brought forth grass and that grass fed beasts and those beasts fed men and those men fed other men, God that knows in which box of his cabinet all this seed-pearl lies, in what corner of the world every atom, every grain of every man's dust sleeps, shall recollect that dust and then recompact that body and then reanimate that man.³¹

Where be all the atoms of that flesh which a corrosive hath eaten away or a consumption hath breathed and exhaled away from our arms and other limbs? In what wrinkle, in what furrow, in what bowel of the earth lie all the grains of the ashes of a body burnt a thousand years since? In what corner, in what ventricle of the sea lies all the jelly of a body drowned in the general Flood? What coherence, what sympathy, what dependence maintains any relation, any correspondence, between that arm that was lost in Europe and that leg that was lost in Africa or Asia scores of years between? One humor of our dead body produces worms, and those worms suck and exhaust all other humor, and then all dies, and all dries and molds into dust, and that dust is blown into the river, and that puddled water tumbled into the sea, and that ebbs and

²⁹ Sermon lxxvii, folio of 1640.

³⁰ Sermon xxvi, folio of 1640.

³¹ Sermon xxi, folio of 1640.

flows in infinite revolutions, and still, still God knows in what cabinet every seed-pearl lies, in what part of the world every grain of every man's dust lies; and *sibilat populum suum*, as his prophet speaks in another case, he whispers, he hisses, and he beckons for the bodies of his saints, and in the twinkling of an eye that body that was scattered over all the elements is set down at the right hand of God in a glorious resurrection. A dropsy hath extended me to an enormous corpulency and unwieldiness; a consumption hath attenuated me to a feeble macilency³² and leanness, and God raises me a body such as it should have been if these infirmities had not intervened and deformed it.³³

Here a bullet will ask a man, where's your arm? and a wolf will ask a woman, where's your breast? A sentence in the Star-Chamber will ask him, where's your ear,³⁴ and a month's close prison will ask him, where's your flesh? A fever will ask him, where's your red? and a morphew³⁵ will ask him, where's your white? But when after all this, . . . "I shall see God," I shall see him in my flesh, which shall be mine as inseparably—in the effect, though not in the manner—as the hypostatical union of God and man in Christ makes our nature and Godhead one person in him. My flesh shall no more be none of mine than Christ shall not be man as well as God.³⁶

AT THE BIER OF A KING

When you shall find that hand that had signed to one of you a patent for title, to another for pension, to another for pardon, to another for dispensation, dead; that hand that settled possessions by his seal in the Keeper and rectified honors by the sword in his Marshall and distributed relief to the poor in his Almoner and health

to the diseased by his immediate touch,³⁷ dead; that hand that balanced his own three kingdoms so equally as that none of them complained of one another nor of him, and carried the keys of all the Christian world³⁸ and locked up and let out armies in their due season, dead; how poor, how faint, how pale, how momentary, how transitory, how empty, how frivolous, how dead things, must you necessarily think titles and possessions and favors and all when you see that hand which was the hand of destiny, of Christian destiny, of the Almighty God, lie dead? It was not so hard a hand when we touched it last nor so cold a hand when we kissed it last. That hand which was wont to wipe away all tears from our eyes doth now but press and squeeze us as so many sponges³⁹ filled one with one, another with another cause of tears. . . .

When you have performed this *ingredimini*, that you have gone in and mourned upon him, and performed the *egredimini*, you have gone forth and laid his sacred body in consecrated dust and come to another *egredimini*, to a going forth in many several ways; some to the service of their new master and some to the enjoying of their fortunes conferred by their old; some to the raising of new hopes; some to the burying of old and all; some to new and busy endeavors in court; some to contented retirings in the country; let none of us go so far from him or from one another in any of our ways but that all we that have served him may meet once a day, the first time we see the sun, in the ears of Almighty God, with humble and hearty prayer that he will be pleased to hasten that day in which it shall be an addition, even to the joy of that place as perfect as it is, and as infinite as it is, to see that face again, and to see those eyes open there which we have seen closed here. Amen.⁴⁰

³² Emaciation.

³³ Sermon i, folio of 1649.

³⁴ The inhuman custom of cutting off a man's ears for seditious utterance was quite common in the century; "shag-eared" William Prynne could testify to that.

³⁵ A scurfy eruption.

³⁶ Sermon xiv, folio of 1649.

³⁷ English monarchs as late as Anne touched those afflicted with scrofula, the "King's evil."

³⁸ James was "Defender of the Faith."

³⁹ Even at the most solemn moments Donne's *metaphysical* ingenuity will out.

⁴⁰ From Sermon xxxiii, folio of 1649, "preached at Denmark House, some few days before the body of King James was removed thence, to his burial, Apr. 26, 1625." The death of James I was to Donne, as it was to George Herbert and many another man of letters and religion, a personal tragedy. It is one of Donne's best sermons that he preaches here by the body of his friend.

TO THE HONORABLE COMPANY OF THE
VIRGINIAN PLANTATION, 1622

Beloved in him whose kingdom and Gospel you seek to advance in this plantation, our Lord and Savior Christ Jesus, if you seek to establish a temporal kingdom there, you are not rectified if you seek to be kings in either acceptance of the word; to be a king signifies liberty and independency and supremacy, to be under no man, and to be a king signifies abundance and omnisufficiency, to need no man. If those that govern there would establish such a government as should not depend upon this, or if those that go thither propose to themselves an exemption from laws, to live at their liberty; this is to be kings, to divest allegiance, to be under no man. And if those that adventure thither propose to themselves present benefit and profit, a sudden way to be rich and an abundance of all desirable commodities from thence, this is to be sufficient of themselves and to need no man; and to be under no man and to need no man are the two acceptations of being kings. Whom liberty draws to go, or present profit draws to adventure, are not yet in the right way. O if you could once bring a catechism to be as good ware amongst them as a bugle, as a knife, as a hatchet! O if you would be as ready to hearken at the return of a ship, how many Indians were converted to Christ Jesus, as what trees or drugs or dyes that ship had brought, then you were in your right way, and not till then; liberty and abundance are characters of kingdoms, and a kingdom is excluded in the text; the apostles were not to look for it in their employment nor you in this your plantation. . . .

God says to you, no kingdom, not ease, not abundance; nay, nothing at all yet; the plantation shall not discharge the charges, not defray itself yet; but yet already now at first it shall conduce to great uses; it shall redeem many a wretch from the jaws of death,⁴¹ from the hands of the executioner, upon whom perchance a small fault or perchance a first fault or perchance a fault heartily and sincerely repented, per-

chance no fault but malice had otherwise cast a present and ignominious death. It shall sweep your streets and wash your doors from idle persons and the children of idle persons, and employ them. And truly, if the whole country were but such a Bridewell⁴² to force idle persons to work it had a good use. But it is already not only a spleen to drain the ill humors of the body, but a liver to breed good blood; already the employment breeds mariners; already the place gives assays,⁴³ nay, freights of merchantable commodities; already it is a mark for the envy and for the ambition of our enemies. I speak but of our doctrinal, not national enemies. As they are Papists they are sorry we have this country; and surely twenty lectures in matter of controversy do not so much vex them as one ship that goes and strengthens that plantation. Neither can I recommend it to you by any better rhetoric than their malice. They would gladly have it, and therefore let us be glad to hold it. . . .

Those amongst you that are old now shall pass out of this world with this great comfort that you contributed to the beginning of that commonwealth and of that church, though they live not to see the growth thereof to perfection. Apollos⁴⁴ watered but Paul planted; he that began the work was the greater man. And you that are young now may live to see the enemy as much impeached by that place and your friends, yea, children as well accommodated in that place as any other. You shall have made this island which is but as the suburbs of the Old World a bridge, a gallery to the New, to join all to that world that shall never grow old, the kingdom of heaven; you shall add persons to this kingdom and to the kingdom of heaven and add names to the books of our chronicles and to the book of life. . . .

When I by way of exhortation all this while have seemed to tell you what should be done by you, I have, indeed, but told the congregation what hath been done already. Neither do I speak to move a wheel that stood still, but to keep the wheel in due

⁴¹ An allusion to the practice, soon to grow to greater proportions, of populating the New World plantations out of English prisons.

⁴² A famous London prison.

⁴³ Returns of profit.

⁴⁴ Successor of Paul at Corinth; see I Corinthians 3:4-6.

motion; nor persuade you to begin, but to continue a good work; nor propose foreign, but your own examples to do still as you have done hitherto. For for that, that which is especially in my contemplation, the conversion of the people, as I have received so I can give this testimony that of those persons who have sent in moneys and concealed their names the greatest part, almost all have limited their devotion and contribution upon that point, the propagation of religion and the conversion of the people, for the building and beautifying of the house of God and for the instruction and education of their young children. Christ Jesus himself "is yesterday and today and the same for ever." In the advancing of his glory be you so too, yesterday and today and the same for ever here; and hereafter, when time shall be no more, no more yesterday, no more today, yet for ever and ever you shall enjoy that joy and that glory which no ill accident can attain to diminish or eclipse it.⁴⁵

GUY FAWKES DAY

Why did these men rage and imagine a vain thing? What they did historically we know; they made that house which is the hive of the kingdom from whence all her honey comes, that house where justice herself is conceived in their preparing of laws and inanimated and quickened and born by the royal assent there given, they made that whole house one murdering piece and charged that piece with peers, with people, with princes, with the king and meant to discharge it upward at the face of heaven, to shoot God at the face of God, him of whom God hath said, *Dii estis*, you are gods, at the face of God that had said so, as though they would have reproached the God of heaven and not have been beholden to him for such a king, but shoot him up to him and bid him take his king again with a *nolumus hunc regnare*, we will not have this king to reign over us.⁴⁶

⁴⁵ This sermon, preached November 13, 1622, was printed three times in Donne's lifetime; it is not found in the folios. It has been called by Jessop "the first missionary sermon ever preached in England since Britain became a Christian land." The deputy treasurer of this Virginian Company was the saintly Nicholas Ferrar, friend and publisher of George Herbert.

⁴⁶ Sermon xliii, folio of 1649. This sermon, preached on the fifth of November, "Gunpowder Day," 1622, took the fancy of King James, and he ordered Donne to write him out a copy of it from his notes. Donne intended it for Paul's Cross, the outdoor preaching place which suited the Dean well because of the crowds that pressed to hear him; but inclement weather forced him to give it in the Cathedral.

⁴⁷ Sermon lxxx, folio of 1640.

⁴⁸ Sermon ii, folio of 1660.

⁴⁹ Sermon x, folio of 1660.

THE DIVIDED MIND

I neglect God and his angels for the noise of a fly, for the rattling of a coach, for the whining of a door; I talk on in the same posture of praying, eyes lifted up, knees bowed down, as though I prayed to God; and if God or his angels should ask me when I thought last of God in that prayer, I cannot tell. Sometimes I find that I had forgot what I was about, but when I began to forget it I cannot tell. A memory of yesterday's pleasures, a fear of tomorrow's dangers, a straw under my knee, a noise in mine ear, a light in mine eye, an anything, a nothing, a fancy, a chimera in my brain troubles me in my prayer. So certainly is there nothing, nothing in spiritual things perfect in this world.⁴⁷

THE WORLD A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

God made this whole world in such an uniformity, such a correspondency, such a concinnity of parts as that it was an instrument perfectly in tune. We may say the trebles, the highest strings were disordered first; the best understandings, angels and men, put this instrument out of tune. God rectified all again by putting in a new string, *semen mulieris*, the seed of the woman, the Messias. And only by sounding that string in your ears become we *musicum carmen*, true music, true harmony, true peace to you.⁴⁸

Heaven and earth are as a musical instrument; if you touch a string below, the motion goes to the top. Any good done to Christ's poor members upon earth affects him in heaven.⁴⁹

THE LAMP OF CHRIST EXTINGUISHED
BY REASON

They had a precious composition for lamps amongst the ancients, reserved especially for tombs, which kept light for

many hundreds of years; we have had in our age experience in some casual openings of ancient vaults of finding such lights as were kindled, as appeared by their inscriptions, fifteen or sixteen hundred years before; but as soon as that light comes to our light it vanishes. So this eternal and this supernatural light, Christ and faith, enlightens, warms, purges, and does all the profitable offices of fire and light if we keep it in the right sphere, in the proper place, that is, if we consist in points necessary to salvation and revealed in the Scripture; but when we bring this light to the common light of reason, to our inferences and consequences, it may be in danger to vanish itself and perchance extinguish our reason too; we may search so far and reason so long of faith and grace as that we may lose not only them but even our reason too and sooner become mad than good.⁵⁰

THE NEED OF FAITH

If I twist a cable of infinite fathoms in length, if there be no ship to ride by it nor anchor to hold by it, what use is there of it? If manor thrust manor and title flow into title and bags pour out into chests, if I have no anchor — faith in Christ, if I have not a ship to carry to haven — a soul to save, what's my long cable to me? If I add number to number, a span, a mile long, if at the end of all that long line of numbers, there be nothing that notes pounds or crowns or shillings, what's that long number but so many millions of millions of nothing? If my span of life become a mile of life, my penny a pound, my pint a gallon, my acre a shire, yet if there be nothing of the next world at the end, so much peace of conscience, so much joy, so much glory, still all is but nothing multiplied, and that is still nothing at all.⁵¹

THE FOLLY OF THE ATHEIST

Poor intricate soul! Riddling, perplexed, labyrinthical soul! Thou couldst not say that thou believest not in God if there were no God! Thou couldst not believe in God if there were no God! If there were no God, thou couldst not speak, thou couldst not

think, not a word, not a thought, no, not against God! Thou couldst not blaspheme the name of God, thou couldst not swear if there were no God! For all thy faculties however depraved and perverted by thee are from him; and except thou canst seriously believe that thou art nothing, thou canst not believe that there is no God. If I should ask thee at a tragedy where thou shouldst see him that hath drawn blood lie weltering and surrounded in his own blood, is there a God now? if thou couldst answer me, no, these are but inventions and representations of men, and I believe a God never the more for this; if I should ask thee at a sermon where thou shouldst hear the judgments of God formerly denounced and executed, re-denounced and applied to present occasions, is there a God now? if thou couldst answer me, no, these are but inventions of state to supple and regulate congregations and keep people in order, and I believe a God never the more for this; be as confident as thou canst in company, for company is the atheist's sanctuary; I respite thee not till the day of judgment when I may see thee upon thy knees, upon thy face begging of the hills that they would fall down and cover thee from the fierce wrath of God to ask thee then, is there a God now? I respite thee not till the day of thine own death, when thou shalt have evidence enough that there is a God, though no other evidence but to find a Devil, and evidence enough that there is a heaven, though no other evidence but to feel hell, to ask thee then, is there a God now? I respite thee but a few hours, but six hours, but till midnight. Wake then; and then dark and alone hear God ask thee then, remember that I asked thee now, is there a God? And if thou darest, say no.⁵²

SANCTIFIED PASSIONS

As the prophets and the other secretaries of the Holy Ghost in penning the books of the Scriptures do for the most part retain and express in their writings some impressions and some air of their former professions, those that had been bred in courts and cities, those that had been shepherds

⁵⁰ Sermon xxxvi, folio of 1649.

⁵¹ Sermon xxxi, folio of 1649.

⁵² Sermon xlviii, folio of 1640.

and herdsmen, those that had been fishers, and so of the rest, ever inserting into their writings some phrases, some metaphors, some allusions taken from that profession which they had exercised before; so that soul that hath been transported upon any particular worldly pleasure, when it is entirely turned upon God and in the contemplation of his all-sufficiency and abundance, doth find in God fit subject and just occasion to exercise the same affection piously and religiously which had before so sinfully transported and possessed it.

A covetous person who is now truly converted to God, he will exercise a spiritual covetousness still, he will desire to have him all, he will have a good security, the seal and assurance of the Holy Ghost; and he will have his security often renewed by new testimonies and increases of those graces in him; he will have witnesses enough, he will have the testimony of all the world by his good life and conversation; he will gain every way at God's hand; he will have wages of God, for he will be his servant; he will have a portion from God, for he will be his son; he will have a reversion, he will be sure that his name is in the book of life; he will have pawns, the seals of the sacraments, nay, he will have a present possession; all that God hath promised, all that Christ hath purchased, all that the Holy Ghost hath the stewardship and dispensation of, he will have all in present by the appropriation and investiture of an actual and applying faith; a covetous person converted will be spiritually covetous still.

So will a voluptuous man who is turned to God find plenty and deliciousness enough in him to feed his soul as with marrow and fatness, as David expresses it; and so an angry and passionate man will find zeal enough in the house of God to eat him up.⁵³

THE UPRIGHT MAN

If I had a secular glass, a glass that would run an age,⁵⁴ if the two hemispheres of the world were composed in the form of

such a glass and all the world calcined and burnt to ashes and all the ashes and sands and atoms of the world put into that glass, it would not be enough to tell the godly man what his treasure and the object of his heart is. A parrot or a stare,⁵⁵ docile birds and of pregnant imitation, will sooner be brought to relate us the wisdom of a council table than any Ambrose or any Chrysostom, men that have gold and honey in their names, shall tell us what the sweetness, what the treasure of heaven is, and what that man's peace that hath set his heart upon that treasure.⁵⁶

That soul that is accustomed to direct herself to God upon every occasion, that as a flower at sun-rising conceives a sense of God in every beam of his and spreads and dilates itself towards him in a thankfulness in every small blessing that he sheds upon her, that soul that as a flower at the sun's declining contracts and gathers in and shuts up herself as though she had received a blow whensoever she hears her Savior wounded by an oath or blasphemy or execration, that soul who, whatsoever string be stricken in her, bass or treble, her high or her low estate, is ever turned toward God, that soul prays sometimes when it does not know it prays.⁵⁷

When thou kneelest down at thy bedside to shut up the day at night or to begin it in the morning, thy servants, thy children, thy little flock about thee, there thou buildest a church too. And therefore sanctify that place, wash it with thy tears and with a repentant consideration that in that bed thy children were conceived in sin, that in that bed thou hast turned marriage which God afforded thee for remedy and physic to voluptuousness and licentiousness, that thou hast made that bed which God gave thee for rest and for reparation of thy weary body to be as thy dwelling and delight and the bed of idleness and stupidity.⁵⁸

Upon this earth a man cannot possibly

⁵³ Sermon xviii, folio of 1660.

⁵⁴ An hourglass. Donne had one by him as he preached; he often alludes to it; in many of his sermons he reversed it.

⁵⁵ A starling. Like the parrot, it could be taught to mimic very simple words.

⁵⁶ Sermon v, folio of 1660.

⁵⁷ Sermon ix, folio of 1640.

⁵⁸ Sermon xi, folio of 1649.

make one step in a straight and a direct line. The earth itself being round, every step we make upon it must necessarily be a segment, an arc of a circle. But yet though no piece of a circle be a straight line, yet if we take any piece, nay, if we take the whole circle, there is no corner, no angle in any piece in any entire circle. A perfect rectitude we cannot have in any ways in this world; in every calling there are some inevitable temptations. But though we cannot make up our circle of a straight line—that is impossible to human frailty; yet we may pass on without angles and corners, that is, without disguises in our religion and without the love of craft and falsehood and circumvention in our civil actions. A compass is a necessary thing in a ship, and the help of that compass brings the ship home safe, and yet that compass hath some variation, it doth not look directly north; neither is that star which we call the North Pole or by which we know the North Pole the very pole itself; but we call it so, and we make our uses of it and our conclusions by it as if it were so because it is the nearest star to that pole. He that comes as near uprightness as infirmities admit is an upright man, though he have some obliquities. To God himself we may always go in a direct line, a straight, a perpendicular line; for God is vertical to me over my head now and vertical now to them that are in the East and West Indies; to our Antipodes, to them that are under our feet, God is vertical over their heads then when he is over us.⁵⁹

Find God pleased with thee, and thou hast a hook in the nostrils of every Leviathan, power cannot shake thee; thou hast a wood to cast into the waters of Marah, the bitterness of the times cannot hurt thee; thou hast a rock to dwell upon, and the dream of a fortune's wheel cannot overturn thee. But if the Lord be angry, he needs no trumpets to call armies; if he do but *sibilare muscam*, hiss and whisper for the fly and the bee, there is nothing so little in his hand as cannot discomfort thee, discomfort thee, dissolve and pour out, attenuate and annihilate the very marrow of thy soul.

⁵⁹ Sermon lxxvii, folio of 1640.

⁶⁰ Sermon xx, folio of 1649.

Everything is his, and therefore everything is he.⁶⁰

THE UNFADING FLOWER

Then was there truly a rose amongst thorns when through his crown of thorns you might see his title *Iesus Nazarenus*. For in that very name *Nazarenus* is involved the signification of a flower; the very word signifies a flower. Isaiah's flower in the crown of pride fades and is removed; this flower in the crown of thorns fades not nor could be removed; for, for all the importunity of the Jews, Pilate would not suffer that title to be removed or to be changed.⁶¹

THE PARADOX OF CHRIST

That that Jesus whose father and mother and brothers and sisters they knew must be believed to be of another family and to have a father in another place and yet he to be as old as his father, and to have another proceeding from him and yet he to be no older than that person who proceeded from him; that that Jesus whom they knew to be that carpenter's son and knew his work must be believed to have set up a frame that reached to heaven out of which no man could and in which any man might be saved; was it not as easy to believe that those tears which they saw upon his cheeks were pearls, that those drops of blood which they saw upon his back were rubies, that that spittle which they saw upon his face was enamel, that those hands which they saw buffet him were reached out to place him in a throne, and that that voice which they heard cry, *crucifige*, "Crucify him," was a *vivat rex*, "Long live Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews," as to believe that from that man, that worm and no man, ingloriously traduced as a conjurer, ingloriously apprehended as a thief, ingloriously executed as a traitor, they should look for glory and all glory and everlasting glory? ⁶²

THE IMAGE OF GOD

No image but the image of God can fit our soul. Every other seal is too narrow, too shallow for it. The magistrate is sealed with

⁶¹ Sermon xxxiii, folio of 1649.

⁶² Sermon iv, folio of 1660.

the lion; the wolf will not fit that seal. The magistrate hath a power in his hands, but not oppression. Princes are sealed with the crown; the mitre will not fit that seal. Powerfully and graciously they protect the church and are supreme heads of the church; but they minister not the sacraments of the church. They give preferments but they give not the capacity of preferment. They give order who shall have; but they give not orders by which they are enabled to have that have. Men of inferior and laborious callings in the world are sealed with the cross; a rose or a bunch of grapes will not answer that seal. Ease and plenty in age must not be looked for without crosses and labor and industry in youth. All men, prince and people, clergy and magistrate are sealed with the image of God, with the profession of a conformity to him. And worldly seals will not answer that nor fill up that seal. We should wonder to see a mother in the midst of many sweet children passing her time in making babies and puppets for her own delight. We should wonder to see a man whose chambers and galleries were full of curious masterpieces thrust in a village fair to look upon six-penny pictures and three-farthing prints. We have all the image of God at home, and we all make babies, fancies of honor, in our ambitions. The masterpiece is our own, in our own bosom; and we thrust in country fairs, that is, we endure the distempers of any unseasonable weather in night-journeys and watchings. We endure the oppositions and scorns and triumphs of a rival and competitor that seeks with us and shares with us. We endure the guiltiness and reproach of having deceived the trust which a confident friend reposes in us and solicit his wife or daughter. We endure the decay of fortune, of body, of soul, of honor, to possess lower pictures, pictures that are not originals, not made by the hand of God, nature, but artificial beauties. And for that body we give a soul, and for that drug which might have been bought where they bought it for a shilling we give an estate. The image of God is more worth than all substances; and we give it for colors, for dreams, for shadows.⁶³

GOD IN ALL THINGS

Here God shows this inconsiderate man his book of creatures, which he may run and read; that is, he may go forward in his vocation and yet see that every creature calls him to a consideration of God. Every ant that he sees asks him, where had I this providence and industry? Every flower that he sees asks him, where had I this beauty, this fragrancy, this medicinal virtue in me? Every creature calls him to consider what great things God hath done in little subjects. But God opens to him also here in his church his book of Scriptures; and in that book every word cries out to him, every merciful promise cries to him, why am I here to meet thee, to wait upon thee, to perform God's purpose towards thee if thou never consider me, never apply me to thyself? Every judgment of his anger cries out, why am I here if thou respect me not, if thou make not thy profit of performing those conditions which are annexed to those judgments and which thou mightst perform if thou wouldst consider it? Yea, here God opens another book to him, his manual, his bosom, his pocket book, his *vade mecum*, the abridgment of all nature and all law, his own heart and conscience. And this book, though he shut it up and clasp it never so hard, yet it will sometimes burst open of itself; though he interline it with other studies and knowledges, yet the text itself in the book itself, the testimonies of the conscience, will shine through and appear.⁶⁴

THE BOOKS OF GOD

All other authors we distinguish by tomes, by parts, by volumes; but who knows the volumes of this author, how many volumes of spheres involve one another, how many tomes of God's creatures there are? Hast thou not room, hast thou not money, hast thou not understanding, hast thou not leisure for great volumes, for the books of heaven, for the mathematics? nor for the books of courts, the politics? Take but the georgics, the consideration of the earth, a farm, a garden, nay, seven foot of earth, a grave; and that will be book enough. Go

lower; every worm in the grave; lower; every weed upon the grave is an abridgment of all. Nay, lock up all doors and windows, see nothing but thyself; nay, let thyself be locked up in a close prison that thou canst not see thyself, and do but feel thy pulse; let thy pulse be intermitted and stupefied that thou feel not that. And do but think; and a worm, a weed, thyself, thy pulse, thy thought, are all testimonies that all, this all and all the parts thereof are *opus*, a work made, and *opus eius*, his work, made by God.⁶⁵

THE SIGHT OF GOD

Amorous soul, ambitious soul, covetous soul, voluptuous soul, what wouldst thou have in heaven? What doth thy holy amorousness, thy holy covetousness, thy holy ambition, and voluptuousness most carry thy desire upon? Call it what thou wilt; think it what thou canst; think it something that thou canst not think; and all this thou shalt have if thou have any resurrection unto life.⁶⁶

As it is said of old cosmographers that when they had said all that they knew of a country and yet much more was to be said, they said that the rest of those countries were possessed with giants or witches or spirits or wild beasts so that they could pierce no farther into that country; so when we have travelled as far as we can with safety, that is, as far as ancient or modern expositors lead us in the discovery of these new heavens and new earth, yet we must say at last that it is a country inhabited with angels and archangels, with cherubims and seraphims, and that we can look no farther into it with these eyes. Where it is locally, we enquire not; we rest in this, that it is the habitation prepared for the blessed saints of God; heavens where the moon is more glorious than our sun and the sun as glorious as he that made it; for it is he himself, the Son of God, the sun of glory. A new earth where all their waters are milk and all their milk, honey; where all their grass is corn and all their corn, manna; where all their glebe, all their clods of earth

are gold and all their gold of innumerable carats; where all their minutes are ages and all their ages, eternity; where everything is every minute in the highest exaltation, as good as it can be and yet super-exalted and infinitely multiplied by every minute's addition; every minute infinitely better than ever it was before. Of these new heavens and this new earth we must say at last that we can say nothing; for, "The eye of man hath not seen nor ear heard nor heart conceived the state of this place." We limit and determine our consideration with that horizon with which the Holy Ghost hath limited us, that it is that new heavens and new earth "wherein dwelleth righteousness."

Here then the Holy Ghost intends the same new heavens and new earth which he does in the Apocalypse and describes there by another name, the new Jerusalem. But here the Holy Ghost does not proceed as there to enamor us of the place by a promise of improvement of those things which we have and love here, but by a promise of that which here we have not at all. There and elsewhere the Holy Ghost applies himself to the natural affections of men. To those that are affected with riches he says that that new city shall be all gold and in the foundations all manner of precious stones; to those that are affected with beauty he promises an everlasting association with that beautiful couple, that fair pair, which spend their time in that contemplation and that protestation, *Ecce, tu pulchra, dilecta mea; ecce, tu pulcher*; "Behold, thou art fair, my beloved," says he; and then she replies, "Behold, thou art fair too"; noting the mutual complacency between Christ and his church there. To those which delight in music he promises continual singing and every minute a new song. To those whose thoughts are exercised upon honor and titles, civil or ecclesiastical, he promises priesthood, and if that be not honor enough, a royal priesthood. And to those who look after military honor, triumph after their victory in the militant church. And to those that are carried with sumptuous and magnific feasts, a marriage supper of the Lamb where not only all the

⁶⁵ Sermon xxxi, folio of 1649.

⁶⁶ Sermon xxii, folio of 1640.

rarities of the whole world but the whole world itself shall be served in; the whole world shall be brought to that fire and served at that table. But here the Holy Ghost proceeds not that way, by improvement of things which we have and love here, riches or beauty or music or honor or feasts; but by an everlasting possession of that which we hunger and thirst and pant after here and cannot compass, that is, justice or righteousness; for both these our present word denotes, and both these we want here and shall have both for ever in these new heavens and new earth.⁶⁷

“No man ever saw God and lived”; and yet I shall not live till I see God; and when I have seen him I shall never die. What have I ever seen in this world that hath been truly the same thing that it seemed to me? I have seen marble buildings, and a chip, a crust, a plaster, a face of marble hath pilled⁶⁸ off, and I see brick bowels within. I have seen beauty, and a strong breath from another tells me that that complexion is from without, not from a sound constitution within. I have seen the state of princes, and all that is but ceremony; and I would be loth to put a master of ceremonies to define ceremony and tell me what it is and to include so various a thing as ceremony in so constant a thing as a definition. I see a great officer, and I see a man of mine own profession, of great revenues; and I see not the interest of the money that was paid for it, I see not the pensions nor the annuities that are charged upon that office or that church. As he that fears God fears nothing else so he that sees God sees everything else. When we shall see God *sicut est*, as he is, we shall see all things *sicut sunt*, as they are; for that's their essence as they conduce to his glory. We shall be no more deluded with outward appearances. For when this sight which we intend here comes, there will be no delusory thing to be seen. All that we have made as though we saw in this world will be vanished, and I shall see nothing

but God and what is in him; and him I shall see *in carne*, in the flesh, which is another degree of exaltation in mine exaltation.

I shall see him *in carne sua*, in his flesh. And this was one branch in St. Augustine's great wish that he might have seen Rome in her state, that he might have heard St. Paul preach, that he might have seen Christ in the flesh. St. Augustine hath seen Christ in the flesh one thousand two hundred years, in Christ's glorified flesh; but it is with the eyes of his understanding and in his soul. Our flesh, even in the resurrection, cannot be a spectacle, a perspective glass to our soul. We shall see the humanity of Christ with our bodily eyes then glorified; but that flesh, though glorified, cannot make us see God better nor clearer than the soul alone hath done all the time from our death to our resurrection. But as an indulgent father or as a tender mother when they go to see the king in any solemnity or any other thing of observation and curiosity delights to carry their child which is flesh of their flesh and bone of their bone with them, and though the child cannot comprehend it as well as they, they are as glad that the child sees it as that they see it themselves; such a gladness shall my soul have that this flesh, which she will no longer call her prison nor her tempter but her friend, her companion, her wife, that this flesh, that is, I, in the reunion and redintegration of both parts shall see God; for then one principal clause in her rejoicing and acclamation shall be that this flesh is her flesh; *in carne mea*, “in my flesh I shall see God.”⁶⁹

Erimus sicut angeli, says Christ, “There we shall be as angels.” The knowledge which I have by nature shall have no clouds; here it hath. That which I have by grace shall have no reluctance, no resistance; here it hath. That which I have by revelation shall have no suspicion, no jealousy; here it hath. Sometimes it is hard to distinguish between a respiration from God and a suggestion from the Devil. There our curiosity

⁶⁷ From the sermon which Donne preached, and Walton heard Donne “weep and preach,” at the funeral of Magdalen Herbert, Lady Danvers, mother of George Herbert and lifelong friend and benefactress of Donne. Some of Donne's finest verses were addressed to her; it was at her house in Chelsea that Donne took refuge from the plague in 1625.

⁶⁸ Shed.

⁶⁹ Sermon xiv, folio of 1649.

shall have this noble satisfaction, we shall know how the angels know by knowing as they know. We shall not pass from author to author as in a grammar school nor from art to art as in an university; but as that general which knighted his whole army God shall create us all doctors in a minute. That great library, those infinite volumes of the books of creatures, shall be taken away, quite away; no more nature; those reverend manuscripts written with God's own hand, the Scriptures themselves, shall be taken away, quite away; no more preaching, no more reading of Scriptures. And that great school-mistress, experience and observation, shall be removed; no new thing to be done, and in an instant I shall know more than they all could reveal unto me. I shall know not only as I know already that a bee-hive, that an ant-hill, is the same book in *decimo sexto* as a kingdom is in folio, that a flower that lives but a day is an abridgment of that king that lives out his threescore and ten years; but I shall know too that all these ants and bees and flowers and kings and kingdoms, howsoever they may be examples and comparisons to one another, yet they are all as nothing, altogether nothing, less than nothing, infinitely less than nothing to that which shall then be the subject of my knowledge, for it is the knowledge of the glory of God.⁷⁰

What a dim vespers of a glorious festival, what a poor half-holiday is Methusalem's nine hundred years to eternity! what a poor account hath that man made that says, this land hath been in my name and in my ancestors' from the Conquest! what a yesterday is that! not six hundred years. If I could believe the transmigration of souls and think that my soul had been successively in some creature or other since the creation, what a yesterday is that! not six thousand years. What a yesterday for the past, what a tomorrow for the future is any term that can be comprehended in cipher or counters! But as how abundant a life soever any man hath in this world for temporal abundances, I have life more abundantly than he if I have the spiritual life

of grace; so what measure soever I have of this spiritual life of grace in this world, I shall have that more abundantly in heaven; for there my term shall be a term for three lives, for those three, that as long as the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost live I shall not die.⁷¹

How barren a thing is arithmetic! And yet arithmetic will tell you how many single grains of sand will fill this hollow vault to the firmament. How empty a thing is rhetoric! And yet rhetoric will make absent and remote things present to your understanding. How weak a thing is poetry! And yet poetry is a counterfeit creation and makes things that are not as though they were. How infirm, how impotent are all assistances if they be put to express this eternity! ⁷²

A state but of one day, because no night shall overtake or determine it, but such a day as is not of a thousand years, which is the longest measure in the Scriptures, but of a thousand millions of millions of generations. *Qui nec præceditur hesterno nec excluditur crastino*, a day that hath no *pridie* nor *postridie*; yesterday doth not usher it in, nor tomorrow shall not drive it out. Methusalem with all his hundreds of years was but a mushroom of a night's growth to this day, and all the four monarchies with all their thousands of years and all the powerful kings and all the beautiful queens of this world were but as a bed of flowers, some gathered at six, some at seven, some at eight, all in one morning in respect of this day. In all the two thousand years of nature before the law given by Moses and the two thousand years of law before the Gospel given by Christ and the two thousand of grace which are running now — of which last hour we have heard three quarters strike, more than fifteen hundred of this last two thousand spent — in all this six thousand and in all those which God may be pleased to add, *in domo patris*, in this house of his Father's, there was never heard quarter clock to strike, never seen minute glass to turn.⁷³

⁷⁰ Sermon xxv, folio of 1660.

⁷¹ Sermon vii, folio of 1640.

⁷² Sermon xxvi, folio of 1640.

⁷³ Sermon lxxiii, folio of 1640.

Heirs of heaven! which is not a gavel kind — every son, every man alike — but it is an universal primogeniture, every man full, so full as that very man hath all in such measure as that there is nothing in heaven which any man in heaven wants. Heirs of the joys of heaven! joy in a continual dilation of thy heart to receive augmentation of that which is infinite in the accumulation of essential and accidental joy. Joy in a continual melting of indissoluble bowels, in joyful and yet compassionate beholding thy Savior, rejoicing at thy being there and almost lamenting, in a kind of affection which we can call by no name, that thou couldst not come thither but by those wounds which are still wounds though wounds glorified. Heirs of the joy and heirs of the glory of heaven! where if thou look down and see kings fighting for crowns,

thou canst look off as easily as from boys at stool-ball for points here and from kings triumphing after victories as easily as a philosopher from a pageant of children here. Where thou shalt not be subject to any other title of dominion in others but Jesus of Nazareth King of the Jews nor ambitious of any other title in thyself but that which thou possessest, to be the child of God. Heirs of joy, heirs of glory, and heirs of the eternity of heaven! where in the possession of this joy and this glory the angels which were there almost six thousand years before thee and so prescribe and those souls which shall come at Christ's last coming and so enter but then shall not survive thee, but they and thou and all shall live as long as he that gives you all that life, as God himself.⁷⁴

74 Sermon xxxiv, folio of 1640.

BEN JONSON

(1573?-1637)

Jonson was some nine years the junior of Shakespeare, his only superior among his contemporaries, and the one who drew the most enthusiastic praise from Jonson's pen. He came of hardy Border stock, but almost nothing is known of his ancestry. We have the anecdote of his mother and the paper of "lusty strong poison" which she was to have taken in the event of his being put to death in prison, to show that she was no churl. Jonson proved a worthy son of such a mother. It is not surprising that he is one of the most vigorous, spirited, and robust of English authors. Although one of the most erudite men of his day, he probably never attended either university, but was later given a degree by each of them, "by their favor, not his study," as he told Drummond. It was at Westminster School, under William Camden, that he laid the foundation of his great learning. He was, according to Fuller, taken from school and put to a trade, the trade being that of bricklayer. This proved so distasteful to him that he ran away from it to Flanders, joined the English troops there, slew at least one of the enemy "in the face of both the camps" and took the spoils. He was back in London an actor and a married man by the age of twenty. His wife he described as "a shrew yet honest," and Fuller is again authority for his being "not very happy in his children."

Jonson is one of the confirmed Londoners of English literature. It would be difficult to imagine him, especially in his later years, away from the Globe, Whitehall, the Mermaid, the Dog, the Sun, the Triple Tun, and the Devil, and all that they connote of theatrical and convivial activity. He was farthest afield when in 1618-19 he was in Scotland, to which place he had characteristically gone on foot. It is to his visit with William Drummond at Hawthornden at this time that we owe the *Conversations* in which he revealed so much of his own character and so many intimate details of the lives and characters of his contemporaries.

The greater part of Jonson's life and activity belongs to the annals of the theatre and the drama, of which he was the most accomplished and certainly the most conspicuous adherent after Shakespeare. His original mind and his combative nature made of the thirty years following his advent into the theatrical world anything but a dull period. In his quarrels, as in all his other activities, he never lacked energy, and "he never esteemed a man for the name of a lord." Like his great namesake of the eighteenth century, he hated above all things ignorance and hypocrisy, and he was not one to deal gently with offenders or to forget offences. On one occasion, as he told Drummond, "being appealed to the fields he had killed his adversary, which had hurt him in the arm, and whose sword was ten inches longer than his, for the which he was imprisoned, and almost at the gallows."

What is perhaps the most remarkable thing about this remarkable man is his great diversity of gifts. It seems almost incredible that the author of the great comedies and tragedies, all ponderous with erudition and circumstance, should have been capable of writing such exquisitely light lyrics as "Drink to me only with thine eyes," "Queen and huntress, chaste and fair," and "The Triumph of Charis." And that such a lyricist should be also one of the great masters of seventeenth-century prose but increases the wonder. Jonson's *Timber*, or *Discoveries Made Upon Men and Matter*, has not its superior in the language for keen, critical comment on men and manners and poets and poetry, expressed in perfectly clear and vigorous prose. It does not, like Bacon's essays, come home to men's business and bosoms, nor has it the originality of Bacon's work. It is well known that much of the substance of the *Discoveries* comes from other authors, but if many of the thoughts therein have oft been thought, they have never before been so well expressed. The lucid and terse style of the *Discoveries* more nearly approaches the style of Bacon than does that of any other work of the century. The reader will find that the author of these analyses of poetry and art is the same man who, at an earlier stage in his career, was anatomizing human nature and incarnating its eccentricities and peculiarities — its "humors" as he called them — in such characters as *Morose*, *Fastidious Brisk*, *Sir Epicure Mammon*, *Volpone*, and a score of others.

As a critic of the poetic art Jonson has much to say that is wise and full of "weighty bullion sense." His interest in poetry was more academic than that of most of his contemporaries, but the theoretical element in his criticism is always balanced with common sense and a practical knowledge of men and verse. Few writers in literature have had more poetical acumen than he, or have held up higher principles of taste. The force of his personality in London was such as to make him a true Father Ben to most of the younger literary figures, and the world has ever since looked with envy upon those fortunate ones who were sealed of his tribe. His robust spirit survived Shakespeare by some twenty-one years. He was buried in an upright position in Westminster Abbey, where his epitaph, "O Rare Ben Johnson," is at once the simplest and the most conspicuous in the Poets' Corner.

FROM CYNTHIA'S REVELS

(Text: second edition, 1616)

CRITES ¹

A creature of a most perfect and divine temper: one in whom the humors and elements are peaceably met, without emulation of precedency. He is neither too fantastically melancholy, too slowly phlegmatic, too lightly sanguine, nor too rashly choleric; but in all so composed and ordered as it is clear nature went about some full work, she did more than make a man when she made him. His discourse is like his behavior, uncommon, but not displeasing; he is prodigal of neither. He strives rather to be that which men call judicious than to be thought so; and is so truly learned that

he affects not to show it. He will think and speak his thought both freely; but as distant from depraving another man's merit as proclaiming his own. For his valor, 'tis such that he dares as little to offer any injury as receive one. In sum, he hath a most ingenious and sweet spirit, a sharp and seasoned wit, a straight judgment, and a strong mind. Fortune could never break him, nor make him less. He counts it his pleasure to despise pleasures, and is more delighted with good deeds than goods. It is a competency to him that he can be virtuous. He doth neither covet nor fear, he hath too much reason to do either; and that commends all things to him.

FROM TIMBER: OR DISCOVERIES MADE UPON MEN AND MATTER

(Text: first edition, 1641)

CENSURA DE POETIS ²

Nothing in our age, I have observed, is more preposterous than the running judgments upon poetry and poets; when we shall hear those things commended and cried up for the best writings which a man would scarce vouchsafe to wrap any wholesome drug in; he would never light his tobacco with them. And those men almost named for miracles, who yet are so vile that if a man should go about to examine and correct them, he must make all they have done but one blot. Their good is so entangled with their bad as forcibly one

must draw on the other's death with it. A sponge dipped in ink will do all:—

"— *Comitetur Punica librum
Spongia.*—" ³

Et paulò post,

"*Non possunt . . . multæ . . . lituræ
. . . una litura potest.*" ⁴

Yet their vices have not hurt them; nay, a great many they have profited, for they have been loved for nothing else. And this false opinion grows strong against the best men, if once it take root with the ignorant.

¹ The reader will recognize that Jonson has himself in mind in this portrait of the ideal critic.

² The headings of the different sections are taken from the *marginalia* in the *editio princeps*.

³ "Let a Punic sponge accompany the book."—Martial, *Epigrams*, iv. 10, 5.

⁴ "No number of erasures will emend it; one general wiping-out is necessary."

Cestius, in his time, was preferred to Cicero, so far as the ignorant durst. They learned him without book, and had him often in their mouths; but a man cannot imagine that thing so foolish or rude but will find and enjoy an admirer; at least a reader or spectator. The puppets are seen now in despite of the players; Heath's⁵ epigrams and the Sculler's⁶ poems have their applause. There are never wanting that dare prefer the worst preachers, the worst pleaders, the worst poets; not that the better have left to write or speak better, but that they that hear them judge worse; *Non illi pejus dicunt, sed hi corruptius judicant*. Nay, if it were put to the question of the Water-rhymer's works, against Spenser's, I doubt not but they would find more suffrages; because the most favor common vices, out of a prerogative the vulgar have to lose their judgments and like that which is naught.

Poetry, in this latter age, hath proved but a mean mistress to such as have wholly addicted themselves to her, or given their names up to her family. They who have but saluted her on the by, and now and then tendered their visits, she hath done much for, and advanced in the way of their own professions (both the law and the gospel) beyond all they could have hoped or done for themselves without her favor. Wherein she does emulate the judicious but preposterous bounty of the time's grandees, who accumulate all they can upon the parasite or freshman in their friendship; but think an old client or honest servant bound by his place to write and starve.

Indeed, the multitude commend writers as they do fencers or wrestlers, who if they come in robustiously and put for it with a deal of violence, are received for the braver fellows; when many times their own rudeness is a cause of their disgrace, and a slight touch of their adversary gives all that boisterous force the foil. But in these things the unskilful are naturally deceived, and judging wholly by the bulk, think rude things greater than polished, and scattered more numerous than composed. Nor think this only to be true in the sordid multitude,

but the neater sort of our gallants; for all are the multitude, only they differ in clothes, not in judgment or understanding.

DE SHAKESPEARE NOSTRATI

I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakespeare, that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, "Would he had blotted a thousand!" which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this but for their ignorance who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candor, for I loved the man, and do honor his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped. "*Sufflaminandus erat*,"⁷ as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so, too! Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter, as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, "Cæsar, thou dost me wrong." He replied, "Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause"; and such like, which were ridiculous.⁸ But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.

INGENIORUM DISCRIMINA

Nota 1. — In the difference of wits I have observed there are many notes; and it is a little maistry to know them, to discern what every nature, every disposition will bear; for before we sow our land we should plow it. There are no fewer forms of minds than of bodies amongst us. The variety is incredible, and therefore we must search. Some are fit to make divines, some poets, some lawyers, some physicians; some to be sent to the plow, and trades.

There is no doctrine will do good where nature is wanting. Some wits are swelling and high; others low and still; some hot

⁵ John Heath, flourished 1615.

⁶ John Taylor, the Water-Poet. 1580-1653.

⁷ "He ought to have been clogged."

⁸ Cf. Julius Cæsar, III. i. 47.

and fiery; others cold and dull; one must have a bridle, the other a spur.

Nota 2.— There be some that are forward and bold; and these will do every little thing easily. I mean that is hard by and next them, which they will utter unretarded without any shamefastness. These never perform much, but quickly. They are what they are on the sudden; they show presently, like grain that, scattered on the top of the ground, shoots up, but takes no root; has a yellow blade, but the ear empty. They are wits of good promise at first, but there is an *ingenistitium*; ⁹ they stand still at sixteen, they get no higher.

Nota 3.— You have others that labor only to ostentation; and are ever more busy about the colors and surface of a work than in the matter and foundation, for that is hid, the other is seen.

Nota 4.— Others that in composition are nothing but what is rough and broken; *Quæ per salebras, atque saxa cadunt*.¹⁰ And if it would come gently, they trouble it of purpose. They would not have it run without rubs, as if that style were more strong and manly that struck the ear with a kind of unevenness. These men err not by chance, but knowingly and willingly; they are like men that affect a fashion by themselves; have some singularity in a ruff, cloak, or hat-band; or their beards specially cut to provoke beholders, and set a mark upon themselves. They would be reprehended while they are looked on. And this vice, one that is authority with the rest, loving, delivers over to them to be imitated; so that oft-times the faults which he fell into the others seek for. This is the danger, when vice becomes a precedent.

Nota 5.— Others there are that have no composition at all; but a kind of tuning and rhyming fall in what they write. It runs and slides, and only makes a sound. Women's poets they are called, as you have women's tailors.

"They write a verse as smooth, as soft as cream,

In which there is no torrent, nor scarce stream."

You may sound these wits and find the depth of them with your middle finger. They are cream-bowl or but puddle-deep.

Nota 6.— Some that turn over all books, and are equally searching in all papers; that write out of what they presently find or meet, without choice. By which means it happens that what they have discredited and impugned in one week, they have before or after extolled the same in another. Such are all the essayists, even their master Montaigne. These, in all they write, confess still what books they have read last, and therein their own folly so much, that they bring it to the stake raw and undigested; not that the place did need it neither, but that they thought themselves furnished and would vent it.

Nota 7.— Some again, who, after they have got authority, or, which is less, opinion, by their writings, to have read much, dare presently to feign whole books and authors, and lie safely. For what never was will not easily be found, not by the most curious.

Nota 8.— And some, by a cunning protestation against all reading, and false veneration of their own naturals,¹¹ think to divert the sagacity of their readers from themselves, and cool the scent of their own fox-like thefts; when yet they are so rank as a man may find whole pages together usurped from one author; their necessities compelling them to read for present use, which could not be in many books; and so come forth more ridiculously and palpably guilty than those who, because they cannot trace, they yet would slander their industry.

Nota 9.— But the wretcher are the obstinate contemnors of all helps and arts; such as presuming on their own naturals (which, perhaps, are excellent), dare deride all diligence, and seem to mock at the terms when they understand not the things; thinking that way to get off wittily with their ignorance. These are imitated often by such as are their peers in negligence, though they cannot be in nature; and they utter all they can think with a

⁹ "A wit-stand"; marginal note in Folio.

¹⁰ Which fall over rough crags and high rocks.

¹¹ Boastful display of their own natural abilities.

kind of violence and indisposition, unexamined, without relation either to person, place, or any fitness else; and the more wilful and stubborn they are in it the more learned they are esteemed of the multitude, through their excellent vice of judgment, who think those things the stronger that have no art; as if to break were better than to open, or to rend asunder gentler than to loose.

Nota 10.—It cannot but come to pass that these men who commonly seek to do more than enough may sometimes happen on something that is good and great; but very seldom: and when it comes it doth not recompense the rest of their ill. For their jests, and their sentences (which they only and ambitiously seek for) stick out, and are more eminent, because all is sordid and vile about them; as lights are more discerned in a thick darkness than a faint shadow. Now, because they speak all they can (however unfitly), they are thought to have the greater copy; where the learned use ever election and a mean, they look back to what they intended at first, and make all an even and proportioned body. The true artificer will not run away from nature as he were afraid of her, or depart from life and the likeness of truth, but speak to the capacity of his hearers. And though his language differ from the vulgar somewhat, it shall not fly from all humanity, with the Tamerlanes and Tamerchams of the late age, which had nothing in them but the scenical strutting and furious vociferation to warrant them to the ignorant gapers. He knows it is his only art so to carry it, as none but artificers perceive it. In the meantime, perhaps, he is called barren, dull, lean, a poor writer, or by what contumelious word can come in their cheeks, by these men who, without labor, judgment, knowledge, or almost sense, are received or preferred before him. He gratulates them and their fortune. Another age, or juster men, will acknowledge the virtues of his studies, his wisdom in dividing, his subtlety in arguing, with what strength he doth inspire his readers, with what sweet-

ness he strokes them; in inveighing, what sharpness; in jest, what urbanity he uses; how he doth reign in men's affections; how invade and break in upon them, and make¹² their minds like the thing he writes. Then in his elocution to behold what word is proper, which hath ornament, which height, what is beautifully translated, where figures are fit, which gentle, which strong, to show the composition manly; and how he hath avoided faint, obscure, obscene, sordid, humble, improper or effeminate phrase; which is not only praised of the most, but commended (which is worse), especially for that it is naught.

STILI EMINENTIA

It is no wonder men's eminence appears but in their own way. Virgil's felicity left him in prose, as Tully's forsook him in verse. Sallust's orations are read in the honor of story, yet the most eloquent Plato's speech, which he made for Socrates, is neither worthy of the patron nor the person defended. Nay, in the same kind of oratory, and where the matter is one, you shall have him that reasons strongly, open negligently; another that prepares well, not fit so well. And this happens not only to brains, but to bodies. One can wrestle well, another run well, a third leap or throw the bar, a fourth lift or stop a cart going; each hath his way of strength. So in other creatures—some dogs are for the deer, some for the wild boar, some are fox-hounds, some otter-hounds. Nor are all horses for the coach or saddle, some are for the cart and panniers.

SCRIPTURUM CATALOGUS

Cicero is said to be the only wit that the people of Rome had equalled to their empire: *Ingenium par imperio*. We have had many, and in their several ages (to take in but the former *seculum*) Sir Thomas More, the elder Wyatt, Henry Earl of Surrey, Chaloner,¹³ Smith,¹⁴ Eliot,¹⁵ Bishop Gardiner, were for their times admirable; and

¹² Folio: "makes."

¹³ Sir Thomas Chaloner, diplomatist and author, 1521-1565.

¹⁴ Sir Thomas Smith, Secretary of State, scholar, author, 1513-1577.

¹⁵ Sir Thomas Eliot, or Elyot, author of *The Book Named the Governor*, 1531.

the more, because they began eloquence with us. Sir Nicolas Bacon was singular, and almost alone, in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's times. Sir Philip Sidney and Mr. Hooker (in different matter) grew great masters of wit and language, and in whom all vigor of invention and strength of judgment met. The Earl of Essex, noble and high; and Sir Walter Raleigh, not to be contemned, either for judgment or style; Sir Henry Savile,¹⁶ grave, and truly lettered; Sir Edwin Sandys,¹⁷ excellent in both; Lord Egerton, the Chancellor, a grave and great orator, and best when he was provoked; but his learned and able, though unfortunate, successor¹⁸ is he who hath filled up all numbers, and performed that in our tongue which may be compared or preferred either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome. In short, within his view, and about his times, were all the wits born that could honor a language or help study. Now things daily fall, wits grow downward, and eloquence grows backward; so that he may be named and stand as the mark and ἀκμή of our language.

DE MALIGNITATE STUDENTIIUM

There be some men are born only to suck out the poison of books: *Habent venenum pro victu; imo, pro deliciis.*¹⁹ And such are they that only relish the obscene and foul things in poets, which makes the profession taxed. But by whom? Men that watch for it; and, had they not had this hint, are so unjust valuers of letters as they think no learning good but what brings in gain. It shows they themselves would never have been of the professions they are, but for the profits and fees. But if another learning, well used, can instruct to good life, inform manners, no less persuade and lead men than they threaten and compel, and have no reward, is it therefore the worst study? I could never think the study of wisdom confined only to the philosopher, or of piety²⁰ to the divine, or of state to the politic; but that he which can feign a

commonwealth (which is the poet) can gown it with counsels, strengthen it with laws, correct it with judgments, inform it with religion and morals, is all these. We do not require in him mere elocution, or an excellent faculty in verse, but the exact knowledge of all virtues and their contraries, with ability to render the one loved, the other hated, by his proper embattling them. The philosophers did insolently to challenge only to themselves that which the greatest generals and gravest counsellors never durst. For such had rather do than promise the best things.

POESIS ET PICTURA

Poetry and picture are arts of a like nature, and both are busy about imitation. It was excellently said of Plutarch, poetry was a speaking picture, and picture a mute poesy. For they both invent, feign, and devise many things, and accommodate all they invent to the use and service of nature. Yet of the two the pen is more noble than the pencil; for that can speak to the understanding, the other but to the sense. They both behold pleasure and profit as their common object; but should abstain from all base pleasures, lest they should err from their end, and, while they seek to better men's minds, destroy their manners. They both are born artificers, not made. Nature is more powerful in them than study.

DE PICTURA

Whosoever loves not picture is injurious to truth and all the wisdom of poetry. Picture is the invention of heaven, the most ancient and most akin to nature. It is itself a silent work, and always of one and the same habit; yet it doth so enter and penetrate the inmost affection (being done by an excellent artificer) as sometimes it o'ercomes the power of speech and oratory. There are divers graces in it, so are there in the artificers. One excels in care, another in reason, a third in easiness, a fourth in

16 Historian and scholar, 1549-1622. His translation of Tacitus drew warm praise from Jonson.

17 Statesman and author of *Europæ Speculum* (on the religious condition of Europe); 1561-1629.

18 Sir Francis Bacon.

19 "They have poison for their food, even for their dainties."

20 Folio: "poetry."

nature and grace. Some have diligence and comeliness, but they want majesty. They can express a human form in all the graces, sweetness, and elegancy, but they miss the authority. They can hit nothing but smooth cheeks; they cannot express roughness or gravity. Others aspire to truth so much as they are rather lovers of likeness than beauty. Zeuxis and Parrhasius are said to be contemporaries; the first found out the reason of lights and shadows in picture, the other more subtly examined the lines.

DE STILO

In picture light is required no less than shadow; so in style, height as well as humbleness. But beware they be not too humble, as Pliny pronounced of Regulus's writings. You would think them written, not on a child, but by a child.²¹ Many, out of their own obscene apprehensions, refuse proper and fit words—as *occupy*, *nature*, and the like; so the curious industry in some, of having all alike good, hath come nearer a vice than a virtue.

DE PROGRESSIONE PICTURÆ

Picture took her feigning from poetry; from geometry her rule, compass, lines, proportion, and the whole symmetry. Parrhasius was the first won reputation by adding symmetry to picture; he added subtlety to the countenance, elegancy to the hair, love-lines to the face, and by the public voice of all artificers, deserved honor in the outer lines. Eupompus²² gave it splendor by numbers and other elegancies. From the optics²³ it drew reasons, by which it considered how things placed at distance and afar off should appear less; how above or beneath the head should deceive the eye, etc. So from thence it took shadows, recession,²⁴ light, and heightenings. From moral philosophy it took the soul, the expression of senses, perturbations, manners, when they would paint an angry person, a proud, an inconstant, an

ambitious, a brave, magnanimous, a just, a merciful, a compassionate, an humble, a dejected, a base, and the like. They made all heightenings bright, all shadows dark, all swellings from a plane, all solids from breaking. See where he [Vitruvius] complains of their painting Chimæras,²⁵ by the vulgar unaptly called grotesque, saying that men who were born truly to study and emulate nature did nothing but make monsters against nature, which Horace so laughed at.²⁶ The art plastic was molding in clay or potter's earth anciently. This is the parent of statuary, sculpture, graving, and picture; cutting in brass and marble, all serve under her. Socrates taught Parrhasius and Clito, two noble statuarys, first to express manners by their looks in imagery. Polygnotus and Aglaophon²⁷ were ancients. After them Zeuxis, who was the lawgiver to all painters after Parrhasius. They were contemporaries, and lived both about Philip's time, the father of Alexander the Great. There lived in this latter age six famous painters in Italy, who were excellent and emulous of the ancients—Raphael de Urbino, Michael Angelo Buonarrotti, Titian, Antony of Correggio, Sebastian of Venice, Julio Romano, and Andrea del Sarto.

DE STILO, ET OPTIMO SCRIBENDI GENERE

For a man to write well, there are required three necessities—to read the best authors, observe the best speakers, and much exercise of his own style. In style, to consider what ought to be written, and after what manner, he must first think and excogitate his matter, then choose his words, and examine the weight of either. Then take care, in placing and ranking both matter and words, that the composition be comely; and to do this with diligence and often. No matter how slow the style be at first, so it be labored and accurate; seek the best, and be not glad of the forward conceits,²⁸ or first words, that offer

²¹ Regulus, a lawyer, wrote a eulogy on his dead son, which, according to Pliny (Epistles, iv. 7) moved the hearer to mirth rather than sadness.

²² A Greek painter contemporary with Parrhasius and Zeuxis.

²³ Perspective.

²⁴ Folio: "recessor," Schelling's correction.

²⁷ Aglaophon was father and teacher of Polygnotus, an artist of Thasos. They were contemporaries of Socrates.

²⁸ First notions.

²⁵ *De Architectura*, vii. 5.

²⁶ *De Arte Poetica*, 1-5.

themselves to us; but judge of what we invent, and order what we approve. Repeat often what we have formerly written; which beside that it helps the consequence, and makes the juncture better, it quickens the heat of imagination, that often cools in the time of setting down, and gives it new strength, as if it grew lustier by the going back. As we see in the contention of leaping, they jump farthest that fetch their race largest; or, as in throwing a dart or javelin, we force back our arms to make our loose the stronger. Yet, if we have a fair gale of wind, I forbid not the steering out of our sail, so the favor of the gale deceive us not. For all that we invent doth please us in the conception or birth, else we would never set it down. But the safest is to return to our judgment, and handle over again those things the easiness of which might make them justly suspected. So did the best writers in their beginnings; they imposed upon themselves care and industry; they did nothing rashly: they obtained first to write well, and then custom made it easy and a habit. By little and little their matter showed itself to them more plentifully; their words answered, their composition followed; and all, as in a well-ordered family, presented itself in the place. So that the sum of all is, ready writing makes not good writing, but good writing brings on ready writing. Yet, when we think we have got the faculty, it is even then good to resist it, as to give a horse a check sometimes with a bit, which doth not so much stop his course as stir his mettle. Again, whither a man's genius is best able to reach, thither it should more and more contend, lift and dilate itself; as men of low stature raise themselves on their toes, and so oft-times get even, if not eminent. Besides, as it is fit for grown and able writers to stand of themselves, and work with their own strength, to trust and endeavor by their own faculties, so it is fit for the beginner and learner to study others and the best. For the mind and memory are more sharply exercised in comprehending another man's things than our own; and such as accustom themselves and are familiar with the best authors shall ever and anon find somewhat of them in them-

selves, and in the expression of their minds, even when they feel it not, be able to utter something like theirs, which hath an authority above their own. Nay, sometimes it is the reward of a man's study, the praise of quoting another man fitly; and though a man be more prone and able for one kind of writing than another, yet he must exercise all. For as in an instrument, so in style, there must be a harmony and consent of parts.

PRÆCIPENDI MODI

I take this labor in teaching others, that they should not be always to be taught, and I would bring my precepts into practice, for rules are ever of less force and value than experiments; yet with this purpose, rather to show the right way to those that come after than to detect any that have slipped before by error. And I hope it will be more profitable; for men do more willingly listen, and with more favor, to precept than reprehension. Among divers opinions of an art, and most of them contrary in themselves, it is hard to make election; and, therefore, though a man cannot invent new things after so many, he may do a welcome work yet to help posterity to judge rightly of the old. But arts and precepts avail nothing, except nature be beneficial and aiding. And therefore these things are no more written to a dull disposition, than rules of husbandry to a barren soil. No precepts will profit a fool, no more than beauty will the blind, or music the deaf. As we should take care that our style in writing be neither dry nor empty, we should look again it be not winding, or wanton with far-fetched descriptions: either is a vice. But that is worse which proceeds out of want than that which riots out of plenty. The remedy of fruitfulness is easy, but no labor will help the contrary. I will like and praise some things in a young writer which yet, if he continue in, I cannot but justly hate him for the same. There is a time to be given all things for maturity, and that even your country husbandman can teach, who to a young plant will not put the pruning-knife, because it seems to fear the iron, as not

able to admit the scar. No more would I tell a green writer all his faults, lest I should make him grieve and faint, and at last despair. For nothing doth more hurt than to make him so afraid of all things as he can endeavor nothing. Therefore youth ought to be instructed betimes, and in the best things; for we hold those longest we take soonest, as the first scent of a vessel lasts, and the tinct the wool first receives. Therefore a master should temper his own powers, and descend to the other's infirmity. If you pour a glut of water upon a bottle, it receives little of it; but with a funnel, and by degrees, you shall fill many of them, and spill little of your own; to their capacity they will all receive and be full. And as it is fit to read the best authors to youth first, so let them be of the openest and clearest, as Livy before Sallust, Sidney before Donne. And beware of letting them taste Gower or Chaucer at first, lest, falling too much in love with antiquity, and not apprehending the weight, they grow rough and barren in language only. When their judgments are firm, and out of danger, let them read both the old and the new; but no less take heed that their new flowers and sweetness do not as much corrupt as the others' dryness and squalor, if they choose not carefully. Spenser, in affecting the ancients, writ no language; yet I would have him read for his matter, but as Virgil read Ennius. The reading of Homer and Virgil is counselled by Quintilian²⁹ as the best way of informing youth and confirming man. For, besides that the mind is raised with the height and sublimity of such a verse, it takes spirit from the greatness of the matter, and is tinted with the best things. Tragic and lyric poetry is good too, and comic with the best, if the manners of the reader be once in safety. In the Greek poets, as also in Plautus, we shall see the economy and disposition of poems better observed than in Terence and the later [Greek poets],³⁰ who thought the sole grace and virtue of their fable the sticking in of sentences, as ours do the forcing in of jests.

PRÆCEPTA ELEMENTARIA

It is not the passing through these learnings that hurts us, but the dwelling and sticking about them. To descend to those extreme anxieties and foolish cavils of grammarians, is able to break a wit in pieces, being a work of manifold misery and vainness, to be *elementarii senes*.³¹ Yet even letters are, as it were, the bank of words, and restore themselves to an author as the pawns of language. But talking and eloquence are not the same: to speak, and to speak well, are two things. A fool may talk, but a wise man speaks; and out of the observation, knowledge, and the use of things, many writers perplex their readers and hearers with mere nonsense. Their writings need sunshine. Pure and neat language I love, yet plain and customary. A barbarous phrase hath often made me out of love with a good sense, and doubtful³² writing hath wracked me beyond my patience. The reason why a poet is said that he ought to have all knowledges is that he should not be ignorant of the most, especially of those he will handle. And indeed, when the attaining of them is possible, it were a sluggish and base thing to despair; for frequent imitation of anything becomes a habit quickly. If a man should prosecute as much as could be said of everything, his work would find no end.

DE ORATIONIS DIGNITATE

Speech is the only benefit man hath to express his excellency of mind above other creatures. It is the instrument of society; therefore Mercury, who is the president of language, is called *deorum hominumque interpres*. In all speech, words and sense are as the body and the soul. The sense is as the life and soul of language, without which all words are dead. Sense is wrought out of experience, the knowledge of human life and actions, or of the liberal arts, which the Greeks called *ἑγκυκλοπαιδείαν*. Words are the people's, yet there is a choice of them to be made; for *verborum delectus*

²⁹ Cf. Institutes, i. 8. 5-9.

³⁰ Schelling's correction of the Folio reading: "and the latter who thought," etc.

³¹ Gray-beards still at their A B C's.

³² Ambiguous.

origo est eloquentiæ. They are to be chose according to the persons we make speak, or the things we speak of. Some are of the camp, some of the council-board, some of the shop, some of the sheepcot, some of the pulpit, some of the bar, etc. And herein is seen their elegance and propriety, when we use them fitly and draw them forth to their just strength and nature by way of translation or metaphor. But in this translation we must only serve necessity (*nam temere nihil transfertur a prudenti*³³) or commodity, which is a kind of necessity: that is, when we either absolutely want a word to express by, and that is necessity; or when we have not so fit a word, and that is commodity;³⁴ as when we avoid loss by it, and escape obscenity, and gain in the grace and property which helps significances from the mathematics; or a divine from a bawdy-house, or taverns; or a gentleman of Northamptonshire, Warwickshire, or the Midland, should fetch all the illustrations to his country neighbors from shipping, and tell them of the main-sheet and the bowline. Metaphors are thus many times deformed, as in him that said, *Castratam morte Africani rempublicam*; and another, *Stercus curiæ Glauciam*, and *Cana nive conspuat Alpes*.³⁵ All attempts that are new in this kind are dangerous, and somewhat hard, before they be softened with use. A man coins not a new word without some peril and less fruit; for if it happens to be received, the praise is but moderate; if refused, the scorn is assured. Yet we must adventure; for things at first hard and rough are by use made tender and gentle. It is an honest error that is committed, following great chiefs.

Custom is the most certain mistress of language, as the public stamp makes the

current money. But we must not be too frequent with the mint, every day coining, nor fetch words from the extreme and utmost ages; since the chief virtue of a style is perspicuity, and nothing so vicious in it as to need an interpreter. Words borrowed of antiquity do lend a kind of majesty to style, and are not without their delight sometimes; for they have the authority of years, and out of their intermission do win themselves a kind of gracelike newness. But the eldest of the present, and newest of the past language, is the best. For what was the ancient language, which some men so dote upon, but the ancient custom? Yet when I name custom, I understand not the vulgar custom; for that were a precept no less dangerous to language than life, if we should speak or live after the manners of the vulgar: but that I call custom of speech, which is the consent of the learned; as custom of life, which is the consent of the good. Virgil was most loving of antiquity; yet how rarely doth he insert *aquai* and *pictai*! Lucretius is scabrous³⁶ and rough in these; he seeks them as some do Chaucerisms with us, which were better expunged and banished. Some words are to be culled out for ornament and color, as we gather flowers to straw houses or make garlands; but they are better when they grow to our style; as in a meadow, where, though the mere grass and greenness delights, yet the variety of flowers doth heighten and beautify. Marry, we must not play or riot too much with them, as in paronomasies;³⁷ nor use too swelling or ill-sounding words, *quæ per salebras altaque saxa cadunt*.³⁸ It is true, there is no sound but shall find some lovers, as the bitterest confections are grateful to some palates. Our composition must be more accurate in the beginning and end than in the midst, and in the end more than in the beginning; for through the midst the stream bears us. And this is attained by custom more than care or diligence. We must express readily and fully, not profusely. There is difference between a liberal and a prodigal hand. As

33 "A wise man does not use a metaphor rashly." — Quintilian, *Institutes*, viii. 8. 4.

34 Convenience.

35 Cf. *Institutes*, viii. 6. 15-17; and Horace, *Satires*, ii. 5. 41.

36 Harsh.

37 Puns.

38 "Which fall over rough crags and high rocks."

it is a great point of art, when our matter requires it, to enlarge and veer out all sail, so to take it in and contract it is of no less praise, when the argument doth ask it. Either of them hath their fitness in the place. A good man always profits by his endeavor, by his help, yea, when he is absent; nay, when he is dead, by his example and memory: so good authors in their style. A strict and succinct style is that where you can take away nothing without loss, and that loss to be manifest.

The *brief* style is that which expresseth much in little; the *concise* style, which expresseth not enough, but leaves somewhat to be understood; the *abrupt* style, which hath many breaches, and doth not seem to end but fall. The *congruent* and *harmonious* fitting of parts in a sentence hath almost the fastening and force of knitting and connection; as in stones well squared, which will rise strong a great way without mortar.

Periods, *periodi*, are beautiful when they are not too long; for so they have their strength too, as in a pike or javelin. As we must take the care that our words and sense be clear, so if the obscurity happen through the hearer's or reader's want of understanding, I am not to answer for them, no more than for their not listening or marking; I must neither find them ears nor mind. But a man cannot put a word so in sense but something about it will illustrate it, if the writer understand himself; for order helps much to perspicuity, as confusion hurts. *Rectitudo lucem adfert; obliquitas et circumductio offuscat.*³⁹ We should therefore speak what we can the nearest way, so as we keep our gait, not leap; for too short may as well be not let into the memory, as too long not kept in. *Obscuritas offundit tenebras.*⁴⁰ Whatsoever loseth the grace and clearness, converts into a riddle; the obscurity is marked, but not the value. That perisheth, and is passed by, like the pearl in the fable. Our style should be like a skein of silk, to be carried and found by the right thread, not ravelled and per-

plexed: then all is a knot, a heap. There are words that do as much raise a style as others can depress it. Superlative⁴¹ and overmuchness amplifies; it may be above faith, but never above a mean. It was ridiculous in Cestius, when he said of Alexander —

*"Fremit oceanus, quasi indignetur, quod terras relinquant."*⁴²

But propitiously from Virgil —

*"Credas innare revulsas
Cycladas."*⁴³

He doth not say it was so, but seemed to be so. Although it be somewhat incredible, that is excused before it be spoken. But there are hyperboles which will become one language, that will by no means admit another. As *Eos esse Populi Romani exercitus, qui cælum possint perrumpere,*⁴⁴ who would say with us but a madman? Therefore we must consider in every tongue what is used, what received. Quintilian warns us that in no kind of translation, or metaphor, or allegory, we make a turn from what we began; as if we fetch the original of our metaphor from sea and billows, we end not in flames and ashes: it is a most foul inconsequence. Neither must we draw out our allegory too long, lest either we make ourselves obscure, or fall into affectation, which is childish. But why do men depart at all from the right and natural ways of speaking? Sometimes for necessity, when we are driven, or think it fitter, to speak that in obscure words, or by circumstance, which uttered plainly would offend the hearers; or to avoid obscenity, or sometimes for pleasure, and variety, as travellers turn out of the highway, drawn either by the commodity⁴⁵ of a footpath, or the delicacy or freshness of the fields. And all this is called *εἰς σχηματισμένην*, or figured language.

ORATIO IMAGO ANIMI

Language most shows a man: Speak, that I may see thee. It springs out of the most retired and inmost parts of us, and is the

³⁹ Directness enlightens; obliquity and circumlocution darken.

⁴¹ Exaggeration.

⁴² The ocean roars, as if indignant that you quit the land. — Seneca, *Suasoria*, i. 11.

⁴³ You would believe that the uprooted Cyclades were swimming in the sea. — *Æneid*, viii. 691.

⁴⁴ To be those armies of the people of Rome that might break through the heavens.

⁴⁵ Convenience.

image of the parent of it, the mind. No glass renders a man's form or likeness so true as his speech. Nay, it is likened to a man; and as we consider feature and composition in a man, so words in language; in the greatness, aptness, sound structure, and harmony of it.

DE POETICA

We have spoken sufficiently of oratory, let us now make a diversion to poetry. Poetry, in the primogeniture, had many peccant humors, and is made to have more now, through the levity and inconstancy of men's judgments. Whereas, indeed, it is the most prevailing eloquence, and of the most exalted charact.⁴⁶ Now the discredits and disgraces are many it hath received through men's study of depravation or calumny; their practice being to give it diminution of credit by lessening the professors' estimation,⁴⁷ and making the age afraid of their liberty; and the age is grown so tender of her fame, as she calls all writings "asper-sions." That is the state word, the phrase of court, Placentia College, which some call Parasites Place, the Inn of Ignorance.

Whilst I name no persons, but deride follies, why should any man confess or betray himself? why doth not that of Saint Jerome come into their mind, *Ubi generalis est de vitiis disputatio, ibi nullius esse personæ injuriæ*?⁴⁸ It is such an inexpiable crime in poets to tax vices generally, and no offence in them, who by their exception confess they have committed them particularly. Are we fallen into those times that we must not

*Auriculas teneras mordaci rodere vero?*⁴⁹

*Remedii votum semper verius erat, quam spes.*⁵⁰ If men may by no means write freely, or speak truth, but when it offends not, why do physicians cure with sharp medicines, or corrosives? Is not the same equally lawful in the cure of the mind that is in the cure of the body? Some vices, you will say, are so foul that it is better they should be done than spoken. But they that take of-

fence where no name, character, or signature doth blazon them seem to me like affected as women, who if they hear anything ill spoken of the ill of their sex, are presently moved, as if the contumely respected their particular; and on the contrary, when they hear good of good women, conclude that it belongs to them all. If I see anything that toucheth me, shall I come forth a betrayer of myself presently? No, if I be wise, I'll dissemble it; if honest, I'll avoid it, lest I publish that on my own forehead which I saw there noted without a title. A man that is on the mending hand will either ingenuously confess or wisely dissemble his disease. And the wise and virtuous will never think anything belongs to themselves that is written, but rejoice that the good are warned not to be such; and the ill to leave to be such. The person offended hath no reason to be offended with the writer, but with himself; and so to declare that properly to belong to him which was so spoken of all men, as it could be no man's several, but his that would wilfully and desperately claim it. It sufficeth I know what kind of persons I displease, men bred in the declining and decay of virtue, betrothed to their own vices; that have abandoned or prostituted their good names; hungry and ambitious of infamy, invested in all deformity, enthralled to ignorance and malice, of a hidden and concealed malignity, and that hold a concomitancy with all evil.

WHAT IS A POET?

A poet is that which by the Greeks is called *κατ' ἐξοχήν, ὁ ποιητής*, a maker, or a feigner: his art, an art of imitation or feigning; expressing the life of man in fit measure, numbers, and harmony; according to Aristotle from the word *ποιεῖν*, which signifies to make or feign. Hence he is called a poet, not he which writeth in measure only, but that feigneth and formeth a fable, and writes things like the truth. For the fable and fiction is, as it were, the form and soul of any poetical work or poem.

⁴⁶ Distinguishing mark.

⁴⁷ The estimation in which the professors of poetry are commonly held.

⁴⁸ When the discussion of faults is general, no one receives any injury.

⁴⁹ Gnaw tender little ears with biting truth. — Cf. Persius, Satires, i. 107.

⁵⁰ The desire for remedy was always truer than the hope.

WHAT MEAN YOU BY A POEM?

A poem is not alone any work or composition of the poet's in many or few verses; but even one alone verse sometimes makes a perfect poem. As when Æneas hangs up and consecrates the arms of Abas with this inscription:

*Æneas hæc de Danuis victoribus arma,*⁵¹

and calls it a poem or *carmen*. Such are those in Martial:

*Omnia, Castor, emis: sic fiet, ut omnia vendas,*⁵²

and—

*Pauper videri Cinna vult, et est pauper.*⁵³

So were Horace his odes called *Carmina*, his lyric songs. And Lucretius designs⁵⁴ a whole book in his sixth—

*Quod in primo quoque carmine claret.*⁵⁵

And anciently all the oracles were called *Carmina*; or whatever sentence was expressed, were it much or little, it was called an Epic, Dramatic, Lyric, Elegiac, or Epigrammatic poem.

BUT HOW DIFFERS A POEM FROM WHAT WE CALL POESY?

A poem, as I have told you, is the work of the poet; the end and fruit of his labor and study. *Poesy* is his skill or craft of making; the very fiction itself, the reason or form of the work. And these three voices differ, as the thing done, the doing, and the doer; the thing feigned, the feigning, and the feigner; so the poem, the poesy, and the poet. Now the poesy is the habit or the art; nay, rather the queen of arts, *artium regina*, which had her original from heaven, received thence from the Hebrews, and had in prime estimation with the Greeks, transmitted to the Latins and all nations that

professed civility. The study of it, if we will trust Aristotle, offers to mankind a certain rule and pattern of living well and happily, disposing us to all civil offices of society. If we will believe Tully, it nourisheth and instructeth our youth, delights our age, adorns our prosperity, comforts our adversity, entertains us at home, keeps us company abroad, travels with us, watches, divides the times of our earnest and sports, shares in our country recesses and recreations; insomuch as the wisest and best learned have thought her the absolute mistress of manners and nearest of kin to virtue. And whereas they entitle philosophy to be a rigid and austere poesy, they have, on the contrary, styled poesy a dulcet and gentle philosophy, which leads on and guides us by the hand to action with a ravishing delight and incredible sweetness. But before we handle the kinds of poems, with their special differences, or make court to the art itself as a mistress, I would lead you to the knowledge of our poet by a perfect information what he is or should be by nature, by exercise, by imitation, by study, and so bring him down through the disciplines of grammar, logic, rhetoric, and the ethics, adding somewhat out of all, peculiar to himself, and worthy of your admittance or reception.

First, we require in our poet or maker (for that title our language affords him elegantly with the Greek) a goodness of natural wit, *ingenium*. For whereas all other arts consist of doctrine and precepts, the poet must be able by nature and instinct to pour out the treasure of his mind, and as Seneca saith, *Aliquando secundum Anacreontem insanire jucundum esse*,⁵⁶ by which he understands the poetical rapture. And according to that of Plato, *Frustra poeticas fores sui compos pulsavit*.⁵⁷ And of Aristotle, *Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ fuit. Nec potest grande aliquid, et supra cæteros loqui, nisi mota*

⁵¹ Æneas consecrates these arms won from the conquering Greeks. — Æneid iii.

⁵² You are now buying everything, Castor; a time will come when you will sell everything. — Martial, Epigrams, viii. 19.

⁵³ Cinna wishes to seem a pauper, and is a pauper.

⁵⁴ Which is set forth in the first part of my *carmen*.

⁵⁵ It is pleasant now and then to be out of one's mind, according to Anacreon. — Cf. *de Tranquillitate Animi*, 15.

⁵⁶ Thus designates.

⁵⁷ In vain does a man in his right mind knock at the poetic door. Cf. *Ion*, 533d-534e and *Phædrus*, 245a.

mens.⁵⁸ Then it riseth higher, as by a divine instinct, when it contemns common and known conceptions. It utters somewhat above a mortal mouth. Then it gets aloft and flies away with his rider, whither before it was doubtful to ascend. This the poets understood by their Helicon, Pegasus, or Parnassus; and this made Ovid to boast,

*Est deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo
Sedibus æthereis spiritus ille venit.*⁵⁹

And Lipsius to affirm, "*Scio poetam neminem præstantem fuisse, sine parte quadam uberiore divinæ auræ.*"⁶⁰ And hence it is that the coming up of good poets (for I mind not *mediocres* or *imos*⁶¹) is so thin and rare among us. Every beggarly corporation affords the state a mayor or two bailiffs yearly; but *solus rex, aut poeta, non quotannis nascitur*.⁶²

To this perfection of nature in our poet we require exercise of those parts, *exercitatio*, and frequent. If his wit will not arrive suddenly at the dignity of the ancients, let him not yet fall out with it, quarrel, or be over hastily angry, offer to turn it away from study in a humor; but come to it again upon better cogitation, try another time with labor. If then it succeed not, cast not away the quills yet, nor scratch the wainscot, beat not the poor desk, but bring all to the forge and file again; turn it anew. There is no statute law of the kingdom bids you be a poet against your will or the first quarter; ⁶³ if it comes in a year or two, it is well. The common rimers pour forth verses, such as they are, *ex tempore*; but there never comes from them one sense worth the life of a day. A rimer and a poet are two things. It is said of the incomparable Virgil that he brought forth his verses like a bear, and after formed them with licking. Scaliger the farther writes it of him that he made a quantity of verses in the morning which afore night he reduced to a less number. But that which Valerius

Maximus hath left recorded of Euripides, the tragic poet, his answer to Alcestis, another poet, is as memorable as modest; who, when it was told to Alcestis that Euripides had in three days brought forth but three verses, and those with some difficulty and throes, Alcestis, glorying he could with ease have sent forth a hundred in the space, Euripides roundly replied, "Like enough; but here is the difference: thy verses will not last those three days, mine will to all time." Which was as much as to tell him he could not write a verse. I have met many of these rattles that made a noise and buzzed. They had their hum, and no more. Indeed, things wrote with labor deserve to be so read, and will last their age.

The third requisite in our poet or maker is imitation, *imitatio*, to be able to convert the substance or riches of another poet to his own use. To make choice of one excellent man above the rest, and so to follow him till he grow very he, or so like him as the copy may be mistaken for the principal. Not as a creature that swallows what it takes in, crude, raw, or undigested; but that feeds with an appetite, and hath a stomach to concoct, divide, and turn all into nourishment. Not to imitate servilely, as Horace saith, and catch at vices for virtue, but to draw forth out of the best and choicest flowers, with the bee, and turn all into honey, work it into one relish and savor; make our imitation sweet; observe how the best writers have imitated, and follow them: how Virgil and Statius have imitated Homer; how Horace, Archilochus; how Alcæus, and the other lyrics; and so of the rest.

But that which we especially require in him is an exactness of study and multiplicity of reading, *lectio*, which maketh a full man,⁶⁴ not alone enabling him to know the history or argument of a poem and to report it, but so to master the matter and style as to show he knows how to handle,

⁵⁸ There was never a great genius without a mixture of insanity. Nor is it possible to do anything magnificently, or to speak in a fashion superior to others, unless the mind is swayed by emotion.

⁵⁹ There is a god within us, when he is stirred we grow warm; that spirit comes from the heavenly regions.

⁶⁰ I know there has never been an excellent poet without a larger share than common of the divine inspiration.

⁶¹ Ordinary or inferior.

⁶² Only a king, or a poet, is not born every year.

⁶³ In the first quarter; i.e., at once.

⁶⁴ Cf. Bacon's essay, Of Studies.

place, or dispose of either with elegance when need shall be. And not think he can leap forth suddenly a poet by dreaming he hath been in Parnassus, or having washed his lips, as they say, in Helicon. There goes more to his making than so; for to nature, exercise, imitation, and study, art must be added to make all these perfect. *Ars coronat opus*. And though these challenge to themselves much in the making up of our maker, it is art only can lead him to perfection, and leave him there in possession, as planted by her hand. It is the assertion of Tully, if to an excellent nature there happen an accession or conformation of learning and discipline, there will then remain somewhat noble and singular. For, as Simylus⁶⁵ saith in Stobæus,⁶⁶ *Οὐτε φύσις ἱκανὴ γίνεσθαι τέχνης ἄτερ, οὔτε πᾶν τέχνη μὴ φύσιν κεκτημένη*, without art, nature can never be perfect; and without nature art can claim no being. But our poet must beware that his study be not only to learn of himself; for he that shall affect to do that confesseth his ever having a fool to his master. He must read many, but ever the best and choicest; those that can teach him anything he must ever account his masters, and reverence. Among whom Horace and he that taught him, Aristotle, deserved to be the first in estimation. Aristotle was the first accurate critic and truest judge, nay, the greatest philosopher the world ever had; for he noted the vices of all knowledges in all creatures, and out of many men's perfections in a science he formed still one art. So he taught us two offices together, how we ought to judge rightly of others, and what we ought to imitate specially in ourselves: but all this in vain without a natural wit and a poetical nature in chief. For no man, so soon as he knows this or reads it, shall be able to write the better; but as he is adapted to it by nature, he shall grow the perfecter writer. He must have civil prudence and eloquence, and that whole, not taken up by snatches

or pieces in sentences or remnants when he will handle business or carry counsels, as if he came then out of the declaimer's gallery, or shadow furnished but out of the body of the state, which commonly is the school of men: *virorum schola respublica*. The poet is the nearest borderer upon the orator, and expresseth all his virtues, though he be tied more to numbers, is his equal in ornament, and above him in his strengths. And of the kind the comic comes nearest; because in moving the minds of men, and stirring of affections, in which oratory shows, and especially approves her eminence, he chiefly excels. What figure of a body was Lysippus⁶⁷ ever able to form with his graver, or Apelles to paint with his pencil, as the comedy to life expresseth so many and various affections of the mind? There shall the spectator see some insulting⁶⁸ with joy, others fretting with melancholy, raging with anger, mad with love, boiling with avarice, undone with riot, tortured with expectation, consumed with fear: no perturbation in common life but the orator finds an example of it in the scene. And then for the elegance of language, read but this inscription on the grave of a comic poet:

*Immortales mortales si fas esset flere,
Flerent divæ Camoenæ Nævium poetam;
Itaque postquam est Orcino traditus thesauro,
Obliiti sunt Romæ lingua loqui Latina.*⁶⁹

Or that modester testimony given by Lucius Ælius Stilo upon Plautus, who affirmed, "*Musas, si Latine loqui voluissent, Plautino sermone fuisse locuturas.*"⁷⁰ And that illustrious judgment by the most learned Marcus Varro of him, who pronounced him the prince of letters and elegance in the Roman language.

I am not of that opinion to conclude a poet's liberty within the narrow limits of laws which either the grammarians or philosophers prescribe. For before they found

⁶⁵ Greek comic poet, flourished about 350 B.C.

⁶⁶ The preserver of many fragments from lost Greek poets.

⁶⁷ A famous sculptor contemporary with Apelles, the court painter of Alexander the Great.

⁶⁸ Exulting.

⁶⁹ If it were permitted to immortals to weep for mortals, the Muses would weep for the poet Nævius; since he has been committed to the chamber of Orus, they have forgotten how to speak the Latin language at Rome. (Nævius's epitaph for himself.)

⁷⁰ The Muses, if they had wished to speak in Latin, would have employed the Plautine discourse.

out those laws there were many excellent poets that fulfilled them, amongst whom none more perfect than Sophocles, who lived a little before Aristotle. Which of the Greeklings durst ever give precepts to Demosthenes? or to Pericles, whom the age surnamed Heavenly, because he seemed to thunder and lighten with his language? or to Alcibiades, who had rather nature for his guide than art for his master? But whatsoever nature at any time dictated to the most happy, or long exercise to the most laborious, that the wisdom and learning of Aristotle hath brought into an art, because he understood the causes of things; and what other men did by chance or custom he doth by reason; and not only found out the way not to err, but the short way we should take not to err.

Many things in Euripides hath Aristophanes wittily reprehended, not out of art, but out of truth. For Euripides is sometimes peccant, as he is most times perfect. But judgment when it is greatest, if reason doth not accompany it, is not ever absolute.

To judge of poets is only the faculty of poets; and not of all poets, but the best. *Nemo infelicius de poetis judicavit quam qui de poetis scripsit.*⁷¹ But some will say critics are a kind of tinkers, that make more faults than they mend ordinarily. See their diseases and those of grammarians. It is true, many bodies are the worse for the meddling with; and the multitude of physicians hath destroyed many sound patients with their wrong practice. But the office of a true critic or censor is, not to throw by a letter anywhere, or damn an innocent syllable, but lay the words together, and amend them; judge sincerely of the author and his matter, which is the sign of solid and perfect learning in a man. Such was Horace, an author of much civility, and, if any one among the heathen can be, the best master both of virtue and wisdom; an excellent and true judge upon cause and

reason, not because he thought so, but because he knew so out of use and experience.

Cato, the grammarian, a defender of Lucilius.⁷²

*Cato Grammaticus, Latina Siren,
Qui solus legit, et facit poetas.*⁷³

Quintilian of the same heresy, but rejected. Horace his judgment of Chœrillus defended against Joseph Scaliger, and of Laberius against Julius.⁷⁴ But chiefly his opinion of Plautus⁷⁵ vindicated against many that are offended, and say it is a hard censure upon the parent of all conceit and sharpness. And they wish it had not fallen from so great a master and censor in the art, whose bondmen knew better how to judge of Plautus than any that dare patronize the family of learning in this age; who could not be ignorant of the judgment of the times in which he lived, when poetry and the Latin language were at the height; especially being a man so conversant and inwardly familiar with the censures of great men that did discourse of these things daily amongst themselves. Again, a man so gracious and in high favor with the emperor, as Augustus often called him his witty manling, for the littleness of his stature; and, if we may trust antiquity, had designed him for a secretary of estate, and invited him to the palace, which he modestly prayed off and refused. Horace did so highly esteem Terence⁷⁶ his comedies as he ascribes the art in comedy to him alone among the Latins, and joins him with Menander.

THE PARTS OF A COMEDY AND TRAGEDY

The parts of a comedy are the same with a tragedy, and the end is partly the same, for they both delight and teach; the comics are called *διδάσκαλοι*⁷⁷ of the Greeks no less than the tragics. Nor is the moving of

⁷¹ No one has judged of poets more unhappily than he who wrote of poets. — A marginal note reads: "Censura Scaligeri in Liliū Grammaticū" (according to Schelling's emendation); i.e., Lilly the Grammarian, 1468-1523.

⁷² The founder of Roman satire, 148-103 B.C.

⁷³ Cato the Grammarian (C. Valerius Cato), the Latin Siren, who alone reads and makes poets. — Suetonius, *De Grammaticis*, 11.

⁷⁴ Horace's judgment of Chœrillus (Epist. ii. 1. 233) defended against Joseph Scaliger, and his opinion of Laberius (Sat. i. 10. 6) defended against Julius Scaliger.

⁷⁵ Epist. ii. 1. 170.

⁷⁶ Epist. ii. 1. 55.

⁷⁷ Teachers (of the chorus).

laughter always the end of comedy; that is rather a fowling for the people's delight, or their fooling. For, as Aristotle⁷⁸ says rightly, the moving of laughter is a fault in comedy, a kind of turpitude that depraves some part of a man's nature without a disease. As a wry face without pain moves laughter, or a deformed vizard, or a rude clown dressed in a lady's habit and using her actions; we dislike and scorn such representations which made the ancient philosophers ever think laughter unfitting in a wise man. And this induced Plato⁷⁹ to esteem of Homer as a sacrilegious person, because he presented the gods sometimes laughing.⁸⁰ As also it is divinely said of Aristotle, that to seem ridiculous is a part of dishonesty, and foolish. So that what either in the words or sense of an author, or in the language or actions of men, is awry or depraved doth strangely stir mean affections, and provoke for the most part to laughter. And therefore it was clear that all insolent and obscene speeches, jests upon the best men, injuries to particular persons, perverse and sinister sayings, and the rather unexpected, in the old comedy did move laughter, especially where it did imitate any dishonesty; and scurrility came forth in the place of wit, which, who understands the nature and genius of laughter cannot but perfectly know.

Of which Aristophanes affords an ample harvest, having not only outgone Plautus or any other in that kind, but expressed all the moods and figures of what is ridiculous oddly. In short, as vinegar is not accounted good until the wine be corrupted, so jests that are true and natural seldom raise laughter with the beast, the multitude. They love nothing that is right and proper. The farther it runs from reason or possibility with them the better it is. What could have made them laugh like to see Socrates presented,⁸¹ that example of all good life, honesty, and virtue, to have him hoisted up with a pulley, and there play the philosopher in a basket; measure how many foot a flea could skip geometrically,⁸² by a just scale, and edify the people from the engine.

This was theatrical wit, right stage jesting, and relishing a playhouse, invented for scorn and laughter; whereas, if it had savored of equity, truth, perspicuity, and candor, to have tasten a wise or a learned palate, — spit it out presently! this is bitter and profitable: this instructs and would inform us! what need we know anything, that are nobly born, more than a horse-race, or a hunting-match, our day to break with citizens, and such innate mysteries? This is truly leaping from the stage to the tumbril again,⁸³ reducing all wit to the original dung-cart.

OF THE MAGNITUDE AND COMPASS OF ANY FABLE, EPIC OR DRAMATIC

WHAT THE MEASURE OF A FABLE IS. — THE FABLE OR PLOT OF A POEM DEFINED. —

THE EPIC FABLE, DIFFERING FROM THE DRAMATIC

To the resolving of this question we must first agree in the definition of the fable. The fable is called the imitation of one entire and perfect action, whose parts are so joined and knit together as nothing in the structure can be changed or taken away without impairing or troubling the whole, of which there is a proportionable magnitude in the members. As for example: if a man would build a house, he would first appoint a place to build it in, which he would define within certain bounds. So in the constitution of a poem, the action is aimed at by the poet, which answers place in a building, and that action hath his largeness, compass, and proportion. But as a court or king's palace requires other dimensions than a private house, so the epic asks a magnitude from other poems, since what is place in the one is action in the other; the difference is in space. So that by this definition we conclude the fable to be the imitation of one perfect and entire action, as one perfect and entire place is required to a building. By perfect, we understand that to which nothing is wanting, as place to the building that is raised, and action to the fable that is

⁷⁸ Poetics, v.

⁷⁹ Republic, iii.

⁸⁰ Iliad, i. 599.

⁸¹ The Clouds, 217 ff.

⁸² *Ibid.* 144, etc.

⁸³ Horace, *Ars Poetica*, 275 ff.

formed. It is perfect, perhaps not for a court or king's palace, which requires a greater ground, but for the structure we would raise; so the space of the action may not prove large enough for the epic fable, yet be perfect for the dramatic, and whole.

WHAT WE UNDERSTAND BY WHOLE ⁸⁴

Whole we call that, and perfect, which hath a beginning, a midst, and an end. So the place of any building may be whole and entire for that work, though too little for a palace. As to a tragedy or a comedy, the action may be convenient and perfect that would not fit an epic poem in magnitude. So a lion is a perfect creature in himself, though it be less than that of a buffalo or a rhinocerate. They differ but in specie: either in the kind is absolute; both have their parts, and either the whole. Therefore, as in every body so in every action, which is the subject of a just work, there is required a certain proportionable greatness, neither too vast nor too minute. For that which happens to the eyes when we behold a body, the same happens to the memory when we contemplate an action. I look upon a monstrous giant, as Tityus,⁸⁵ whose body covered nine acres of land, and mine eye sticks upon every part; the whole that consists of those parts will never be taken in at one entire view. So in a fable, if the action be too great, we can never comprehend the whole together in our imagination. Again, if it be too little, there ariseth no pleasure out of the object; it affords the view no stay; it is beheld, and vanisheth at once. As if we should look upon an ant or pismire, the parts fly the sight, and the whole considered is almost nothing. The same happens in action, which is the object of memory, as the body is of sight. Too vast oppresses the eyes, and exceeds the memory; too little scarce admits either.

WHAT THE UTMOST BOUND OF A FABLE

Now in every action it behoves the poet to know which is his utmost bound, how far with fitness and a necessary proportion he may produce and determine it; that is,

till either good fortune change into the worse, or the worse into the better. For as a body without proportion cannot be goodly, no more can the action, either in comedy or tragedy, without his fit bounds. And every bound, for the nature of the subject, is esteemed the best that is largest, till it can increase no more; so it behoves the action in tragedy or comedy to be let grow till the necessity ask a conclusion; wherein two things are to be considered: first, that it exceed not the compass of one day; next, that there be place left for digression and art. For the episodes and digressions in a fable are the same that household stuff and other furniture are in a house. And so far form the measure and extent of a fable dramatic.

WHAT IS MEANT BY ONE AND ENTIRE

Now that it should be one and entire. One is considerable two ways; either as it is only separate, and by itself, or as being composed of many parts, it begins to be one as those parts grow or are wrought together. That it should be one the first way alone, and by itself, no man that hath tasted letters ever would say, especially having required before a just magnitude and equal proportion of the parts in themselves. Neither of which can possibly be, if the action be single and separate, not composed of parts, which laid together in themselves, with an equal and fitting proportion, tend to the same end; which thing out of antiquity itself hath deceived many, and more this day it doth deceive.

So many there be of old that have thought the action of one man to be one, as of Hercules, Theseus, Achilles, Ulysses, and other heroes; which is both foolish and false, since by one and the same person many things may be severally done which cannot fitly be referred or joined to the same end: which not only the excellent tragic poets, but the best masters of the epic, Homer and Virgil, saw. For though the argument of an epic poem be far more diffused and poured out than that of tragedy, yet Virgil, writing of Æneas, hath pretermitted many things. He neither tells

⁸⁴ Aristotle's Poetics, vii.

⁸⁵ Apollo slew Tityus and threw him into Tartarus, where a vulture fed constantly on his liver.

how he was born, how brought up, how he fought Achilles, how he was snatched out of the battle by Venus; but that one thing, how he came into Italy, he prosecutes in twelve books. The rest of his journey, his error by sea, the sack of Troy, are put not as the argument of the work, but episodes of the argument. So Homer laid by many things of Ulysses, and handled no more than he saw tended to one and the same end.

Contrary to which, and foolishly, those poets did, whom the philosopher⁸⁶ taxeth, of whom one gathered all the actions of Theseus, another put all the labors of Hercules in one work. So did he whom Juvenal mentions in the beginning,⁸⁷ "hoarse Codrus," that recited a volume compiled, which he called his *Theseid*, not yet finished, to the great trouble both of his hearers and himself; amongst which there were many parts had no coherence nor kindred one with other, so far they were from being one action, one fable. For as a house, consisting of divers materials, becomes one structure and one dwelling, so an action, composed of divers parts, may become one fable, epic or dramatic. For example, in a tragedy, look upon Sophocles his *Ajax*: Ajax, deprived of Achilles's armor, which he hoped from the suffrage of the Greeks, disdains, and, growing impatient of the injury, rageth, and turns mad. In that humor he doth many senseless things, and

at last falls upon the Grecian flock and kills a great ram for Ulysses: returning to his sense, he grows ashamed of the scorn and kills himself; and is by the chiefs of the Greeks forbidden burial. These things agree and hang together, not as they were done, but as seeming to be done, which made the action whole, entire, and absolute.

THE CONCLUSION CONCERNING THE
WHOLE, AND THE PARTS. — WHICH
ARE EPISODES

For the whole, as it consisteth of parts, so without all the parts it is not the whole; and to make it absolute is required not only the parts, but such parts as are true. For a part of the whole was true, which, if you take away, you either change the whole or it is not the whole. For if it be such a part as, being present or absent, nothing concerns the whole, it cannot be called a part of the whole; and such are the episodes, of which hereafter. For the present here is one example: the single combat of Ajax with Hector,⁸⁸ as it is at large described in Homer, nothing belongs to this Ajax of Sophocles.

You admire no poems but such as run like a brewer's cart upon the stones, hobbling —

*Et, quæ per salebras atque saxa cadunt,
Actius et quidquid Pacuviusque vomunt.
Attonitusque legis terrai, frugiferaï.*⁸⁹

⁸⁶ Aristotle's *Poetics*, viii.

⁸⁷ Sat. i. 2; iii. 203.

⁸⁸ *Iliad*, vii. 204 ff.

⁸⁹ And which fall over rough crags and high rocks; and whatever Actius and Pacuvius have spewed forth you read with ecstasy — *terraï, frugiferaï*, and such words. — Re-arranged from Martial, *Epigrams*, 11, 90.

WILLIAM LAUD

(1573-1644/5)

From a cottage in Reading to mullioned Lambeth, from a modest scholar of *Oxon* to Archbishop of Canterbury, from the side of king and princes and the rudder of state to the traitor's bench, from Whitehall to the Tower, from the dais of authority to the block — this was the road trodden by William Laud, storm centre of the cyclone of the 1640's in England, priest, scholar, preacher, politician plenipotentiary, steam-roller of the Lord. In his time he had held in his hands reins that it is given to few princes to hold. He had defied traditions, remade oaths of kings in the direction of the light of their divinity, overstepped authority, humbled great ecclesiastics, cut holy Gordian knots, browbeaten, coerced, informed, worn a cassock like the breastplate of a centurion, turned a bishop's crook into a javelin, danced for the great, and put his heel on honest men's necks. A priest who wore purple. He had disciplined a church hardly reformed and full still of the wrinkles of Geneva and Calvinism, with one eye, perhaps, on the high towers of Rome. There is the unauthenticated Oxonian story of the cardinal's robe which he kept ready in his room at St. John's. A man in whose sides ambition for ever kept her steel spurs, a man who had night visions and who believed in his stars; superstitious, a believer in omens, who saw disaster in the fall of a vane. A man about whom sinister stories gathered and wings of evil portent beat. A butt of libels and curses. Betrayer of his church and his people, renegade, betrayer of the meekness of his calling, time-server, lick-spit, worshipper of the world and its vainglories — call him these the many enemies that hemmed him in at the last night. But this was the man who had made Oxford into the living soul that it is today, and this was the man who, more than any other, had rough-hewed, hallowed, and made beautiful that fair house between the now and the eternal, that aristocratic compromise, that *via media et speciosa*, the Anglican Church.

For out of the turmoil which was his life Laud had found time to give of the pith of his genius for organization charters and regulations, and out of the hunger of his mind books and MSS. from his library shelves to the university where he had begun to run his race. And he could hold up the College of St. John's in his hands, as the ancient builders hold up their cathedrals of Winchester or Lincoln, and cry here is my monument; and, more than that, a tradition of the aristocracy of letters which survives as an Oxonian tradition to this day. He could hold up the Arabic lectureship he established. He could point to the noble square where St. Mary's and Brasenose and All Souls front one another, and cry mine. He could claim, and rightly, that he was the real founder of Oxford University; for he had procured for it a charter such as Cambridge had had from the day of Henry the Eighth; and more, he had ironed out a tangle of mediæval college entities into something like the corporate unity of the Oxford of today. If he had broken many a sincere spirit under the wheels of his chariot, if he had caused William Prynne's ears to be clipped, he had also set up a Greek printing press at London and repaired St. Paul's. To a particularly distracted period he had brought a talent for order and forced unity upon the stubborn forces of disunion. What he had done for Oxford, he did for the Anglican Church. He made it both efficient and paying and then beautiful. He crushed the seeds of Geneva and further dissent out of it; he rectified its business management. He gave it exact rules and articles. He made it into a corporation. A political tool of Henry the Eighth became at last an affair of faith. And his strong hand could beautify, too. He restored the dignity and the sanctity of the altar; he established the ceremonial as a tenet of holiness. He established the Book of Common Prayer. If he had done nothing else, his forcing of the gentle and hesitant George Herbert into the robe of a belated saint and his setting Jeremy Taylor in the way of the notice of the world would have justified him in his methods.

Not a great divine himself, untouched of the mysticism that has so often put a halo around the Anglican faith, Laud was not a great literary figure. His sermons and his controversial tracts, as that one refuting the Roman Catholic Fisher, in the eyes of these later

years are negligible. But he played his part in laying the foundations on which others could build. Someone must do the work of trowel and axe. It was his fate to do his splendid building in a time when architecture was also warfare. He was a man of the world; but he did something to advance the issues of the spirit. He had been a good fighter. And he died a martyr to the things he believed in, the right of the strong to rule.

The great oak attracts the lightning. The most powerful Archbishop of Canterbury in modern times was bound to bear the brunt of the storm that levelled the church and kingship in the '40's. And though in many ways Laud served as a sort of glorified scapegoat for the pent up fury, Laud's life and methods, in all fairness, account for, if they do not justify, a large part of the hatred that descended upon him in the melancholy day when lords and king failed him and he stood alone in the tempest. Laud's hatred of Bishop Williams, who had made him a bishop, and his high-handed methods in bringing about Williams's ruin, though the spite may have been in part reciprocated, are dark matters. Truly he had much for which to prepare an *apologia*. And during his long confinement in the Tower he did prepare such in his History of the Troubles and Trial of William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury. His trial was long and involved; greater issues than the life of Laud loomed in the background. Prynne's Breviate of the Life of William Laud, aimed like an edged axe at the neck of the prelate who had caused Prynne's ears to be clipped, was published near the end of the trial, at the beginning of September, 1644; in the book Laud's Diary and some other notes appeared, with some corruptions, a few diabolical suppressions, and many malicious conjectures; a notable feature being the frequent omission of the pious ejaculations strewn through the Archbishop's private journal. Perhaps this is the only instance of a trial in which a plaintiff did his best to use a man's dreams as evidence against him; Prynne made much of these entries of Laud as portents of a just doom. The Archbishop went to the block January 10, 1644/5. Before he was beheaded he made a last and simple and eloquent *apologia* for the work of his life, protesting his innocence of the two charges brought against him, of endeavoring to subvert the laws of the land and to overthrow the true Protestant religion. The prayer which he said as he knelt to the stroke is the most eloquent thing we have of his; in its simplicity and charity it reminds one of some of Lincoln's addresses: "Lord, I am coming as fast as I can; I know I must pass through the shadow of death before I can come to see thee; but it is but *umbra mortis*, a mere shadow of death, a little darkness upon nature; but thou by thy merits and passion hast broke through the jaws of death. The Lord receive my soul and have mercy upon me and bless this kingdom with peace and plenty and with brotherly love and charity that there may not be this effusion of Christian blood amongst them, for Jesus Christ his sake, if it be thy will."

Laud's Diary, not intended for the public eye but rudely snatched from his person to be printed as evidence against him in the day of his fall, is not so much a literary work as the account-book of a splendid and ambitious architect who built perhaps far better than he willed, who laid cornerstones in sowing pillows under his own and my Lord Duke's knees. But it has its place as a record of troubled times when literature itself was troubled. And in its brief entries there is often something dramatic and gripping. It is a kind of tragedy; and we see a great man mount up and up, until he comes out suddenly upon a scaffold. Certainly here is a story of the vanity of man's striving. The dreams alone in it give it something of dignity and great pathos. These sad presages of a decline from glory have a sort of Sophoclesian power. They would repay a detailed study by a modern psychologist. Why so many of them on a Sunday? After the dark account of Laud's end, one likes to recall perhaps that story which was told concerning the last night of the royal master he served so stoutly and so long, when, his own time coming, Charles Stuart stood where William Laud had stood and waited for the edge of tomorrow. In the hour of his agony it was said that Laud, the man who had himself been so often visited by the dead in his dreams, came in a dream to a man who slept that last night with his royal master¹ and seemed to give comfort to his king to go with him in the valley of the shadow.

¹ Sir Thomas Herbert told of this dream of his in a letter dated August 28, 1680; it is printed in the 1815 edition of Herbert's Memoirs.

FROM THE DIARY OF WILLIAM LAUD, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

(Text: Wharton's 1694)

The King's gracious speech unto me, June 3, 1621, concerning my long service. He was pleased to say: he had given me nothing but Gloucester, which he well knew was a shell without a kernel.

June 29. His Majesty gave me the grant of the bishopric of St. David's, being St. Peter's Day. The general expectation in court was that I should then have been made Dean of Westminster and not Bishop of St. David's. The King gave me leave to hold my presidentship of St. John Baptist's College in *Oxon* in my *commendam* with the bishopric of Saint David's.

April 16 [1622]. I was with his Majesty and the Prince's Highness to give notice of letters I received of a treasonable sermon preached in Oxford on Sunday, April 14, by one Mr. Knight of Broadgates.²

May 10. I went to the court to Greenwich, and came back in coach with the Lord Marquess of Buckingham. My promise then to give his Lordship the discourse he spake to me for.

June 9. Being Whitsunday, my Lord Marquess of Buckingham was pleased to enter into a nearer respect to me, the particulars are not for paper.³

March 31 [1623] I received letters from my Lord of Buckingham out of Spain.⁴

July 15. St. Swythyn, a very fair day till towards 5 at night. Then great extremity of thunder and lightning. Much hurt done. The lanthorn at St. James' house blasted. The vane bearing the Prince's arms beaten to pieces, the Prince being in Spain.

Octob. 31. I acquainted my Lord Duke of Buckingham with that which passed between the Lord Keeper⁵ and me.

Decemb. 14. Sunday night, I did dream that the Lord Keeper was dead; that I passed by one of his men that was about a monument for him; that I heard him say his lower lip was infinitely swelled and

fallen and he rotten already. This dream did trouble me.

Decemb. 15. Monday morning, I went about business to my Lord Duke of Buckingham. We had speech in the Shield Gallery at Whitehall. There I found that the Lord Keeper had strangely forgotten himself to him; and I think was dead in his affections.

Decemb. 27. St. John's Day, I was with my Lord Duke of Buckingham. I found that all went not right with the Lord Keeper, etc. He sent to speak with me, because he was to receive the next day.

Januar. 11 [1623/4]. My Lord Keeper met me in the withdrawing chamber and quarrelled with me *gratis*.

Januar. 14. I acquainted my Lord Duke of Buckingham with that which passed the day before between the Lord Keeper and me.

Febr. 6. Friday, my Lord Duke of Buckingham told me of the reconciliation the day before made with the Lord Keeper.

Februar. 18. Wednesday, my Lord Duke of Buckingham told me of the reconciliation and submission of my Lord Keeper and that it was confessed unto him that his favor to me was a chief cause. *Invidia quo tendis?* etc.

March 27 [1624]. Saturday, Easter Even, my speech with my Lord Duke of Buckingham about a course to ease the church in times of payment of the subsidy now to be given. His promise to prepare both the King and the Prince.

March 29. Easter Monday, I went and acquainted my Lord Keeper with what I had said to my Lord Duke. He approved it and said it was the best office that was done for the church this seven years. And so said my Lord of Durham. They persuaded me to go and acquaint my Lord's Grace⁶ with what I had done. I went. His Grace was

² Now Pembroke College.

³ Prynne italicized this sentence. Anthony à Wood's MS. note in the margin of his copy of the Breviate of the Life of William Laud: "Prynne put this in a large character to make the court believe it some scandalous matter."

⁴ The Duke and the Prince were in Spain on the famous business of the marriage which did not come off.

⁵ Williams, Bishop of Lincoln and Dean of Westminster.

⁶ Of Canterbury.

very angry. Asked what I had to do to make any suit for the church. Told me never any bishop attempted the like at any time, nor would any but myself have done it. That I had given the church such a wound in speaking to any lord of the laity about it as I could never make whole again. That if my Lord Duke did fully understand what I had done, he would never endure me to come near him again. I answered I thought I had done a very good office for the church; and so did my betters think.

May 5. This day my Lord Duke of Buckingham came to town with his Majesty sick. And continued ill till Saturday, May 22.

May 16. Whitsunday night, I watched with my Lord Duke of Buckingham. This was the first fit that he could be persuaded to take orderly.

May 18. Tuesday night, I watched with my Lord Duke of Buckingham: he took this fit very orderly.

June 8. Tuesday, I went to New Hall to my Lord Duke of Buckingham, and came back to London on Friday, June 11.⁷

Anno 1625, March 27. Mid-Lent Sunday, I preached at Whitehall. I ascended the pulpit much troubled and in a very melancholy moment, the report then spreading that his Majesty King James, of most sacred memory to me, was dead. Being interrupted with the dolours of the Duke of Buckingham, I broke off my sermon in the middle. The King died at Theobald's about three quarters of an hour past eleven in the forenoon. He breathed forth his blessed soul most religiously and with great constancy of faith and courage.

Apr. 3. Sunday, I delivered into the Duke of Buckingham's hands my short annotations upon the life and death of the most august King James, which he had commanded me to put in writing.

April 9. Saturday, the Duke of Buckingham, whom upon all accounts I am bound for ever to honor, signified to me that a certain person, moved through I know not what envy, had blackened my name with

his Majesty King Charles, laying hold for that purpose of the error into which, by I know not what fate, I had formerly fallen in the business of Charles, Earl of Devonshire, 1605, Decemb. 26.⁸

June 12. Sunday (it was Trinity Sunday), Queen Mary,⁹ crossing the seas landed upon our shore about seven o'clock in the evening. God grant that she may be an evening and happy star to our orb.

June 25. Saturday, all the bishops who were then in town were introduced together that they might wait upon Queen Mary and kiss her hand. She received us very graciously.

July 3. Sunday, in my sleep his Majesty King James appeared to me. I saw him only passing by swiftly. He was of a pleasant and serene countenance. In passing he saw me, beckoned to me, smiled, and was immediately withdrawn from my sight.

July 31. Sunday, I fell down, I know not how, in the parlor of the president's lodging at St. John's College and hurt my left shoulder and hip.

August 21. Sunday, I preached at Brecknock; where I stayed two days very busy in performing some business. That night in my sleep it seemed to me that the Duke of Buckingham came into bed with me; where he behaved himself with great kindness towards me after that rest wherewith wearied persons are wont to solace themselves. Many also seemed to me to enter the chamber, who saw this. Not long before I dreamed that I saw the Duchess of Buckingham, that excellent lady, at first very much perplexed about her husband, but afterwards was cheerful and rejoicing that she was freed from the fear of abortion so that in due time she might be again a mother.

Septemb. 26. Sunday, that night I dreamed of the marriage of I know not whom at Oxford. All that were present were clothed with flourishing green garments. I knew none of them but Thomas Flaxney. Immediately after, without any intermission of sleep (that I know of), I thought I saw

⁷ Prynne's note on this entry in the Breviate reads: "It is credibly reported that the Duke made the Bishop at that time to put off his gown and cassock and then to dance before him like an hobgoblin to make him merry."

⁸ A reference to Laud's marrying the Earl of Devon to a divorced woman.

⁹ Henrietta Maria.

the Bishop of Worcester, his head and shoulders covered with linen. He advised and invited me kindly to dwell with them, marking out a place where the court of the marches of Wales was then held. But not staying for my answer, he subjoined that he knew I could not live so meanly, etc.

Januar. 4 [1625/6]. Wednesday, we met at Whitehall to consult of the ceremonies of the coronation.¹⁰

Januar. 29. Sunday, I understood what D[uke of] B[uckingham] had collected concerning the cause, book, and opinions of Richard Montague and what K[ing] C[harles] had determined with himself therein. Methinks I see a cloud arising, threatening the Church of England. God of his mercy dissipate it!

Febr. 2. Thursday and Candlemas Day, his Majesty King Charles was crowned. I then officiated in the place of the Dean of Westminster. The King entered the Abbey a little before ten o'clock; and it was past three before he went out of it. It was a very bright, sun-shining day. The solemnity being ended, in the great hall of Westminster, when the King delivered into my hands the regalia which are kept in the Abbey Church of Westminster, he did (which had not before been done) deliver to me the sword called Curtana¹¹ and two others, which had been carried before the King that day, to be kept in the church, together with the other regalia. I returned and offered them solemnly at the altar in the name of the King, and laid them up with the rest. In so great a ceremony and amidst an incredible concourse of people nothing was lost or broken or disordered. The theatre was clear and free for the King, the peers, and the business in hand; and I heard some of the nobility saying to the King in their return that they never had seen any solemnity, although much less, performed with so little noise and so great order.

June 15 [1626]. Thursday, after many debates and strugglings, private malice against the Duke of Buckingham prevailed

and stopped all public business. Nothing was done; but Parl. was dissolved.

June 20. Tuesday, his Majesty King Charles named me to be Bishop of Bath and Wells and at the same time commanded me to prepare a sermon for the public fast, which he had by proclamation appointed to be kept on the 5th of July following.

August 16. I was elected Bishop of Bath and Wells, being Wednesday, the letter D.

Aug. 25. Friday, two robin-redbreasts flew together through the door into my study as if one pursued the other. That sudden motion almost startled me. I was then preparing a sermon on Ephes. 4:30, and studying.

Decemb. 21. I dreamed of the burial of I know not whom and that I stood by the grave. I awaked sad.

December 25. Christmas Day, Monday, I preached my first sermon as Dean of the Royal Chapel at Whitehall, upon St. John 1:14, part 1.

Januar. 5 [1626/7]. Epiphany Eve and Friday, in the night I dreamed that my mother, long since dead, stood by my bed and, drawing aside the clothes a little, looked pleasantly upon me; and that I was glad to see her with so merry an aspect. She then showed to me a certain old man long since dead; whom, while alive, I both knew and loved. He seemed to lie upon the ground; merry enough, but with a wrinkled countenance. His name was Grove. While I prepared to salute him, I awoke.

Januar. 13. Saturday, the Bishop of Lincoln desired reconciliation with the Duke of Buckingham, etc.

Januar. 14. Sunday, towards morning I dreamed that the Bishop of Lincoln came, I know not whither, with iron chains. But returning loosed from them, leaped on horseback, went away; neither could I overtake him.

Januar. 16. Tuesday, I dreamed that the King went out to hunt and that when he was hungry, I brought him on the sudden into the house of my friend Francis Windbank. While he prepareth to eat, I, in the

¹⁰ "And in January," comments Pryne, "he compiled the book of the King's coronation wherein he altered the coronation oath; executed the office of the Dean of Westminster at the coronation instead of Dr. Williams, then Dean of Westminster, Bishop of Lincoln, and Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, whom the King would not admit to be present at the ceremonies of his coronation."

¹¹ The legendary sword of Tristram, called "short" because the point of it was in the skull of Morhaut.

absence of others, presented the cup to him after the usual manner. I carried drink to him; but it pleased him not. I carried it again, but in a silver cup. Thereupon his Majesty said: You know that I always drink out of glass. I go away again; and awoke.

March 8. Thursday, I came to London. The night following I dreamed that I was reconciled to the Church of Rome. This troubled me very much; and I wondered exceedingly how it should happen. Nor was I aggrieved with myself (only by reason of the errors of that church, but also)¹² upon account of the scandal which from that my fall would be cast upon many eminent and learned men in the Church of England. So being troubled at my dream, I said with myself that I would go immediately and, confessing my fault, would beg pardon of the Church of England. Going with this resolution, a certain priest met me and would have stopped me. But moved with indignation, I went on my way. And while I wearied myself with these troublesome thoughts, I awoke. Herein I felt such strong impressions that I could scarce believe it to be a dream.

March 17. Saturday, the eve of Palm Sunday, about midnight I buried Charles, Viscount Buckingham, the eldest, and then only, son of George, Duke of Buckingham. He was about a year and four months old. He died on the Friday before.

Apr. 4. [1627]. Wednesday, when his Majesty King Charles forgave to Doctor Donne¹³ certain slips in a sermon preached on Sunday, Apr. 1, what he then most graciously said unto me I have wrote in my heart with indelible characters and great thankfulness to God and the King.

April 29. Sunday, I was made privy counsellor to his Majesty King Charles. God grant it may conduce to his honor and to the good of the kingdom and the church.

June 17. The bishopric of London was granted me at Southwick.

June 24. I was commanded to go all the progress.

June 27. The Duke of Buckingham set forwards towards the Isle of Rhé.

July 4. The King lost a jewel in hunting

of £1,000 value. That day the message was sent by the King for the sequestering of A[reh] B[ishop of] C[anterbury].

July 7. Saturday night, I dreamed that I had lost two teeth. The Duke of Buckingham took the Isle of Rhé.

August 9 [1628]. Saturday, a terrible salt rheum in my left eye almost put me into a fever.

August 12. Tuesday, my Lord Duke of Buckingham went towards Portsmouth to go for Rochelle.

August 23. Saturday, St. Bartholomew's Eve, the Duke of Buckingham slain at Portsmouth by one Lieutenant Felton about nine in the morning.

Novemb. 29. Felton was executed at Tyburn for killing the Duke; and afterwards his body was sent to be hanged in chains at Portsmouth.

Decemb. 30. Wednesday, the statutes which I had drawn for the reducing of the factious and tumultuary election of proctors in Oxford to several colleges by course, and so to continue, were passed in convocation at Oxford, no voice dissenting.

Janu. 26 [1628/9]. Monday, the 240 Greek manuscripts were sent to London House. These I got my Lord of Pembroke to buy and give to Oxford.

January 31. Saturday night, I lay in court. I dreamed that I put off my rochet all save one sleeve; and when I would have put it on again, I could not find it.

February 6. Friday, Sir Thomas Roe sent to London House 28 manuscripts in Greek, to have a catalogue drawn, and the books to be for Oxford.

March 2. Monday, the Parliament to be dissolved declared by proclamation, upon some disobedient passages to his Majesty that day in the House of Commons.

March 10. Tuesday, the Parliament dissolved, the King present. The Parliament which was broken up this March 10 labored my ruin; but God be ever blessed for it, found nothing against me.

March 29 [1629]. Sunday, two papers were found in the Dean of Paul's his yard before his house. The one was to this effect concerning myself: Laud, look to thyself; be assured thy life is sought. As thou art

¹² The words within the parentheses Prynne maliciously omitted.

¹³ Dean of St. Paul's.

the fountain of all wickedness, repent thee of thy monstrous sins, before thou be taken out of the world, etc. And assure thyself, neither God nor the world can endure such a vile councillor to live, such a whisperer; or to this effect. The other was as bad as this against the Lord Treasurer. Mr. Dean¹⁴ delivered both papers to the King that night. Lord, I am a grievous sinner; but I beseech thee, deliver my soul from them that hate me without a cause!

Apr. 10 [1630]. The Earl of Pembroke, Lord Steward, being Chancellor of the University of Oxford, died of an apoplexy.

Apr. 12. The University of Oxford chose me Chancellor; and word was brought me of it the next morning.

April 28. Wednesday, the university came up to the ceremony and gave me my oath.

May 29. Saturday, Prince Charles was born at St. James'. *Paulo ante horam primam post meridiem*. I was in the house three hours before and had the honor and happiness to see the Prince before he was full one hour old.

June 27. Sunday, I had the honor as Dean of the Chapel, my Lord's Grace of Canterbury being infirm, to christen Prince Charles at St. James'.

June 26 [1631]. My business with L. T., etc., about the trees which the King had given me in Shotover towards my building in St. John's at Oxford. Which work I resolved on in November last and published it to the college about the end of March. . . .

July 26. The first stone was laid of my building at St. John's.

Aug. 23. In this June and July were great disorders in Oxford, by appealing from Doctor Smith, then Vice-Chancellor. The chief ring-leaders were Mr. Ford of Magdalen Hall and Mr. Thorne of Balliol College. The proctors, Mr. Atherton Bruch and Mr. John Doughty received their appeals as if it had not been *perturbatio pacis*, etc. The Vice-Chancellor was forced in a statutable way to appeal to the King. The King with all the lords of his council then present heard the cause at Woodstock, Aug. 23, 1631, being Tuesday in the afternoon. The sentence upon the hearing was: that Ford, Thorne, and Hodges of Exeter College

should be banished the university; and both proctors were commanded to come into the Convocation House and there resign their office; that two others might be named out of the same colleges. Dr. Prideaux, Rector of Exeter College, and Doctor Wilkinson, Principal of Magdalen Hall, received a sharp admonition for their misbehavior in this business.

Aug. 4 [1633]. Sunday, news came to court of the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury's death; and the King resolved presently to give it to me. Which he did, Aug. 6.

Aug. 4. That very morning, at Greenwich, there came one to me seriously and that avowed ability to perform it, and offered me to be a cardinal; I went presently to the King and acquainted him both with the thing and person.

Aug. 14. Wednesday, a report brought me that I was poisoned.

Aug. 17. Saturday, I had a serious offer made me again to be a cardinal; I was then from court, but so soon as I came thither (which was on Wednesday, Aug. 21) I acquainted his Majesty with it. But my answer again was that somewhat dwelt within me which would not suffer that till Rome were other than it is.

Aug. 25. Sunday, my election to the archbishopric was returned to the King then being at Woodstock.

Sept. 19. Thursday, I was translated to the archbishopric of Canterbury. The Lord make me able! etc. The day before, viz.

Sept. 18, when I first went to Lambeth, my coach, horses, and men sunk to the bottom of the Thames in the ferry-boat, which was overladen, but I praise God for it, I lost neither man nor horse.

Novemb. 13. Wednesday, Richard Boyer, who had formerly named himself Lodowick, was brought into the Star-Chamber for most grossly misusing me and of accusing me of no less than treason, etc. He had broke prison for felony when he did this. His censure is upon record. And God forgive him! About the beginning of this month the Lady Davies prophesied against me that I should very few days outlive the fifth of November. And a little after that, one Greene came into the court at St.

James, with a great sword by his side, swearing the King should do him justice against me or he would take another course with me. All the wrong I ever did this man was that, being a poor printer, I procured him of the Company of the Stationers £5 a year during his life. God preserve me and forgive him. He was committed to Newgate.

Novemb. 24. Sunday, in the afternoon I christened King Charles his second son, James, Duke of York, at St. James'.

June 11 [1634]. Mr. Prynne sent me a very libellous letter about his censure in the Star-Chamber for his *Histriomastix* and what I said at that censure; in which he hath many ways mistaken me and spoken untruth of me.

Septemb. 23 [1635]. Wednesday, I went to St. Paul's to view the building, and returned that night to Croyden.

Septemb. 29. The Earl of Arundel brought an old man out of Shropshire. He was this present Michaelmas Day showed to the King and the lords for a man of 152 or 153 years of age.

Oct. 26. Monday, this morning between four and five of the clock, lying at Hampton Court, I dreamed that I was going out in haste, and that when I came into my outer chamber, there was my servant Will Pennell in the same riding suit which he had on that day sennight at Hampton Court with me. Methought I wondered to see him—for I left him sick at home—and asked him how he did and what he made there. And that he answered me, he came to receive my blessing; and with that fell on his knees. That hereupon I laid my hand on his head, and prayed over him, and therewith awaked. When I was up, I told this to them in my chamber; and added that I should find Pennell dead or dying. My coach came; and when I came home, I found him past sense and giving up the ghost. So my prayers, as they had frequently before, commended him to God.

Aug. 19 [1636]. Friday, I was in great danger of breaking my right leg. But God be blessed! for his providence only delivered me.

Aug. 19. Monday, King Charles and Queen Mary entered Oxford, being to be

there entertained by me as Chancellor of the University.

Aug. 30. On Tuesday I entertained them at St. John's College. It was St. Felix his Day; and all passed happily. Charles, Prince Elector Palatine, and his brother Prince Rupertus, was there. These two were present in convocation, and with other nobles were made Masters of Arts.

Aug. 31. Wednesday, they left Oxford, and I returned homewards the day after, having first entertained all the heads of the houses together.

Octob. 14. Friday night, I dreamed marvellously that the King was offended with me and would cast me off and tell me no cause why. *Avertat Deus!* for cause I have given none.

June 14 [1637]. This day John Bastwick, Doctor of Physic, Henry Burton, Batch. of Divinity, and Will Prynne, Barrister at Law, were censured for their libels against the hierarchy of the church, etc.

June 26. The speech I then spake in the Star-Chamber was commanded by the King to be printed. And it came out June the 25.

June 26. This day, Monday, the Prince Elector and his brother Prince Rupert began their journey towards the seaside, to return for Holland.

June 30. Friday, the above-named three libellers lost their ears.

July 7. Friday, a note was brought to me of a short libel pasted on the cross in Cheapside: that the Arch-Wolf of Cant. had his hand in persecuting the saints and shedding the blood of the martyrs.

Aug. 23. Wednesday, my Lord Mayor sent me a libel found by the watch at the south gate of St. Paul's: that the Devil had let that house to me, etc.

Aug. 25. Friday, another libel brought me by an officer of the High Commission, fastened to the north gate of St. Paul's: that the government of the Church of England is a candle in the snuff, going out in a stench.

Aug. 25. The same day at night, my Lord Mayor sent me another libel, hanged upon the standard at Cheapside. My speech in the Star-Chamber set in a kind of pillory.

Aug. 29 [1638]. The tumults in Scotland

about the service book offered to be brought in, began July 23, 1637, and continued increasing by fits, and hath now brought that kingdom in danger. No question but there is a great concurrence between them and the Puritan party in England. A great aim there to destroy me in the King's opinion, etc.

June 15 and 17 [1639]. Saturday and Monday, the peace concluded between the King and the Scottish rebels. God make it safe and honorable to the King and the kingdom!

June 28. Friday, I sent the remainder of my manuscripts to Oxford, being in number 576. And about an hundred of them were Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian. I had formerly sent them above 700 volumes.

Januar. 24 [1638]. Friday, at night I dreamed that my father, who died 46 years since, came to me; and, to my thinking, he was as well and as cheerful as ever I saw him. He asked me what I did there. And after some speech, I asked him how long he would stay with me. He answered, he would stay till he had me away with him. I am not moved with dreams; yet I thought fit to remember this.

Januar. 26. Sunday, I received the Queen's gracious assurance of her favor in the business which his Majesty had committed to me with others, etc.

May 9 [1640]. Saturday, a paper posted upon the Old Exchange, animating 'prentices to sack my house upon the Monday following, May 11, early.¹⁵

May 11. Monday night, at midnight my house at Lambeth was beset with 500 of these rascal routers. I had notice and strengthened the house as well as I could; and God be blessed, I had no harm. They continued there full two hours. Since I have got cannons and fortified my house as well as I can; and hope all may be safe. But yet libels are continually set up in all places of note in the city.

May 21. Thursday, one of the chief, being taken, was condemned at Southwark, and hanged and quartered on Saturday morning following, May 23.

Octob. 27. Tuesday, Simon and Jude's Eve, I went into my upper study to see some manuscripts which I was sending to Oxford. In that study hung my picture, taken by the life; and coming in, I found it fallen down upon the face and lying on the floor, the string being broken by which it was hanged against the wall. I am almost every day threatened with my ruin in Parliament. God grant this be no omen!

Decemb. 18. Friday, I was accused by the House of Commons for high treason, without any particular charge laid against me; which they said should be prepared in convenient time. Mr. Denzell Hollis was the man that brought up the message to the Lords; soon after, the charge was brought into the Upper House by the Scots commissioners tending to prove me an incendiary; upon which I was presently committed to the gentleman usher; but was permitted to go in his company to Lambeth for a book or two to read in and such papers as pertained to my defence against the Scots. I stayed at Lambeth till the evening to avoid the gazing of the people. I went to evening prayer in my chapel. The Psalms of the day, Psal. 93 and 94 and chap. 50 of Isaiah, gave me great comfort. God make me worthy of it and fit to receive it!

Decemb. 21. Monday, I was fined £500 in the Parliament House, and Sir John Lamb and Sir Henry Martin £250 apiece, for keeping Sir Robert Howard close prisoner in the case of the escape of the Lady Viscountess Purbeck out of the gate-house; which lady he kept avowedly and had children by her. In such a case, say the imprisonment were more than the law allow, what may be done for honor and religion's sake? . . .

[Decemb. 23] Wednesday, the Lords ordered me to pay the money presently; which was done.

[Januar. 21, 1640/1] Thursday, a Parliament man of good note and interested in divers lords sent me word that by reason of my patient and moderate carriage since my commitment four earls of great power

¹⁵ From this point four pages of the MS. are partly burned. The accident to the book happened while it was in Prynne's hands. The gaps are supplied from Prynne's printing of the Diary.

in the Upper House told him that the Lords were not now so sharp against me as they were at first and that now they were resolved only to sequester me from the King's council and to put me from my archbishopric. So I see what justice I may expect, since here is a resolution taken not only before my answer but before my charge was brought up against me.

Febr. 14. Sunday, A. R. And this, if I live and continue Archbishop of Canterbury till after Michaelmas Day come twelvemonth, *anno* 1642, God bless me in this!

Febr. 26. Friday, this day I had been full ten weeks in restraint at Mr. Maxwell's house. And this day, being St. Augustine's Day, my charge was brought up from the House of Commons to the Lords by Sir Henry Vane the Younger. It consisted of fourteen articles. These generals they craved time to prove in particular. The copy of this general charge is among my papers. I spake something to it. And the copy of that also is among my papers. I had favor of the Lords not to go to the Tower till the Monday following.

March 1. Monday, I went in Mr. Maxwell's coach to the Tower. No noise till I came to the end of Cheapside; but from thence to the Tower I was followed and railed at by the people and the rabble in great multitudes to the very Tower gates where I left them; and I thank God he made me patient!¹⁶

May 12 [1641]. Wednesday, the Earl of Strafford beheaded upon Tower Hill.

June 23. I acquainted the King by my Lord of London that I would resign my chancellorship of Oxford, and why.

June 25. Friday, I sent down my resignation of the chancellorship of Oxford to be published in convocation.

Novemb. 25. Thursday, the King at his return from Scotland was sumptuously entertained in London; and great joy on all hands. God prosper it!

Decemb. 30. Thursday, the Archbishop of York and eleven bishops more sent to the Tower for high treason for delivering a petition and a protestation into the House that this was not a free Parliament,

since they could not come to vote there, as they are bound, without danger of their lives.

Januar. 4 [1641/2]. Tuesday, his Majesty went into the House of Commons and demanded the persons of Mr. Denzell Hollis, Sir Arthur Haselrig, Mr. John Pym, Mr. John Hampden, and Mr. William Stroud, whom his attorneys had the day before, together with Lord Kimbolton, accused of high treason upon seven articles. They had information, and were not then in the House. They came in after, and a great stir was made about this breach of the privilege of Parliament.

Febr. 6. Saturday, voted in the Lords' House that the bishops shall have no votes there in Parliament. The Commons had passed that bill before. Great ringing for joy and bonfires in some parishes.

On Sunday [May 15, 1642] I made shift between my man and my staff to go to church. There one Mr. Joslin preached, with vehemency becoming Bedlam, with treason sufficient to hang him in any other state and with such a particular abuse to me that women and boys stood up in the church to see how I could bear it. I humbly thank God for my patience!

August 22. Monday, the King set up his standard at Nottingham.

August 27. Saturday, the Earl of Southampton and Sir Jo. Culpepper sent from the King to have a treaty for peace, refused unless the King would take down his standard and recall his proclamation which made them traitors.

Septemb. 1. Thursday, bishops voted down and deans and chapters in the Lower House. That night bonfires and ringing all over the city ordered cunningly by Pennington, the new Lord Mayor.

Novemb. 2. Wednesday night, I dreamed the Parliament was removed to Oxford, the church undone. Some old courtiers came in to see me and jeered. I went to St. John's, and there I found the roof off from some parts of the college and the walls cleft and ready to fall down. God be merciful!

Decemb. 2. Friday, some of the King's forces taken at Farnham. About one hundred of them brought in carts to London;

¹⁶ Here the mutilation ends.

ten carts full, their legs bound. They were sufficiently railed upon in the streets.

Decemb. 21. . . . That day in the morning my young dun horses were taken away by warrant under the hands of Sir John Evelyn, Mr. Pym, and Mr. Martin.

January 26 [1642/3]. Thursday, the bill passed the Lords' House for abolishing episcopacy, etc.

March 2. Thursday, St. Cedd's Day, the Lord Brooke shot in the left eye and killed in the place at Lichfield, going to give the onset upon the close of the church; he having ever been fierce against bishops and cathedrals. His beaver up and armed to the knees so that a musket at that distance could have done him but little harm. Thus was his eye put out who about two years since said he hoped to live to see at St. Paul's not one stone left upon another.

March 10. Friday, this night preceding I dreamed a warrant was come to free me and that I spake with the lieutenant that my warder might keep the keys of my lodging till I had got some place for myself and my stuff, since I could not go to Lambeth. I waked, and slept again and had the very same dream a second time.

March 24. Friday, one Mr. Ford told me (he is a Suffolk man) that there was a plot

to send me and Bishop Wren as delinquents to New England within fourteen days and that Wells, a minister that came thence, offered wagers of it.

April 25 [1643]. Tuesday, it was moved in the House of Commons to send me to New England. But it was rejected. The plot was laid by Peters, Wells, and others.

May 1. Monday, my chapel windows at Lambeth defaced and the steps torn up.

May 2. Tuesday, the cross in Cheapside taken down.

May 9. Tuesday, all my goods seized upon, books and all. The seizers were Captain Guest, Layton, and Dickens. The same day an order for further restraint of me, not to go out of it without my keeper. This order was brought to me May 10.

May 16. Tuesday, an order of both houses for the disposing of my benefices. . . . Methinks I see a cloud rising over me about Chartham business, there having been a rumor twice that I shall be removed to a prison lodging.

May 23. Tuesday, I sent my petition for maintenance. This day the Queen was voted a traitor in the Commons' House.

May 29. Saturday, another order to col-late Edward Corbet to Chartham. It was brought to me Friday, May 26. I answered it Saturday, May 27, as before.¹⁷

¹⁷ Here the Diary breaks off, for "crop-eared Presbyterian Prynne," who is like the nemesis of this man who had risen so high, seized the book on Laud's person on May 31 in the Tower, armed with a warrant from the House of Commons so to do. And Prynne gives the epilogue to the Diary in his Breviate, where he concludes the list of the omens that gathered about this man: "The last is his own fatal dream at Oxford, long since published and lately attested from his own mouth at his trial in the Lords' House, the sum whereof is this: that when he was a young scholar in Oxford he dreamed one night that he came to far greater preferment in the church and power in the state than ever any man of his birth and calling did before him. In which greatness and worldly happiness he continued many years; but after all this happiness, before he awaked he dreamed he was hanged. The first part of this dream hath been long since really verified, and the conclusion of it is in all probability likely to be speedily accomplished upon the close of his trial. The exact, complete relation whereof may, God assisting and the Parliament commanding, hereafter follow in its order, wherein the criminal part of his life will appear most foul and detestable, in all the particulars of his impeachment."

ROBERT BURTON

(1575/6-1638/9)

The life of Burton is a life of paradox. Anthony à Wood says as much in his brief account of this Janus of an author, who at Oxford, the city which was the world to him, enjoyed equally the reputation of being a man given to melancholy and of being a man who was the life of a company. And by his own telling, Burton undertook this pleasantest of most entertaining books on the forbidding subject of insanity expressly to ward off the disease in himself. His own brain was dark; he had need of the sunshine of laughter. Here, certainly, is a literary tarantella! For if one had to choose of English books the one best designed to make one merry, in the old-fashioned meaning of that happy word, it would be Burton's book he would most likely pick up, a book in which the author proves voluminously that the proper profession of mankind is madness.

How a man who lived all his life in a bookcase could have amassed such an amazing mass of observation and experience that gives human nature to the hair, as one sees it by having its elbows in one's ribs, is a mystery. For Burton's life is told in two words: *he read*. He travelled from the college of his undergraduate days, Brasenose, a stone's throw to Christ Church; his empire was a room. A church living or two, which he enjoyed as absentee landlord, a visit on rare occasions into the nearby countryside; the rest was Oxford and the Bodleian. Ordinarily the mind that collects and tabulates is not the mind that makes one kindle. But Burton's makes one kindle as no other's. Spectators and note-takers are commonly reserved and dusty and phlegmatic souls, good cataloguers of Vanity Fair but not good themselves at taking their turn at the flying-trapeze or the tight-rope. But Burton takes his turn and is a star performer among the best. He is an Addison in his shirt sleeves. And gradually as one reads and rereads the *Anatomy of Melancholy* inevitably one recalls another English spectator and student of life, a fourteenth-century Addison, Chaucer. There was just such another gazer upon the ground who did not miss a single thing that was going on around him, another such a man who understood the folly of life, and loved it before all else. "St. Julien! thou art noyous for to carie!"—and so cries Burton if ever thought takes him too high or too near the serious and unhumored stars. Usually the author much given to quoting the ancients loses something of his native ray. But Burton sparkles as few other men, and he quotes thousands. And the grave and gone men who wrote nearly one-third of his life-work for him, *mirabile dictu*, take to sparkling too, as they never have sparkled since. For whatever the foreign matter, Burton makes it his own and all English wool and a yard wide before he is through. Like Chaucer, Robert Burton is English to the core; his proverbs, which feel of homespun and taste of vinegar, alone would prove that. His language, for all that it has to squeeze itself in between the words of philosophy and poetry, has all the raciness of idiom and the local color of the talk of a Berkshire sheep-drover. Not for nothing did he get his pleasure on Folly Bridge hearing the bargemen swear. There never has been before or since, perhaps, a writer who could use big words so easily, or a writer so fluent and unforced of means. Best of all, the Englishness of Burton shows itself in a live-and-let-live attitude, a jovial rakishness, an inclusion of himself among the wearers of motley. Democritus in Caroline ringlets and wearing the lace of the English Cavalier. There is the paradox of Burton! And if the old story be true of Burton's taking himself off by a rope about his neck, to make good his favorite sport of casting horoscopes, then one can say that the jest was like him.

And to complete the paradox, you are please to remember that this book of Burton's was undertaken as a serious treatise on the soberest of subjects, with an apology for the author's undertaking it, being a divine; a gigantic table outlining the careful subdivisions of the enormous thesis, a thousand sensible and timeless suggestions on proper diet, exercise, ventilation, and sleep and such catalogues of herbs medicinal as can cure all distempers, even that most malignant of all, love. Herbs fragrant and good for healing, and the smell of man. And everywhere Burton's mind shows itself as keen as whet steel when he touches upon that matter which modern times have agreed to call psychology. Good old Doctor Common Sense. Ten

thousand practical remedies. But the greatest of these is laughter. A doctor who is a kindly gossip, a scientist who gives the chief place to common sense and the healing of mirth, a deep scholar who dances his way to wisdom, a sober, gay fellow who analyzes fear and makes one merry. This is the man who has written the best book for the bedside lamp, a book that one can pick up and dip into at any place and read to profit in either direction. And a book that can keep one well. A physician, surely!

FROM THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY

(Text: sixth edition, 1651)

THE AUTHOR'S ABSTRACT OF MELANCHOLY ¹

When I go musing all alone,
Thinking of divers things foreknown,
When I build castles in the air,
Void of sorrow and void of fear,
Pleasing myself with fantoms sweet,
Methinks the time runs very fleet.

All my joys to this are folly,
Naught so sweet as melancholy.
When I lie waking all alone
Recounting what I have ill done,
My thoughts on me then tyrannize,
Fear and sorrow me surprise,
Whether I tarry still or go,
Methinks the time moves very slow.

All my griefs to this are jolly,
Naught so sad as melancholy.
When to myself I act and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile
By a brook side or wood so green,
Unheard, unsought for, or unseen,
A thousand pleasures do me bless
And crown my soul with happiness.

All my joys besides are folly,
None so sweet as melancholy.
When I lie, sit, or walk alone,
I sigh, I grieve, making great moan
In a dark grove or irksome den,
With discontents and furies then
A thousand miseries at once
Mine heavy heart and soul ensonce.

All my griefs to this are jolly,
None so sour as melancholy.
Methinks I hear, methinks I see
Sweet music, wondrous melody,
Towns, palaces, and cities fine;
Here now, then there; the world is mine;
Rare beauties, gallant ladies shine,
Whate'er is lovely or divine.

All other joys to this are folly,

None so sweet as melancholy.
Methinks I hear, methinks I see
Ghosts, goblins, fiends; my fantasy
Presents a thousand ugly shapes,
Headless bears, black men, and apes,
Doleful outcries and fearful sights
My sad and dismal soul affrights.

All my griefs to this are jolly,
None so damned as melancholy.
Methinks I court, methinks I kiss,
Methinks I now embrace my mistress.
O blessed days! O sweet content!
In paradise my time is spent.
Such thoughts may still my fancy move,
So may I ever be in love.

All my joys to this are folly,
Naught so sweet as melancholy.
When I recount love's many frights,
My sighs and tears, my waking nights,
My jealous fits, O mine hard fate
I now repent, but 'tis too late!
No torment is so bad as love,
So bitter to my soul can prove.

All my griefs to this are jolly,
Naught so harsh as melancholy.
Friends and companions get you gone,
'Tis my desire to be alone;
Ne'er well but when my thoughts and I
Do domineer in privacy.
No gem, no treasure like to this,
'Tis my delight, my crown, my bliss.

All my joys to this are folly,
Naught so sweet as melancholy.
'Tis my sole plague to be alone,
I am a beast, a monster grown,
I will no light nor company;
I find it now my misery.
The scene is turned, my joys are gone;
Fear, discontent, and sorrows come.

All my griefs to this are jolly,
Naught so fierce as melancholy.

¹ This curious manifesto, which the seventeenth-century Spectator prefixes to his great work, may be doggerel; Burton was no poet; but it nevertheless furnishes another seventeenth-century prose artist and poet as well with the inspiration for two of his best poems. In verse form, in phrasing sometimes, and in the pattern of the contemplative attitude in general, *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* have their wellspring here; but even more noteworthy is Milton's rehandling of the one half of Burton's antiphonal. In a mosaic of flat colors the finely perspective eye of the young Puritan, as much a lover of the studious life as Burton, saw the makings of a painting full of the nuances and chiaroscuro of oil.

I'll not change life with any king,
 I ravished am. Can the world bring
 More joy than still to laugh and smile,
 In pleasant toys time to beguile?
 Do not, O do not trouble me!
 So sweet content I feel and see.

All my joys to this are folly,
 None so divine as melancholy.
 I'll change my state with any wretch
 Thou canst from gaol or dunghill fetch.
 My pain, past cure, another hell;
 I may not in this torment dwell.
 Now desperate I hate my life,
 Lend me a halter or a knife!

All my griefs to this are jolly,
 Naught so damned as melancholy.

DEMOCRITUS JUNIOR TO THE READER.

Gentle reader, I presume thou wilt be very inquisitive to know what antic or personate actor this is that so insolently intrudes upon this common theatre to the world's view, arrogating another man's name, whence he is, why he doth it, and what he hath to say. Although as he said, *Primum si noluero, non respondebo, quis coacturus est?* — I am a free man born and may choose whether I will tell, who can compel me? — if I be urged, I will as readily reply as that Egyptian in Plutarch when a curious fellow would needs know what he had in his basket, *Quam vides velatim, quid inquiris in rem absconditam?* It was therefore covered because he should not know what was in it. Seek not after that which is hid. If the contents please thee and be for thy use, suppose the man in the moon or whom thou wilt to be the author. I would not willingly be known. Yet in some sort to give thee satisfaction, which is more than I need, I will show a reason both of this usurped name, title, and subject. And first of the name of Democritus, lest any man by reason of it should be deceived, expecting a pasquil, a satire, some ridiculous treatise — as I myself should have done — some prodigious tenet or paradox of the earth's motion, of infinite worlds, *in infinito vacuo, ex fortuita atomorum collisione*, in an infinite waste, so caused by an accidental collision of motes in the sun, all which Democritus held, Epicurus and their master Lucippus

of old maintained, and are lately revived by Copernicus, Brunus, and some others. Besides it hath been always an ordinary custom, as Gellius observes, “for later writers and imposters to broach many absurd and insolent fictions under the name of so noble a philosopher as Democritus to get themselves credit and by that means the more to be respected,” as artificers usually do, *Novo qui marmori ascribunt Praxitelem suo*. 'Tis not so with me.

*Non hic Centauros, non Gorgonas, Harpy-
 asque*

Invenias, hominem pagina nostra sapit.

No centaurs here or gorgons look to find,
 My subject is of man and humankind.

Thou thyself art the subject of my discourse.

*Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira,
 voluptas,*

Gaudia, discursus, nostri farrago libelli.

Whate'er men do, vows, fears, in ire, in sport,
 Joys, wanderings are the sum of my report.

My intent is no otherwise to use his name than Mercurius Gallobelgicus, Mercurius Britannicus use the name of Mercury, Democritus Christianus, etc. Although there be some other circumstances for which I have masked myself under this vizard and some peculiar respects which I cannot well express until I have set down a brief character of this our Democritus, what he was, with an epitome of his life.

Democritus, as he is described by Hippocrates and Laertius, was a little wearish old man, very melancholy by nature, averse from company in his latter days, and much given to solitariness, a famous philosopher in his age, *coævus* with Socrates, wholly addicted to his studies at the last and to a private life, wrote many excellent works, a great divine according to the divinity of those times, an expert physician, a politician, an excellent mathematician, as *Diacosmus* and the rest of his works do witness. He was much delighted with the studies of husbandry, saith Columella, and often I find him cited by Constantinus and others treating of that subject. He knew the natures, differences of all beasts, plants,

fishes, birds, and as some say, could understand the tunes and voices of them. In a word, he was *omnifariam doctus*, a general scholar, a great student; and to the intent he might better contemplate, I find it related by some that he put out his eyes and was in his old age voluntarily blind, yet saw more than all Greece besides, and writ of every subject, *Nihil in toto opificio naturæ de quo non scripsit*. A man of an excellent wit, profound conceit; and to attain knowledge the better in his younger years, he travelled to Egypt and Athens to confer with learned men, "admired of some, despised of others." After a wandering life, he settled at Abdera, a town in Thrace, and was sent for thither to be their law-maker, recorder, or town-clerk, as some will, or as others, he was there bred and born. Howsoever it was, there he lived at last in a garden in the suburbs wholly betaking himself to his studies and a private life, "saving that sometimes he would walk down to the haven and laugh heartily at such variety of ridiculous objects which there he saw." Such a one was Democritus.

But in the meantime, how doth this concern me or upon what reference do I usurp his habit? I confess indeed that to compare myself unto him for aught I have yet said were both impudency and arrogance. I do not presume to make any parallel, *Antistat mihi millibus trecentis, parvus sum, nullus sum, altum nec spiro, nec spero*. Yet thus much I will say of myself, and that I hope without all suspicion of pride or self-conceit, I have lived a silent, sedentary, solitary, private life, *mihi et Musis*, in the university as long almost as Xenocrates in Athens, *ad senectam fere*, to learn wisdom as he did, penned up most part in my study. For I have been brought up a student in the most flourishing college of Europe, *augustissimo collegio*² and can brag with Jovius, almost, *in ea luce domicilii Vaticani, totius orbis celeberrimi, per 37 annos multa opportunæ didici*; for thirty years I have continued, having the use of as good libraries as ever he had, a scholar, and would be therefore loth, either

by living as a drone to be an unprofitable or unworthy a member of so learned and noble a society or to write that which should be any way dishonorable to such a royal and ample foundation. Something I have done, though by my profession a divine; yet *turbine raptus ingenii*, as he said, out of a running wit, an unconstant, unsettled mind I had a great desire (not able to attain to a superficial skill in any) to have some smattering in all, to be *aliquis in omnibus, nullus in singulis*; which Plato commends, out of him Lipsius approves and furthers "as fit to be imprinted in all curious wits, not to be a slave of one science or dwell altogether in one subject as most do, but to rove abroad, *centum puer artium*, to have an oar in every man's boat, to taste of every dish, and sip of every cup," which, saith Montaigne, was well performed by Aristotle and his learned countryman Adrian Turnebus. This roving humor—though not with like success—I have ever had, and like a ranging spaniel that barks at every bird he sees, leaving his game, I have followed all saving that which I should, and may justly complain and truly *qui ubique est, nusquam est*, which Gesner did in modesty, that I have read many books, but to little purpose for want of good method; I have confusedly tumbled over divers authors in our libraries with small profit for want of art, order, memory, judgment. I never travelled but in map or card,³ in which my unconfined thoughts have freely expatiated as having ever been especially delighted with the study of cosmography. Saturn was lord of my geniture, culminating, etc., and Mars, principal *significator* of manners in partile conjunction with mine ascendant, both fortunate in their houses, etc. I am not poor, I am not rich; *nihil est, nihil deest*, I have little, I want nothing. All my treasure is in Minerva's tower. Greater preferment as I could never get, so am I not in debt for it. I have a competency, *laus Deo*, from my noble and munificent patrons, though I live still a collegiate student as Democritus in his garden and lead a monastic life, *ipse mihi theatrum*, sequestered from those

² Christ Church, Oxford. Cardinal Wolsey had designed this expressly to be "the most magnificent college in Christendom."

³ Chart.

tumults and troubles of the world, *et tanquam in specula positus*, as he said, in some high place above you all like *Stoicus sapiens, omnia sæcula, præterita, præsentiaque videns, uno velut intuitu*, I hear and see what is done abroad, how others run, ride, turmoil, and macerate themselves in court and country, far from those wrangling lawsuits, *aulæ vanitatem, fori ambitionem, ridere mecum soleo*. I laugh at all, "only secure lest my suit go amiss, my ships perish," corn and cattle miscarry, trade decay; "I have no wife nor children good or bad to provide for." A mere spectator of other men's fortunes and adventures and how they act their parts, which methinks are diversely presented unto me as from a common theatre or scene. I hear new news every day and those ordinary rumors of war, plagues, fires, inundations, thefts, murders, massacres, meteors, comets, spectrums, prodigies, apparitions, of towns taken, cities besieged in France, Germany, Turkey, Persia, Poland, etc., daily musters and preparations and such like which these tempestuous times afford, battles fought, so many men slain, monomachies, shipwrecks, piracies and sea-fights, peace, leagues, stratagems, and fresh alarums. A vast confusion of vows, wishes, actions, edicts, petitions, lawsuits, pleas, laws, proclamations, complaints, grievances are daily brought to our ears. New books every day, pamphlets, currantoes, stories, whole catalogues of volumes of all sorts, new paradoxes, opinions, schisms, heresies, controversies in philosophy, religion, etc. Now come tidings of weddings, maskings, mummeries, entertainments, jubilees, embassies, tilts and tournaments, trophies, triumphs, revels, sports, plays. Then again, as in a new-shifted scene, treasons, cheating tricks, robberies, enormous villainies in all kinds, funerals, burials, deaths of princes, new discoveries, expeditions; now comical, then tragical matters. Today we hear of new lords and officers created, tomorrow of some great men deposed, and then again of fresh honors conferred; one is let loose, another imprisoned; one purchaseth, another breaketh; he thrives, his neighbor turns bankrupt; now plenty, then again dearth and famine; one runs, another rides, wran-

gles, laughs, weeps, etc. Thus I daily hear, and such like, both private and public news amidst the gallantry and misery of the world; jollity, pride, perplexities and cares, simplicity and villainy, subtlety, knavery, candor and integrity mutually mixed and offering themselves. I rub on *privus privatus*; as I have still lived so I now continue *statu quo prius*, left to a solitary life and mine own domestic discontents; saving that sometimes, *ne quid mentiar*, as Diogenes went into the city and Democritus to the haven to see fashions, I did for my recreation now and then walk abroad, look into the world, and could not choose but make some little observation, *non tam sagax observator ac simplex recitator*, not as they did to scoff or laugh at all but with a mixed passion.

Bilem sæpe, jocum vestri movere tumultus.

I did sometime laugh and scoff with Lucian and satirically tax with Menippus, lament with Heraclitus, sometimes again I was *petulanti splene cachinno*, and then again, *urere bilis jecur*, I was much moved to see that abuse which I could not amend. In which passion howsoever I may sympathize with him or them, 'tis for no such respect I shroud myself under his name, but either in an unknown habit to assume a little more liberty and freedom of speech, or if you will needs know, for that reason and only respect which Hippocrates relates at large in his Epistle to Damagetus wherein he doth express how coming to visit him one day, he found Democritus in his garden at Abdera in the suburbs under a shady bower with a book on his knees, busy at his study, sometimes writing, sometime walking. The subject of his book was melancholy and madness. About him lay the carcasses of many several beasts newly by him cut up and anatomized, not that he did condemn God's creatures, as he told Hippocrates, but to find out the seat of this *atra bilis* or melancholy, whence it proceeds and how it was engendered in men's bodies, to the intent he might better cure it in himself, by his writings and observations teach others how to prevent and avoid it. Which good intent of his Hippocrates highly commended. Democritus

Junior is therefore bold to imitate, and because he left it imperfect and it is now lost, *quasi succenturiator Democriti*, to revive again, prosecute, and finish in this treatise.

You have had a reason of the name. If the title and inscription offend your gravity, were it a sufficient justification to accuse others, I could produce many sober treatises, even sermons themselves, which in their fronts carry more fantastical names. Howsoever it is a kind of policy in these days to prefix a fantastical title to a book which is to be sold. For as larks come down to a day-net, many vain readers will tarry and stand gazing like silly passengers at an antic picture in a painter's shop that will not look at a judicious piece. And indeed, as Scaliger observes, "nothing more invites a reader than an argument unlooked for, unthought of, and sells better than a scurril pamphlet, *tum maxime cum novitas excitat palatum*." Many men, saith Gellius, "are very conceited in their inscriptions," and able, as Pliny quotes out of Seneca, to make him loiter by the way "that went in haste to fetch a midwife for his daughter now ready to lie down." For my part, I have honorable precedents for this which I have done. I will cite one for all, Anthony Zara, *Pap. Episc.*, his *Anatomy of Wit*, in four sections, members, sub-sections, etc., to be read in our libraries.

If any man except against the matter or manner of treating of this my subject and will demand a reason of it, I can allege more than one. I write of melancholy, by being busy to avoid melancholy. There is no greater cause of melancholy than idleness, "no better cure than business," as Rhasis holds. And howbeit *stultus labor est ineptiarum*, to be busied in toys is to small purpose, yet hear that divine Seneca, better *aliud agere quam nihil*, better do to no end than nothing. I writ therefore and busied myself in this playing labor, *otiosaque diligentia ut vitarem torporem feriandi*, with Vectius in Macrobius, *atque otium in utile verterem negotium*.

— *Simul et iucunda et idonea dicere vitæ,
Lectorem delectando simul atque monendo.*

To this end I write like them, saith Lucian, that "recite to trees and declaim to pillars for want of auditors." As Paulus Ægineta ingeniously confesseth, "not that anything was unknown or omitted, but to exercise myself"; which course if some took, I think it would be good for their bodies and much better for their souls; or peradventure, as others do, for fame, to show myself, *Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter*. I might be of Thucydides' opinion, "to know a thing and not to express it is all one as if he knew it not." When I first took this task in hand, *et quod ait ille, impellente genio negotium suscepi*, this I aimed at; *vel ut lenirem animum scribendo*, to ease my mind by writing, for I had *gravidum cor, fœtum caput*, a kind of impostume in my head which I was very desirous to be unladen of and could imagine no fitter evacuation than this. Besides I might not well refrain, for *ubi dolor, ibi digitus*, one must needs scratch where it itches. I was not a little offended with this malady, shall I say my Mistress Melancholy, my Egeria, or my *malus genius*, and for that cause, as he that is stung with a scorpion, I would expel *clavum clavo*, comfort one sorrow with another, idleness with idleness, *ut ex vipera theriacum*, make an antidote out of that which was the prime cause of my disease. Or as he did of whom Felix Plater speaks that thought he had some of Aristophanes' frogs in his belly, still crying *Brececex, coax, coax, oop, oop*, and for that cause studied physic seven years and travelled over most part of Europe to ease himself. To do myself good I turned over such physicians as our libraries would afford, or my private friends impart, and have taken this pains. And why not? Cardan confesseth he writ his book *De consolatione* after his son's death to comfort himself; so did Tully write of the same subject with like intent after his daughter's departure, if it be his at least, or some imposter's put out in his name, which Lipsius probably suspects. Concerning myself I can peradventure affirm with Marius in Sallust, "that which others hear or read of I felt and practised myself. They get their knowledge by books, I mine by melancholizing."

experto crede Roberto.⁴ Something I can speak out of experience, *arumnabilis experientia me docuit*, and with her in the poet, *Haud ignara mali miseris succurrere disco*. I would help others out of a fellow-feeling, and as that virtuous lady did of old, "being a leper herself, bestow all her portion to build an hospital for lepers," I will spend my time and knowledge, which are my greatest fortunes, for the common good of all.

Yea, but you will infer that this is *actum agere*, an unnecessary work, *cramben bis coctam apponere*, the same again and again in other words. To what purpose? "Nothing is omitted that may well be said," so thought Lucian in the like theme. How many excellent physicians have written just volumes and elaborate tracts of this subject! no news here, that which I have is stolen from others, *Dicitque mihi mea pagina, fur es*. If that severe doom of Synesius be true, "It is a greater offence to steal dead men's labors than their clothes," what shall become of most writers! I hold up my hand at the bar amongst others and am guilty of felony in this kind, *habes confitentem rerum*, I am content to be pressed with the rest. 'Tis most true, *tenet insanabile multos scribendi cacoethes*, and "there is no end of writing of books," as the wiseman found of old, in this scribbling age especially wherein "the number of books is without number," as a worthy man saith, "presses be oppressed," and out of an itching humor that every man hath to show himself, desirous of fame and honor—*scribimus indocti doctique*—he will write no matter what and scrape together it boots not whence. "Bewitched with this desire of fame," *etiam mediis in morbis*, to the disparagement of their health and scarce able to hold a pen, they must say something "and get themselves a name," saith Scaliger, "though it be to the downfall and ruin of many others." To be counted writers, *scriptores ut salutentur*, to be thought and held Polymathes and Polyhistor, *apud imperitum vulgus ob ventosæ nomen artis*, to get a paper kingdom. *Nulla spe quæstus sed ampla famæ*, in this precipitate, ambitious age,

nunc ut est sæculum, inter immaturam eruditionem, ambitiosum et præceps—'tis Scaliger's censure—and they that are scarce auditors, *vix auditores*, must be masters and teachers before they be capable and fit hearers. They will rush into all learning, *togatam, armatam*, divine, human authors, rake over all indexes and pamphlets for notes, as our merchants do strange havens for traffic, write great tomes, *cum non sint re vera doctiores, sed loquaciores*, when as they are not thereby better scholars but greater praters. They commonly pretend public good, but as Gesner observes, 'tis pride and vanity that eggs them on, no news, or aught worthy of note, but the same in other terms. *Ne feriarentur fortasse typographi, vel ideo scribendum est aliquid ut se vixisse tententur*. As apothecaries we make new mixtures every day, pour out of one vessel into another; and as those old Romans robbed all the cities of the world to set out their bad sited Rome, we skim off the cream of other men's wits, pick the choice flowers of their tilled gardens to set out our own sterile plots. *Castrant alios ut libros suos per se graciles alieno adipe suffarciant*, so Jovius inveighs. They lard their lean books with the fat of others' works. *Ineruditi fures*, etc. A fault that every writer finds, as I do now, and yet faulty themselves, *trium literarum homines*, all thieves; they pilfer out of old writers to stuff up their new comments, scrape Ennius' dung-hills, and out of Democritus' pit, as I have done. By which means it comes to pass "that not only libraries and shops are full of our putrid papers but every close-stool and jakes," *Scribunt carmina quæ legunt cacantes*; they serve to put under pies, to lap spice in, and keep roast meat from burning. With us in France, saith Scaliger, "every man hath liberty to write but few ability. Heretofore learning was graced by judicious scholars, but now noble sciences are vilified by base and illiterate scribblers" that either write for vainglory, need, to get money, or as parasites to flatter and colloque with some great men; they put out *burras, quisquilasque ineptiasque*. "Amongst so many

⁴ Burton refers to himself here by his first name.

thousand authors you shall scarce find one by reading of whom you shall be any whit better but rather much worse," *quibus inficitur potius quam perficitur*, by which he is rather infected than any way perfected.

— *Qui talia legit,*

Quid didicit tandem, quid scit nisi somnia, nugas?

So that oftentimes it falls out, which Callimachus taxed of old, a great book is a great mischief. Cardan finds fault with Frenchmen and Germans for their scribbling to no purpose, *non inquit ab edendo deterreo, modo novum aliquid inveniant*, he doth not bar them to write, so that it be some new invention of their own; but we weave the same web still, twist the same rope again and again. Or if it be a new invention, 'tis but some bauble or toy which idle fellows write for as idle fellows to read, and who so cannot invent? "He must have a barren wit that in this scribbling age can forge nothing. Princes show their armies, rich men vaunt their buildings, soldiers their manhood, and scholars vaunt their toys"; they must read, they must hear, whether they will or no.

Et quodcunque semel chartis illeverit, omnes Gestiet a furno reduntes scire lacuque,

Et pueros et anus —

What once is said and writ all men must know,

Old wives and children as they come and go.

"What a company of poets hath this year brought out," as Pliny complains to Sossius Sinesius; "this April every day some or other have recited." What a catalogue of new books all this year, all this age, I say, have our Frankfort marts, our domestic marts brought out? Twice a year *Proferunt se nova ingenia et ostentant*, we stretch our wits out and set them to sale, *magno conatu nihil agimus*. So that, which Gesner most desires, if a speedy reformation be not had by some princes' edicts and grave supervisors to restrain this liberty, it will run on in *infinitum*. *Quis tam avidus librorum helluo*, who can read them! As already, we shall have a vast chaos and confusion of books; we are oppressed with them, our eyes ache with reading, our fingers with turning. For my part, I am one of the

number, *nos numerus sumus*, I do not deny it. I have only this of Macrobius to say of myself, *Omne meum, nihil meum*, 'tis all mine and none mine. As a good housewife out of divers fleeces weaves one piece of cloth, a bee gathers wax and honey out of many flowers and makes a new bundle of all,

Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant,

I have laboriously collected this *cento* out of divers writers and that *sine iniuria*, I have wronged no authors but given every man his own; which Jerome so much commends in Nepotian, he stole not whole verses, pages, tracts, as some do nowadays, concealing their authors' names, but still said this was Cyprian's, that Lactantius', that Hilarius', so said Minutius Felix, so Victorinus, thus far Arnobius. I cite and quote mine authors — which, howsoever some illiterate scribblers account pedantic, as a cloak of ignorance, and opposite to their affected fine style, I must and will use — *sumsi, non surripui*; and what Varro, *lib. 6, de re rust.*, speaks of bees, *minime maleficæ, nullius opus vellicantes faciunt deterius*, I can say of myself, whom have I injured? The matter is theirs most part and yet mine, *apparet unde sumptum sit*, which Seneca approves, *aliud tamen quam unde sit sumptum apparet*, which nature doth with the aliment of our bodies, incorporate, digest, assimilate, I do *concoquere quod hausî*, dispose of what I take. I make them pay tribute to set out this my *Macaronicon*. The method only is mine own. I must usurp that of Wecker *e Ter.*, *nihil dictum quod non dictum prius, methodus sola artificem ostendit*. We can say nothing but what hath been said, the composition and method is ours only and shows a scholar. Oribasius, Aetius, Avicenna, have all out of Galen, but to their own method, *diverso stilo, non diversa fide*; our poets steal from Homer, he spews, saith Ælian, they lick it up. Divines use Austin's words verbatim still, and our story-dressers do as much. He that comes last is commonly best,

— *donec quid grandius ætas*

Postera sorsque ferat melior. —

Though there were many giants of old in physic and philosophy, yet I say with Didacus Stella, "A dwarf standing on the shoulders of a giant may see farther than a giant himself"; I may likely add, alter, and see farther than my predecessors; and it is no greater prejudice for me to endite after others than for Ælianus Montaltus, that famous physician, to write *de morbis capitis* after Jason Pratensis, Heurnius, Hildesheim, etc. Many horses to run a race; one logician, one rhetorician, after another. Oppose then what thou wilt,

*Allatres licet usque nos et usque,
Et gannitibus improbis lacesas.*

I solve it thus. And for those other faults of barbarism, Doric dialect, extemporanean style, tautologies, apish imitation, a rhapsody of rags gathered together from several dung-hills, excrements of authors, toys and fopperies confusedly tumbled out without art, invention, judgment, wit, learning, harsh, raw, rude, fantastical, absurd, insolent, indiscreet, ill-composed, undigested, vain, scurril, idle, dull and dry; I confess all ('tis partly affected). Thou canst not think worse of me than I do of myself. 'Tis not worth the reading, I yield it, I desire thee not to lose time in perusing so vain a subject; I should be peradventure loth myself to read him or thee so writing, 'tis not *operæ pretium*. All I say is this, that I have precedents for it, which Isocrates calls *per fugium iis qui peccant*, others as absurd, vain, idle, illiterate, etc. *Nonnulli alii idem fecerunt*, others have done as much, it may be more, and perhaps thou thyself, *Novimus et qui te*, etc., we have all our faults; *scimus, et hanc veniam*, etc., thou censurest me, so have I can others and may do thee, *Cedimus inque vicem*, etc., 'tis *lex talionis, quid pro quo*. Go now censure, criticize, scoff and rail!

*Nasutus sis usque licet, sis denique nasus,
Non potes in nugis dicere plura meas,
Ipse ego quam dixi, etc.*

Wer'st thou all scoffs and flouts, a very Momus,

Than we ourselves, thou canst not say worse of us.

Thus, as when women scold, have I cried where first, and in some men's censures I am afraid I have overshot myself. *Laudare se vani, vituperare stulti*, as I do not arrogate, I will not derogate. *Primus vestrum non sum, nec imus*, I am none of the best, I am none of the meanest of you. As I am an inch or so many feet, so many parasangs after him or him, I may be peradventure an ace before thee. Be it therefore as it is, well or ill, I have assayed, put myself upon the stage, I must abide the censure, I may not escape it. It is most true, *stilus virum arguit*, our style bewrays us, and as hunters find their game by the trace, so is a man's genius descried by his works, *Multo melius ex sermone quam lineamentis, de moribus hominum iudicamus*; 'twas old Cato's rule. I have laid myself open (I know it) in this treatise, turned my inside outward, I shall be censured, I doubt not, for to say truth with Erasmus, *nihil morosius hominum iudiciis*, there's naught so peevish as men's judgments, yet this is some comfort, *ut palata, sic iudicia*, our censures are as various as our palates.

*Tres mihi convivæ prope dissentire videntur
Poscentes vario multum diversa palato, etc.*

Our writings are as so many dishes, our readers guests, our books like beauty; that which one admires, another rejects; so are we approved as men's fancies are inclined.

Pro captu lectoris habent sua fata libelli.

That which is most pleasing to one is *amaracum sui*, most harsh to another. *Quot homines, tot sententiæ*, so many men, so many minds; that which thou condemnest he commends.

*Quod petis, id sane est invisum acidumque
duobus.*

He respects matter, thou art wholly for words; he loves a loose and free style, thou art all for neat composition, strong lines, hyperboles, allegories; he desires a fine frontispiece, enticing pictures, such as Jeron. Natali the Jesuit hath cut to the dominicals to draw on the reader's attention, which thou rejectest; that which one admires, another explodes⁵ as most absurd

⁵ The Latin meaning, to hiss off the stage.

and ridiculous. If it be not point blank to his humor, his method, his conceit, *Si quid forsā omissum, quod is animo conceperit, si quæ dictio*, etc., if aught be omitted, or added which he likes or dislikes, thou art *mancipium paucæ lectionis*, an idiot, an ass, *nullus es*, or *plagiarius*, a trifier, a trivant, thou art an idle fellow; or else 'tis a thing of mere industry, a collection without wit or invention, a very toy. *Facilia sic putant omnes quæ iam facta, nec de salebris cogitant, ubi via strata*; so men are valued, their labors vilified by fellows of no worth themselves, as things of nought; who could not have done as much? *unusquisque abundat sensu suo*, every man abounds in his own sense; and whilst each particular party is so affected, how should one please all?

Quid dem, quid non dem? Renuis tu quod iubet ille.

How shall I hope to express myself to each man's humor and conceit or to give satisfaction to all? Some understand too little, some too much, *Qui similiter in legendos libros, atque in salutandos homines irruunt, non cogitantes quales, sed quibus vestibus induti sint*, as Austin observes, not regarding what but who write, *orexin habet auctoris celebritas*, not valuing the mettle but the stamp that is upon it, *cantharum aspiciunt, non quid in eo*. If he be not rich, in great place, polite and brave, a great doctor, or full fraught with grand titles, though never so well qualified, he is a dunce; but as Baronius hath it of Cardinal Carafa's works, he is a mere hog that rejects any man for his poverty. Some are too partial as friends to overween, others come with a prejudice to carp, vilify, detract, and scoff; *qui de me forsā, quidquid est, omni contemptu contemptius iudicant*; some as bees for honey, some as spiders to gather poison. What shall I do in this case? As a Dutch host, if you come to an inn in Germany and dislike your fare, diet, lodging, etc., replies in a surly tone, *aliud tibi quæras diversorium*, if you like not this, get you to another inn; I resolve, if you like not my writing, go read something else. I do not much esteem thy censure, take thy course, 'tis not as thou wilt, nor as I will.

But when we have both done, that of Plinius Secundus to Trajan will prove true, "Every man's witty labor takes not, except the matter, subject, occasion, and some commending favorite happen to it." If I be taxed, exploded by thee and some such, I shall haply be approved and commended by others, and so have been, *expertus loquor*, and may truly say with Jovius in like case — *absit verbo jactantia — heroum quorundam, pontificum, et virorum nobilium familiaritatem et amicitiam, gratasque gratias, et multorum bene laudatorum laudes sum inde promeritus*, as I have been honored by some worthy men, so have I been vilified by others, and shall be. At the first publishing of this book, which Probus of Persius' satires, *editum librum continuo mirari homines, atque avide deripere cæperunt*, I may in some sort apply to this my work. The first, second, and third edition were suddenly gone, eagerly read and, as I have said, not so much approved by some as scornfully rejected by others. But it was Democritus his fortune, *Idem admirationi et irrisioni habitus*. 'Twas Seneca's fate, that superintendent of wit, learning, judgment, *ad stuporem doctus*, the best of Greek and Latin writers, in Plutarch's opinion, that "renowned corrector of vice," as Fabius terms him, "and painful omniscious philosopher, that writ so excellently and admirably well," could not please all parties or escape censure. How is he vilified by Caligula, Agellius, Fabius, and Lipsius himself, his chief propugner! *In eo pleraque pernītiosa*, saith the same Fabius, many childish tracts and sentences he hath, *sermo illaboratus*, too negligent often and remiss, as Agellius observes, *oratio vulgaris et protritā, dicaces et ineptæ sententiæ, eruditio plebeia*, an homely shallow writer as he is. *In partibus spinas et fastidia habet*, saith Lipsius, and as in all his other works so especially in his epistles, *aliæ in argutiis et ineptiis occupantur, intricatus alicubi, et parum compositus, sine copia rerum hoc fecit*, he jumbles up many things together unmethodically after the Stoics' fashion, *parum ordinavit, multa accumulavit*, etc. If Seneca be thus lashed, and many famous men that I could name, what shall I expect? How shall I that am *vix umbra tanti phi-*

losophi hope to please! "No man so absolute," Erasmus holds, "to satisfy all, except antiquity, prescription, etc., set a bar." But as I have proved in Seneca, this will not always take place, how shall I evade! 'Tis the common doom of all writers, I must, I say, abide it; I seek applause; *Non ego ventosæ venor suffragia plebis*; again, *non sum adeo informis*, I would not be vilified.

— *laudatus abunde,*
Non fastiditus si tibi, lector, ero.

I fear good men's censures and to their favorable acceptance I submit my labors,

— *et linguas mancipiorum*
Contemno.—

As the barking of a dog, I securely condemn those malicious and scurril obloquies, flouts, calumnies of railers and detractors; I scorn the rest. What therefore have I said *pro tenuitate mea* I have said.

One or two things yet I was desirous to have amended if I could concerning the manner of handling this my subject, for which I must apologize, *deprecari*, and upon better advice give the friendly reader notice. It was not mine intent to prostitute my Muse in English or to divulge *secreta Minervæ*, but to have exposed this more contract in Latin, if I could have got it printed. Any scurril pamphlet is welcome to our mercenary stationers in English, they print all,

— *caduntque libellos*
In quorum foliis vix simia nuda cacaret;

but in Latin they will not deal; which is one of the reasons Nicholas Carr in his oration of the paucity of English writers gives that so many flourishing wits are smothered in oblivion, lie dead and buried in this our nation. Another main fault is that I have not revised the copy and amended the style, which now flows remissly as it was first conceived; but my leisure would not permit, *Feci nec quod potui, nec quod volui*, I confess it is neither as I would or as it should be.

Cum relego scripsisse pudet, quia plurima cerno

Me quoque quæ fuerunt iudice digna lini.

When I peruse this tract which I have writ,
 I am abashed and much I hold unfit.

Et quod gravissimum, in the matter itself many things I disallow at this present which when I writ, *Non eadem est ætas, non mens*; I would willingly retract much, etc., but 'tis too late, I can only crave pardon now for what is amiss.

I might indeed — had I wisely done — observed that precept of the poet,

— *nonumque prematur in annum,*

and have taken more care. Or as Alexander the physician would have done by lapis lazuli, fifty times washed before it be used, I should have revised, corrected and amended this tract; but I had not, as I said, that happy leisure, no *amanuenses* or assistants. Panerates in Lucian, wanting a servant as he went from Memphis to Cop-tus in Egypt, took a door bar and after some superstitious words pronounced — Eucrates the relator was then present — made it stand up like a serving-man, fetch him water, turn the spit, serve in supper, and what work he would besides; and when he had done that service he desired, turned his man to a stick again. I have no such skill to make new men at my pleasure or means to hire them, no whistle to call like the master of a ship and bid them run, etc. I have no such authority, no such benefactors as that noble Ambrosius was to Origen, allowing him six or seven *amanuenses* to write out his dictates. I must for that cause do my business myself, and was therefore enforced, as a bear doth her whelps, to bring forth this confused lump; I had not time to lick it into form, as she doth her young ones, but even so to publish it as it was first written, *quidquid in buccam venit*, in an extemporean style, as I do commonly all other exercises, *effudi quidquid dictavit genius meus*, out of a confused company of notes and writ with as small deliberation as I do ordinarily speak, without all affectation of big words, fustian phrases, jingling terms, tropes, strong lines, that like *Acestes'* arrows caught fire as they flew, strains of wit, brave heats, eulogies, hyperbolical exornations, elegancies, etc., which many so much affect. I am *aquæ potor*, drink no wine at all, which so much improves our modern wits, a loose, plain, rude writer, *ficum voco ficum, et ligonem*

ligonem, and as free, as loose, *idem calamo quod in mente*, I call a spade a spade, *animis hæc scribo, non auribus*, I respect matter, not words, remembering that of Cardan, *verba propter res, non res propter verba*, and seeking with Seneca, *quid scribam, non quemadmodum*, rather what than how to write. For as Philo thinks, "He that is conversant about matter neglects words, and those that excel in this art of speaking have no profound learning,"

Verba nitent phaleris, at nullus verba medullas

Intus habent —.

Besides, it was the observation of that wise Seneca, "when you see a fellow careful about his words and neat in his speech, know this for a certainty, that man's mind is busied about toys, there's no solidity in him." *Non est ornamentum virile concinitas*: as he said of a nightingale,

—*vox es, præterea nihil, etc.*

I am therefore in this point a professed disciple of Apollonius, a scholar of Socrates, I neglect phrases and labor wholly to inform my reader's understanding, not to please his ears; 'tis not my study or intent to compose neatly, which an orator requires, but to express myself readily and plainly as it happens. So that, as a river runs sometimes precipitate and swift, then dull and slow, now direct, then *per ambages*, now deep, then shallow, now muddy, then clear, now broad, then narrow, doth my style flow; now serious, then light, now comical, then satirical, now more elaborate, then remiss, as the present subject required or as at that time I was affected. And if thou vouchsafe to read this treatise, it shall seem no otherwise to thee than the way to an ordinary traveller, sometimes fair, sometimes foul, here champaign, there enclosed, barren in one place, better soil in another. By woods, groves, hills, dales, plains, etc., I shall lead thee *per ardua montium et lubrica vallium et roscida cespitum et glebosa camporum*, through variety of objects, that which thou shalt like and surely dislike.

For the matter itself or method, if it be faulty, consider I pray you that of Col-

umella, *Nihil perfectum, aut a singulari consummatum industria*, no man can observe all, much is defective no doubt, may be justly taxed, altered, and avoided in Galen, Aristotle, those great masters. *Boni venatoris*, one holds, *plures feras capere, non omnes*; he is a good huntsman can catch some, not all. I have done my endeavor. Besides, I dwell not in this study, *Non hic sulcos ducimus, non hoc pulvere desudamus*; I am but a smatterer, I confess, a stranger; here and there I pull a flower; I do easily grant, if a rigid censurer should criticize on this which I have writ, he should not find three sole faults, as Scaliger in Terence, but 300, so many as he hath done in Cardan's Subtleties, as many notable errors as Gul. Laurembergius, a late professor of Rostock, discovers in that Anatomy of Laurentius, or Barocius the Venetian in Sacroboscus. And although this be a sixth edition, in which I should have been more accurate, corrected all those former escapes, yet it was *magni laboris opus*, so difficult and tedious that as carpenters do find out of experience 'tis much better build a new sometimes than repair an old house, I could as soon write as much more as alter that which is written. If aught therefore be amiss—as I grant there is—I require a friendly admonition, no bitter invective,

Sint Musis sociæ charites, furia omnis abesto.

Otherwise as in ordinary controversies, *funem contentionis nectamus; sed cui bono?* We may contend and likely misuse each other; but to what purpose? We are both scholars, say,

—*Arcades ambo,*

Et cantare pares, et respondere parati.

If we do wrangle, what shall we get by it? Trouble and wrong ourselves, make sport to others. If I be convict of an error, I will yield, I will amend. *Si quid bonis moribus, si quid veritati dissentaneum, in sacris vel humanis literis a me dictum sit, id nec dictum esto*. In the meantime I require a favorable censure of all faults omitted, harsh compositions, pleonasms of words, tautological repetitions—though Seneca bear me out, *nunquam nimis dicitur quod*

nunquam satis dicitur — perturbations of tenses, numbers, printer's faults, etc. My translations are sometimes rather paraphrases than interpretations, *non ad verbum*, but as an author I use more liberty; and that's only taken which was to my purpose. Quotations are often inserted in the text, which makes the style more harsh, or in the margin as it happened. Greek authors, Plato, Plutarch, Athenæus, etc., I have cited out of their interpreters, because the original was not so ready. I have mingled *sacra profanis* but I hope not profaned, and in repetition of authors' names ranked them *per accidens*, not according to chronology; sometimes neoterics before ancients, as my memory suggested. Some things are here altered, expunged in this sixth edition, others amended, much added, because many good authors in all kinds are come to my hands since, and 'tis no prejudice, no such indecorum, or oversight.

*Nunquam ita quidquam bene subducta ratione
ad vitam fuit,*

*Quin res, ætas, usus, semper aliquid apportent
novi,*

*Aliquid moneant, ut illa quæ scire te credas,
nescias,*

*Et quæ tibi putaris prima, in experiundo ut
repudies.*

Ne'er was aught yet at first contrived so fit
But use, age, or something would alter it,
Advise thee better, and upon peruse

Make thee not say, and what thou tak'st,
refuse.

But I am now resolved never to put this treatise out again; *ne quid nimis*, I will not hereafter add, alter, or retract, I have done.

The last and greatest exception is that I being a divine have meddled with physic,

— *Tantumne est ab re tua otii tibi,
Aliena ut cures, eaque nihil quæ ad te atti-
nent?*

which Menedemus objected to Chremes; I have so much leisure or little business of mine own as to look after other men's matters which concern me not. What have I to do with physic! *Quod medicorum est promittant medici*. The Lacedemonians were once in council about state matters; a debauched fellow spake excellent well and to the purpose; his speech was generally ap-

proved. A grave senator steps up and by all means would have it repealed, though good, because *dehonestabatur pessimo auctore*, it had no better an author; let some good man relate the same, and then it should pass. This counsel was embraced, *factum est*, and it was registered forthwith, *et sic bona sententia mansit, malus auctor mutatus est*. Thou sayest as much of me, *stomachosus* as thou art, and grantest peradventure this which I have written in physic not to be amiss, had another done it, a professed physician, or so; but why should I meddle with this tract! Hear me speak. There be many other subjects, I do easily grant, both in humanity and divinity, fit to be treated of, of which, had I written *ad ostentationem* only, to show myself, I should have rather chosen and in which I have been more conversant; I could have more willingly luxuriated and better satisfied myself and others; but that at this time I was fatally driven upon this rock of melancholy and carried away by this by-stream which as a rillet is deducted from the main channel of my studies; in which I have pleased and busied myself at idle hours as a subject most necessary and commodious. Not that I prefer it before divinity, which I do acknowledge to be the queen of professions and to which all the rest are as handmaids, but that in divinity I saw no such great need. For had I written positively, there be so many books in that kind, so many commentators, treatises, pamphlets, expositions, sermons that whole teams of oxen cannot draw them; and had I been as forward and ambitious as some others I might have haply printed a sermon at Paul's Cross, a sermon in St. Mary's Oxon., a sermon in Christ Church, or a sermon before the right honorable, right reverend, a sermon before the right worshipful, a sermon in Latin, in English, a sermon with a name, a sermon without, a sermon, a sermon, etc. But I have been ever as desirous to suppress my labors in this kind as others have been to press and publish theirs. To have written in controversy had been to cut off an hydra's head; *lis litem generat*, one begets another, so many duplications, triplications, and swarms of questions in *sacro bello hoc quod stili mucrone agitur*

that having once begun I should never make an end. One had much better, as Alexander the sixth pope long since observed, provoke a great prince than a begging friar, a Jesuit or a seminary priest I will add, for *inexpugnabile genus hoc hominum*, they are an irrefragable society, they must and will have the last word; and that with such eagerness, impudence, abominable lying, falsifying, and bitterness in their questions they proceed that as he said, *furone cæcus, an rapit vis acrior, an culpa? responsum date*. Blind fury or error or rashness or what it is that eggs them I know not, I am sure many times, which Austin perceived long since, *tempestate contentions serenitas caritatis obnubilatur*, with this tempest of contention the serenity of charity is over-clouded, and there be too many spirits conjured up already in this kind in all science and more than we can tell how to lay which do so furiously rage and keep such a racket that as Fabius said, "It had been much better for some of them to have been born dumb and altogether illiterate than so far to dote to their own destruction."

At melius fuerat non scribere, namque tacere Tutum semper erit,—

'tis a general fault, so Severinus the Dane complains in physic, "unhappy men as we are we spend our days in unprofitable questions and disputations," intricate subtleties, *de lana caprina*, about moonshine in the water, "leaving in the meantime those chiefest treasures of nature untouched wherein the best medicines for all manner of diseases are to be found and do not only neglect them ourselves but hinder, condemn, forbid, and scoff at others that are willing to inquire after them." These motives at this present have induced me to make a choice of this medicinal subject.

If any physician in the meantime shall infer *ne sutor ultra crepidam* and find himself grieved that I have intruded into his profession, I will tell him in brief, I do not otherwise by them than they do by us. If it be for their advantage, I know many of their sect which have taken orders in hope of a benefice, 'tis a common transition; and why may not a melancholy divine, that can

get nothing but by simony, profess physic? Drusianus an Italian — Crusianus, but corruptly, Trithemius calls him — "because he was not fortunate in his practice, forsook his profession and writ afterwards in divinity." Marcilius Ficinus was *semel et simul*, a priest and a physician at once, and T. Linacre in his old age took orders. The Jesuits profess both at this time, divers of them *permissu superiorum*, surgeons, panders, bawds, and midwives, etc. Many poor country vicars, for want of other means, are driven to their shifts, to turn mountebanks, quacksalvers, empirics; and if our greedy patrons hold us to such hard conditions as commonly they do, they will make most of us work at some trade as Paul did, at last turn taskers, maltsters, costermongers, graziers, sell ale as some have done, or worse. Howsoever in undertaking this task I hope I shall commit no great error or indecorum; if all be considered aright, I can vindicate myself with Georgius Brauns and Hieronymus Hemingius, those two learned divines; who — to borrow a line or two of mine elder brother — drawn by a "natural love, the one of pictures and maps, prospectives and chorographical delights writ that ample theatre of cities; the other to the study of genealogies, penned *Theatrum Genealogicum*." Or else I can excuse my studies with Lessius the Jesuit in like case; it is a disease of the soul on which I am to treat, and as much appertaining to a divine as to a physician; and who knows not what an agreement there is betwixt these two professions? A good divine either is or ought to be a good physician, a spiritual physician at least, as our Savior calls himself and was indeed, Mat. 4:23, Luke 5:18, Luke 7:21. They differ but in object, the one of the body, the other of the soul, and use divers medicines to cure. One amends *animam per corpus*, the other *corpus per animam*, as our Regius Professor of Physic well informed us in a learned lecture of his not long since. One helps the vices and passions of the soul, anger, lust, desperation, pride, presumption, etc., by applying that spiritual physic; as the other uses proper remedies in bodily diseases. Now this being a common infirmity of body and soul and such a one that hath

as much need of spiritual as corporal cure, I could not find a fitter task to busy myself about, a more apposite theme, so necessary, so commodious, and generally concerning all sorts of men that should so equally participate of both and require a whole physician. A divine in this compound mixed malady can do little alone, a physician in some kinds of melancholy much less; both make an absolute cure.

Alterius sic altera poscit opem.

And 'tis proper to them both and I hope not unbeseeming me who am by my profession a divine and by mine inclination a physician. I had Jupiter in my fixed house; I say with Beroaldus, *Non sum medicus nec medicinæ prorsus expers*, in the theoric of physic I have taken some pains, not with an intent to practise but to satisfy myself, which was a cause likewise of the first undertaking of this subject.

If these reasons do not satisfy thee, good reader, as Alexander Munificus, that bountiful prelate, sometime Bishop of Lincoln, when he had built six castles, *ad invidiam operis eluendam*, saith Mr. Camden, to take away the envy of his work—which very words Nubrigensis hath of Roger, the rich Bishop of Salisbury, who in King Stephen's time built Shirburn Castle and that of Devises—to divert the scandal of imputation which might thence be inferred built so many religious houses. If this my discourse be over-medicinal or savor too much of humanity, I promise thee that I will hereafter make thee amends in some treatise of divinity. But this I hope shall suffice when you have more fully considered of the matter of this my subject, *rem substratam*, melancholy, madness, and of the reasons following, which were my chief motives, the generality of the disease, the necessity of the cure, and the commodity or common good that will arise to all men by the knowledge of it, as shall at large appear in the ensuing preface. And I doubt not but that in the end you will say with me that to anatomize this humor aright through all the members of this our *microcosmos* is as great a task as to reconcile those chronological errors in the Assyrian monarchy,

find out the quadrature of a circle, the creeks and sounds of the northeast or northwest passages, and all out as good a discovery as that hungry Spaniard's of *Terra Australis Incognita*, as great trouble as to perfect the motion of Mars and Mercury, which so crucifies our astronomers, or to rectify the Gregorian calendar. I am so affected for my part and hope as Theophrastus did by his characters "That our posterity, O friend Policles, shall be the better for this which we have written by correcting and rectifying what is amiss in themselves by our examples and applying our precepts and cautions to their own use." And as that great captain Zisca would have a drum made of his skin when he was dead because he thought the very noise of it would put his enemies to flight,⁶ I doubt not but that these following lines when they shall be recited or hereafter read will drive away melancholy, though I be gone, as much as Zisca's drum could terrify his foes. Yet one caution let me give by the way to my present or future reader who is actually melancholy, that he read not the symptoms of prognostics in this following tract lest by applying that which he reads to himself, aggravating, appropriating things generally spoken to his own person, as melancholy men for the most part do, he trouble or hurt himself and get in conclusion more harm than good. I advise them therefore warily to peruse that tract. *Lapides loquitur*, so said Agrippa, *de occ. Phil., et caveant lectores ne cerebrum vis excutiat*. The rest I doubt not they may securely read and to their benefit. But I am over-tedious, I proceed.

Of the necessity and generality of this which I have said, if any man doubt, I shall desire him to make a brief survey of the world as Cyprian advised Donatè, "Supposing himself to be transported to the top of some high mountain and thence to behold the tumults and chances of this wavering world, he can't choose but either laugh at, or pity it." St. Jerome out of a strong imagination, being in the wilderness, conceived with himself that he then saw them dancing in Rome; and if thou shalt either conceive or climb to see, thou shalt soon

⁶ Note the echo hereof in the legend of Drake's drum.

perceive that all the world is mad, that it is melancholy, dotes; that it is—which Epichthonius Cosmopolites expressed not so many years since in a map—made like a fool's head—with that motto, *Caput heleboro dignum*—a crazed head, *cavea stultorum*, a fools' paradise, or as Apollonius, a common prison of gulls, cheaters, flatterers, etc., and needs to be reformed. Strabo in the ninth book of his Geography compares Greece to the picture of a man, which comparison of his Nic. Gerbelius in his exposition of Sophianus' map approves; the breast lies open from those Acroceraunian Hills in Epirus to the Sunian Promontory in Attica; Pagæ and Megara are the two shoulders; that Isthmus of Corinth the neck; and Peloponnesus the head. If this allusion hold, 'tis sure a mad head; Morea may be Moria; and to speak what I think the inhabitants of modern Greece swerve as much from reason and true religion at this day as that Morea doth from the picture of a man. Examine the rest in like sort, and you shall find that kingdoms and provinces are melancholy, cities and families, all creatures, vegetal, sensible, and rational, that all sorts, sects, ages, conditions, are out of tune, as in Cebes' table, *omnes errorem bibunt*, before they come into the world, they are intoxicated by error's cup, from the highest to the lowest have need of physic; and those particular actions in Seneca where father and son prove one another mad may be general; Porcius Latro shall plead against us all. For indeed who is not a fool, melancholy, mad! — *Qui nil molitur inepte*, who is not brain-sick! Folly, melancholy, madness are but one disease, delirium is a common name to all. Alexander Gordonius, Jason Pratensis, Savonarola, Guianerius, Montaltus, confound them as differing *secundum magis et minus*, so doth David, Psal. 37:5, "I said unto the fools, deal not so madly," and 'twas an old Stoical paradox, *omnes stultos insanire*, all fools are mad, though some madder than others. And who is not a fool, who is free from melancholy? Who is not touched more or less in habit or disposition? If in disposition, "ill dispositions beget habits if they persevere," saith Plutarch, habits either are or turn to diseases. 'Tis

the same which Tully maintains in the second of his *Tusculanes*, *omnium insipientium animi in morbo sunt, et perturbatorum*, fools are sick and all that are troubled in mind. For what is sickness but as Gregory Tholosanus defines it, "A dissolution or perturbation of the bodily league which health combines." And who is not sick or ill disposed! in whom doth not passion, anger, envy, discontent, fear, and sorrow reign! Who labors not of this disease! Give me but a little leave, and you shall see by what testimonies, confessions, arguments I will evince it, that most men are mad, that they had as much need to go a pilgrimage to the Anticyræ—as in Strabo's time they did—as in our days they run to Compostella, our Lady of Sichem, or Loretto, to seek for help; that it is like to be as prosperous a voyage as that of Guiana, and that there is much more need of hellebore than of tobacco.

That men are so misaffected, melancholy, mad, giddy-headed, hear the testimony of Solomon, Eccl. 2:12, "And I turned to behold wisdom, madness, and folly," etc., and ver. 23, "All his days are sorrow, his travail grief, and his heart taketh no rest in the night." So that take melancholy in what sense you will, properly or improperly, in disposition or habit, for pleasure or for pain, dotage, discontent, fear, sorrow, madness, for part or all, truly or metaphorically, 'tis all one. Laughter itself is madness according to Solomon, and as St. Paul hath it, "worldly sorrow brings death. The hearts of the sons of men are evil, and madness is in their hearts while they live," Eccl. 9:3. "Wise men themselves are no better," Eccl. 1:18. "In the multitude of wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth wisdom increaseth sorrow," cap. 2:17. He hated life itself, nothing pleased him; he hated his labor, all, as he concludes, is "sorrow, grief, vanity, vexation of spirit." And though he were the wisest man in the world, *sanctuarium sapientiæ*, and had wisdom in abundance, he will not vindicate himself or justify his own actions. "Surely I am more foolish than any man and have not the understanding of a man in me," Pro. 30:2. Be they Solomon's words or the words of Agur the son of Jakeh, they are canonical. David,

a man after God's own heart, confesseth as much of himself, Ps. 73: 21, 22, "So foolish was I and ignorant I was even as a beast before thee." And condemns all fools, Ps. 53 and 32:9 and 49:20. He compares them to "beasts, horses, and mules, in which there is no understanding." The Apostle Paul accuseth himself in like sort, II Cor. 11:21, "I would you would suffer a little my foolishness, I speak foolishly." "The whole head is sick," saith Isaiah, "and the heart is heavy," cap. 1:5, and makes lighter of them "than of oxen and asses; the ox knows his owner," etc. Read Deut. 32:6, Jer. 4, Amos 3:1, Ephes. 5:6. "Be not mad, be not deceived, foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you?" How often are they branded with this epithet of madness and folly! No word so frequent amongst the fathers of the church and divines; you may see what an opinion they had of the world and how they valued men's actions.

I know that we think far otherwise and hold them most part wise men that are in authority, princes, magistrates, rich men; they are wise men born, all politicians and statesmen must needs be so, for who dare speak against them? And on the other, so corrupt is our judgment we esteem wise and honest men fools. Which Democritus well signified in an epistle of his to Hippocrates. The "Abderites account virtue madness," and so do most men living. Shall I tell you the reason of it? Fortune and Virtue, Wisdom and Folly, their seconds, upon a time contended in the Olympics; every man thought that Fortune and Folly would have the worst and pitied their cases. But it fell out otherwise. Fortune was blind and cared not where she struck nor whom, without laws, *audabatarum instar*, etc. Folly rash and inconsiderate esteemed as little what she said or did. Virtue and Wisdom gave place, were hissed out and exploded by the common people; Folly and Fortune admired, and so are all their followers ever since. Knaves and fools commonly fare and deserve best in worldlings' eyes and opinions. Many good men have no better fare in their ages. Achish, I Sam. 21:14, held David for a madman. Elisha and the rest were no otherwise esteemed, David was de-

rided of the common people, Ps. 71:7, "I am become a monster to many." And generally we are accounted fools for Christ, I Cor. 4:10. "We fools thought his life madness and his end without honor," Wisd. 5:4. Christ and his apostles were censured in like sort, Joh. 10, Mar. 3, Act. 26. And so were all Christians in Pliny's time, *fuervnt et alii similis dementiæ*, etc. And called not long after *vesaniæ sectatores, eversores hominum, polluti novatores, fanatici, canes, malefici, venefici, Gallilæi homunciones*, etc. 'Tis an ordinary thing with us to account honest, devout, orthodox, divine, religious, plain-dealing men, idiots, asses, that cannot or will not lie and dissemble, shift, flatter, *accommodare se ad eum locum ubi nati sunt*, make good bargains, supplant, thrive, *patronis inservire, solennes ascendendi modos apprehendere, leges, mores, consuetudines recte observare, candide laudare, fortiter defendere, sententias amplecti, dubitare de nullis, credere omnia, accipere omnia, nihil reprehendere, cæteraque quæ promotionem fuerunt et securitatem, quæ sine ambage felicem reddunt hominem, et vere sapientem apud nos*, that cannot temporize as other men do, hand and take bribe, etc., but fear God and make a conscience of their doings. But the Holy Ghost that knows better how to judge, he calls them fools. "The fool hath said in his heart," Ps. 53:1. "And their ways utter their folly," Ps. 49:13. "For what can be more mad than for a little worldly pleasure to procure unto themselves eternal punishment!" as Gregory and others inculcate unto us.

Yea, even all those great philosophers the world hath ever had in admiration, whose works we do so much esteem, that gave precepts of wisdom to others, inventors of arts and sciences, Socrates, the wisest man of his time by the Oracle of Apollo, whom his two scholars Plato and Xenophon so much extol and magnify with those honorable titles, "best and wisest of all mortal men, the happiest, and most just, and as Alcibiades incomparably commends him, Achilles was a worthy man, but Bracides and others were as worthy as himself, Antenor and Nestor were as good as Pericles, and so of the rest, but none pres-

ent, before, or after Socrates, *nemo veterum neque eorum qui nunc sunt*, were ever such, will match, or come near him. Those seven wise men of Greece, those Britain Druids, Indian *Brachmanni*, Ethiopian Gymnosophists, *Magi* of the Persians, Apollonius, of whom Philostratus, *non doctus, sed natus sapiens*, wise from his cradle, Epicurus so much admired by his scholar Lucretius,

Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit, et omnes

Perstrinxit stellas exortus ut ætherius sol.

Whose wits excelled the wits of men as far

As the sun-rising doth obscure a star.

Or that so much renowned Empedocles,

Ut vix humana videtur stirpe creatus.

All those of whom we read such hyperbolic eulogies, as of Aristotle, that he was wisdom itself in the abstract, a miracle of nature, breathing libraries, as Eunapius of Longinus, lights of nature, giants for wit, quintessence of wit, divine spirits, eagles in the clouds, fallen from heaven, gods, lamps of the world, dictators,

Nulla ferant talem sæcula futura virum,

monarchs, miracles, superintendents of wit and learning, "*Oceanus, Phœnix, Atlas, monstrum, portentum hominis, orbis universi musæum, ultimus humanæ naturæ conatus, naturæ maritus.*"

— *merito cui doctior orbis*

Submissis defert fascibus imperium,

as Ælian writ of Protagoras and Gorgias, — we may say of them all, *tantum a sapientibus abfuerunt quantum a viris pueri*, they were children in respect, infants, not eagles but kites, novices, illiterate *eunuchi sapientiæ*. And although they were the wisest and most admired in their age, as he censured Alexander I do them, there were 10,000 in his army as worthy captains — had they been in place of command — as valiant as himself; there were myriads of men wiser in those days, and yet all short of what they ought to be. Lactantius in his Book of Wisdom proves them to be dizzards, fools, asses, madmen, so full of absurd and ridiculous tenets and brain-sick positions that to his thinking never any old woman or sick

person doted worse. Democritus took all from Leucippus and left, saith he, "the inheritance of his folly to Epicurus," *insanienti dum sapientiæ*, etc. The like he holds of Plato, Aristippus, and the rest, making no difference "betwixt them and beasts, saving that they could speak." Theodoret in his tract *De cur Græc. affect.* manifestly evinces as much of Socrates, whom though that Oracle of Apollo confirmed to be the wisest man then living and saved him from the plague, whom 2,000 years have admired, of whom some will as soon speak evil as of Christ, yet, *re vera*, he was an illiterate idiot, as Aristophanes calls him, *irrisor et ambitiosus*, as his master Aristotle terms him, *scurra Atticus*, as Zeno, an enemy to all arts and sciences, as Athenæus, to philosophers and travellers, an opinionative ass, a caviller, a kind of pedant; for his manners, as Theod. Cyrensis describes him, a sodomite, an atheist, so convicted by Anytus, *iracundus et ebrius, dicax*, etc., a pot-companion by Plato's own confession, a sturdy drinker; and that of all others he was most sottish, a very madman in his actions and opinions. Pythagoras was part philosopher, part magician, or part witch. If you desire to hear more of Apollonius, a great wise man sometime paralleled by Julian the Apostate to Christ, I refer you to that learned tract of Eusebius against Hierocles, and for them all to Lucian's *Piscator*, *Icaromenippus*, *Necyomantia*. Their actions, opinions in general were so prodigious, absurd, ridiculous, which they broached and maintained, their books and elaborate treatises were full of dotage, which Tully, *ad Atticum*, long since observed, *delirant plerumque scriptores in libris suis*, their lives being opposite to their words, they commended poverty to others and were most covetous themselves, extolled love and peace and yet persecuted one another with virulent hate and malice. They could give precepts for verse and prose but not a man of them, as Seneca tells them home, could moderate his affections. Their music did show us *flebiles modos*, etc., how to rise and fall; but they could not so contain themselves as in adversity not to make a lamentable tone. They will measure ground by geometry, set down limits, divide and

subdivide but cannot yet prescribe *quantum homini satis* or keep within compass of reason and discretion. They can square circles but understand not the state of their own souls, describe right lines and crooked, etc., but know not what is right in this life, *quid in vita rectum sit*, ignorant; so that as he said,

*Nescio an Anticyram ratio illis destinet
omnem,*

I think all the Anticyræ will not restore them to their wits. If these men now that held Zenodotus' heart, Crates' liver, Epictetus' lanthorn were so sottish and had no more brains than so many beetles, what shall we think of the commonalty! what of the rest!

Yea, but will you infer, that is true of heathens if they be conferred with Christians, 1 Cor. 3:19. "The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God, earthly and devilish," as James calls it, 3:15. "They were vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was full of darkness," Rom. 1:21, 22. "When they professed themselves wise, became fools." Their witty works are admired here on earth whilst their souls are tormented in hell-fire. In some sense, *Christiani Crassiani*, Christians are Crassians, and if compared to that wisdom, no better than fools. *Quis est sapiens? Solus deus*, Pythagoras replies; "God is only wise," Rom. 16. Paul determines, "only good," as Austin well contends, "and no man living can be justified in his sight." "God looked down from heaven upon the children of men to see if any did understand," Psalm 53:2, 3, but all are corrupt, err. Rom. 3:12, "None doth good, no not one." Job aggravates this, 4:18, "Behold he found no steadfastness in his servants and laid folly upon his angels, 19. How much more on them that dwell in houses of clay!" In this sense we are all as fools, and the Scripture alone is *arx Minervæ*; we and our writings are shallow and imperfect. But I do not so mean; even in our ordinary dealings we are no better than fools. All our actions, as Pliny told Trajan, "upbraid us of folly," our whole course of life is but matter of laughter; we are not soberly wise; and the world itself, which

ought at least to be wise by reason of his antiquity, as Hugo de Prato Florida will have it, *semper stultizat*, "is every day more foolish than other; the more it is whipped, the worse it is, and, as a child, will still be crowned with roses and flowers." We are apish in it, *asini bipedes*, and every place is full *inversorum Apuleiorum*, of metamorphosed and two-legged asses, *inversorum Silenorum*, childish, *pueri instar bimuli, tremula patris dormientis in ulna*. Jovianus Pontus, *Antonio Dial.*, brings in some laughing at an old man that by reason of his age was a little fond, but as he admonisheth there, *Ne mireris, mi hospes, de hoc sene*, marvel not at him only, for *tota hæc civitas delirium*, all our town dotes in like sort, we are a company of fools. Ask not with him in the poet, *Larvæ hunc intemperie insanique agitant senem?* What madness ghosts this old man but what madness ghosts us all? For we are *ad unum omnes*, all mad, *semel insanivimus omnes*, not once but always so, *et semel et simul et semper*, ever and altogether as bad as he; and not *senex bis puer, delira anus*, but say it of us all, *semper pueri*, young and old, all dote, as Lactantius proves out of Seneca; and no difference betwixt us and children, saving that *maiora ludimus et grandioribus pupis*, they play with babies of clouts and such toys, we sport with greater babies. We cannot accuse or condemn one another, being faulty ourselves, *deliramenta loqueris*, you talk idly, or as Mitio upbraided Demea, *insanis, aufer te*, for we are as mad our own selves, and it is hard to say which is the worst. Nay, 'tis universally so,

Vitam regit fortuna, non sapientia.

When Socrates had taken great pains to find out a wise man and to that purpose had consulted with philosophers, poets, artificers, he concludes all men were fools; and though it procured him both anger and much envy, yet in all companies he would openly profess it. When Supputius in Pontanus had travelled all over Europe to confer with a wise man, he returned at last without his errand and could find none. Cardan concurs with him, "few there are, for aught I can perceive, well in their wits."

So doth Tully, "I see everything to be done foolishly and unadvisedly."

Ille sinistrorsum, hic dextrorsum, unus utrique Error, sed variis illudit partibus omnes.

One reels to this, another to that wall.

'Tis the same error that deludes them all.

They dote, but not alike, *Μαρία γὰρ οὐ πᾶσι δούλα*, not in the same kind. "One is covetous, a second lascivious, a third ambitious, a fourth envious," etc., as Damasippus the Stoic hath well illustrated in the poet,

Desipiunt omnes æque ac tu.

'Tis an inbred malady in every one of us, there is *seminarium stultitiæ*, a seminary of folly, "which if it be stirred up or get a head will run in *infinitum* and infinitely varies as we ourselves are severally addicted," saith Balthazar Castilio; and cannot so easily be rooted out, it takes such fast hold, as Tully holds, *altæ radices stultitiæ*; so we are bred, and so we continue. Some say there be two main defects of wit, error and ignorance, to which all others are reduced; by ignorance we know not things necessary, by error we know them falsely. Ignorance is a privation, error a positive act. From ignorance comes vice, from error heresy, etc. But make how many kinds you will, divide and subdivide, few men are free or that do not impinge on some kind or other. *Sic plerumque agitat stultos inscitia*, as he that examines his own and other men's actions shall find.

Charon in Lucian, as he wittily feigns, was conducted by Mercury to such a place where he might see all the world at once; after he had sufficiently viewed and looked about, Mercury would needs know of him what he had observed. He told him that he saw a vast multitude and a promiscuous, their habitations like mole-hills, the men as emmets, "he could discern cities like so many hives of bees wherein every bee had a sting, and they did nought but sting one another, some domineering like hornets, bigger than the rest, some like filching wasps, others as drones." Over their heads were hovering a confused company of perturbations, hope, fear, anger, avarice, ignorance, etc., and a multitude of diseases

hanging which they still pulled on their pates. Some were brawling, some fighting, riding, running, *sollicite ambientes, callide litigantes*, for toys and trifles and such momentary things. Their towns and provinces mere factions, rich against poor, poor against rich, nobles against artificers, they against nobles, and so the rest. In conclusion he condemned them all for madmen, fools, idiots, asses, *O stulti, quænam hæc est amentia!* O fools! O madmen! he exclaims, *insana studia, insani labores*, etc.! Mad endeavors, mad actions, mad, mad, mad! *O sæculum insipiens et infacetum!* a giddy-headed age. Heraclitus the philosopher, out of a serious meditation of men's lives, fell a-weeping and with continual tears bewailed their misery, madness, and folly. Democritus on the other side burst out a-laughing, their whole life seemed to him so ridiculous, and he was so far carried with this ironical passion that the citizens of Abdera took him to be mad and sent therefore ambassadors to Hippocrates the physician, that he would exercise his skill upon him. But the story is set down at large by Hippocrates in his Epistle to Damagetus, which, because it is not impertinent to this discourse, I will insert verbatim almost as it is delivered by Hippocrates himself, with all the circumstances belonging unto it.

When Hippocrates was now come to Abdera, the people of the city came flocking about him, some weeping, some entreating of him that he would do his best. After some little repast, he went to see Democritus, the people following him, whom he found, as before, in his garden in the suburbs all alone, "sitting upon a stone under a plane tree, without hose or shoes, with a book on his knees, cutting up several beasts, and busy at his study." The multitude stood gazing round about to see the congress. Hippocrates, after a little pause, saluted him by his name, whom he re-saluted, ashamed almost that he could not call him likewise by his or that he had forgot it. Hippocrates demanded of him what he was doing. He told him that he was "busy in cutting up several beasts to find out the cause of madness and melancholy." Hippocrates commended his work, admir-

ing his happiness and leisure. And why, quoth Democritus, have not you that leisure? Because, replied Hippocrates, domestic affairs hinder, necessary to be done, for ourselves, neighbors, friends; expenses, diseases, frailties and mortalities which happen; wife, children, servants, and such businesses that deprive us of our time. At this speech Democritus profusely laughed, his friends and the people standing by, weeping in the meantime and lamenting his madness. Hippocrates asked the reason why he laughed. He told him at the vanity and fopperies of the time, to see men so empty of all virtuous actions to hunt so far after gold, having no end of ambition; to take such infinite pains for a little glory and to be favored of men; to make such deep mines into the earth for gold, and many times to find nothing, with loss of their lives and fortunes. Some to love dogs, others horses, some to desire to be obeyed in many provinces, and yet themselves will know no obedience. Some to love their wives dearly at first, and after a while to forsake and hate them, begetting children with much care and cost for their education, yet when they grow to man's estate to despise, neglect, and leave them naked to the world's mercy. Do not these behaviors express their intolerable folly? When men live in peace, they covet war, detesting quietness, deposing kings and advancing others in their stead, murdering some men to beget children of their wives. How many strange humors are in men! When they are poor and needy, they seek riches; and when they have them, they do not enjoy them but hide them under ground or else wastefully spend them. O wise Hippocrates! I laugh at such things being done, but much more when no good comes of them and when they are done to so ill purpose. There is no truth or justice found amongst them, for they daily plead one against another, the son against the father and the mother, brother against brother, kindred and friends of the same quality; and all this for riches whereof after death they cannot be possessors. And yet notwithstanding they will defame and kill one another, commit all unlawful actions, condemning God and men, friends and country.

They make great account of many senseless things, esteeming them as a great part of their treasure, statues, pictures, and such like movables, dear bought and so cunningly wrought as nothing but speech wanteth in them; and yet they hate living persons speaking to them. Others affect difficult things; if they dwell on firm land, they will remove to an island and thence to land again, being no way constant to their desires. They commend courage and strength in wars, and let themselves be conquered by lust and avarice; they are, in brief, as disordered in their minds as Ther-sites was in his body. And now methinks, O most worthy Hippocrates, you should not reprehend my laughing, perceiving so many fooleries in men; for no man will mock his own folly, but that which he seeth in a second, and so they justly mock one another. The drunkard calls him a glutton whom he knows to be sober. Many men love the sea, others husbandry; briefly, they cannot agree in their own trades and professions, much less in their lives and actions.

When Hippocrates heard these words so readily uttered without premeditation to declare the world's vanity, full of ridiculous contrariety, he made answer that necessity compelled men to many such actions and divers wills ensuing from divine permission, that we might not be idle, being nothing so odious to them as sloth and negligence. Besides, men cannot foresee future events in this uncertainty of human affairs; they would not marry, if they could foretell the causes of their dislike and separation; or parents, if they knew the hour of their children's death, so tenderly provide for them; or an husbandman sow if he thought there would be no increase; or a merchant adventure to sea if he foresaw shipwreck; or be a magistrate if presently to be deposed. Alas! worthy Democritus, every man hopes the best, and to that end he doth it, and therefore no such cause or ridiculous occasion of laughter.

Democritus hearing this poor excuse laughed again aloud, perceiving he wholly mistook him and did not well understand what he had said concerning perturbations and tranquility of the mind. Insomuch that

if men would govern their actions by discretion and providence, they would not declare themselves fools as now they do and he should have no cause of laughter; but, quoth he, they swell in this life as if they were immortal and demi-gods, for want of understanding. It were enough to make them wise if they would but consider the mutability of this world and how it wheels about, nothing being firm and sure. He that is now above, tomorrow is beneath; he that sat on this side today, tomorrow is hurled on the other. And not considering these matters they fall into many inconveniences and troubles, coveting things of no profit and thirsting after them, tumbling headlong into many calamities. So that if men would attempt no more than what they can bear they should lead contented lives and learning to know themselves would limit their ambition; they would perceive then that nature hath enough without seeking such superfluities and unprofitable things which bring nothing with them but grief and molestation. As a fat body is more subject to diseases so are rich men to absurdities and fooleries, to many casualties and cross inconveniences. There are many that take no heed what happeneth to others by bad conversation and therefore overthrow themselves in the same manner through their own fault, not foreseeing dangers manifest. These are things—O more than mad! quoth he—that give me matter of laughter, by suffering the pains of your impieties, as your avarice, envy, malice, enormous villainies, mutinies, insatiable desires, conspiracies, and other incurable vices; besides, your dissimulation and hypocrisy, bearing deadly hatred one to the other, and yet shadowing it with a good face, flying out into all filthy lusts and transgressions of all laws both of nature and civility. Many things which they have left off, after a while they fall to again, husbandry, navigation; and leave again, fickle and inconstant as they are. When they are young, they would be old, and old, young. Princes commend a private life, private men itch after honor. A magistrate commends a quiet life, a quiet man would be in his office and obeyed as he is. And what is the cause of all this but that they know

not themselves. Some delight to destroy, one to build, another to spoil one country to enrich another and himself. In all these things they are like children, in whom is no judgment or counsel, and resemble beasts, saving that beasts are better than they, as being contented with nature. When shall you see a lion hide gold in the ground or a bull contend for a better pasture! when a boar is thirsty, he drinks what will serve him and no more; and when his belly is full, he ceaseth to eat. But men are immoderate in both; as in lust they covet carnal copulation at set times; men always, ruining thereby the health of their bodies. And doth it not deserve laughter to see an amorous fool torment himself for a wench, weep, howl for a misshapen slut, a dowdy sometimes, that might have his choice of the finest beauties? Is there any remedy for this in physic? I do anatomize and cut up these poor beasts to see these distempers, vanities, and follies; yet such proof were better made on man's body, if my kind nature would endure it. Who from the hour of his birth is most miserable, weak, and sickly; when he sucks he is guided by others, when he is grown great practiseth unhappiness and is sturdy, and when old, a child again and repenteth him of his life past. And here being interrupted by one that brought books, he fell to it again that all were mad, careless, stupid. To prove my former speeches look into courts or private houses. Judges give judgment according to their own advantage, doing manifest wrong to poor innocents to please others. Notaries alter sentences and for money lose their deeds. Some make false moneys, others counterfeit false weights. Some abuse their parents, yea, corrupt their own sisters, others make long libels and pasquils, defaming men of good life and extol such as are lewd and vicious. Some rob one, some another; magistrates make laws against thieves and are the veriest thieves themselves. Some kill themselves, others despair, not obtaining their desires. Some dance, sing, laugh, feast and banquet, whilst others sigh, languish, mourn and lament, having neither meat, drink, nor clothes. Some prank up their bodies and have their minds full of execrable vices. Some trot

about to bear false witness and say anything for money; and though judges know of it, yet for a bribe they wink at it and suffer false contracts to prevail against equity. Women are all day a-dressing to pleasure other men abroad and go like sluts at home, not caring to please their own husbands whom they should. Seeing men are so fickle, so sottish, so intemperate, why should not I laugh at those to whom folly seems wisdom, will not be cured, and perceive it not!

It grew late, Hippocrates left him; and no sooner was he come away but all the citizens came about flocking to know how he liked him. He told them in brief that notwithstanding those small neglects of his attire, body, diet, the world had not a wiser, a more learned, a more honest man and they were very much deceived to say that he was mad.

Thus Democritus esteemed of the world in his time, and this was the cause of his laughter. And good cause he had.

*Olim iure quidem, nunc plus, Democrite, ride;
Quin rides? vita hæc nunc magis ridicula est.*

Democritus did well to laugh of old,

Good cause he had, but now much more,
This life of ours is more ridiculous

Than that of his or long before.

Never so much cause of laughter as now, never so many fools and madmen. 'Tis not one Democritus will serve turn to laugh in these days, we have now need of a "Democritus to laugh at Democritus," one jester to flout another, one fool to fleer at another. A great stentorian Democritus as big as that Rhodian Colossus. For now, as Salisburiensis said in his time, *totus mundus histrionem agit*, the whole world plays the fool; we have a new theatre, a new scene, a new comedy of errors, a new company of personate actors, *volupiae sacra*, as Cal-cagninus wittily feigns in his Apologues, are celebrated all the world over, where all the actors were madmen and fools and every hour changed habits or took that which came next. He that was a mariner today, is an apothecary tomorrow; a smith one while, a philosopher another, in his *volupiae ludis*; a king now with his crown,

robes, sceptre, attendants, by and by drove a loaded ass before him like a carter, etc. If Democritus were alive now, he should see strange alterations, a new company of counterfeit vizards, whistlers, Cuman asses, maskers, mummers, painted puppets, outsides, fantastic shadows, gulls, monsters, giddy-heads, butterflies. And so many of them are indeed, if all be true that I have read. For when Jupiter and Juno's wedding was solemnized of old, the gods were all invited to the feast and many noblemen besides. Amongst the rest came Chrysalus, a Persian prince, bravely attended, rich in golden attires, in gay robes, with a majestic presence, but otherwise an ass. The gods seeing him come in such pomp and state rose up to give him place *ex habitu hominem metientes*; but Jupiter perceiving what he was, a light, fantastic, idle fellow, turned him and his proud followers into butterflies. And so they continue still, for aught I know to the contrary, roving about in pied coats and are called *chrysalides* by the wiser sort of men; that is, golden outsides, drones, flies, and things of no worth. Multitudes of such, etc.,

— *ubique invenies*

Stultos avaros, sycophantas prodigos.

Many additions, much increase of madness, folly, vanity, should Democritus observe, were he now to travel or could get leave of Pluto to come see fashions, as Charon did in Lucian, to visit our cities of Moronia Pia, and Moronia Felix; sure I think he would break the rim of his belly with laughing.

Si foret in terris rideret Democritus, seu, etc.

A satirical Roman in his time thought all vice, folly, and madness were at full sea,⁷

Omne in præcipiti vitium stetit.—

Josephus the historian taxeth his countrymen Jews for bragging of their vices, publishing their follies, and that they did contend amongst themselves who should be most notorious in villainies; but we flow higher in madness, far beyond them,

Mox daturi progeniem vitiosiore,

and the latter end—you know whose oracle it is—is like to be worst. 'Tis not to be denied, the world alters every day, *Ruunt urbes, regna transferuntur*, etc., *variantur habitus, leges innovantur*, as Petrarch observes, we change language, habits, laws, customs, manners, but not vices, not diseases, not the symptoms of folly and madness; they are still the same. And as a river we see keeps the like name and place but not water and yet ever runs,

Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum;

our times and persons alter, vices are the same, and ever will be; look how nightingales sang of old, cocks crowed, kine lowed, sheep bleated, sparrows chirped, dogs barked, so they do still; we keep our madness still, play the fools still, *nec dum finitus Orestes*, we are of the same humors and inclinations as our predecessors were, you shall find us all alike, much at one, we and our sons,

Et nati natorum, et qui nascuntur ab illis,

and so shall our posterity continue to the last. But to speak of times present.

If Democritus were alive now and should but see the superstition of our age, our religious madness, as Meteran calls it, *religiosam insaniam*, so many professed Christians yet so few imitators of Christ, so much talk of religion, so much science, so little conscience, so much knowledge, so many preachers, so little practice, such variety of sects, such have and hold of all sides,

—obvia signis signa, etc.,

such absurd and ridiculous traditions and ceremonies; if he should meet a Capuchin, a Franciscan, a pharisaical Jesuit, a man-serpent, a shave-crowned monk in his robes, a begging friar, or see their three-crowned sovereign lord the pope, poor Peter's successor, *servus servorum Dei*, to depose kings with his foot, to tread on emperors' necks, make them stand barefoot and bare-legged at his gates, hold his bridle and stirrup, etc.,—O that Peter and Paul were alive to see this!—if he should observe a prince creep so devoutly to kiss his toe, and those red-cap cardinals,

poor parish priests of old, now princes' companions; what would he say? *Cælum ipsum petitur stultitia*. Had he met some of our devout pilgrims going barefoot to Jerusalem, our lady of Loretto, Rome, St. Iago, St. Thomas' shrine, to creep to those counterfeited and maggot-eaten relics. Had he been present at a mass and seen such kissing of paxes, crucifixes, cringes, duckings, their several attires and ceremonies, pictures of saints, indulgences, pardons, vigils, fasting, feasts, crossing, knocking, kneeling at *Ave Marias*, bells, with many such,

—jucunda rudi spectacula plebi,

praying in gibberish, and mumbling of beads. Had he heard an old woman say her prayers in Latin, their sprinkling of holy water, and going a procession,

*—incedunt monachorum agmina mille,
Quid memorem vexilla, cruces, idolaque
cultæ, etc.*

their breviaries, bulls, hallowed beads, exorcisms, pictures, curious crosses, fables, and baubles. Had he read the Golden Legend, the Turks' Alcoran, or Jews' Talmud, the Rabbins' Comments, what would he have thought? How dost thou think he might have been affected? Had he more particularly examined a Jesuit's life amongst the rest, he should have seen an hypocrite profess poverty and yet possess more goods and lands than many princes, to have infinite treasures and revenues, teach others to fast, and play the gluttons themselves, like watermen that row one way and look another. Vow virginity, talk of holiness, and yet indeed a notorious bawd and famous fornicator, *lascivum pecus*, a very goat. Monks by profession, such as give over the world and the vanities of it, and yet a Machiavellian rout interested in all manner of state. Holy men, peace-makers, and yet composed of envy, lust, ambition, hatred and malice, fire-brands, *adultæ patriæ pestis*, traitors, assassins, *hac itur ad astra*, and this is to supererogate and merit heaven for themselves and others! Had he seen on the adverse side some of our nice and curious schismatics in another extreme abhor all ceremonies and rather lose their lives and livings than do or admit anything

Papists have formerly used though in things indifferent — they alone are the true church, *sal terræ, cum sint omnium insulsiſſimi*. Formalists, out of fear and base flattery like so many weather-cocks turn round, a rout of temporizers, ready to embrace and maintain all that is or shall be proposed in hope of preferment. Another Epicurean company, lying at lurch as so many vultures, watching for a prey of church goods, and ready to rise by the downfall of any. As Lucian said in like case, what dost thou think Democritus would have done, had he been spectator of these things?

Or had he but observed the common people follow like so many sheep one of their fellows drawn by the horns over a gap, some for zeal, some for fear, *quo se cunque rapit tempeſtas*, to credit all, examine nothing, and yet ready to die before they will abjure any of those ceremonies to which they have been accustomed; others out of hypocrisy frequent sermons, knock their breasts, turn up their eyes, pretend zeal, desire reformation, and yet professed usurers, grippers, monsters of men, harpies, devils in their lives, to express nothing less?

What would he have said to see, hear, and read so many bloody battles, so many thousands slain at once, such streams of blood able to turn mills, *unius ob noxam furiasque*, or to make sport of princes, without any just cause, “for vain titles,” saith Austin, “precedency, some wench, or such like toy, or out of desire of domineering, vainglory, malice, revenge, folly, madness,” goodly causes all, *ob quas universus orbis bellis et cadibus misceatur*, whilst statesmen themselves in the meantime are secure at home, pampered with all delights and pleasures, take their ease, and follow their lusts, not considering what intolerable misery poor soldiers endure, their often wounds, hunger, thirst, etc.; the lamentable cares, torments, calamities, and oppressions that accompany such proceedings, they feel not, take no notice of it. “So wars are begun by the persuasion of a few debauched, hare-brain, poor, dissolute, hungry captains, parasitical fawners, unquiet hotspurs, restless innovators, green-heads, to satisfy one

man’s private spleen, lust, ambition, avarice,” etc., *tales rapiunt scelerata in prælia causæ. Flos hominum*, proper men, well proportioned, carefully brought up, able both in body and mind, sound, led like so many beasts to the slaughter in the flower of their years, pride, and full strength, without all remorse and pity sacrificed to Pluto, killed up as so many sheep for devils’ food, 40,000 at once. At once, said I? — that were tolerable, but these wars last always and for many ages; nothing so familiar as this hacking and hewing, massacres, murders, desolations,

— *ignoto cælum clangore remugit.*

They care not what mischief they procure so that they may enrich themselves for the present; they will so long blow the coals of contention till all the world be consumed with fire. The siege of Troy lasted ten years, eight months, there died 870,000 Grecians, 670,000 Trojans at the taking of the city, and after were slain 276,000 men, women, and children, of all sorts. Cæsar killed a million, Mahomet the second Troy 300,000 persons. Sicinius Dentatus fought in an hundred battles, eight times in single combat he overcame, had forty wounds before, was rewarded with 140 crowns, triumphed nine times for his good service. M. Sergius had 32 wounds; Scæva the centurion I know not how many; every nation hath their Hectors, Scipios, Cæsars and Alexanders. Our Edward the Fourth was in 26 battles afoot. And as they do all, he glories in it, ’tis related to his honor. At the siege of Jerusalem 1,100,000 died with sword and famine. At the battle of Cannæ 70,000 men were slain, as Polybius records, and as many at Battle Abbey⁸ with us. And ’tis no news to fight from sun to sun as they did, as Constantine and Licinius, etc. At the siege of Ostend, the Devil’s Academy, a poor town in respect, a small fort, but a great grave, 120,000 men lost their lives, besides towns, dorpes,⁹ and hospitals full of maimed soldiers; there were engines, fireworks, and whatsoever the Devil could invent to do mischief with 2,500,000 iron bullets shot of 40 pound weight, three or four millions of gold con-

⁸ Hastings.

⁹ Villages.

sumed. "Who," saith mine author, "can be sufficiently amazed at their flinty hearts, obstinacy, fury, blindness, who without any likelihood of good success hazard poor soldiers and lead them without pity to the slaughter, which may justly be called the rage of furious beasts that run without reason upon their own deaths." *Quis malus genius, quæ furia, quæ pestis*, etc., what plague, what fury brought so devilish, so brutish a thing as war into men's minds? Who made so soft and peaceable a creature born to love, mercy, meekness, so to rave, rage like beasts, and run on to their own destruction? how may nature expostulate with mankind, *Ego te divinum animal finxi*, etc., I made thee a harmless, quiet, a divine creature! How may God expostulate, and all good men! Yet *horum facta*, as one condoles, *tantum admirantur et heroum numero habent*; these are brave spirits, the gallants of the world, these admired alone, triumph alone, have statues, crowns, pyramids, obelisks to their eternal fame, that immortal genius attends on them, *hac itur ad astra*. When Rhodes was besieged *fossæ urbis cadaveribus repletæ sunt*, the ditches were full of dead carcasses; and as when the said Solymán Great Turk beleaguered Vienna, they lay level with the top of the walls. This they make a sport of and will do it to their friends and confederates, against oaths, vows, promises, by treachery or otherwise —

dolus an virtus? quis in hoste requirat? —

leagues and laws of arms (*silent leges inter arma*) for their advantage, *omnia jura, divina, humana, proculcata plerumque sunt*; God's and men's laws are trampled under foot, the sword alone determines all; to satisfy their lust and spleen they care not what they attempt, say, or do,

Rara fides probitasque viris qui castra sequuntur,

nothing so common as to have "father fight against son, brother against brother, kinsman against kinsman, kingdom against kingdom, province against province, Christians against Christians," *a quibus nec unquam cogitatione fuerunt læsi*, of whom they never had offence in thought, word, or

deed. Infinite treasures consumed, towns burned, flourishing cities sacked and ruined, *quodque animus meminisse horret*, goodly countries depopulated and left desolate, old inhabitants expelled, trade and traffic decayed, maids deflowered,

*Virgines nondum thalamis iugatæ,
Et comis nondum positis ephebi;*

chaste matrons cry out with Andromache, *Concubitus mox cogar pati eius qui interemit Hectorem*, they shall be compelled peradventure to lie with them that erst killed their husband; to see rich, poor, sick, sound, lords, servants, *eodem omnes incommodo macti*, consumed all or maimed, etc., *et quidquid gaudens scelere animus audet et perversa mens*, saith Cyprian, and whatsoever torment, misery, mischief, hell itself, the Devil, fury, and rage can invent to their own ruin and destruction; so abominable thing is war, as Gerbelius concludes, *adeo fæda et abominanda res est bellum, ex quo hominum cædes, vastationes*, etc., the scourge of God, cause, effect, fruit and punishment of sin, and not *tonsura humani generis*, as Tertullian calls it, but *ruina*. Had Democritus been present at the late civil wars in France, those abominable wars,

— bellaque matribus detestata,

"where in less than ten years ten hundred thousand men were consumed," saith Colignius, 20 thousand churches overthrown; nay, the whole kingdom subverted, as Richard Dinoth adds. So many myriads of the commons were butchered up with sword, famine, war, *tanto odio utrinque ut barbari ad horrendam lanienam obstupescerent*, with such feral hatred, the world was amazed at it. Or at our late Pharsalian fields in the time of Henry the Sixth betwixt the houses of Lancaster and York an hundred thousand men slain, one writes, another, ten thousand families were rooted out, "that no man can but marvel," saith Comineus, "at that barbarous inhumanity, feral madness, committed betwixt men of the same nation, language, and religion." *Quis furor, O cives?* "Why do the Gentiles so furiously rage?" saith the Prophet

David, Psal. 2:1. But we may ask, why do the Christians so furiously rage?

*Arma volunt, quare poscunt, rapiuntque
inventus?*

Unfit for Gentiles, much less for us so to tyrannize, as the Spaniard in the West Indies that killed up in 42 years, if we may believe Bartholomæus a Casa their own bishop, 12 millions of men, with stupendous and exquisite torments; neither should I lie, said he, if I said 50 millions. I omit those French massacres, Sicilian evensongs, the Duke of Alva's tyrannies, our Gunpowder machinations, and that fourth fury, as one calls it, the Spanish Inquisition, which quite obscures those ten persecutions,

— *sæviti toto Mars impius orbe,*

is not this *mundus furiosus*, a mad world, as he terms it, *insanum bellum?* are not these madmen, as Scaliger concludes, *qui in prælio acerba morte, insaniam suæ memoriam pro perpetuo teste relinquunt posteritati*, which leave so frequent battles, as perpetual memorials of their madness to all succeeding ages? Would this, think you, have enforced our Democritus to laughter, or rather made him turn his tune, alter his tone, and weep with Heraclitus, or rather howl, roar, and tear his hair in commiseration, stand amazed; or as the poets feign that Niobe was for grief quite stupefied and turned to a stone? I have not yet said the worst, that which is more absurd and mad, in their tumults, seditions, civil and unjust wars, *quod stulte suscipitur, impie geritur, misere finitur*, such wars I mean; for all are not to be condemned, as those fantastical Anabaptists vainly conceive. Our Christian tactics are all out as necessary as the Roman *acies* or Grecian *phalanx*; to be a soldier is a most noble and honorable profession (as the world is) not to be spared, they are our best walls and bulwarks, and I do therefore acknowledge that of Tully to be most true, "All our civil affairs, all our studies, all our pleading, industry, and commendation lies under the protection of warlike virtues, and whensoever there is any suspicion of tumult, all our arts cease"; wars are most behoveful, *et bella-*

tores agricolis civitati sunt utiliores, as Tyrius defends; and valor is much to be commended in a wise man. But they mistake most part, *auferre, trucidare, rapere, falsis nominibus virtutem vocant*, etc., — 'twas Galgacus' observation in Tacitus — they term theft, murder, and rapine, virtue, by a wrong name; rapes, slaughters, massacres, etc., *jocus et ludus*, are pretty pastimes, as Ludovicus Vives notes. "They commonly call the most hare-brain blood-suckers, strongest thieves, the most desperate villians, treacherous rogues, inhuman murderers, rash, cruel, and dissolute caittifs, courageous and generous spirits, heroical and worthy captains, brave men-at-arms, valiant and renowned soldiers, possessed with a brute persuasion of false honor," as Pontus Huter in his Burgundian history complains. By means of which it comes to pass that daily so many voluntaries offer themselves, leaving their sweet wives, children, friends, for sixpence (if they can get it) a day, prostitute their lives and limbs, desire to enter upon breaches, lie sentinel, *perdue*, give the first onset, stand in the fore-front of the battle, marching bravely on with a cheerful noise of drums and trumpets, such vigor and alacrity, so many banners streaming in the air, glittering armors, motions of plumes, woods of pikes and swords, variety of colors, cost and magnificence as if they went in triumph, now victors to the Capitol and with such pomp as when Darius' army marched to meet Alexander at Issus. Void of all fear they run into eminent dangers, cannon's mouth, etc., *ut vulneribus suis ferrum hostium hebetent*, saith Barletius, to get a name of valor, honor, and applause, which lasts not neither, for it is but a mere flash, this fame, and like a rose *intra diem unum extinguitur*, 'tis gone in an instant. Of 50,000 proletries slain in a battle scarce fifteen are recorded in history, or one alone, the general perhaps; and after a while his and their names are likewise blotted out, the whole battle itself is forgotten. Those Grecian orators, *summa vi ingenii eloquentiæ*, set out the renowned overthrows at Thermopylæ, Salamis, Marathon, Mycale, Mantinea, Chæronea, Platea. The Romans record their battle at Cannæ and Pharsa-

lian fields, but they do but record, and we scarce hear of them. And yet this supposed honor, popular applause, desire of immortality by this means, pride and vainglory spurs them on many times rashly and unadvisedly to make away themselves and multitudes of others. Alexander was sorry because there were no more worlds for him to conquer; he is admired by some for it, *animosa vox videtur, et regia*, 'twas spoken like a prince. But as wise Seneca censures him, 'twas *vox iniquissima et stultissima*, 'twas spoken like a Bedlam fool. And that sentence which the same Seneca appropriates to his father Philip and him I apply to them all, *Non minores fuere pestes mortalium quam inundatio, quam conflagratio, quibus*, etc., they did as much mischief to mortal men as fire and water, those merciless elements when they rage. Which is yet more to be lamented, they persuade them this hellish course of life is holy, they promise heaven to such as venture their lives *bello sacro* and that by these bloody wars, as Persians, Greeks, and Romans of old, as modern Turks do now their commons to encourage them to fight, *ut cadant infelicer*, "if they die in the field, they go directly to heaven and shall be canonized for saints,"—O diabolical invention!—put in the chronicles, *in perpetuam rei memoriam*, to their eternal memory. When as in truth, as some hold it, it were much better, since wars are the scourge of God for sin by which he punisheth mortal men's peevishness and folly, such brutish stories were suppressed, because *ad morum institutionem nihil habent*, they conduce not at all to manners or good life. But they will have it thus nevertheless, and so they put a note of "divinity upon the most cruel and pernicious plague of human kind," adore such men with grand titles, degrees, statues, images, honor, applaud, and highly reward them for their good service, no greater glory than to die in the field. So Africanus is extolled by Ennius; Mars and Hercules, and I know not how many besides of old were deified, went this way to heaven, that were indeed bloody butchers, wicked destroyers, and troublers of the world, prodigious monsters, hell-hounds, feral plagues, devourers, common execu-

tioners of human kind, as Lactantius truly proves, and Cyprian to Donat, such as were desperate in wars and precipitately made away themselves—like those Celts in Damascus, with ridiculous valor, *ut dedecorosum, putarent muro ruenti se subducere*, a disgrace to run away for a rotten wall now ready to fall on their heads—such as will not rush on a sword's point or seek to shun a cannon's shot are base cowards and no valiant men. By which means, *Madet orbis mutuo sanguine*, the earth wallows in her own blood, *Sævit amor ferri et scelerati insania belli*, and for that which, if it be done in private, a man shall be rigorously executed "and which is no less than murder itself, if the same fact be done in public in wars, it is called manhood, and the party is honored for it."—*Prosperum et felix scelus virtus vocatur*.—We measure all as Turks do, by the event, and most part, as Cyprian notes, in all ages, countries, places, *sævitiæ magnitudo impunitatem sceleris acquirit*, the foulness of the fact vindicates the offender. One is crowned for that for which another is tormented,

Ille crucem sceleris pretium tulit, hic diadema,

made a knight, a lord, an earl, a great duke, as Agrippa notes, for which another should have hung in gibbets as a terror to the rest,

*et tamen alter,
Si fecisset idem, caderet sub iudice morum.*

A poor sheep-stealer is hanged for stealing of victuals, compelled peradventure by necessity of that intolerable cold, hunger, and thirst, to save himself from starving. But a great man in office may securely rob whole provinces, undo thousands, pill and pole, oppress *ad libitum*, flay, grind, tyrannize, enrich himself by the spoils of the commons, be uncontrollable in his actions, and after all be recompensed with turgent titles, honored for his good service, and no man dare to find fault or mutter at it.

How would our Democritus have been affected to see a wicked caitiff or "fool, a very idiot, a fungus, a golden ass, a monster of men, to have many good men, wise men, learned men to attend upon him with all

submission as an appendix to his riches for that respect alone because he hath more wealth and money and to honor him with divine titles and bombast epithets," to smother him with fumes and eulogies whom they know to be a dizzard, a fool, a covetous wretch, a beast, etc., "because he is rich!" To see *sub exuviis leonis onagram*, a filthy loathsome carcass, a Gorgon's head puffed up by parasites assume this unto himself, glorious titles, in worth an infant, a Cuman ass, a painted sepulchre, an Egyptian temple! To see a withered face, a diseased, deformed, cankered complexion, a rotten carcass, a viperous mind, and Epicurean soul set out with orient pearls, jewels, diadems, perfumes, curious elaborate works, as proud of his clothes as a child of his new coats; and a goodly person, of an angel-like divine countenance, a saint, an humble mind, a meek spirit clothed in rags, beg, and now ready to be starved! To see a silly contemptible sloven in apparel, ragged in his coat, polite in speech, of a divine spirit, wise! another neat in clothes, spruce, full of courtesy, empty of grace, wit, talk nonsense!

To see many lawyers, advocates, so many tribunals, so little justice; so many magistrates, so little care of the common good; so many laws, yet never more disorders; *tribunal litium segetem*, the tribunal a labyrinth, so many thousand suits in one court sometimes, so violently followed! To see *iniustissimum sæpe iuri præidentem*, *impium religioni*, *imperitissimum eruditioni*, *otiosissimum labori*, *monstrosum humanitati*! To see a lamb executed, a wolf pronounce sentence, *latro* arraigned, and *fur* sit on the bench, the judge severely punish others and do worse himself, *eundem furtum facere et punire*, *rapinam plectere*, *quum sit ipse raptor*! Laws altered, misconstrued, interpreted *pro* and *con*, as the judge is made by friends, bribed, or otherwise affected as a nose of wax, good today, none tomorrow; or firm in his opinion, cast in his! Sentence prolonged, changed *ad arbitrium iudicis*, still the same case, "one thrust out of his inheritance, another falsely put in by favor, false forged deeds or wills." *Incisæ leges negliguntur*, laws are made and not kept; or if put in execution, they

be some silly ones that are punished. As put case it be fornication, the father will disinherit or abdicate his child, quite cashier him (out! villain, begone! come no more in my sight), a poor man is miserably tormented with loss of his estate perhaps, goods, fortunes, good name, for ever disgraced, forsaken, and must do penance to the utmost; a mortal sin, and yet make the worst of it, *Nunquid aliud fecit*, saith Tranio in the poet, *nisi quod faciunt summis nati generibus?* he hath done no more than what gentlemen usually do.

Neque novum, neque mirum, neque secus quam alii solent.

For in a great person, right worshipful sir, a right honorable grandee, 'tis not a venial sin, no, not a *peccadillo*, 'tis no offence at all, a common and ordinary thing, no man takes notice of it; he justifies it in public and peradventure brags of it,

*Nam quod turpe bonis, Titio, Scioque, decet
bat
Crispinum* —

many poor men, younger brothers, etc., by reason of bad policy and idle education — for they are likely brought up in no calling — are compelled to beg or steal, and then hanged for theft; than which what can be more ignominious! *Non minus enim turpe principi multa supplicia quam medico multa funera*, 'tis the governor's fault. *Libentius verberant quam docent*, as schoolmasters do rather correct their pupils than teach them when they do amiss. "They had more need provide there should be no more thieves and beggars, as they ought with good policy, and take away the occasions than let them run on as they do to their own destruction," root out likewise those causes of wrangling, a multitude of lawyers, and compose controversies, *lites lustrales et seculares*, by some more compendious means. Whereas now for every toy and trifle they go to law, *Mugit litibus insanum forum, et sævit invicem discordantium rabies*, they are ready to pull out one another's throats; and for commodity "to squeeze blood," saith Jerome, "out of their brother's heart," defame, lie, disgrace, backbite, rail, bear false witness, swear, forswear, fight

and wrangle, spend their goods, lives, fortunes, friends, undo one another, to enrich an harpy advocate that preys upon them both and cries, *Eia, Socrates! Eia, Xantippe!* or some corrupt judge that like the kite in Æsop, while the mouse and frog fought, carried both away. Generally they prey one upon another as so many ravenous birds, brute beasts, devouring fishes, no medium, *omnes hic aut captantur aut captant; aut cadavera quæ lacerantur, aut corvi qui lacerant*, either deceive or be deceived; tear others, or be torn in pieces themselves; like so many buckets in a well, as one riseth another falleth, one's empty, another's full; his ruin is a ladder to the third; such are our ordinary proceedings. What's the market? A place according to Anacharsis wherein they cozen one another, a trap. Nay, what's the world itself? A vast chaos, a confusion of manners, as fickle as the air, *domicilium insanorum*, a turbulent troop full of impurities, a mart of walking spirits, goblins, the theatre of hypocrisy, a shop of knavery, flattery, a nursery of villainy, the scene of babbling, the school of giddiness, the academy of vice; a warfare, *ubi velis nolis pugnandum, aut vincas aut succumbas*, in which kill or be killed; wherein every man is for himself, his private ends, and stands upon his own guard. No charity, love, friendship, fear of God, alliance, affinity, consanguinity, Christianity can contain them, but if they be any ways offended or that string of commodity be touched, they fall foul. Old friends become bitter enemies on a sudden for toys and small offences, and they that erst were willing to do all mutual offices of love and kindness now revile and persecute one another to death with more than Vatinian hatred and will not be reconciled. So long as they are behoveful, they love, or may bestead each other; but when there is no more good to be expected, as they do by an old dog, hang him up or cashier him. Which Cato counts a great indecorum, to use men like old shoes or broken glasses which are flung to the dunghill; he could not find in his heart to sell an old ox, much less turn away an old servant. But they instead of recompense, revile him, and when they have made him an instrument of their villainy, as Bajazet

the second emperor of the Turks did by Acomethes Bassa, make him away, or instead of reward hate him to death, as Silius was served by Tiberius. In a word, every man for his own ends. Our *summum bonum* is commodity, and the goddess we adore *Dea Moneta*, Queen Money, to whom we daily offer sacrifice, which steers our hearts, hands, affections, all, that most powerful goddess, by whom we are reared, depressed, elevated, esteemed the sole commandress of our actions, for which we pray, run, ride, go, come, labor, and contend as fishes do for a crumb that falleth into the water. It's not worth, virtue (that's *bonum theatrale*), wisdom, valor, learning, honesty, religion, or any sufficiency for which we are respected, but money, greatness, office, honor, authority; honesty is accounted folly; knavery, policy; men admired out of opinion, not as they are but as they seem to be. Such shifting, lying, cogging, plotting, counterplotting, temporizing, flattering, cozening, dissembling "that of necessity one must highly offend God if he be conformable to the world, *Cretizare cum Crete* or else live in contempt, disgrace and misery." One takes upon him temperance, holiness, another austerity, a third an affected kind of simplicity, when as indeed he and he and he and the rest are hypocrites, ambodexters, outsides, so many turning pictures, a lion on the one side, a lamb on the other. How would Democritus have been affected to see these things!

To see a man turn himself into all shapes like a chameleon or as Proteus, *omnia transformans sese in miracula rerum*, to act twenty parts and persons at once for his advantage, to temporize and vary like Mercury the planet, good with good, bad with bad; having a several face, garb, and character for everyone he meets; of all religions, humors, inclinations; to fawn like a spaniel, *mentitis et mimicis obsequiis*, rage like a lion, bark like a cur, fight like a dragon, sting like a serpent, as meek as a lamb, and yet again grin like a tiger, weep like a crocodile, insult over some, and yet others domineer over him, here command, there crouch, tyrannize in one place, be baffled in another, a wise man at home, a fool abroad to make others merry.

To see so much difference betwixt words and deeds, so many parasangs betwixt tongue and heart, men like stage-players act variety of parts, give good precepts to others, soar aloft, whilst they themselves grovel on the ground.

To see a man protest friendship, kiss his hand, *quem mallet truncatum videre*, smile with an intent to do mischief, or cozen him whom he salutes, magnify his friend unworthy with hyperbolical eulogies; his enemy, albeit a good man, to vilify and disgrace him, yea, all his actions, with the utmost livor and malice can invent.

To see a servant able to buy out his master, him that carries the mace more worth than the magistrate, which Plato, *lib. 11, de leg.*, absolutely forbids, Epictetus abhors. An horse that tills the land fed with chaff, an idle jade have provender in abundance; him that makes shoes go barefoot himself, him that sells meat almost pined; a toiling drudge starve, a drone flourish.

To see men buy smoke for wares, castles built with fools' heads, men like apes follow the fashions in tires, gestures, actions. If the king laugh, all laugh;

— *Rides? majore cachinno*

Concutitur, flet si lachrymas conspexit amici.

Alexander stooped, so did his courtiers; Alphonsus turned his head, and so did his parasites. Sabina Poppea, Nero's wife, wore amber-colored hair, so did all the Roman ladies in an instant, her fashion was theirs.

To see men wholly led by affection, admired and censured out of opinion without judgment; an inconsiderate multitude, like so many dogs in a village, if one bark, all bark without a cause; as fortune's fan turns, if a man be in favor or commended by some great one, all the world applauds him; if in disgrace, in an instant all hate him, and as at the sun when he is eclipsed, that erst took no notice now gaze and stare upon him.

To see a man wear his brains in his belly, his guts in his head, an hundred oaks on his back, to devour 100 oxen at a meal, nay, more, to devour houses and towns, or as those *anthropophagi*, to eat one another.

To see a man roll himself up like a snowball, from base beggary to right worshipful

and right honorable titles, unjustly to screw himself into honors and offices; another to starve his genius, damn his soul to gather wealth, which he shall not enjoy, which his prodigal son melts and consumes in an instant.

To see the *κακοζηλιαν* of our times, a man bend all his forces, means, time, fortunes, to be a favorite's favorite's favorite, etc., a parasite's parasite's parasite that may scorn the servile world as having enough already.

To see an hirsute beggar's brat that lately fed on scraps, crept, and whined, crying to all and for an old jerkin ran on errands, now ruffle in silk and satin, bravely mounted, jovial and polite, now scorn his old friends and familiars, neglect his kindred, insult over his betters, domineer over all.

To see a scholar crouch and creep to an illiterate peasant for a meal's meat; a scrivener better paid for an obligation; a falconer receive greater wages than a student; a lawyer get more in a day than a philosopher in a year, better reward for an hour than a scholar for a twelvemonth's study; him that can paint Thais, play on a fiddle, curl hair, etc., sooner get preferment than a philologist or a poet.

To see a fond mother like Æsop's ape, hug her child to death, a wittol wink at his wife's honesty and too perspicacious in all other affairs; one stumble at a straw, and leap over a block; rob Peter, and pay Paul; scrape unjust sums with one hand, purchase great manors by corruption, fraud, and cozenage, and liberally to distribute to the poor with the other, give a remnant to pious uses, etc. Penny wise, pound foolish; blind men judge of colors; wise men silent, fools talk; find fault with others, and do worse themselves; denounce that in public which he doth in secret; and which Aurelius Victor gives out of Augustus, severely censure that in a third, of which he is most guilty himself.

To see a poor fellow, or an hired servant venture his life for his new master that will scarce give him his wages at year's end; a country colone toil and moil, till and drudge for a prodigal idle drone that devours all the gain or lasciviously consumes with fantastical expenses; a noble man in a bravado

to encounter death and for a small flash of honor to cast away himself; a worldling tremble at an executioner, and yet not fear hell-fire; to wish and hope for immortality, desire to be happy, and yet by all means avoid death, a necessary passage to bring him to it.

To see a foolhardy fellow like those old Danes, *qui decollari malunt quam verberari*, die rather than be punished, in a sottish humor embrace death with alacrity yet scorn to lament his own sins and miseries or his dearest friends' departures.

To see wise men degraded, fools preferred, one govern towns and cities, and yet a silly woman over-rules him at home; command a province, and yet his own servants or children prescribe laws to him, as Themistocles' son did in Greece; "What I will," said he, "my mother will, and what my mother will my father doth." To see horses ride in a coach, men draw it; dogs devour their masters; towers build masons; children rule; old men go to school; women wear the breeches; sheep demolish towns, devour men, etc. And in a word, the world turned upside downward. *O viveret Democritus!*

To insist in every particular were one of Hercules' labors, there's so many ridiculous instances as motes in the sun. *Quantum est in rebus inane!* And who can speak of all! *Crimine ab uno disce omnes*, take this for a taste.

But these are obvious to sense, trivial and well known, easy to be discerned. How would Democritus have been moved, had he seen the secrets of their hearts? If every man had a window in his breast, which Momus would have had in Vulcan's man, or that which Tully so much wished it were written in every man's forehead, *Quid quisque de republica sentiret*, what he thought; or that it could be effected in an instant, which Mercury did by Charon in Lucian, by touching of his eyes, to make him discern *semel et simul rumores et susurros*.

Spes hominum cæcas, morbos, votumque labores,

Et passim toto volitantes æthere curas.

Blind hopes and wishes, their thoughts and affairs,

Whispers and rumors, and those flying cares.

That he could *cubiculorum obductas foras recludere et secreta cordium penetrare*, which Cyprian desired, open doors and locks, shoot bolts, as Lucian's Gallus did with a feather of his tail, or Gyges' invisible ring or some rare perspective glass or *otacousticon* which would so multiply species that a man might hear and see all at once — as Martianus Capella's Jupiter did in a spear which he held in his hand which did present unto him all that was daily done upon the face of the earth — observe cuckolds' horns, forgeries of alchemists, the philosopher's stone, new projectors, etc., and all those works of darkness, foolish vows, hopes, fears, and wishes, — what a deal of laughter would it have afforded! He should have seen windmills in one man's head, an hornets' nest in another. Or had he been present with Icaromenippus in Lucian at Jupiter's whispering place and heard one pray for rain, another for fair weather; one for his wife's, another for his father's death, etc., "to ask that at God's hand which they are abashed any man should hear." How would he have been confounded! Would he, think you, or any man else, say that these men were well in their wits?

Hæc sani esse hominis qui sanus iuret Orestes?

Can all the hellebore in the Anticyræ cure these men? No sure, "an acre of hellebore will not do it."

That which is more to be lamented, they are mad like Seneca's blind woman and will not acknowledge or seek for any cure of it, for *pauci vident morbum suum, omnes amant*. If our leg or arm offend us, we covet by all means possible to redress it; and if we labor of a bodily disease, we send for a physician; but for the diseases of the mind we take no notice of them. Lust harrows us on the one side, envy, anger, ambition on the other. We are torn in pieces by our passions as so many wild horses, one in disposition, another in habit; one is melancholy, another mad; and which of us all seeks for help, doth acknowledge his error,

or knows he is sick? As that stupid fellow put out the candle because the biting fleas should not find him, he shrouds himself in an unknown habit, borrowed titles because nobody should discern him. Every man thinks with himself, *Egomet videor mihi sanus*, I am well, I am wise, and laughs at others. And 'tis a general fault amongst them all, that which our forefathers have approved, diet, apparel, opinions, humors, customs, manners, we deride and reject in our time as absurd. Old men account juniors all fools, when they are mere dizzards; and as to sailors,

—*terræque urbesque recedunt*—

they move, the land stands still, the world hath much more wit, they dote themselves. Turks deride us, we them; Italians, Frenchmen, accounting them light-headed fellows; the French scoff again at Italians and at their several customs; Greeks have condemned all the world but themselves of barbarism, the world as much vilifies them now; we account Germans heavy, dull fellows, explode many of their fashions; they as contemptibly think of us; Spaniards laugh at all, and all again at them. So are we fools and ridiculous, absurd in our actions, carriages, diet, apparel, customs and consultations; we scoff and point one at another, when as in conclusion all are fools, "and they the veriest asses that hide their ears most." A private man, if he be resolved with himself or set on an opinion, accounts all idiots and asses that are not affected as he is,

—*nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducit*,

that are not so minded, *quodque volunt homines se bene velle putant*, all fools that think not as he doth. He will not say with Atticus, *Suam cuique sponsam, mihi meam*, let every man enjoy his own spouse; but his alone is fair, *suus amor*, etc., and scorns all in respect of himself, will imitate none, hear none but himself, as Pliny said, a law and example to himself. And that which Hippocrates, in his Epistle to Dionysius, reprehended of old, is verified in our times, *Quisque in alio superfluum esse censet, ipse quod non habet nec curat*, that which he hath not himself or doth not esteem, he ac-

counts superfluity, an idle quality, a mere foppery in another. Like Æsop's fox, when he had lost his tail, would have all his fellow foxes cut off theirs. The Chinese say that we Europeans have one eye, they themselves two, all the world else is blind, though Scaliger accounts them brutes too, *merum pecus*. So thou and thy sectaries are only wise, others indifferent, the rest beside themselves, mere idiots and asses. Thus not acknowledging our own errors and imperfections, we securely deride others as if we alone were free and spectators of the rest, accounting it an excellent thing, as indeed it is, *Aliena optimum frui insania*, to make ourselves merry with other men's obliquities when as he himself is more faulty than the rest. *Mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur*, he may take himself by the nose for a fool; and which one calls *maximum stultitiæ specimen*, to be ridiculous to others and not to perceive or take notice of it, as Marsyas was when he contended with Apollo, *non intelligens se deridiculo haberi*, saith Apuleius, 'tis his own cause, he is a convict madman, as Austin well infers, "In the eyes of wise men and angels he seems like one that to our thinking walks with his heels upward." So thou laughest at me and I at thee, both at a third; and he returns that of the poet upon us again, *Heu mihi, insanire me aiunt, quum ipsi ultro insaniant*. We accuse others of madness, of folly, and are the veriest dizzards ourselves. For it is a great sign and property of a fool, which Eccl. 10:3 points at, out of pride and self-conceit to insult, vilify, condemn, censure, and call other men fools (*Non videmus manticæ quod a tergo est*); to tax that in others of which we are most faulty; teach that which we follow not ourselves; for an inconstant man to write of constancy, a profane liver prescribe rules of sanctity and piety, a dizzard himself make a treatise of wisdom, or with Sallust to rail downright at spoilers of countries and yet in office to be a most grievous poller himself. This argues weakness and is an evident sign of such parties' indiscretion. *Peccat uter nostrum cruce dignius?* "Who is the fool now?" Or else peradventure in some places we are all mad for company, and so 'tis not seen, *Societas erroris et dementia pariter ab-*

surditatem et admirationem tollit. 'Tis with us as it was of old—in Tully's censure at least—with C. Fimbria in Rome, a bold, hare-brain, mad fellow, and so esteemed of all, such only excepted that were as mad as himself; now in such a case there is no notice taken of it.

Nimum insanus paucis videatur, eo quod Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur eodem.

When all are mad, where all are like oppressed,

Who can discern one madman from the rest?

But put case they do perceive it and someone be manifestly convict of madness, he now takes notice of his folly, be it in action, gesture, speech, a vain humor he hath in building, bragging, jangling, spending, gaming, courting, scribbling, prating, for which he is ridiculous to others, on which he dotes, he doth acknowledge as much; yet with all the rhetoric thou hast thou canst not so recall him, but to the contrary notwithstanding he will persevere in his dotage. 'Tis *amabilis insania et mentis gratissimus error*, so pleasing, so delicious that he cannot leave it. He knows his error but will not seek to decline it; tell him what the event will be, beggary, sorrow, sickness, disgrace, shame, loss, madness, yet "an angry man will prefer vengeance, a lascivious his whore, a thief his booty, a glutton his belly before his welfare." Tell an epicure, a covetous man, an ambitious man of his irregular course, wean him from it a little, *Pol, me occidistis, amici*, he cries anon, you have undone him, and as a "dog to his vomit" he returns to it again. No persuasion will take place, no counsel, say what thou canst,

*Clames licet et mare cælo
Confundas, surdo narras,*

demonstrate as Ulysses did to Elpenor and Gryllus and the rest of his companions, "those swinish men," he is irrefragable in his humor, he will be a hog still; bray him in a mortar, he will be the same. If he be in an heresy or some perverse opinion, settled as some of our ignorant Papists are, convince his understanding, show him the several follies and absurd fopperies of that sect, force him to say, *veris vincor*, make it as clear as the sun, he will err still, peevish and obstinate as he is; and as he said, *si in hoc erro, libenter erro, nec hunc errorem auferri mihi volo*; I will do as I have done, as my predecessors have done, and as my friends now do; I will dote for company. Say now, are these men mad or no? *Heus age, responde?* are they ridiculous? *cedo quemvis arbitrum*, are they *sanæ mentis*, sober, wise, and discreet? have they common sense?

—*uter est insanior horum?*

I am of Democritus' opinion for my part, I hold them worthy to be laughed at; a company of brain-sick dizzards, as mad as Orestes and Athamas, that they may go "ride the ass" and all sail along to the Anticyræ in the "ship of fools" for company together. I need not much labor to prove this which I say otherwise than thus, make any solemn protestation, or swear, I think you will believe me without an oath; say at a word, are they fools? I refer it to you, though you be likewise fools and madmen yourselves and I as mad to ask the question; for what said our comical Mercury?

Iustum ab iniustus petere insipientia est.

I'll stand to your censure yet, what think you?

* * *

LOVE OF LEARNING, OR OVERMUCH STUDY. WITH A DIGRESSION OF THE MISERY OF SCHOLARS, AND WHY THE MUSES ARE MELANCHOLY ¹⁰

Leonartus Fuchsius, *Instit.*, lib. 3, sect. 1, cap. 1, Felix Plater, lib. 3, *de mentis alienat.*, Herc. de Saxonia, *Tract. post. de melanch.*, cap. 3, speak of a peculiar fury which comes of overmuch study. Fernelius, lib. 1, cap.

18, puts study, contemplation and continual meditation, as an especial cause of madness, and in his 86 *consul.* cites the same words. Jo. Arculanus in lib. 9, *Rhasis ad Almansorem*, cap. 16, amongst other causes

¹⁰ This is Subsection 15 of the third Member of Section 2, Partition 1, The Causes of Melancholy.

reckons up *studium vehemens*. So doth Levinus Lemnius, *lib. de ocul. nat. mirac.*, l. 1, cap. 16. "Many men," saith he, "come to this malady by continual study and night-waking, and of all other men scholars are most subject to it." And such Rhasis adds "that have commonly the finest wits," *Cont.*, lib. 1, tract. 9. Marsilius Ficinus, *de sanit. tuenda*, lib. 1, cap. 7, puts melancholy amongst one of those five principal plagues of students, 'tis a common maul unto them all and almost in some measure an inseparable companion. Varro belike for that cause calls *tristes philosophos et severos*, severe, sad, dry, tetric are common epithets to scholars; and Patritius therefore in the Institution of Princes would not have them to be great students. For, as Machiavel holds, study weakens their bodies, dulls the spirits, abates their strength and courage; and good scholars are never good soldiers, which a certain Goth well perceived, for when his countrymen came into Greece and would have burned all their books, he cried out against it, by all means they should not do it, "Leave them that plague, which in time will consume all their vigor and martial spirits." The Turks abdicated Cornutus, the next heir, from the empire because he was so much given to his book. And 'tis the common tenet of the world that learning dulls and diminisheth the spirits and so *per consequens* produceth melancholy.

Two main reasons may be given of it why students should be more subject to this malady than others. The one is, they live a sedentary, solitary life, *sibi et Musis*, free from bodily exercise and those ordinary disports which other men use; and many times if discontent and idleness concur with it, which is too frequent, they are precipitated into this gulf on a sudden. But the common cause is overmuch study; too much learning, as Festus told Paul, hath made thee mad; 'tis that other extreme which effects it. So did Trincavellius, *lib. 1, consil.* 12 and 13, find by his experience in two of his patients, a young baron, and another that contracted this malady by too vehement study. So Forestus, *observat.*, l. 10, *observ.* 13, in a young divine in Louvain, that was mad and said "he had a Bible in

his head." Marsilius Ficinus, *de sanit. tuenda*, lib. 1, cap. 1, 3, 4, and l. 2, cap. 16, gives many reasons "why students dote more often than others." The first is their negligence. "Other men look to their tools, a painter will wash his pencils, a smith will look to his hammer, anvil, forge; an husbandman will mend his plow-irons, and grind his hatchet if it be dull; a falconer or huntsman will have an especial care of his hawks, hounds, horses, dogs, etc.; a musician will string and unstring his lute, etc.; only scholars neglect that instrument, their brain and spirits I mean, which they daily use and by which they range over all the world, which by much study is consumed." *Vide*, saith Lucian, *ne funiculum nimis intendendo, aliquando abruptas*; see thou twist not the rope so hard till at length it break. Ficinus in his fourth chap. gives some other reasons; Saturn and Mercury, the patrons of learning, are both dry planets. And Origanus assigns the same cause why mercurialists are so poor and most part beggars; for that their president Mercury had no better fortune himself. The destinies of old put poverty upon him as a punishment; since when poetry and beggary are *gemelli*, twin-born brats, inseparable companions:

"And to this day is every scholar poor,
Gross gold from them runs headlong to the
boor."

Mercury can help them to knowledge, but not to money. The second is contemplation, "which dries the brain and extinguisheth natural heat; for whilst the spirits are intent to meditation above in the head, the stomach and liver are left destitute, and thence come black blood and crudities by defect of concoction, and for want of exercise the superfluous vapors cannot exhale," etc. The same reasons are repeated by Gomesius, *lib. 4, cap. 1, de sale*, Nymannus, *orat. de Imag.*, Jo. Voschius, *lib. 2, cap. 5, de peste*. And something more they add, that hard students are commonly troubled with gouts, catarrhs, rheums, cachexia, bradiopepsia, bad eyes, stone, and colic, crudities, oppilations, vertigo, winds, consumptions, and all such diseases as come by overmuch sitting; they are most part lean,

dry, ill-colored, spend their fortunes, lose their wits and many times their lives, and all through immoderate pains and extraordinary studies. If you will not believe the truth of this, look upon great Tostatus' and Thomas Aquinas' works, and tell me whether those men took pains? peruse Austin, Jerome, etc., and many thousands besides.

*Qui cupit optatam cursu contingere metam,
Multa tulit, fecitque, puer, sudavit et alsit.*

He that desires this wished goal to gain
Must sweat and freeze before he can attain,

and labor hard for it. So did Seneca by his own confession, *ep.* 8, "Not a day that I spend idle, part of the night I keep mine eyes open, tired with waking, and now slumbering, to their continual task." Hear Tully, *pro Archia poeta*, "Whilst others loitered and took their pleasures, he was continually at his book." So they do that will be scholars, and that to the hazard, I say, of their healths, fortunes, wits, and lives. How much did Aristotle and Ptolemy spend? *unius regni pretium* they say, more than a king's ransom; how many crowns *per annum*, to perfect arts, the one about his History of Creatures, the other on his Almagest? How much time did Thebet Benchorat employ to find out the motion of the eighth sphere? Forty years and more, some write. How many poor scholars have lost their wits or become dizzards, neglecting all wordly affairs and their own health, wealth, *esse* and *bene esse*, to gain knowledge? For which, after all their pains, in the world's esteem they are accounted ridiculous and silly fools, idiots, asses, and (as oft they are) rejected, contemned, derided, dotting, and mad. Look for examples in Hildesheim, *spicil.* 2, *de mania et delirio*, read Trincavellius, *l.* 3, *consil.* 36 *et c.* 17, Montanus, *consil.* 233, Garceus, *de Judic. genit.*, cap. 33, Mercurialis, *consil.* 86, cap. 25, Prosper Calenius in his book *de atra bile*. Go to Bedlam and ask. Or if they keep their wits, yet they are esteemed scrubs and fools by reason of their carriage; "after seven years' study"

Because they cannot ride an horse, which every clown can do, salute and court a gentlewoman, carve at table, cringe, and make congés, which every common swasher can do, *hos populus ridet*, etc., they are laughed to scorn and accounted silly fools by our gallants. Yea, many times, such is their misery, they deserve it. A mere scholar, a mere ass.

*Obstipo capite, et figentes lumine terram,
Murmura cum secum, et rabiosa silentia
rodunt,
Atque exporrecto trutinantur verba labello,
Ægroti veteris meditantés somnia gigni
De nihilo nihilum; in nihilum nil posse
reverti.*

— Who do lean awry

Their heads, piercing the earth with fixed
eye,
When by themselves they gnaw their mur-
muring
And furious silence, as 'twere balancing
Each word upon their outstretched lip, and
when
They meditate the dreams of old sick men,
As, "Out of nothing, nothing can be
brought,
And that which is can ne'er be turned to
nothing."

Thus they go commonly meditating unto themselves, thus they sit, such is their action and gesture. Fulgوسus, *l.* 8, *c.* 7, makes mention how Th. Aquinas supping with King Lewis of France, upon a sudden knocked his fist upon the table and cried, *Conclusum est contra Manichæos!* his wits were a-woolgathering, as they say, and his head busied about other matters; when he perceived his error, he was much abashed. Such a story there is of Archimedes in Vitruvius, that having found out the means to know how much gold was mingled with the silver in King Hiero's crown, ran naked forth of the bath and cried *εὕρηκα!* I have found; "and was commonly so intent to his studies that he never perceived what was done about him. When the city was taken and the soldiers now ready to rifle his house, he took no notice of it." St. Bernard rode all day long by the Lemnian Lake, and asked at last where he was, Marullus, *lib.* 2, *cap.* 4. It was Democritus' carriage alone that made the Abde-

— *statua taciturnius exit,
Plerumque et risum populi quatit.*—

rites suppose him to have been mad and send for Hippocrates to cure him; if he had been in any solemn company, he would upon all occasions fall a-laughing. Theophrastus saith as much of Heraclitus, for that he continually wept, and Laertius of Menedemus Lampsacus, because he ran like a madman, "saying he came from hell as a spy to tell the devils what mortal men did." Your greatest students are commonly no better, silly, soft fellows in their outward behavior, absurd, ridiculous to others, and no whit experienced in worldly business; they can measure the heavens, range over the world, teach others wisdom, and yet in bargains and contracts they are circumvented by every base tradesman. Are not these men fools? and how should they be otherwise "but as so many sots in schools when, as he well observed, they neither hear nor see such things as are commonly practised abroad?" How should they get experience, by what means? "I knew in my time many scholars," saith Æneas Sylvius, in an epistle of his to Kaspar Schlick, chancellor to the emperor, "excellent well learned, but so rude, so silly that they had no common civility nor knew how to manage their domestic or public affairs." "Paglarensis was amazed and said his farmer had surely cozened him when he heard him tell that his sow had eleven pigs and his ass had but one foal." To say the best of this profession, I can give no other testimony of them in general than that of Pliny of Isæus; "He is yet a scholar, than which kind of men there is nothing so simple," so sincere, none better; they are most part harmless, honest, upright, innocent, plain-dealing men.

Now because they are commonly subject to such hazards and inconveniences as dotage, madness, simplicity, etc., Jo. Voschius would have good scholars to be highly rewarded and had in some extraordinary respect above other men, "to have greater privileges than the rest, that adventure themselves and abbreviate their lives for the public good." But our patrons of learning are so far nowadays from respecting the Muses and giving that honor to scholars or reward which they deserve and are allowed by those indulgent privi-

leges of many noble princes that after all their pains taken in the universities, cost and charge, expenses, irksome hours, laborious tasks, wearisome days, dangers, hazards (barred *interim* from all pleasures which other men have, mewed up like hawks all their lives), if they chance to wade through them, they shall in the end be rejected, contemned, and, which is their greatest misery, driven to shifts, exposed to want, poverty, and beggary. Their familiar attendants are,

*Pallentes morbi, luctus, curæque laborque
Et metus, et malesuada fames, et turpis
egestas,*

Terribiles visu formæ.—

Grief, labor, care, pale sickness, miseries,
Fear, filthy poverty, hunger that cries,
Terrible monsters to be seen with eyes.

If there were nothing else to trouble them, the conceit of this alone were enough to make them all melancholy. Most other trades and professions, after some seven years' prenticeship, are enabled by their craft to live of themselves. A merchant adventures his goods at sea, and though his hazard be great, yet if one ship return of four, he likely makes a saving voyage. An husbandman's gains are almost certain; *quibus ipse Jupiter nocere non potest* ('tis Cato's hyperbole, a great husband himself); only scholars methinks are most uncertain, unrespected, subject to all casualties, and hazard. For first, not one of a many proves to be a scholar, all are not capable and docile, *ex omni ligno non fit Mercurius*. We can make majors and officers every year, but not scholars; kings can invest knights and barons, as Sigismund the Emperor confessed; universities can give degrees; and *Tu quod es, e populo quilibet esse potest*; but he nor they nor all the world can give learning, make philosophers, artists, orators, poets; we can soon say, as Seneca well notes, *O virum bonum, O divitem*, point at a rich man, a good, an happy man, a proper man, *sumptuose vestitum, calamistratum, bene olentem, magno temporis impendio constat hæc laudatio, O virum literatum!* but 'tis not so easily performed to find out a learned man. Learning is not so quickly got, though they may be willing

to take pains, to that end sufficiently informed, and liberally maintained by their patrons and parents, yet few can compass it. Or if they be docile, yet all men's wills are not answerable to their wits, they can apprehend, but will not take pains; they are either seduced by bad companions, *vel in puellam impingunt vel in poculum*, and so spend their time to their friends' grief and their own undoings. Or put case they be studious, industrious; of ripe wits, and perhaps good capacities, then how many diseases of body and mind must they encounter? No labor in the world like unto study. It may be, their temperature will not endure it, but striving to be excellent to know all, they lose health, wealth, wit, life, and all. Let him yet happily escape all these hazards, *æreis intestinis*, with a body of brass, and is now consummate and ripe, he hath profited in his studies, and proceeded with all applause, after many expenses, he is fit for preferment; where shall he have it? he is as far to seek it as he was (after twenty years' standing) at the first day of his coming to the university. For what course shall he take, being now capable and ready? The most parable and easy, and about which many are employed, is to teach a school, turn lecturer or curate, and for that he shall have falconer's wages, ten pounds *per annum*, and his diet, or some small stipend, so long as he can please his patron or the parish; if they approve him not — for usually they do but a year or two — as inconstant as they that cried "Hossanna!" one day and "Crucify him!" the other, serving-man-like, he must go look a new master. If they do, what is his reward?

Hoc quoque te manet ut pueros elementa docentem

Occupet extremis in vicis alba senectus.

Like an ass, he wears out his time for provender and can show a stum rod, *togam tritam et laceram*, saith Hædus, an old torn gown, an ensign of his infelicity; he hath his labor for his pain, a modicum to keep him till he be decrepit, and that is all. *Grammaticus non est felix*, etc. If he be a trencher chaplain in a gentleman's house, as it befell Euphormio, after some seven years' service he may perchance have a liv-

ing to the halves, or some small rectory with the mother of the maids at length, a poor kinswoman, or a cracked chambermaid, to have and to hold during the time of his life. But if he offend his good patron or displease his lady mistress in the meantime,

Ducetur planta velut ictus ab Hercule Cacus, Poneturque foras, si quid tentaverit unquam Hiscere —

as Hercules did by Cacus, he shall be dragged forth of doors by the heels, away with him! If he bend his forces to some other studies with an intent to be a *secretis* to some nobleman or in such a place with an ambassador, he shall find that these persons rise like 'prentices one under another, and in so many tradesmen's shops, when the master is dead, the foreman of the shop commonly steps in his place. Now for poets, rhetoricians, historians, philosophers, mathematicians, sophisters, etc., they are like grasshoppers, sing they must in summer, and pine in the winter, for there is no preferment for them. Even so they were at first, if you will believe that pleasant tale of Socrates, which he told fair Phædrus under a plane tree at the banks of the River Ilissus; about noon when it was hot and the grasshoppers made a noise he took that sweet occasion to tell him a tale how grasshoppers were once scholars, musicians, poets, etc., before the Muses were born, and lived without meat and drink, and for that cause were turned by Jupiter into grasshoppers. And may be turned again *in Tithoni cicadas aut Lyciorum ranas* for any reward I see they are like to have! Or else in the meantime I would they could live as they did, without any viaticum, like so many *manucodiata*, those Indian birds of paradise, as we commonly call them, those I mean that live with the air and dew of heaven and need no other food. For being as they are, their "rhetoric only serves them to curse their bad fortunes," and many of them for want of means are driven to hard shifts; from grasshoppers they turn humble-bees and wasps, plain parasites, and make the Muses mules to satisfy their hunger-starved paunches and get a meal's meat. To say truth, 'tis the common fortune of most scholars to be servile and poor, to

complain pitifully, and lay open their wants to their respectless patrons, as Cardan doth, as Xilander, and many others, and what is too common in those dedicatory epistles, for hope of gain, to lie, flatter, and with hyperbolical eulogiums and commendations to magnify and extol an illiterate unworthy idiot for his excellent virtues, whom they should rather, as Machiavel observes, vilify and rail at downright for his most notorious villainies and vices. So they prostitute themselves as fiddlers or mercenary tradesmen to serve great men's turns for a small reward. They are like Indians, they have store of gold, but know not the worth of it. For I am of Synesius' opinion, "King Hiero got more by Simonides' acquaintance than Simonides did by his." They have their best education, good institution, sole qualification from us, and when they have done well, their honor and immortality from us; we are the living tombs, registers, and as so many trumpeters of their fames. What was Achilles without Homer? Alexander without Arrian and Curtius? who had known the Cæsars, but for Suetonius and Dion?

*Vixerunt fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; sed omnes illachrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.*

They are more beholden to scholars than scholars to them; but they under-value themselves, and so by those great men are kept down. Let them have that encyclopedian, all the learning in the world, they must keep it to themselves, "live in base esteem, and starve, except they will submit," as Budæus well hath it, "so many good parts, so many ensigns of arts, virtues, be slavishly obnoxious to some illiterate potentate, and live under his insolent worship or honor like parasites," *qui tanquam mures alienum panem comedunt*. For to say truth, *artes hæ non sunt lucrativæ*, as Guido Bonat that great astrologer could foresee, they be not gainful arts these, *sed esurientes et famelicæ*, but poor and hungry.

*Dat Galenus opes, dat Justinianus honores,
Sed genus et species cogitur ire pedes:*
The rich physician, honored lawyers ride,
Whilst the poor scholar foots it by their side.

Poverty is the Muses' patrimony, and as that poetical divinity teacheth us, when Jupiter's daughters were each of them married to the gods, the Muses alone were left solitary, Helicon forsaken of all suitors, and I believe it was because they had no portion.

Calliope longum cælebs cur vixit in ævum?

Nempe nihil dotis, quod numeraret, erat.

Why did Calliope live so long a maid?
Because she had no dowry to be paid.

Ever since all their followers are poor, forsaken, and left unto themselves. In so much that, as Petronius argues, you shall likely know them by their clothes. "There came," saith he, "by chance into my company a fellow not very spruce to look on, that I could perceive by that note alone he was a scholar, whom commonly rich men hate. I asked him what he was; he answered, a poet; I demanded again why he was so ragged; he told me this kind of learning never made any man rich."

*Qui pelago credit, magno se fœnore tollit,
Qui pugnas et rostra petit, præcingitur auro,
Vilis adulator picto jacet ebrius ostro,
Sola pruinosis horret facundia pannis.*

A merchant's gain is great that goes to sea,
A soldier embossed all in gold:
A flatterer lies foxed in brave array,
A scholar only ragged to behold.

All which our ordinary students right well perceiving in the universities, how unprofitable these poetical, mathematical, and philosophical studies are, how little respected, how few patrons, apply themselves in all haste to those three commodious professions of law, physic, and divinity, sharing themselves between them, rejecting these arts in the meantime, history, philosophy, philology, or lightly passing them over as pleasant toys fitting only table talk and to furnish them with discourse. They are not so behoveful; he that can tell his money hath arithmetic enough; he is a true geometrician can measure out a good fortune to himself; a perfect astrologer that can cast the rise and fall of others and mark their errant motions to his own use; the best optics are to reflect the beams of some great men's favor and grace to shine upon him; he is a good engineer that alone

can make an instrument to get preferment. This was the common tenet and practice of Poland, as Cromerius observed not long since, in the first book of his History; their universities were generally base, not a philosopher, a mathematician, an antiquary, etc., to be found of any note amongst them, because they had no set reward or stipend, but every man betook himself to divinity, *hoc solum in votis habens, opimum sacerdotium*, a good parsonage was their aim. This was the practice of some of our near neighbors, as Lipsius inveighs, "they thrust their children to the study of law and divinity before they be informed aright or capable of such studies." *Scilicet omnibus artibus antistat spes lucri, et formosior est cumulus auri quam quicquid Græci Latinique delirantes scripserunt. Ex hoc numero deinde veniunt ad gubernacula reipub. intersunt et præsunt consiliis regum, O pater! O patria!* so he complained, and so may others. For even so we find, to serve a great man, to get an office in some bishop's court (to practise in some good town), or compass a benefice is the mark we shoot at, as being so advantageous, the highway to preferment.

Although many times, for aught I can see, these men fail as often as the rest in their projects and are as usually frustrate of their hopes. For let him be a doctor of the law, an excellent civilian of good worth, where shall he practise and expatiate? Their fields are so scant, the civil law with us so contracted with prohibitions, so few causes by reason of those all-devouring municipal laws, *quibus nihil illiteratus*, saith Erasmus, an illiterate and barbarous study—for though they be never so well learned in it, I can hardly vouchsafe them the name of scholars, except they be otherwise qualified—and so few courts are left to that profession, such slender offices and those commonly to be compassed at such dear rates that I know not how an ingenious man should thrive amongst them. Now for physicians, there are in every village so many mountebanks, empirics, quacksalvers, Paracelsians, as they call themselves, *causifici et sanicidæ*, so Clenard terms them,

wizards, alchemists, poor vicars, cast apothecaries, physicians' men, barbers, and good-wives professing great skill that I make great doubt how they shall be maintained or who shall be their patients. Besides, there are so many of both sorts and some of them such harpies, so covetous, so clamorous, so impudent and, as he said, litigious idiots,

Quibus loquacis affatim arrogantiae est,

Peritiæ parum aut nihil,

Nec ulla mica literarû salis,

Crumenimulga natio,

Loquuteleia turba, litium strophæ,

Maligna litigantium

Cohors, togati vultures,

Lavernæ alumni, aggrtæ, etc.

Which have no skill but prating arrogance,

No learning, such a purse-milking nation,
Gowned vultures, thieves, and a litigious

rout

Of cozeners that haunt this occupation

that they cannot well tell how to live one by another, but as he jested in the Comedy of Clocks, they were so many, *major pars populi arida reptant fame*, they are almost starved a great part of them and ready to devour their fellows, *et noxia calliditate se corripere*, such a multitude of pettifoggers and empirics, such imposters that an honest man knows not in what sort to compose and behave himself in their society, to carry himself with credit in so vile a rout, *scientiæ nomen, tot sumptibus partum et vigiliis, profiteri dispudeat, postquam*, etc.

Last of all to come to our divines, the most noble profession and worthy of double honor but of all others the most distressed and miserable. If you will not believe me, hear a brief of it, as it was not many years since publicly preached at Paul's Cross by a grave minister then and now a reverend bishop of this land: ¹¹ "We that are bred up in learning and destined by our parents to this end, we suffer our childhood in the grammar school, which Austin calls *magnam tyrannidem et grave malum* and compares it to the torments of martyrdom; when we come to the university, if we live of the college allowance, as Phalaris objected to the Leontines, *πάντων ἐνδεδείς, πλὴν λιμοῦ καὶ φόβου*, needy of all things but

hunger and fear, or if we be maintained but partly by our parents' cost, do expend in unnecessary maintenance, books and degrees, before we come to any perfection, five hundred pounds or a thousand marks. If by this price of the expense of time, our bodies and spirits, our substance and patrimonies, we cannot purchase those small rewards which are ours by law and the right of inheritance, a poor parsonage or a vicarage of £50 *per annum*, but we must pay to the patron for the lease of a life—a spent and outworn life—either in annual pension or above the rate of a copy-hold and that with the hazard and loss of our souls by simony and perjury and the forfeiture of all our spiritual preferments in *esse* and *posse* both present and to come. What father after a while will be so improvident to bring up his son to his great charge to this necessary beggary! What Christian will be so irreligious to bring up his son in that course of life which by all probability and necessity *cogit ad turpia*, enforcing to sin, will entangle him in simony and perjury, when as the poet saith, *Invitatus ad hæc aliquis de ponte negabit*, a beggar's brat taken from the bridge where he sits a-begging, if he knew the inconvenience, had cause to refuse it! "This being thus, have not we fished fair all this while that are initiate divines to find no better fruits of our labors! *hoc est cur palles, cur quis non prandeat hoc est!* Do we macerate ourselves for this! Is it for this we rise so early all the year long! "Leaping," as he saith, "out of our beds when we hear the bell ring as if we had heard a thunderclap." If this be all the respect, reward, and honor we shall have, *frange leves calamos et scinde, Thalia, libellos!* let us give over our books and betake ourselves to some other course of life! To what end should we study? *Quid me litterulas stulti docuere parentes?* what did our parents mean to make us scholars, to be as far to seek of preferment after twenty years' study as we were at first? Why do we take such pains? *Quid tantum insanis juvat impallescere chartis?* If there be no more hope of reward, no better encouragement, I say again, *Frangite leves calamos et scinde, Thalia, libellos!* let's turn soldiers,

sell our books and buy swords, guns, and pikes, or stop bottles with them, turn our philosophers' gowns, as Cleanthes once did, unto millers' coats, leave all and rather betake ourselves to any other course of life than to continue longer in this misery. *Præstat dentiscalpia radere quam literariis monumentis magnatum favorem emendicare.*

Yea, but methinks I hear some man except at these words, that though this be true which I have said of the estate of scholars, and especially of divines, that it is miserable and distressed at this time, that the church suffers shipwreck of her goods, and that they have just cause to complain; there is a fault, but whence proceeds it? if the cause were justly examined, it would be retorted upon ourselves, if we were cited at that tribunal of truth, we should be found guilty and not able to excuse it. That there is a fault among us I confess, and were there not a buyer, there would not be a seller. But to him that will consider better of it, it will more than manifestly appear that the fountain of these miseries proceeds from these griping patrons. In accusing them I do not altogether excuse us; both are faulty, they and we; yet in my judgment, theirs is the greater fault, more apparent causes and much to be condemned. For my part, if it be not with me as I would or as it should, I do ascribe the cause, as Cardan did in the like case, *meo infortunio potius quam illorum scelerei*, to mine own infelicity rather than their naughtiness, although I have been baffled in my time by some of them and have as just cause to complain as another. Or rather indeed to mine own negligence; for I was ever like that Alexander in Plutarch, Crassus his tutor in philosophy, who though he lived many years familiarly with rich Crassus, was even as poor when from—which many wondered at—as when he came first to him; he never asked, the other never gave him anything; when he travelled with Crassus he borrowed a hat of him, at his return restored it again. I have had some such noble friends' acquaintance and scholars', but most part,—common courtesies and ordinary respects excepted—they and I parted as we met; they gave me as

much as I requested, and that was. . . . And as Alexander *ab Alexandro, Genial. dier.*, l. 6, c. 16, made answer to Hieronimus Massainus that wondered *quum plures ignavos et ignobiles ad dignitates et sacerdotia promotos quotidie videret*, when other men rose, still he was in the same state, *eodem tenore et fortuna cui mercedem laborum studiorumque debere putaret*, whom he thought to deserve as well as the rest. He made answer that he was content with his present estate, was not ambitious, and although *objurgabundus suam segnitiam accusaret, cum obscuræ sortis homines ad sacerdotia et pontificatus evectos*, etc., he chid him for his backwardness, yet he was still the same. And for my part, though I be not worthy perhaps to carry Alexander's books, yet by some overweening and well-wishing friends the like speeches have been used to me; but I replied still with Alexander that I had had enough and more peradventure than I deserved; and with Libanius Sophista, that rather chose, when honors and offices by the emperor were offered unto him, to be *talis sophista quam talis magistratus*, I had as lief be still Democritus Junior, *privus privatus, si mihi iam daretur optio, quam talis fortasse doctor, talis dominus*. — *Sed quorsum hæc?* For the rest 'tis on both sides *facinus detestandum* to buy and sell livings, to detain from the church that which God's and men's laws have bestowed on it; but in them most, and that from the covetousness and ignorance of such as are interested in this business, I name covetousness in the first place as the root of all these mischiefs, which Achan-like compels them to commit sacrilege and to make simoniacal compacts and what not to their own ends, that kindles God's wrath, brings a plague, vengeance, and an heavy visitation upon themselves and others. Some out of that insatiable desire of filthy lucre, to be enriched, care not how they come by it *per fas et nefas*, hook or crook, so they have it. And others when they have with riot and prodigality embezzled their estates, to recover themselves make a prey of the church, robbing it, as Julian the Apostate did, spoil parsons of their revenues in "keeping half back," as a great man

amongst us observes, "and that maintenance on which they should live." By means whereof barbarism is increased and a great decay of Christian professors. For who will apply himself to these divine studies, his son, or friend, when after great pains taken, they shall have nothing whereupon to live! But with what event do they these things?

*Opesque totis viribus venamini,
At inde messis accidit miserrima.*

They toil and moil, but what reap they? They are commonly unfortunate families that use it, accursed in their progeny and, as common experience evinceth, accursed themselves in all their proceedings. "With what face," as he quotes out of Aust., "can they expect a blessing or inheritance from Christ in heaven that defraud Christ of his inheritance here on earth!" I would our simoniacal patrons and such as detain tithes would read those judicious tracts of Sir Henry Spelman and Sir James Sempill, knights, those late elaborate and learned treatises of Dr. Tillesley and Mr. Montague which they have written of that subject. But though they should read, it would be to small purpose, *clames licet et mare cælo confundas*; thunder, lighten, preach hell and damnation, tell them 'tis a sin, they will not believe it; denounce and terrify, they have "cauterized consciences," they do not attend; as the enchanted adder, they stop their ears. Call them base, irreligious, profane, barbarous, pagans, atheists, epicures — as some of them surely are — with the bawd in Plautus, *Euge! optime!* they cry and applaud themselves with that miser, *simul ac nummos contemplor in arca*. Say what you will, *quocunque modo rem*, as a dog barks at the moon, to no purpose are your sayings. Take your heaven, let them have money. A base, profane, hypocritical rout! For my part, let them pretend what zeal they will, counterfeit religion, blear the world's eyes, bombast themselves, and stuff out their greatness with church spoils, shine like so many peacocks; so cold is my charity, so defective in this behalf that I shall never think better of them than that they are rotten at core, their bones are full of epicurean hypocrisy and atheistical

marrow, they are worse than heathens. For as Dionysius Halicarnasseus observes, *antiq. Rom., lib. 7, Primum locum, etc.*, "Greeks and barbarians observe all religious rites and dare not break them for fear of offending their gods"; but our simoniacal contractors, our senseless Achans, our stupefied patrons fear neither God nor Devil, they have evasions for it, it is no sin, or not due *iure divino*, or if a sin, no great sin, etc. And though they be daily punished for it and they do manifestly perceive that, as he said, frost and fraud come to foul ends; yet as Chrysostom follows it, *Nulla ex pœna fit correctio, et quasi adversis malitia hominum provocetur, crescit quotidie quod puniatur*, they are rather worse than better, — *iram atque animos a crimine sumunt*, and the more they are corrected the more they offend. But let them take their course, *Rode, caper, vitem*, go on still as they begin, 'tis no sin, let them rejoice secure; God's vengeance will overtake them in the end, and these ill-gotten goods, as an eagle's feathers, will consume the rest of their substance, it is *aurum Tholosanum* and will produce no better effects. "Let them lay it up safe and make their conveyances never so close, lock and shut the door," saith Chrysostom, "yet fraud and covetousness, two most violent thieves, are still included, and a little gain evil-gotten will subvert the rest of their goods." The eagle in Æsop, seeing a piece of flesh now ready to be sacrificed, swept it away with her claws and carried it to her nest; but there was a burning coal stuck to it by chance, which unawares consumed her, young ones, nest and all together. Let our simoniacal church-chopping patrons and sacrilegious harpies look for no better success.

A second cause is ignorance and from thence contempt, *successit odium in literas ab ignorantia vulgi*, which Junius well perceived; this hatred and contempt of learning proceeds out of ignorance, as they are themselves barbarous, idiots, dull, illiterate, and proud, so they deem others.

*Sint Mæcenates, non deerunt, Flacce,
Marones.*

Let there be bountiful patrons, and there will be painful scholars in all sciences. But when they condemn learning and think themselves sufficiently qualified if they can write and read, scramble at a piece of evidence, or have so much Latin as that emperor had *qui nescit dissimulare, nescit vivere*, they are unfit to do their country service, to perform or undertake any action or employment which may tend to the good of a commonwealth, except it be to fight or to do country justice with common sense, which every yeoman can likewise do. And so they bring up their children rude as they are themselves, unqualified, untaught, uncivil most part. *Quis e nostra juventute legitime instituatur literis? Quis oratores aut philosophos tangit? Quis historiam legit, illam rerum agendarum quasi animam? Præcipitant parentes vota sua, etc.*, 'twas Lipsius' complaint to his illiterate countrymen, it may be ours. Now shall these men judge of a scholar's worth that have no worth, that know not what belongs to a student's labors, that cannot distinguish between a true scholar and a drone? or him that by reason of a voluble tongue, a strong voice, a pleasing tone, and some trivially Polyanthean helps, steals and gleans a few notes from other men's harvests and so makes a fairer show than he that is truly learned indeed, that thinks it no more to preach than to speak "or to run away with an empty cart," as a grave man said.¹² And thereupon vilify us and our pains, scorn us, and all learning. Because they are rich and have other means to live they think it concerns them not to know or to trouble themselves with it; a fitter task for younger brothers or poor men's sons to be pen and ink-horn men, pedantical slaves, and no whit befitting the calling of a gentleman, as Frenchmen and Germans commonly do, neglect therefore all human learning; what have they to do with it! Let mariners learn astronomy, merchants' factors study arithmetic, surveyors get them geometry, spectacle-makers optics, landleapers geography, town-clerks rhetoric; what should he do with a spade that hath no ground to dig! or they with learning that have no use of it! Thus they reason and are not ashamed

¹² Dr. King, Bishop of London.

to let mariners, 'prentices, and the basest servants be better qualified than themselves. In former times kings, princes, and emperors were the only scholars, excellent in all faculties.

Julius Cæsar mended the year¹³ and writ his own Commentaries,

— *media inter prælia semper,
Stellarum cœlique plagis, superisque vacavit.*

Antonius, Hadrian, Nero, Severus, Jul. etc., Michael the Emperor, and Isacius were so much given to their studies that no base fellow would take so much pains. Orion, Perseus, Alphonsus, Ptolemæus, famous astronomers. Sabor, Mithridates, Lysimachus, admired physicians. Plato's kings all. Evax, that Arabian prince, a most expert jeweller, and an exquisite philosopher. The kings of Egypt were priests of old and chosen from thence, — *Idem rex hominum, Phœbique sacerdos*. But those herocical times are past; the Muses are now banished in this bastard age *ad sordida tuguriola*, to meaner persons, and confined alone almost to universities. In those days scholars were highly beloved, honored, esteemed; as old Ennius by Scipio Africanus, Virgil by Augustus, Horace by Mæcenas; princes' companions, dear to them, as Anacreon to Polycrates, Philoxenus to Dionysius, and highly rewarded. Alexander sent Xenocrates the Philosopher 50 talents because he was poor, *visu rerum, aut eruditione præstantes viri, mensis olim regum adhibiti*, as Philostratus relates of Hadrian and Lampridius of Alexander Severus. Famous clerks came to these princes' courts *velut in Lycæum*, as to an university, and were admitted to their tables *quasi divum epulis accumbentes*; Archilaus that Macedonian king would not willingly sup without Euripides — amongst the rest he drank to him at supper one night and gave him a cup of gold for his pains — *delectatus poeta suavi sermone*; and it was fit it should be so, because, as Plato in his Protagoras well saith, a good philosopher as much excels other men as a great king doth the commons of his country; and again, *quoniam illis nihil deest, et minime egere solent, et disciplinas quas profitentur, soli a contemptu vindicare possunt*,

they needed not to beg so basely, as they compel scholars in our times to complain of poverty or crouch to a rich chuff for a meal's meat, but could vindicate themselves and those arts which they professed. Now they would and cannot. For it is held by some of them as an axiom that to keep them poor will make them study; they must be dieted, as horses to a race, not pampered. *Alendos volunt, non saginandos, ne melioris mentis flammula extinguatur*; a fat bird cannot sing, a fat dog will not hunt, and so by this depression of theirs some want means, others will, all want encouragement as being forsaken almost and generally condemned. 'Tis an old saying, *Sint Mæcenates, non deerunt, Flacce, Marones*, and 'tis a true saying still. Yet oftentimes, I may not deny it, the main fault is in ourselves. Our academics too frequently offend in neglecting patrons, as Erasmus well taxeth, or making ill choice of them; *negligimus oblatos aut amplectimur parum aptos*; or if we get a good one, *non studemus mutuis officiis favorem eius alere*, we do not ply and follow him as we should. *Idem mihi accidit adolescenti*, saith Erasmus acknowledging his fault, *et gravissime peccavi*, and so may I say myself, I have offended in this and so peradventure have many others. We did not *spondere magnatum favoribus qui cæperunt nos amplecti*, apply ourselves with that readiness we should; idleness, love of liberty, *immodicus amor libertatis effecit ut diu cum perfidis amicis*, as he confesseth, *et pertinaci paupertate colluctarer*, bashfulness, melancholy, timorousness cause many of us to be too backward and remiss. So some offend in one extreme but too many on the other, we are most part too forward, too solicitous, too ambitious, too impudent; we commonly complain *desse Mæcenates*, want of encouragement, want of means, when as the true defect is in our own want of worth, our insufficiency. Did Mæcenas take notice of Horace or Virgil till they had showed themselves first? or had Bavius or Mevius any patrons? *Egregium specimen dent*, saith Erasmus, let them approve themselves worthy first, sufficiently qualified for learning and manners, before they presume or impudently intrude and put them-

selves on great men as too many do with such base flattery, parasitical colloquing, such hyperbolical eulogies they do usually insinuate that it is a shame to hear and see. *Immodicæ laudes conciliant invidiam potius quam laudem*, and vain commendations derogate from truth, and we think in conclusion, *non melius de laudato, peius de laudante*, ill of both, the commender and commended. So we offend, but the main fault is in their harshness, defect of patrons. How beloved of old and how much respected was Plato by Dionysius! How dear to Alexander was Aristotle, Demaratus to Philip, Solon to Cræsus, Anaxarchus and Trebatius to Augustus, Cassius to Vespasian, Plutarch to Trajan, Seneca to Nero, Simonides to Hiero! how honored!

*Sed hæc prius fuere, nunc recondita
Senent quiete,*

those days are gone,

Et spes, et ratio studiorum in Cæsare tantum,

as he said of old, we may truly say now, he is our amulet, our sun, our sole comfort and refuge, our Ptolemy, our common Mæcenæus, *Jacobus munificus, Jacobus pacificus, mysta Musarum, rex Platonicus, grande decus, columnenque nostrum*,¹⁴ a famous scholar himself, and the sole patron, pillar, and sustainer of learning. But his worth in this kind is so well known that, as Paternulus of Cato, *Iam ipsum laudare nefas sit*, and which Pliny to Trajan, *Seria te carmina honorque æternus annalium, non hæc brevis et pudenda prædicatio colet*. But he is now gone, the sun of ours set, and yet no night follows,

—Sol occubuit, nox nulla secuta est.

We have such another in his room¹⁵

*—aureus alter
Avulsus, simili frondescit virga metallo,*

and long may he reign and flourish amongst us!

Let me not be malicious and lie against my genius, I may not deny but that we have a sprinkling of our gentry, here and

there one excellently well learned, like those Fuggeri in Germany, Dubartus, Du Plessis, Sadael in France, Picus Mirandola, Schottus, Barotius in Italy,

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.

But they are but few in respect of the multitude, the major part — and some again excepted that are indifferent — are wholly bent for hawks and hounds and carried away many times with intemperate lust, gaming, and drinking. If they read a book at any time, *si quod est interim otii a venatu, poculis, alea, scortis*, 'tis an English chronicle, Sir Huon of Bordeaux, Amadis de Gaul, etc., a play-book, or some pamphlet of news, and that at such seasons only when they cannot stir abroad to drive away time. Their sole discourse is dogs, hawks, horses, and what news? If someone have been a traveller in Italy or as far as the emperor's court, wintered in Orleans, and can court his mistress in broken French, wear his clothes neatly in the newest fashion, sing some choice outlandish tunes, discourse of lords, ladies, towns, palaces, and cities, he is complete and to be admired. Otherwise he and they are much at one; no difference betwixt the master and the man but worshipful titles; wink and choose betwixt him that sits down — clothes excepted — and him that holds the trencher behind him. Yet these men must be our patrons, our governors too sometimes, statesmen, magistrates, noble, great, and wise by inheritance.

Mistake me not, I say again, *vos, O patri-cius sanguis*, you that are worthy senators, gentlemen, I honor your names and persons, and with all submissiveness, prostrate myself to your censure and service. There are amongst you, I do ingeniously confess, many well-deserving patrons and true patriots of my knowledge, besides many hundreds which I never saw, no doubt, or heard of, pillars of our commonwealth, whose worth, bounty, learning, forwardness, true zeal in religion, and good esteem of all scholars ought to be consecrated to all posterity. But of your rank there are a debauched, corrupt, covetous, illiterate crew again no better than stocks, *merum pecus — testor*

¹⁴ This is, of course, James First.

¹⁵ Charles First.

Deum, non mihi videri dignos ingenui hominis appellatione—barbarous Thracians, et quis ille Thrax qui hoc neget? a sordid, profane, pernicious company, irreligious, impudent, and stupid, I know not what epithets to give them, enemies to learning, confounders of the church, and the ruin of a commonwealth. Patrons they are by right of inheritance and put in trust freely to dispose of such livings to the church's good; but (hard task-masters they prove) they take away their straw and compel them to make their number of brick. They commonly respect their own ends, commodity is the steer of all their actions, and him they present in conclusion as a man of greatest gifts that will give most; no penny, no pater-noster, as the saying is. *Nisi preces auro fulcias, amplius irritas, ut Cerberus offa*, their attendants and officers must be bribed, fed, and made, as Cerberus is with a sop by him that goes to hell. It was an old saying, *omnia Romæ venalia*, 'tis a rag of popery which will never be rooted out; there is no hope, no good to be done without money. A clerk may offer himself, approve his worth, learning, honesty, religion, zeal, they will commend him for it; but—*probitas laudatur, et alget*. If he be a man of extraordinary parts, they will flock afar off to hear him, as they did in Apuleius, to see Psyche: *multi mortales confluebant ad videndum sæculi decus, speculum gloriosum, laudatur ab omnibus, spectatur ab omnibus, nec quisquam non rex, non regius, cupiens eius nuptiarum petitor accedit; mirantur quidem divinam formam omnes; sed ut simulacrum fabre politum mirantur*; many mortal men came to see fair Psyche, the glory of her age, they did admire her, commend, desire her for her divine beauty, and gaze upon her; but as on a picture; none would marry her *quod indotata*; fair Psyche had no money. So they do by learning;

—*didicit iam dives avarus*

Tantum admirari, tantum laudare disertos,

Ut pueri Junonis avem—.

Your rich men have now learned of latter days

T'admire, commend, and come together

To hear and see a worthy scholar speak,

As children do a peacock's feather.

He shall have all the good words that may be given, a proper man, and 'tis pity he hath no preferment, all good wishes, but inexorable, indurate as he is, he will not prefer him, though it be in his power, because he is *indotatus*, he hath no money. Or if he do give him entertainment, let him be never so well qualified, plead affinity, consanguinity, sufficiency, he shall serve seven years, as Jacob did for Rachel, before he shall have it. If he will enter at first, he must get in at that simoniacal gate, come off soundly, and put in good security to perform all covenants, else he will not deal with or admit him. But if some poor scholar, some parson chaff will offer himself, some trencher chaplain that will take it to the halves, thirds, or accept of what he will give, he is welcome; be conformable, preach as he will have him, he likes him before a million of others; for the best is always best cheap. And then as Jerome said to Cromatius, *patella dignum operculum*, such a patron, such a clerk; the cure is well supplied, and all parties pleased. So that is still verified in our age which Chrysostom complained of in his time, *Qui opulentiores sunt, in ordinem parasitorum cogunt eos, et ipsos tanquam canes ad mensas suas enutriunt, eorumque impudentes ventres iniquarum cœnarum reliquiis differtiunt, iisdem pro arbitrio abutentes*; rich men keep these lecturers and fawning parasites like so many dogs at their tables, and filling their hungry guts with offals of their meat, they abuse them at their pleasure and make them say what they propose. "As children do by a bird or a butterfly in a string, pull in and let him out as they list, do they by their trencher chaplains, prescribe, command their wits, let in and out as to them it seems best." If the patron be precise, so must his chaplain be, if he be papistical, his clerk must be so too or else be turned out. These are those clerks which serve the turn whom they commonly entertain and present to church livings, whilst in the meantime we that are university men, like so many hide-bound calves in a pasture, tarry out our time, wither away as a flower ungathered in a garden, and are never used, or as so many candles, illuminate ourselves alone, obscuring one another's light, and

are not discerned here at all, the least of which, translated to a dark room, or to some country benefice, where it might shine apart, would give a fair light and be seen over all. Whilst we lie waiting here as those sick men did at the Pool of Bethesda till the angel stirred the water, expecting a good hour, they step between and beguile us of our preferment. I have not yet said, if after long expectation, much expense, travel, earnest suit of ourselves and friends, we obtain a small benefice at last, our misery begins afresh; we are suddenly encountered with the flesh, world, and Devil, with a new onset; we change a quiet life for an ocean of troubles, we come to a ruinous house, which before it be habitable must be necessarily to our great damage repaired; we are compelled to sue for dilapidations or else sued ourselves, and, scarce yet settled, we are called upon for our predecessor's arrears; first-fruits, tenths, subsidies are instantly to be paid, benevolence, procurations, etc., and which is most to be feared, we light upon a cracked title, as it befell Clenard of Brabant, for his rectory and charge of his Beginæ; he was no sooner inducted but instantly sued, *cœpimusque*, saith he, *strenue litigare et implacabili bello configere*; at length after ten years' suit,

as long as Troy's siege, when he had tired himself and spent his money, he was fain to leave all for quietness' sake and give it up to his adversary. Or else we are insulted over and trampled on by domineering officers, fleeced by those greedy harpies to get more fees; we stand in fear of some precedent lapse; we fall amongst refractory, seditious sectaries, peevish Puritans, perverse Papists, a lascivious rout of atheistical epicures that will not be reformed, or some litigious people ("those wild beasts of Ephesus" must be fought with) that will not pay their dues without much repining or compelled by long suit; *Laici clericis oppido infesti*, an old axiom, all they think well gotten that is had from the church, and by such uncivil, harsh dealings they make their poor minister weary of his place, if not of his life. And put case they be quiet honest men, make the best of it, as often it falls out, from a polite and terse academic he must turn rustic, rude, melancholize alone, learn to forget, or else, as many do, become maltsters, graziers, chapmen, etc., now banished from the academy, all commerce of the Muses, and confined to a country village, as Ovid was from Rome to Pontus, and daily converse with a company of idiots and clowns.

AIR RECTIFIED. WITH A DIGRESSION OF THE AIR ¹⁶

As a long-winged hawk when he is first whistled off the fist mounts aloft, and for his pleasure fetcheth many a circuit in the air, still soaring higher and higher till he be come to his full pitch, and in the end, when the game is sprung, comes down amain and stoops upon a sudden, so will I, having come at last into these ample fields of air wherein I may freely expatiate and exercise myself for my recreation, a while rove, wander round about the world, mount aloft to those ethereal orbs and celestial spheres, and so descend to my former elements again. In which progress I will first see whether that relation of the friar of Oxford ¹⁷ be true concerning those northern parts under the Pole — if I meet *obiter*

with the Wandering Jew, Elias Artifex, or Lucian's Icaromenippus, they shall be my guides — whether there be such 4 Euries and a great rock of lodestones which may cause the needle in the compass still to bend that way, and what should be the true cause of the variation of the compass, is it a magnetical rock, or the Pole Star, as Cardan will, or some other star in the Bear, as Marsilius Ficinus, or a magnetical meridian, as Maurolicus, *vel situs in vena terræ*, as Agricola, or the nearness of the next continent, as Cabeus will, or some other cause, as Scaliger, Cortesius, Conimbricenses, Peregrinus, contend; why at the Azores it looks directly north, otherwise not. In the Mediterranean or Levant, as

¹⁶ This is Member 3 of Section 2 of Partition 2, The Cure of Melancholy.

¹⁷ Nicholas de Lynnæ, cited by Mercator in his map.

some observe, it varies 7 grad. by and by 12 and then 22. In the Baltic Seas, near Rasceburg in Finland, the needle runs round if any ships come that way, though Martin Ridley write otherwise, that the needle near the Pole will hardly be forced from his direction. 'Tis fit to be enquired whether certain rules may be made of it, as 11 grad. *Lond. variat. alibi* 36, etc., and that which is more prodigious, the variation varies in the same place, now taken accurately 'tis so much after a few years quite altered from that it was. Till we have better intelligence, let our D. Gilbert and Nicholas Cabeus the Jesuit, that have both written great volumes of this subject, satisfy these inquisitors. Whether the sea be open and navigable by the Pole Arctic, and which is the likeliest way, that of Bartison the Hollander, under the Pole itself, which for some reasons I hold best, or by *Fretum* Davis, or Nova Zembla. Whether Hudson's discovery be true of a new-found ocean, any likelihood of Button's Bay in 50 degrees, Hubbard's Hope in 60, that of *ut ultra* near Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome in Northwest Fox, being that the sea ebbs and flows constantly there 15 foot in 12 hours, as our new cards inform us that California is not a cape but an island, and the west winds make the neap tides equal to the spring, or that there be any probability to pass by the Straits of Anian to China by the Promontory of Tabin. If there be, I shall soon perceive whether Marcus Polus the Venetian's narration be true or false of that great City of Quinsay and Cambalu; whether there be any such places, or that, as Matth. Riccius the Jesuit hath written, China and Cataia be all one, the great Cham of Tartary and the King of China be the same, Xuntain and Quinsay and the City of Cambalu be that new Peking, or such a wall 400 leagues long to part China from Tartary; whether Presbyter John be in Asia or Africa; M. Polus Venetus puts him in Asia, the most received opinion is that he is emperor of the *Abissines*, which of old was Ethiopia, now Nubia, under the Equator in Africa. Whether Guinea be an island or part of the continent, or that hungry Spaniard's dis-

covery of *Terra Australis Incognita*, or *Magellanica*, be as true as that of Mercurius Britannicus, or his of Utopia, or his of Lucinia. And yet in likelihood it may be so, for without all question it, being extended from the Tropic of Capricorn to the Circle Antarctic and lying as it doth in the Temperate Zone, cannot choose but yield in time some flourishing kingdoms to succeeding ages, as America did unto the Spaniards. Shouten and Le Meir have done well in the discovery of the Straits of Magellan, in finding a more convenient passage to *Mare Pacificum*. Methinks some of our modern Argonauts should prosecute the rest. As I go by Madagascar, I would see that great bird rucke,¹⁸ that can carry a man and horse or an elephant, with that Arabian phoenix described by Adricomius, see the pelicans of Egypt, those Scythian gryphes in Asia, and afterwards in Africa examine the fountains of Nilus, whether Herodotus, Seneca, Plin. *lib.* 5, *cap.* 9, *Strabo lib.* 5, give a true cause of his annual flowing, Paphgetta discourse rightly of it or of Niger and Senegal; examine Cardan, Scaliger's reasons, and the rest. Is it from those Etesian winds or melting of snow in the mountains under the Equator — for Jordan yearly overflows when the snow melts in Mount Libanus — or from those great dropping perpetual showers which are so frequent to the inhabitants within the tropics when the sun is vertical and cause such vast inundations in Senegal, Maragnan, Orinoco, and the rest of those great rivers in *Zona Torrida*, which have all commonly the same passions at set times; and by good husbandry and policy hereafter no doubt may come to be as populous, as well tilled, as fruitful as Egypt itself or Cauchinthina. I would observe all those motions of the sea and from what cause they proceed, from the moon, as the vulgar hold, or earth's motion, which Galileus in the fourth dialogue of his system of the world so eagerly proves and firmly demonstrates, or winds, as some will. Why in that quiet Ocean of Zur, in *Mari Pacifico*, it is scarce perceived, in our British seas most violent, in the Mediterranean and Red Sea so vehement, irregular,

¹⁸ It is not enough for Burton to find the Northwest Passage and see Prester John; he wishes to see the great roc and the phoenix, too.

and diverse. Why the current in that Atlantic Ocean should still be in some places from, in some again towards the north, and why they come sooner than go. And so from Moabar to Madagascar in that Indian Ocean the merchants come in three weeks, as Scaliger discusseth; they return scarce in three months with the same or like winds; the continual current is from east to west. Whether Mount Athos, Pelion, Olympus, Ossa, Caucasus, Atlas be so high as Pliny, Solinus, Mela relate, above clouds, meteors, *ubi nec auræ nec venti spirant* (insomuch that they that ascend die suddenly very often, the air is so subtle) 1,250 paces high according to that measure of Dicearchus, or 78 miles perpendicularly high, as Jacobus Mazonius, sec. 3 and 4, expounding that place of Aristotle about Mount Caucasus, and as Blancanus the Jesuit contends out of Clavius' and Nonius' demonstrations *de Crepusculis*, or rather 32 stadiums, as the most received opinion is, or 4 miles, which the height of no mountain doth perpendicularly exceed and is equal to the greatest depths of the sea, which is, as Scaliger holds, 1,280 paces, exer. 38, others 100 paces. I would see those inner parts of America, whether there be any such great city of Manoa or Eldorado in that golden empire, where the highways are as much beaten, one reports, as between Madrid and Valladolid in Spain; or any such Amazons as he relates or gigantical Patagones in Chica; with that miraculous mountain Ybouyapab in the northern Brazil, *cuius jugum sternitur in amœnissimam planitiem*, etc., or that Pariacacca so high elevated in Peru. The pike of Teneriff how high it is. 70 miles or 50, as Patricius holds, or 9 as Snellius demonstrates in his Eratosthenes. See that strange Cirknickzerksey Lake in Carniola, whose waters gush so fast out of the ground that they will overtake a swift horseman and by and by with as incredible celerity are supped up; which Lazius and Warnerus make an argument of the Argonauts sailing underground. And that vast den or hole called Esmellen in Muscovia *quæ visitur horrendo hiatu*, etc., which if anything casually fall in, makes such a roaring noise that no thunder or ordnance or warlike en-

gine can make the like; such another is Gilber's Cave in Lapland, with many the like. I would examine the Caspian Sea and see where and how it exonerates¹⁹ itself after it hath taken in Volga, Jaxares, Oxus, and those great rivers; at the mouth of Oby, or where? What vent the Mexican lake hath, the Titicacan in Peru, or that circular pool in the vale of Terapeia, of which Acosta, l. 3, c. 16, hot in a cold country, the spring of which boils up in the middle twenty foot square and hath no vent but exhalation; and that of *Mare Mortuum* in Palestina, of Thrasymene at Peruzium in Italy; the Mediterranean itself. For from the ocean at the Straits of Gibraltar there is a perpetual current into the Levant and so likewise by the Thracian Bosphorus out of the Euxine or Black Sea, besides all those great rivers of Nilus, Padus, Rhodanus, etc., how is this water consumed, by the sun, or otherwise? I would find out with Trajan the fountains of Danubius, of Ganges, Oxus, see those Egyptian pyramids, Trajan's bridge, Grotto de Sibylla, Lucullus' fish-ponds, the temple of Nidrose, etc. And, if I could, observe what becomes of swallows, storks, cranes, cuckoos, nightingales, redstarts, and many other kind of singing birds, water-fowls, hawks, etc., some of them are only seen in summer, some in winter; some are observed in the snow and at no other times; each have their seasons. In winter not a bird is in Muscovy to be found, but at the spring in an instant the woods and hedges are full of them, saith Herbastein; how comes it to pass? Do they sleep in winter, like Gesner's Alpine mice; or do they lie hid, as Olaus affirms, "in the bottom of lakes and rivers, *spiritum continentes*?" often so found by fishermen in Poland and Scandia, two together, mouth to mouth, wing to wing; and when the spring comes they revive again, or if they be brought into a stove or to the fireside." Or do they follow the sun, as Peter Martyr, *legat. Babylonica*, l. 2, manifestly convicts out of his own knowledge; for when he was ambassador in Egypt, he saw swallows, Spanish kites, and many such European birds in December and January very familiarly flying and in great abundance about

¹⁹ Unburdens; frequently the seventeenth-century word is exactly the Latin in its meaning.

Alexandria, *ubi floridæ tunc arbores ac viridariæ*. Or lie they hid in the caves, rocks, and hollow trees, as most think, in deep tin-mines or sea-cliffs, as Mr. Carew gives out? I conclude of them all, for my part, as Munster doth of cranes and storks; whence they come, whither they go, *incompertum adhuc*, as yet we know not. We see them here, some in summer, some in winter. "Their coming and going is sure in the night. In the plains of Asia," saith he, "the storks meet on such a set day, he that comes last is torn in pieces, and so they get them gone." Many strange places, Isthmi, Euripi, Chersonesi, creeks, havens, promontories, straits, lakes, baths, rocks, mountains, places, and fields where cities have been ruined or swallowed, battles fought, creatures, sea-monsters, *remora*, etc., minerals, vegetals, zoophytes²⁰ were fit to be considered in such an expedition and amongst the rest that of Herbastein his Tartar lamb, Hector Boethius' goose-bearing tree in the Orcaes, to which Cardan, *lib. 7, cap. 36, de rerum varietat.*, subscribes; Vertomannus' wonderful palm,²¹ that fly in Hispaniola that shines like a torch in the night that one may well see to write; those spherical stones in Cuba which nature hath so made and those like birds, beasts, fishes, crowns, swords, saws, pots,²² etc., usually found in the metal-mines in Saxony about Mansfield and in Poland near Nokow and Pallukie, as Munster and others relate. Many rare creatures and novelties each part of the world affords. Amongst the rest, I would know for a certain whether there be any such men as Leo Suavius in his comment on Paracelsus' *de sanit. tuend.* and Gaguinus records in his description of Muscovy, "that in Lucomoria, a province in Russia, lie fast asleep as dead all winter, from the 27 of November, like frogs and swallows, benumbed with cold, but about the 24 of April in the spring they revive again and go about their business." I would examine that demonstration of Alexander Piccolomineus, whether the earth's super-

ficies be bigger than the sea's; or that of Archimedes be true, the superficies of all water is even? Search the depth and see that variety of sea-monsters and fishes, mermaids, sea-men, horses, etc., which it affords. Or whether that be true which Jordanus Brunus scoffs at, that if God did not detain it, the sea would overflow the earth by reason of its higher site, and which Josephus Blancanus the Jesuit in his interpretation on those mathematical places of Aristotle foolishly fears and in a just tract proves by many circumstances that in time the sea will waste away the land and all the globe of the earth shall be covered with waters; *Risum teneatis, amici?* what the sea takes away in one place it adds in another. Methinks he might rather suspect the sea should in time be filled by land, trees grow up, carcasses, etc., that all-devouring fire, *omnia devorans et consumens*, will sooner cover and dry up the vast ocean with sand and ashes. I would examine the true seat of that terrestrial paradise and where Ophir was whence Solomon did fetch his gold; from Peruana, which some suppose, or that *aurea* Chersonesus, as Dominicus Niger, Arius Montanus, Goropius, and others will. I would censure all Pliny's, Solinus', Strabo's, Sir John Mandeville's, Olaus Magnus', Marcus Polus' lies, correct those errors in navigation, reform cosmographical charts, and rectify longitudes, if it were possible; not by the compass, as some dream, with Mark Ridley in his treatise of magnetical bodies, *cap. 43*, for as Cabeus, *magnet. philos., lib. 3, cap. 4*, fully resolves, there is no hope thence, yet I would observe one better means to find them out.

I would have a convenient place to go down with Orpheus, Ulysses, Hercules, Lucian's Menippus at St. Patrick's purgatory, at Trophonius' den, Hecla in Iceland, Etna in Sicily, to descend and see what is done in the bowels of the earth; do stones and metals grow there still? how come fir trees to be digged out from tops of hills as in our mosses and marshes all over Europe?

²⁰ Plant-like animals, such as sponges, jellyfish, or starfish.

²¹ The cocoanut, "that bears fruits to eat, wood to burn, bark to make ropes, wine and water to drink, oil and sugar, and leaves and tiles to cover houses, flowers for clothes." George Herbert has a poem on this called Providence.

²² Many of these may well have been fossils, miraculous enough to a century that still took the Book of Genesis as history. See also below.

How come they to dig up fish-bones, shells, beams, iron-works many fathoms under ground and anchors in mountains far remote from all seas? Anno 1460 at Berne in Switzerland 50 fathoms deep a ship was digged out of a mountain where they got metal ore in which were 48 carcasses of men, with other merchandise. That such things are ordinarily found in tops of hills, Aristotle insinuates in his meteors, Pomponius Mela in his first book, *c. de Numidia*, and familiarly in the Alps, saith Blancanus the Jesuit, the like is to be seen. Came this from earthquakes or from Noah's Flood, as Christians suppose, or is there a vicissitude of sea and land, as Anaximenes held of old, the mountains of Thessaly would become seas, and seas again mountains? The whole world belike should be new molded, when it seemed good to those all-commanding powers, and turned inside out, as we do haycocks in harvest, top to bottom, or bottom to top, or as we turn apples to the fire, move the world upon his centre; that which is under the poles now should be translated to the equinoctial, and that which is under the Torrid Zone to the Circle Arctic and Antaretic another while, and so be reciprocally warmed by the sun; or if the worlds be infinite and every fixed star a sun with his compassing planets, as Brunus and Campanella conclude, cast three or four worlds into one; or else of one old world make three or four new, as it shall seem to them best. To proceed, if the earth be 21,500 miles in compass, its diameter is 7,000 from us to our Antipodes, and what shall be comprehended in all that space? What is the centre of the earth? is it pure element only, as Aristotle decrees, inhabited, as Paracelsus thinks, with creatures whose chaos is the earth; or with fairies, as the woods and waters, according to him, are with nymphs or as the air with spirits? Dionysiodorus, a mathematician in Pliny, that sent a letter *ad superos* after he was dead from the centre of the earth to signify what distance the same centre was from the superficies of the same, viz. 42,000 stadiums, might have done well to have satisfied all these doubts. Or is it the place of hell, as Virgil in his *Æneides*, Plato, Lucian, Dante, and others poetically de-

scribe it, and as many of our divines think? In good earnest, Anthony Rusca, one of the society of that Ambrosian College in Milan, in his great volume *de Inferno*, lib. 1, cap. 47, is stiff in this tenet, 'tis a corporeal fire-tow, cap. 5, l. 2, as he there disputes. "Whatsoever philosophers write," saith Surius, "there be certain mouths of hell and places appointed for the punishment of men's souls, as at Hecla in Iceland, where the ghosts of dead men are familiarly seen and sometimes talk with the living. God would have such visible places that mortal men might be certainly informed that there be such punishments after death and learn hence to fear God." Kranzius, *Dan. hist.*, lib. 2, cap. 24, subscribes to this opinion of Surius, so doth Colerus, cap. 12, lib. *de immortal. animæ*—out of the authority belike of St. Gregory, Durand, and the rest of the Schoolmen, who derive as much from Etna in Sicily, Lypara, Hyera, and those sulphurous volcanian islands—making Terra del Fuego and those frequent volcanoes in America, of which Acosta, lib. 3, cap. 24, that fearful Mount Heckleberg in Norway, an especial argument to prove it, "where lamentable screeches and howlings are continually heard which strike a terror to the auditors; fiery chariots are commonly seen to bring in the souls of men in the likeness of crows, and devils ordinarily go in and out." Such another proof is that place near the pyramids in Egypt by Cairo, as well to confirm this as the resurrection, mentioned by Kornmanus, *mirac. mort.*, lib. 1, cap. 38, Camerarius, *oper. suc.*, cap. 37, Bredanbachius, *pereg. ter. sanct.*, and some others, "where once a year dead bodies arise about March and walk, and after a while hide themselves again; thousands of people come yearly to see them." But these and such like testimonies others reject as fables, illusions of spirits, and they will have no such local known place more than Styx or Phlegethon, Pluto's court, or that poetical Infernus, where Homer's soul was seen hanging on a tree, etc., to which they ferried over in Charon's boat or went down at Hermione in Greece, *compendiaria ad inferos via*, which is the shortest cut *quia nullum a mortuis naulem eo loci exposcunt*, saith Gerbelius, and besides there

were no fees to be paid. Well then, is it hell, or purgatory, as Bellarmine; or *limbus patrum*, as Gallucius will, and as Rusca will—for they have made maps of it—or Ignatius' parlor? Virgil, sometime Bishop of Salzburg, as Aventinus, *anno* 745, relates, by Bonifacius, Bishop of Mentz, was therefore called in question, because of the Antipodes—which they made a doubt whether Christ died for—and so by that means took away the seat of hell or so contracted it that it could bear no proportion to heaven and contradicted that opinion of Austin, Basil, Lactantius that held the earth round as a trencher (whom Actosa and common experience more largely confute) but not as a ball; and Jerusalem where Christ died the middle of it; or Delos, as the fabulous Greeks feigned; because when Jupiter let two eagles loose to fly from the world's ends east and west, they met at Delos. But that scruple of Bonifacius is now quite taken away by our latter divines; Franciscus Ribera in *cap.* 14, *Apocalyps.* will have hell a material and local fire in the centre of the earth, 200 Italian miles in diameter, as he defines it out of those words, *exivit sanguis de terra—per stadia mille sexcenta*, etc. But Lessius, *lib.* 13, *de moribus divinis*, *cap.* 24, will have this local hell far less, one Dutch mile in diameter, all filled with fire and brimstone; because, as he there demonstrates, that space cubically multiplied will make a sphere able to hold eight hundred thousand millions of damned bodies, allowing each body six foot square, which will abundantly suffice; *Cum certum sit, inquit, facta subductione, non futuros centies mille milliones damnandorum*. But if it be no material fire, as Scotus, Thomas, Bonaventure, Soncinas, Voscius, and others argue, it may be there or elsewhere, as Keckerman disputes, *System. Theol.*, for sure somewhere it is, *certum est alicubi, etsi definitus circulus non assignetur*. I will end the controversy in Austin's words, "Better doubt of things concealed than to contend about uncertainties, where Abraham's bosom is and hell fire." *Vix a mansuetis, a contentiosis nunquam, invenitur*; scarce the meek, the contentious shall never find. If it be solid earth, 'tis the fountain of metals, waters,

which by his innate temper turns air into water which springs up in several chinks to moisten the earth's superficies and that in a tenfold proportion, as Aristotle holds, or else these fountains come directly from the sea by secret passages, and so made fresh again by running through the bowels of the earth; and are either thick, thin, hot, cold as the matter of minerals are by which they pass; or as Peter Martyr, *Ocean, Decad.*, *lib.* 9, and some others hold, from abundance of rain that falls or from that ambient heat and cold which alters that inward heat and so *per consequens* the generation of waters. Or else it may be full of wind or a sulphureous innate fire, as our meteorologists inform us, which sometimes breaking out, causeth those horrible earthquakes which are so frequent in these days in Japan, China, and oftentimes swallow up whole cities. Let Lucian's Menippus consult with or ask of Tiresias, if you will not believe philosophers, he shall clear all your doubts when he makes a second voyage.

In the meantime let us consider of that which is *sub dio* and find out a true cause, if it be possible, of such accidents, meteors, alterations as happen above ground. Whence proceed that variety of manners and a distinct character, as it were, to several nations? Some are wise, subtle, witty; others dull, sad and heavy; some big, some little, as Tully, *de Fato*, Plato in *Timæo*, Vegetius and Bodin proves at large, *method.*, *cap.* 5; some soft and some hardy, barbarous, civil, black, dun, white,—is it from the air, from the soil, influence of stars, or some other secret cause? Why doth Africa breed so many venomous beasts, Ireland none? Athens owls, Crete none? Why hath Daulis and Thebes no swallows—so Pausanius informeth us—as well as the rest of Greece, Ithaca no hares, Pontus asses, Scythia swine? whence come this variety of complexions, colors, plants, birds, beasts, metals, peculiar almost to every place? Why so many thousand strange birds and beasts proper to America alone, as Acosta demands, *lib.* 4, *cap.* 36; were they created in the six days, or ever in Noah's Ark? If there, why are they not dispersed and found in other countries? It is a thing, saith he, hath long

held me in suspense; no Greek, Latin, Hebrew ever heard of them before and yet as differing from our European animals as an egg and a chestnut; and which is more, kine, horses, sheep, etc., till the Spaniards brought them, were never heard of in those parts. How comes it to pass that in the same site, in one latitude, to such as are *periæci*, there should be such difference of soil, complexion, color, metal, air, etc? The Spaniards are white, and so are Italians, when as the inhabitants about *Caput Bonæ Spei* are blackamoors, and yet both alike distant from the Equator; nay, they that dwell in the same parallel line with these negroes, as about the Straits of Magellan, are white-colored, and yet some in Presbyter John's country in Ethiopia are dun; they in Zeilan and Malabar, parallel with them again, black. Manamotapa in Africa and St. Thomas' Isle are extreme hot, both under the Line, coal-black their inhabitants; whereas in Peru they are quite opposite in color, very temperate, or rather cold, and yet both alike elevated. Moscow in 53 degrees of latitude extreme cold, as those northern countries usually are, having one perpetual hard frost all winter long; and in 52 deg. lat. sometimes hard frost and snow all summer, as in Button's Bay, etc., or by fits; and yet England near the same latitude and Ireland, very moist, warm, and more temperate in winter than Spain, Italy, or France. Is it the sea that causeth this difference and the air that comes from it? Why then is Ister so cold near the Euxine, Pontus, Bithynia, and all Thrace? *frigidas regiones* Maginus calls them, and yet their latitude is but 42, which should be hot. Quevira, or Nova Albion, in America, bordering on the sea, was so cold in July that our Englishmen could hardly endure it. At Noremberga in 45 lat. all the sea is frozen ice, and yet in a more southern latitude than ours. New England and the Island of Cambrial Colchos, which that noble gentleman Mr. Vaughan, or Orpheus Junior, describes in his Golden Fleece, is in the same latitude with Little Britain in France, and yet their winter begins not till January, their spring till May; which search he accounts worthy of an astrologer; is this from the easterly

winds, or melting of ice and snow dissolved within the Circle Arctic? or that the air being thick, is longer before it be warm by the sunbeams and once heated like an oven will keep itself from cold? Our climes breed lice, Hungary and Ireland *male audiunt* in this kind; come to the Azores, by a secret virtue of that air they are instantly consumed, and all our European vermin almost, saith Ortelius. Egypt is watered with Nilus not far from the sea, and yet there it seldom or never rains. Rhodes, an island of the same nature, yields not a cloud, and yet our island's ever dropping and inclining to rain. The Atlantic Ocean is still subject to storms, but in Del Zur, or *Mari Pacifico*, seldom or never any. Is it from tropic stars, *apertio portarum*, in the dodecatemories or constellations, the moon's mansions, such aspects of planets, such winds, or dissolving air, or thick air, which causeth this and the like differences of heat and cold? Bodin relates of a Portugal ambassador, that coming from Lisbon to Danzig in Spruce, found greater heat there than at any time at home. Don Garcia de Silva, legate to Philip 3, King of Spain, residing at Ispahan in Persia, 1619, in his letter to the Marquess of Bedmar makes mention of greater cold in Ispahan, whose lat. is 31 gr., than ever he felt in Spain or any other part of Europe. The Torrid Zone was by our predecessors held to be uninhabitable, but by our modern travellers found to be most temperate, bedewed with frequent rains, and moistening showers, the breeze and cooling blasts in some parts, as Acosta describes, most pleasant and fertile. Arica in Chile is by report one of the sweetest places that ever the sun shined upon, *Olympus terræ*, an heaven on earth. How incomparably do some extol Mexico in Nova Hispania, Peru, Brazil, etc.? In some again hard, dry, sandy, barren, a very desert, and still in the same latitude. Many times we find great diversity of air in the same country by reason of the site to seas, hills, or dales, want of water, nature of soil, and the like; as in Spain Arragon is *aspera et sicca*, harsh and evil inhabited, Estremadura is dry, sandy, barren most part, extreme hot by reason of his plains, Andalusia another

paradise, Valencia a most pleasant air and continually green; so is it about Granada, on the one side fertile plains, on the other continual snow to be seen all summer long on the hill tops. That their houses in the Alps are three quarters of the year covered with snow, who knows not? That Teneriff is so cold at the top, extreme hot at the bottom. *Mons Atlas* in Africa, *Libanus* in Palestina, with many such, *tantos inter ardores fidos nivibus* Tacitus calls them, and Radzivilus, *epist.* 2, *fol.* 27, yields it to be far hotter there than in any part of Italy. 'Tis true; but they are highly elevated, near the middle region, and therefore cold, *ob paucam solarium radiorum refractionem*, as Serrarius answers, *com. in* 3 *cap.*, *Iosua*, *quæst.* 5, *Abulensis*, *quæst.* 37. In the heat of summer in the Kings' Palace in Escorial the air is most temperate by reason of a cold blast which comes from the snowy mountains of Sierra de Cadarama hard by, when as in Toledo it is very hot; so in all other countries. The causes of these alterations are commonly by reason of their nearness, I say, to the middle region. But this diversity of air in places equally site,²³ elevated, and distant from the Pole can hardly be satisfied with that diversity of plants, birds, beasts which is so familiar with us; with Indians, everywhere, the sun is equally distant, the same vertical stars, the same irradiations of planets, aspects alike, the same nearness of seas, the same superficies, the same soil, or not much different. Under the Equator itself amongst the Sierras, Andes, Lanos, as Herrera, Laet, and Acosta contend, there is *tam mirabilis et inopinata varietas*, such variety of weather, *ut merito exerceat ingenia*, that no philosophy can yet find out the true cause of it. When I consider how temperate it is in one place, saith Acosta, within the Tropic of Capricorn, as about La Plata, and yet hard by at Potosi, in that same altitude, mountainous alike, extreme cold; extreme hot in Brazil, etc. *Hic ego*, saith Acosta, *philosophiam Aristotelis meteorologicam vehementer irrisi, cum*, etc., when the sun comes nearest to them, they have great tempests, storms, thunder and lightning, great store of rain and snow; and

the foulest weather when the sun is vertical, their rivers overflow, the morning fair and hot, noon-day cold and moist; all which is opposite to us. How comes it to pass? Scaliger, *poetices*, l. 3, c. 16, discourseth thus of this subject. How comes or wherefore is this *temeraria siderum dispositio*, this rash placing of stars, or as Epicurus will, *fortuita*, or accidental? Why are some big, some little, why are they so confusedly, unequally situated in the heavens and set so much out of order? In all other things nature is equal, proportionable, and constant; there be *iustæ dimensiones et prudens partium dispositio*, as in the fabric of man, his eyes, ears, nose, face, members are correspondent, *cur non idem cælo opere omnium pulcherrimo*? Why are the heavens so irregular, *neque paribus molibus, neque paribus intervallis*, whence is this difference? *Diversos*, he concludes, *efficere locorum genios*, to make diversity of countries, soils, manners, customs, characters, and constitutions among us, *ut quantum vicinia ad caritatem addat, sidera distrahant ad perniciem*, and so by this means *fluvio vel monte distincti sunt dissimiles*, the same places almost shall be distinguished in manners. But this reason is weak and most insufficient. The fixed stars are removed since Ptolemy's time 26 gr. from the first of Aries, and if the earth be immovable, as their site varies, so should countries vary, and divers alterations would follow. But this we perceive not; as in Tully's time with us in Britain, *cælum visu fædum, et in quo facile generatur nubes*, etc., 'tis so still. Wherefore Bodin, *Theat. Nat.*, lib. 2, and some others will have all these alterations and effects immediately proceed from those *genii*, spirits, angels, which rule and domineer in several places; they cause storms, thunder, lightning, earthquakes, ruins, tempests, great winds, floods, etc. The philosophers of Conimbra will refer this diversity to the influence of that empyrean heaven; for some say the eccentricity of the sun is come nearer to the earth than in Ptolemy's time, the virtue therefore of all the vegetables is decayed, men grow less, etc. There are [those] that observe new motions of the

heavens, new stars, *palantia sidera*, comets, clouds, call them what you will, like those Medicean, Bourbonian, Austrian planets lately detected, which do not decay but come and go, rise higher and lower, hide and show themselves amongst the fixed stars, amongst the planets, above and beneath the moon at set times, now nearer, now farther off, together, asunder; as he that plays upon a sackbut by pulling it up and down alters his tones and tunes, do they their stations and places, though to us undiscerned; and from those motions proceed, as they conceive, divers alterations. Clavius conjectures otherwise, but they be but conjectures. About Damascus in Cœli-Syria is a paradise by reason of the plenty of waters, *in promptu causa est*, and the deserts of Arabia barren because of rocks, rolling seas of sands, and dry mountains, *quod inaquosa*, saith Adricomius, *montes habens asperos, saxosos, præcipites, horroris et mortis speciem præ se ferentes*, uninhabitable therefore of men, birds, beasts, void of all green trees, plants, and fruits, a vast, rocky, horrid wilderness, which by no art can be manured, 'tis evident. Bohemia is cold for that it lies all along to the north. But why should it be so hot in Egypt, or there never rain? Why should those Etesian and north-eastern winds blow continually and constantly so long together in some places at set times, one way still, in the dog-days only; here perpetual drought, there dropping showers; here foggy mists, there a pleasant air; here terrible thunder and lightning at such set seasons, here frozen seas all the year; there open in the same latitude, to the rest no such thing, nay, quite opposite is to be found? Sometimes, as in Peru, on the one side of the mountains it is hot, on the other cold, here snow, there wind, with infinite such. Fromundus in his Meteors will excuse or solve all this by the sun's motion, but when there is such diversity to such as *periæci*, or very near site, how can that position hold?

Who can give a reason of this diversity of meteors? that it should rain stones, frogs, mice, etc., rats, which they call *Lemmer* in Norway and are manifestly observed, as Munster writes, by the inhabitants to de-

scend and fall with some feculent showers and like so many locusts consume all that is green. Leo Afer speaks as much of locusts, about Fez in Barbary there be infinite swarms in their fields upon a sudden. So at Arles in France, 1553, the like happened by the same mischief, all their grass and fruits were devoured, *magna incolarum admiratione et consternatione*, as Valleriola, *obser. med., lib. 1, obser. 1*, relates, *cælum subito obumbrabant*, etc.; he concludes, it could not be from natural causes, they cannot imagine whence they come but from heaven. Are these and such creatures, corn, wood, stones, worms, wool, blood, etc., lifted up into the middle region by the sunbeams, as Baracellus the physician disputes, and thence let fall with showers, or there engendered? Cornelius Gemma is of that opinion that they are conceived by celestial influences. Others suppose they are immediately from God or prodigies raised by art and illusions of spirits which are princes of the air; to whom Bodin, *lib. 2, Theat. Nat.*, subscribes. In fine, of meteors in general Aristotle's reasons are exploded by Bernardinus Telesius, by Paracelsus his Principles confuted and other causes assigned, sal, sulphur, mercury, in which his disciples are so expert that they can alter elements and separate at their pleasure, make perpetual motions, not as Cardan, Tasneir, Peregrinus by some magnetical virtue but by mixture of elements; imitate thunder, like Salmoneus, snow, hail, the sea's ebbing and flowing, give life to creatures, as they say, without generation, and what not. P. Nonius Saluciensis and Kepler take upon them to demonstrate that no meteors, clouds, fogs, vapors, arise higher than 50 or 80 miles and all the rest to be purer air or element of fire. Which Cardan, Tycho, and John Pena manifestly confute by refractions and many other arguments, there is no such element of fire at all. If, as Tycho proves, the moon be distant from us 50 and 60 semidiameters of the earth, and, as Peter Nonius will have it, the air be so angust,²⁴ what proportion is there betwixt the other three elements and it? to what use serves it? is it full of spirits which inhabit it, as the Paracelsians and Platonists

hold, the higher the more noble, full of birds, or a mere vacuum to no purpose? It is much controverted betwixt Tycho Brahe and Christopher Rotman, the Landgrave of Hesse's mathematician, in their astronomical epistles, whether it be the same *diaphanum*, clearness, matter of air and heavens, or two distinct essences. Christopher Rotman, John Pena, Jordanus Brunus, with many other late mathematicians, contend it is the same and one matter throughout, saving that the higher still the purer it is and more subtle; as they find by experience in the top of some hills in America; if a man ascend, he faints instantly for want of thicker air to refrigerate the heat. Acosta, l. 3, c. 9, calls this mountain Periacacea in Peru, it makes men cast and vomit, he saith, that climb it, as some other of those Andes do in the deserts of Chile for 500 miles together and for extremity of cold to lose their fingers and toes. Tycho will have two distinct matters of heaven and air; but to say truth, with some small qualification, they have one and the selfsame opinion about the essence and matter of heavens; that it is not hard and impenetrable, as Peripatetics hold, transparent, of a *quinta essentia*,²⁵ "but that it is penetrable and soft as the air itself is, and that the planets move in it, as birds in the air, fishes in the sea." This they prove by motion of comets and otherwise, though Claremontius in his Antitycho stiffly oppose, which are not generated, as Aristotle teacheth, in the aerial region, of a hot and dry exhalation, and so consumed; but as Anaxagoras and Democritus held of old of a celestial matter, and as Tycho, Eliseus, Roeslin, Thaddeus, Haggiesius, Pena, Rotman, Fracastorius demonstrate by their progress, parallaxes, refractions, motions of the planets, which interfere and cut one another's orbs, now higher, and then lower, as $\odot$ ²⁶ amongst the rest, which sometimes, as Kepler confirms by his own and Tycho's accurate observations, comes nearer the earth than the $\odot$,²⁷ and is again eftsoons aloft in Jupiter's orb; and other sufficient reasons, far above the moon; exploding in the meantime that ele-

ment of fire, those fictitious first watery movers, those heavens I mean above the firmament which Delrio, Lodovicus Imola, Patricius, and many of the fathers affirm; those monstrous orbs of eccentrics and *eccentre epicycles deserentes*,—which howsoever Ptolemy, Alhasen, Vitellio, Purbachius, Maginus, Clavius, and many of their associates stiffly maintain to be real orbs, eccentric, concentric, circles equant, etc.,—are absurd and ridiculous. For who is so mad to think that there should be so many circles like subordinate wheels in a clock all impenetrable and hard, as they feign, add, and subtract at their pleasure? Maginus makes eleven heavens, subdivided into their orbs and circles, and all too little to serve those particular appearances; Fracastorius 72 homocentrics; Tycho Brahe, Nicholas Ramerus, Heliseus Roeslin, have peculiar hypotheses of their own inventions; and they be but inventions, as most of them acknowledge, as we admit of equators, tropics, colors, circles, Arctic and Antarctic, for doctrine's sake, though Ramus think them all unnecessary; they will have them supposed only for method and order. Tycho hath feigned I know not how many subdivisions of epicycles in epicycles, etc., to calculate and express the moon's motion. But when all is done, as a supposition and no otherwise; not, as he holds, hard, impenetrable, subtle, transparent, etc., or making music, as Pythagoras maintained of old and Robert Constantine of late, but still quiet, liquid, open, etc.

If the heavens then be penetrable, as these men deliver, and no lets,²⁸ it were not amiss in this aerial progress to make wings and fly up, which that Turk in Busbequius made his fellow-citizens in Constantinople believe he would perform; and some new-fangled wits, methinks, should some time or other find out; or if that may not be, yet with a Galileo's glass or Icaromenippus' wings in Lucian command the spheres and heavens and see what is done amongst them. Whether there be generation and corruption, as some think, by reason of ethereal comets, that in Cassiopea, 1572,

²⁵ The "fifth essence," by means of which the alchemists hoped to change the nature of material substances composed of the four elements.

²⁶ Mars.

²⁷ The sun.

²⁸ Barriers, hindrances.

that in Cygno, 1600, that in Sagittarius, 1604, and many like, which by no means Jul. Cæsar la Galla, that Italian philosopher, in his physical disputation with Galileo *de phænomenis in orbe lunæ, cap. 9*, will admit; or that they were created *ab initio*, and show themselves at set times; and as Heliseus Roeslin contends, have poles, axletrees, circles of their own, and regular motions. For *non pereunt, sed minuuntur et disparent*, Blancanus holds, they come and go by fits, casting their tails still from the sun; some of them as a burning-glass projects the sunbeams from it; though not always neither; for sometimes a comet casts his tail from Venus, as Tycho observes. And as Heliseus Roeslin of some others, from the moon, with little stars about them, *ad stuporem astronomorum; cum multis aliis in cælo miraculis*, all which argue, with those Medicean, Austrian, and Burbonian stars, that the heaven of the planets is indistinct, pure, and open in which the planets move *certis legibus ac metis*. Examine likewise *an cælum sit coloratum?* Whether the stars be of that bigness, distance, as astronomers relate, so many in number, 1,026 or 1,725, as I. Bayerus; or as some rabbins, 29,000 myriads; or as Galileo discovers by his glasses, infinite, and that *via lactea* a confused light of small stars like so many nails in a door; or all in a row like those 12,000 isles of the Maldives in the Indian Ocean? Whether the least visible star in the eighth sphere be 18 times bigger than the earth, and as Tycho calculates, 14,000 semidiameters distant from it? Whether they be thicker parts of the orbs, as Aristotle delivers, or so many habitable worlds, as Democritus? Whether they have light of their own, or from the sun, or give light round, as Patritius discourseth? *An æque distent a centro mundi?* Whether light be of their essence; and that light be a substance or an accident? Whether they be hot by themselves, or by accident cause heat? Whether there be such a precession of the equinoxes as Copernicus holds, or that the eighth sphere move? *An bene philosophentur* R. Bacon et J. Dee, *Aphorism. de multiplicatione specierum?* Whether there be any such images ascending with each degree of

the Zodiac in the east, as Aliacensis feigns? *An aqua super cælum?* as Patritius and the Schoolmen will, a crystalline watery heaven, which is certainly to be understood of that in the middle region? for otherwise, if at Noah's Flood the water came from thence, it must be above an hundred years falling down to us, as some calculate. Besides, *an terra sit animata?* which some so confidently believe with Orpheus, Hermes, Averroes, from which all other souls of men, beasts, devils, plants, fishes, etc., are derived and into which again, after some revolutions, as Plato in his *Timæus*, Plotinus in his *Enneades* more largely discuss, they return (see Chalcidius and Bennius, Plato's commentators) as all philosophical matter in *materiam primam*. Keplerus, Patritius, and some other neoterics have in part revived this opinion, and that every star in heaven hath a soul, angel, or intelligence to animate or move it, etc. Or to omit all smaller controversies as matters of less moment and examine that main paradox of the earth's motion now so much in question. Aristarchus Samius, Pythagoras maintained it of old, Democritus and many of their scholars, Didacus Astunica, Anthony Fascarinus, a Carmelite, and some other commentators will have Job to insinuate as much, *cap. 9, ver. 6, qui commovet terram de loco suo*, etc., and that this one place of Scripture makes more for the earth's motion than all the other prove against it; whom Pineda confutes, most contradict. Howsoever, it is revived since by Copernicus, not as a truth but a supposition, as he confesseth himself in the preface to Pope Nicholas, but now maintained in good earnest by Calcagninus, Telesius, Kepler, Rotman, Gilbert, Digges, Galileus, Campanella, and especially by Lansbergius, *naturæ, rationi, et veritati consentaneum*, by Origanus, and some others of his followers. For if the earth be the centre of the world, stand still, and the heavens move, as the most received opinion is, which they call *inordinatam cæli dispositionem*, though stiffly maintained by Tycho, Ptolemeus, and their adherents, *quis ille furor?* etc., what fury is that, saith Dr. Gilbert, *satis animose*, as Cabeus notes, that shall drive the heavens about with such incomprehen-

sible celerity in 24 hours, when as every point of the firmament and in the Equator must needs move, so Clavius calculates, 176,660 in one 246th part of an hour; and an arrow out of a bow must go seven times about the earth whilst a man can say an *Ave Maria* if it keep the same space or compass the earth 1,884 times in an hour, which is *supra humanum cogitationem*, beyond human conceit, *ocior et jaculo, et ventos, æquante sagitta*. A man could not ride so much ground, going 40 miles a day, in 2,904 years as the firmament goes in 24 hours; or so much in 203 years as the said firmament in one minute; *quod incredibile videtur*. And the Pole Star, which to our thinking scarce moveth out of his place, goeth a bigger circuit than the sun, whose diameter is much larger than the diameter of the heaven of the sun and 20,000 semidiameters of the earth from us with the rest of the fixed stars, as Tycho proves. To avoid therefore these impossibilities, they ascribe a triple motion of the earth, the sun immovable in the centre of the whole world, the earth centre of the moon alone, above ♀ and ♂, beneath, ♄, ♀, ♂,²⁹ or as Origenus and others will, one single motion to the earth still placed in the centre of the world, which is more probable, a single motion to the firmament, which moves in 30 or 26 thousand years; and so the planets, Saturn in 30 years absolves his sole and proper motion, Jupiter in 12, Mars in 3, etc., and so solve all appearances better than any way whatsoever, calculate all motions, be they in *longum* or *latum*, direct, stationary, retrograde, ascent or descent, without epicycles, intricate eccentrics; etc., *rectius commodiusque per unicum motum terræ*, saith Lansbergius, much more certain than by those Alphonsine or any such tables which are grounded from those other suppositions. And 'tis true, they say, according to optic principles, the visible appearances of the planets do so indeed answer to their magnitudes and orbs and come nearest to mathematical observations and precedent calculations; there is no repugnancy to physical axioms because no penetration of orbs. But then between the sphere of Saturn and the firmament³⁰ there

is such an incredible and vast space of distance — 7,000,000 semidiameters of the earth, as Tycho calculates — void of stars. And besides, they do so enhance the bigness of the stars, enlarge their circuit to solve those ordinary objections of parallaxes and retrogradations of the fixed stars, that alteration of the poles, elevation in several places or latitude of cities here on earth; for, say they, if a man's eye were in the firmament, he should not at all discern that great annual motion of the earth, but it would still appear *punctum indivisibile* and seem to be fixed in one place, of the same bigness; that it is quite opposite to reason, to natural philosophy, and all out as absurd as disproportionall, so some will, as prodigious as that of the sun's swift motion of heavens. But *hoc posito*, to grant this their tenet of the earth's motion, if the earth move, it is a planet and shines to them in the moon and to the other planetary inhabitants as the moon and they do to us upon the earth. But shine she doth, as Galileo, Kepler, and others prove, and then *per consequens* the rest of the planets are inhabited as well as the moon, which he grants in his dissertation with Galileo's *Nuncius Sidereus*, "that there be Jovial and Saturn inhabitants," etc., and those several planets have their several moons about them as the earth hath hers, as Galileus hath already evinced by his glasses, four about Jupiter, two about Saturn (Sitius the Florentine, Fortunius Licetus, and Jul. Cæsar la Galla cavil at it) yet Kepler, the emperor's mathematician, confirms out of his experience that he saw as much by the same help and more about Mars, Venus; and the rest they hope to find out peradventure even amongst the fixed stars, which Brunus and Brutius have already averred. Then, I say, the earth and they be planets alike, inhabited alike, moved about the sun, the common centre of the world alike, and it may be those two green children which Nubrigensis speaks of in his time, that fell from heaven, came from thence; and that famous stone that fell from heaven in Aristotle's time, Olymp. 84, *anno tertio, ad Capuæ Fluenta*, recorded by Laertius and others, or ancile

²⁹ Venus, Mercury, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars. ³⁰ The planets Uranus and Neptune had not yet been discovered.

or buckler in Numa's time recorded by Festus. We may likewise insert with Campanella and Brunus that which Pythagoras, Aristarchus Samius, Heraclitus, Epicurus, Melissus, Democritus, Leucippus maintained in their ages, there be infinite worlds and infinite earths or systems in *infinito æthere*, which Eusebius collects out of their tenets, because infinite stars and planets like unto this of ours, which some stick not still to maintain and publicly defend, *sperabundus expecto innumerabilium mundorum in æternitate perambulationem*, etc. (Nic. Hill, *Londinensis, philos. Epicur.*). For if the firmament be of such an incomparable bigness as these Copernical giants will have it, *infinitum, aut infinito proximum*, so vast and full of innumerable stars as being infinite in extent, one above another, some higher, some lower, some nearer, some farther off, and so far asunder, and those so huge and great, insomuch, that if the whole sphere of Saturn and all that is included in it, *totum aggregatum*, as Fromundus of Louvain in his tract *de immobilitate terræ* argues, *evehatur inter stellas, videri a nobis non poterat, tam immanis est distantia inter tellurem et fixas, sed instar puncti*, etc. If our world be small in respect, why may we not suppose a plurality of worlds, those infinite stars visible in the firmament to be so many suns with particular fixed centres, to have likewise their subordinate planets, as the sun hath his dancing still round him? Which Cardinal Cusanus, Walkarinus, Brunus, and some others have held, and some still maintain, *animæ Aristotelismo innutritæ, et minutis speculationibus assuetæ, secus forsan*, etc. Though they seem close to us, they are infinitely distant, and so *per consequens* there are infinite habitable worlds; what hinders? Why should not an infinite cause, as God is, produce infinite effects? as Nic. Hill, *Democrit. philos.*, disputes. Kepler, I confess, will by no means admit of Brunus' infinite worlds or that the fixed stars should be so many suns with their compassing planets, yet the said Kepler betwixt jest and earnest in his perspectives, lunar geography, *et somnio suo, dissertat. cum nunc sider.* seems in part to agree with this and partly to contradict; for the plan-

ets, he yields them to be inhabited, he doubts of the stars; and so doth Tycho in his astronomical epistles out of a consideration of their variety and greatness break out into some such like speeches, that he will never believe those great and huge bodies were made to no other use than this that we perceive, to illuminate the earth, a point insensible in respect of the whole. But who shall dwell in these vast bodies, earths, worlds "if they be inhabited? rational creatures?" as Kepler demands, "or have they souls to be saved? or do they inhabit a better part of the world than we do? Are we or they lords of the world? And how are all things made for man?" *Difficile est nodum hunc expedire, eo quod nondum omnia quæ huc pertinent explorata habemus*; 'tis hard to determine; this only he proves, that we are in *præcipuo mundi sinu*, in the best place, best world, nearest the heart of the sun. Thomas Campanella, a Calabrian monk, in his second book *de sensu rerum*, cap. 4, subscribes to this of Keplerus; that they are inhabited he certainly supposeth, but with what kind of creatures he cannot say, he labors to prove it by all means, and that there are infinite worlds, having made apology for Galileus, and dedicates this tenet of his to Cardinal Cajetanus. Others freely speak, mutter, and would persuade the world, as Marinus Marcenus complains, that our modern divines are too severe and rigid against mathematicians, ignorant and peevish in not admitting their true demonstrations and certain observations, that they tyrannize over art, science, and all philosophy in suppressing their labors, saith Pomponatius, forbidding them to write, to speak a truth, all to maintain their superstition and for their profit's sake. As for those places of Scripture which oppugn it, they will have spoken *ad captum vulgi*, and if rightly understood and favorably interpreted, not at all against it, and as Otho Casman, *Astrol.*, cap. 1, part. 1, notes, many great divines, besides Porphyrius, Proclus, Simplicius, and those heathen philosophers, *doctrina et ætate venerandi, Mosis Genesin mundanam popularis nescio cuius ruditatis, quæ longa absit a vera philosophorum eruditione, insimulant*; for

Moses makes mention but of two planets, ☉ and ☾,³¹ no 4 elements, etc. Read more in him, in Grossius, and Junius. But to proceed, these and such like insolent and bold attempts, prodigious paradoxes, inferences must needs follow, if it once be granted which Rotman, Kepler, Gilbert, Diggeus, Origanus, Galileus, and others maintain of the earth's motion, that 'tis a planet and shines as the moon doth, which contains in it "both land and sea as the moon doth"; for so they find by their glasses that *maculæ in facie lunæ*, "the brighter parts are earth, the dusky sea," which Thales, Plutarch, and Pythagoras formerly taught, and manifestly discern hills and dales and such like concavities, if we may subscribe to and believe Galileo's observations. But to avoid these paradoxes of the earth's motion, which the Church of Rome hath lately condemned as heretical, as appears by Blancanus' and Fromundus' writings, our latter mathematicians have rolled all the stones that may be stirred; and to solve all appearances and objections have invented new hypotheses and fabricated new systems of the world out of their own Dædalean heads. Fracastorius will have the earth stand still as before; and to avoid that supposition of eccentrics and epicycles, he hath coined 72 homocentrics to solve all appearances. Nicholas Ramerus will have the earth the centre of the world, but movable, and the eighth sphere immovable, the five upper planets to move above the sun, the sun and moon about the earth. Of which orbs, Tycho Brahe puts the earth the centre immovable, the stars immovable, the rest with Ramerus, the planets without orbs to wander in the air, keep time and distance, true motion according to that virtue which God hath given them. Heliseus Roeslin censureth both, with Copernicus (whose hypothesis *de terræ motu* Philippus Lansbergius hath lately vindicated and demonstrated with solid arguments in a just volume, Jansonius Cæsius hath illustrated in a sphere). The said Johannes Lansbergius, 1633, hath since defended his assertion against all the cavils and calumnies of Fromundus his Anti-Aristarchus, Baptista Morinus, and Petrus

Bartholinus; Fromundus, 1634, hath written against him again, J. Rosseus of Aberdeen, etc. (sound drums and trumpets),³² whilst Roeslin, I say, censures all and Ptoleumus himself as insufficient; one offends against natural philosophy, another against optic principles, a third against mathematical, as not answering to astronomical observations; one puts a great space betwixt Saturnus' orb and the eighth sphere, another too narrow. In his own hypothesis he makes the earth as before, the universal centre, the sun to the five upper planets, to the eighth sphere he ascribes diurnal motion, eccentrics and epicycles to the seven planets, which had been formerly exploded; and so

Dum vitant stulti vitia in contraria currunt,

as a tinker stops one hole and makes two, he corrects them and doth worse himself; reforms some, and mars all. In the meantime the world is tossed in a blanket amongst them, they hoist the earth up and down like a ball, make it stand and go at their pleasures; one saith the sun stands, another he moves; a third comes in, taking them all at rebound, and lest there should be any paradox wanting, he finds certain spots and clouds in the sun by the help of glasses which multiply, saith Keplerus, a thing seen a thousand times bigger *in plano* and makes it come 32 times nearer to the eye of the beholder; but see the demonstration of this glass in Tarde, by means of which the sun must turn round upon his own centre, or they about the sun. Fabricius puts only three and those in the sun; Apelles 15 and those without the sun, floating like the Cyanean Isles in the Euxine Sea. Tarde the Frenchman hath observed 33 and those neither spots nor clouds, as Galileus' *Epist. ad Velsenum* supposeth, but planets concentric with the sun and not far from him with regular motions. Christopher Scheiner, a German-Swiss Jesuit, Ursica Rosa, divides them *in maculas et faculas*, and will have them to be fixed *in solis superficie* and to absolve their periodical and regular motion in 27 or 28 days, holding withal the rotation of the sun upon his centre; and are all so confident that

³¹ The sun and the moon.

³² Burton's sense of humor begins to get the best of him.

they have made schemes and tables of their motions. The Hollander in his *dissertation-cula cum Apelle* censures all; and thus they disagree amongst themselves, old and new, irreconcilable in their opinions; thus Aristarchus, thus Hipparchus, thus Ptolemæus, thus Albateginus, thus Alfraganus, thus Tycho, thus Ramerus, thus Roeslinus, thus Fracastorius, thus Copernicus and his adherents, thus Clavius and Maginus, etc., with their followers vary and determine of these celestial orbs and bodies; and so whilst these men contend about the sun and moon, like the philosophers in Lucian, it is to be feared the sun and moon will hide themselves and be as much offended as she was with those and send another message to Jupiter by some newfangled Icaromenippus to make an end of all those curious controversies and scatter them abroad.

But why should the sun and moon be angry or take exceptions at mathematicians and philosophers? when as the like measure is offered unto God himself by a company of theologasters. They are not contented to see the sun and moon, measure their site and biggest distance in a glass, calculate their motions, or visit the moon in a poetical fiction or a dream, as he saith, *Audax facinus et memorabile nunc incipiam, neque hoc sæculo usurpatum prius, quid in lunæ regno hac nocte gestum sit exponam, et quo nemo unquam nisi somniando pervenit*, but he and Menippus, or as Peter Cuneus, *Bona fide agam, nihil eorum quæ scripturus sum, verum esse scitote*, etc., *quæ nec facta, nec futura sunt, dicam, stili tantum et ingenii causa*, not in jest but in good earnest these gigantic Cyclops will transcend spheres, heaven, stars into that empyrean heaven, soar higher yet, and see what God himself doth. The Jewish Talmudists take upon them to determine how God spends his whole time, sometimes playing with Leviathan, sometimes overseeing the world, etc., like Lucian's Jupiter, that spent much of the year in painting butterflies' wings and seeing who offered sacrifice, telling the hours when it should rain, how much snow should fall in such a place, which way the wind should stand in Greece, which way in Africa. In the Turks' Alcoran Mahomet is taken up to heaven upon a

Pegasus sent a purpose for him as he lay in bed with his wife, and after some conference with God is set on ground again. The pagans paint him and mangle him after a thousand fashions; our heretics, schismatics, and some Schoolmen come not far behind; some paint him in the habit of an old man and make maps of heaven, number the angels, tell their several names, offices; some deny God and his providence, some take his office out of his hand, will bind and loose in heaven, release, pardon, forgive, and be quartermaster with him; some call his godhead in question, his power, and attributes, his mercy, justice, providence; they will know with Cecilius why good and bad are punished together, war, fires, plagues infest all alike, why wicked men flourish, good are poor, in prison, sick, and ill at ease. Why doth he suffer so much mischief and evil to be done if he be able to help? why doth he not assist good or resist bad, reform our wills, if he be not the author of sin, and let such enormities be committed unworthy of his knowledge, wisdom, government, mercy, and providence, why lets he all things be done by fortune and chance? Others as prodigiously inquire after his omnipotency, *an possit plures similes creare deos? an ex scarabæo deum? etc., et quo demum ruetis sacrificuli?* Some by visions and revelations take upon them to be familiar with God and to be of privy council with him; they will tell how many and who shall be saved, when the world shall come to an end, what year, what month, and whatsoever else God hath reserved unto himself and to his angels. Some again, curious fantastics, will know more than this, and inquire with Epicurus, what God did before the world was made? was he idle? Where did he bide? What did he make the world of? Why did he then make it and not before? If he made it new, or to have an end, how is he unchangeable, infinite, etc.? Some will dispute, cavil, and object, as Julian did of old, whom Cyril confutes, as Simon Magus is feigned to do in that dialogue betwixt him and Peter; and Ammonius the philosopher in that dialogical disputation with Zacharias the Christian. If God be infinitely and only good, why should he alter or destroy the world? If he

confound that which is good, how shall himself continue good? If he pull it down because evil, how shall he be free from the evil that made it evil? etc. With many such absurd and brainsick questions, intricacies, froth of human wit, and excrements of curiosity, etc., which, as our Savior told his inquisitive disciples, are not fit for them to know. But hoo! I am now gone quite out of sight, I am almost giddy with roving about. I could have ranged farther yet; but I am an infant and not able to dive into these profundities or sound these depths; not able to understand, much less to discuss. I leave the contemplation of these things to stronger wits, that have better ability and happier leisure to wade into such philosophical mysteries. For put case I were as able as willing, yet what can one man do? I will conclude with Scaliger, *Nequaquam nos homines sumus, sed partes hominis, ex omnibus aliquid fieri potest, idque non magnum; ex singulis fere nihil.* Besides, as Nazianzen hath it, *Deus latere nos multa voluit*, and with Seneca, *cap. 35, de Cometis, Quid miramur tam rara mundi spectacula non teneri certis legibus, nondum intelligi? multæ sunt gentes quæ tantum de facie sciunt cælum, veniet tempus fortasse, quo ista quæ nunc latent in lucem dies extrahat longioris ævi diligentia, una ætas non sufficit, posteri, etc.*, when God sees his time, he will reveal these mysteries to mortal men and show that to some few at last which he hath concealed so long. For I am of his mind that Columbus did not find out America by chance but God directed him at that time to discover it; it was contingent to him, but necessary to God; he reveals and conceals to whom and when he will. And which one said of histories and records of former times, "God in his providence to check our presumptuous inquisition wraps up all things in uncertainty, bars us from long antiquity, and bounds our search within the compass of some few ages." Many good things are lost which our predecessors made use of, as Pancirola will better inform you; many new things are daily invented to the public good; so kingdoms, men, and knowledge ebb and flow, are hid and revealed, and when you have all done, as the preacher concluded,

Nihil est sub sole novum. But my melancholy spaniel's quest, my game is sprung, and I must suddenly come down and follow.

Jason Pratensis, in his book *de morbis capitis* and chapter of melancholy, hath these words out of Galen, "Let them come to me to know what meat and drink they shall use, and besides that, I will teach them what temper of ambient air they shall make choice of, what wind, what countries they shall choose, and what avoid." Out of which lines of his thus much we may gather, that to this cure of melancholy, amongst other things, the rectification of air is necessarily required. This is performed either in reforming natural or artificial air. Natural is that which is in our election to choose or avoid, and 'tis either general, to countries, provinces; particular, to cities, towns, villages, or private houses. What harm those extremes of heat or cold do in this malady I have formerly showed. The medium must needs be good where the air is temperate, serene, quiet, free from bogs, fens, mists, all manner of putrefaction, contagious and filthy noisome smells. The Egyptians by all geographers are commended to be *hilares*, a conceited and merry nation; which I can ascribe to no other cause than the serenity of their air. They that live in the Orcades are registered by Hector Boethius and Cardan to be fair of complexion, long-lived, most healthful, free from all manner of infirmities of body and mind by reason of a sharp purifying air which comes from the sea. The Bœotians in Greece were dull and heavy, *crassi Bœoti*, by reason of a foggy air in which they lived,

Bœotum in crasso iurares aere natum,

Attica most acute, pleasant, and refined. The clime changeth not so much customs, manners, wits, as Aristotle, *Polit., lib. 6, cap. 4*, Vegetius, Plato, Bodin, *method. hist., cap. 5*, hath proved at large, as constitutions of their bodies and temperature itself. In all particular provinces we see it confirmed by experience, as the air is so are the inhabitants, dull, heavy, witty, subtle, neat, cleanly, clownish, sick, and sound. In Perigord in France the air is subtle, healthful, seldom any plague, or contagious

disease, but hilly and barren; the men sound, nimble, and lusty; but in some parts of Guienne full of moors and marshes, the people dull, heavy, subject to many infirmities. Who sees not a great difference betwixt Surrey, Sussex, and Romney Marsh, the wolds in Lincolnshire and the fens. He therefore that loves his health, if his ability will give him leave, must often shift places and make choice of such as are wholesome, pleasant, and convenient. There is nothing better than change of air in this malady and generally for health to wander up and down, as those *Tartari Zamolhenses* that live in hordes and take opportunity of times, places, seasons. The kings of Persia had their summer and winter houses; in winter at Sardis, in summer at Susa; now at Persepolis, then at Pasargada. Cyrus lived seven cold months at Babylon, three at Susa, two at Ecbatana, saith Xenophon, and had by that means a perpetual spring. The Great Turk sojourns sometimes at Constantinople, sometimes at Adrianople, etc. The kings of Spain have their Escorial in heat of summer, Madrid for an wholesome seat, Valladolid, a pleasant site, etc., a variety of *secessus*, as all princes and great men have, and their several progresses to this purpose. Lucullus the Roman had his house at Rome, at Baiæ, etc. When Cn. Pompeius, Marcus Cicero, saith Plutarch, and many noblemen in the summer came to see him, at supper Pompeius jested with him that it was an elegant and pleasant village, full of windows, galleries, and all offices fit for a summer house, but in his judgment very unfit for winter; Lucullus made answer that the lord of the house had wit like a crane that changeth her country with the season; he had other houses furnished and built for that purpose all out as commodious as this. So Tully had his Tusculan, Plinius his Lauretan village, and every gentleman of any fashion in our times hath the like. The Bishop of Exeter had 14 several houses all furnished in times past. In Italy, though they bide in cities in winter, which is more gentlemanlike, all the summer they come abroad to their country-houses to recreate themselves. Our gentry in England live most part in the country, except it be some few castles, building still

in bottoms, saith Jovius, or near woods — *corona arborum virentium*, you shall know a village by a tuft of trees at or about it — to avoid those strong winds wherewith the island is infested and cold winter blasts. Some discommend moated houses as unwholesome; so Camden saith of Ewelme, that it was therefore unfrequented *ob stagni vicini halitus*; and all such places as be near lakes or rivers. But I am of opinion that these inconveniences will be mitigated or easily corrected by good fires, as one reports of Venice, that *graveolentia* and fog of the moors is sufficiently qualified by those innumerable smokes. Nay more, Thomas Philol. Ravennas, a great physician, contends that the Venetians are generally longer-lived than any city in Europe and live many of them 120 years. But it is not water simply that so much offends as the slime and noisome smells that accompany such overflowed places, which is but at some few seasons after a flood and is sufficiently recompensed with sweet smells and aspects in summer, *Ver pinget vario gemmantia prata colore*, and many other commodities of pleasure and profit; or else may be corrected by the site if it be somewhat remote from the water, as Lindley, Orton-super-montem, Drayton, or a little more elevated, though nearer, as Caucut, as Amington, Polesworth, Weddington, to insist in such places best to me known, upon the River of Anker in Warwickshire, Swarston, and Drakesly-upon-Trent. Or howsoever they be unseasonable in winter or at some times, they have their good use in summer. If so be that their means be so slender as they may not admit of any such variety but must determine once for all and make one house serve each season, I know no men that have given better rules in this behalf than our husbandry writers. Cato and Columella prescribe a good house to stand by a navigable river, good highways, near some city, and in a good soil; but that is more for commodity than health.

The best soil commonly yields the worst air, a dry sandy plat is fittest to build upon and such as is rather hilly than plain, full of downs, a Cotswold country, as being most commodious for hawking, hunting, wood,

waters, and all manner of pleasures. Perigord in France is barren, yet by reason of the excellency of the air and such pleasures that it affords much inhabited by the nobility; as Nuremberg in Germany, Toledo in Spain. Our countryman Tusser will tell us so much, that the fieldone is for profit, the woodland for pleasure and health, the one commonly a deep clay, therefore noisome in winter, and subject to bad highways, the other a dry sand. Provision may be had elsewhere, and our towns are generally bigger in the woodland than the fieldone, more frequent and populous, and gentlemen more delight to dwell in such places. Sutton Coldfield in Warwickshire, where I was once a grammar scholar, may be a sufficient witness, which stands, as Camden notes, *loco ingrato et sterili*, but in an excellent air and full of all manner of pleasures. Wadley in Berkshire is situate in a vale, though not so fertile a soil as some vales afford, yet a most commodious site, wholesome, in a delicious air, a rich and pleasant seat. So Segrave in Leicestershire, which town I am now bound to remember,³³ is sited in a champaign at the edge of the wolds and more barren than the villages about it, yet no place likely yields a better air. And he that built that fair house Wolterton in Nottinghamshire is much to be commended, though the tract be sandy and barren about it, for making choice of such a place. Constantine, *lib. 2, cap. de agricult.*, praiseth mountains, hilly, steep places above the rest by the seaside and such as look toward the north upon some great river, as Farmack in Derbyshire on the Trent, environed with hills, open only to the north, like Mount Edgecombe in Cornwall, which Mr. Carew so much admires for an excellent seat; such as is the general site of Bohemia; *serenat Boreas*, the north wind clarifies, "but near lakes or marshes, in holes, obscure places, or to the south and west he utterly disapproves," those winds are unwholesome, putrefying, and make men subject to diseases. The best building for health, according to him, is in "high places and in an excellent prospect," like that of Cuddeston in Oxfordshire, which place I

must *honoris ergo* mention, is lately and fairly built in a good air, good prospect, good soil, both for profit and pleasure, not so easily to be matched. P. Crescentius, in his *lib. 1 de agric., cap. 5*, is very copious in this subject how a house should be wholesomely sited, in a good coast, good air, wind, etc. Varro, *de re rust., lib. 1, cap. 12*, forbids lakes and rivers, marshy and manured grounds; they cause a bad air, gross diseases, hard to be cured; "if it be so that he cannot help it, better," as he adviseth, "sell thy house and land than lose thine health." He that respects not this in choosing of his seat or building his house is *mente captus*, mad, Cato saith, "and his dwelling next to hell itself," according to Columella; he commends in conclusion the middle of an hill, upon a descent. Baptista Porta, *Villæ, l. 1, cap. 22*, censures Varro, Cato, Columella, and those ancient rustics, approving many things, disallowing some, and will by all means have the front of an house stand to the south; which how it may be good in Italy and hotter climes I know not, in our northern countries I am sure it is best. Stephanus, a Frenchman, *prædio rustic., lib. 1, cap. 4*, subscribes to this, approving especially the descent of an hill south or south-east, with trees to the north, so that it be well watered, a condition in all sites which must not be omitted, as Herbastain inculcates, *lib. 1*. Julius Cæsar Claudinus, a physician, *consult. 24*, for a nobleman in Poland melancholy given adviseth him to dwell in a house inclining to the east and by all means to provide the air be clear and sweet; which Montanus, *consil. 229*, counsellethe the Earl of Monfort, his patient, to inhabit a pleasant house and in a good air. If it be so the natural site may not be altered of our city, town, village, yet by artificial means it may be helped. In hot countries therefore they make the streets of their cities very narrow, all over Spain, Africa, Italy, Greece, and many cities of France, in Languedoc especially, and Provence, those southern parts; Montpelier, the habitation and university of physicians, is so built with high houses, narrow streets to divert the sun's

³³ John Bancroft of Christ Church and Bishop of Oxford, Burton's former tutor, had a house there which Burton probably visited.

scalding rays, which Tacitus commends, *l.* 15, *Annal.*, as most agreeing to their health "because the height of buildings and narrowness of streets keep away the sunbeams." Some cities use galleries or arched cloisters towards the street, as Damascus, Bologna, Padua, Berne in Switzerland, Westchester with us, as well to avoid tempests as the sun's scorching heat. They build on high hills in hot countries for more air, or to the seaside, as Baiæ, Naples, etc. In our northern coasts we are opposite, we commend straight, broad, open, fair streets as most befitting and agreeing to our clime. We build in bottoms for warmth; and that site of Mitylene in the island of Lesbos in the Ægean Sea, which Vitruvius so much discommends, magnificently built with fair houses, *sed imprudenter positam*, unadvisedly sited because it lay along to the south and when the south wind blew the people were all sick, would make an excellent site in our northern climes.

Of that artificial site of houses I have sufficiently discoursed. If the air of the dwelling may not be altered, yet there is much in choice of such a chamber or room, in opportune opening and shutting of windows, excluding foreign air and winds, and walking abroad at convenient times. Crato a German commends east and south site — disallowing cold air and northern winds in this case, rainy weather and misty days — free from putrefaction, fens, bogs, and muck-hills. If the air be such, open no windows, come not abroad. Montanus will have his patient not to stir at all if the wind be big or tempestuous, as most part in March it is with us; or in cloudy, lowering, dark days, as in November, which we commonly call the black month; or stormy, let the wind stand how it will, *consil.* 27 and 30, he must not open a casement in bad weather or in a boisterous season, *consil.* 299, he especially forbids us to open windows to a south wind. The best sites for chamber windows in my judgment are north, east, south; and which is the worst, west. Levinus Lemnius, *lib.* 3, *cap.* 3, *de occult. nat. mir.*, attributes so much to air and rectifying of wind and windows that he holds it alone sufficient to make a man sick or well, to alter body and mind. "A clear air cheers

up the spirits, exhilarates the mind; a thick, black, misty, tempestuous, contracts, overthrows." Great heed is therefore to be taken at what times we walk, how we place our windows, lights, and houses, how we let in or exclude this ambient air. The Egyptians, to avoid immoderate heat, make their windows on the top of the house like chimneys with two tunnels to draw a through air. In Spain they commonly make great opposite windows without glass, still shutting those which are next to the sun. So likewise in Turkey and Italy — Venice excepted, which brags of her stately glazed palaces — they use paper windows to like purpose, and lie *sub dio* in the top of their flat-roofed houses, so sleeping under the canopy of heaven. In some parts of Italy they have windmills to draw a cooling air out of hollow caves and disperse the same through all the chambers of their palaces to refresh them, as at Costoza, the house of Cæsareo Trento, a gentleman of Vicenza, and elsewhere. Many excellent means are invented to correct nature by art. If none of these courses help, the best way is to make artificial air, which howsoever is profitable and good still to be made hot and moist and to be seasoned with sweet perfumes, pleasant and lightsome as may be; to have roses, violets, and sweet-smelling flowers ever in their windows, posies in their hand. Laurentius commends water-lilies, a vessel of warm water to evaporate in the room, which will make a more delightful perfume if there be added orange-flowers, pills of citron, rosemary, cloves, bays, rose-water, rose-vinegar, benzoin, labdanum, styrax, and such like gums which make a pleasant and acceptable perfume. Bessardus Bisanthinus prefers the smoke of juniper to melancholy persons, which is in great request with us at Oxford to sweeten our chambers. Guanierius prescribes the air to be moistened with water and sweet herbs boiled in it, vine and willow-leaves, etc., to besprinkle the ground and posts with rose-water, rose-vinegar, which Avicenna much approves. Of colors it is good to behold green, red, yellow, and white, and by all means to have light enough, with windows in the day, wax candles in the night, neat chambers, good fires in winter, merry com-

panions; for though melancholy persons love to be dark and alone, yet darkness is a great increaser of the humor.

Although our ordinary air be good by nature or art, yet it is not amiss, as I have said, still to alter it; no better physic for a melancholy man than change of air and variety of places, to travel abroad and see fashions. Leo Afer speaks of many of his countrymen so cured without all other physic. Amongst the negroes "there is such an excellent air that if any of them be sick elsewhere and brought thither, he is instantly recovered, of which he was often an eye-witness." Lipsius, Zuinger, and some other add as much of ordinary travel. No man, saith Lipsius in an epistle to Phil. Lanoius, a noble friend of his now ready to make a voyage, "can be such a stock or stone whom that pleasant speculation of countries, cities, towns, rivers, will not affect." Seneca the philosopher was infinitely taken with the sight of Scipio Africanus' house near Linternum to view those old buildings, cisterns, baths, tombs, etc. And how was Tully pleased with the sight of Athens to behold those ancient and fair buildings with a remembrance of their worthy inhabitants! Paulus Æmilius, that renowned Roman captain, after he had conquered Perseus, the last king of Macedonia, and now made an end of his tedious wars, though he had been long absent from Rome and much there desired, about the beginning of autumn, as Livy describes it, made a pleasant peregrination all over Greece accompanied with his son Scipio and Athenæus, the brother of King Eumenes, leaving the charge of his army with Sulpicius Galus. By Thessaly he went to Delphos, thence to Megaris, Aulis, Athens, Argos, Lacedæmon, Megalopolis, etc. He took great content, exceeding delight in that his voyage, as who doth not that shall attempt the like though his travel be *ad jactationem magis quam ad usum reipub.*, as one well observes, to crack, gaze, see fine sights and fashions, spend time, rather than for his own or public good, as it is to many gallants that travel out their best days together with their means, manners, honesty, religion, yet it availeth howsoever. For peregrination charms our senses with such unspeakable

and sweet variety that some count him unhappy that never travelled, a kind of prisoner, and pity his case that from his cradle to his old age beholds the same still, still, still the same, the same. Insomuch that Rhasis, *cont., lib. 1, tract. 2*, doth not only commend but enjoin travel and such variety of objects to a melancholy man "and to lie in divers inns, to be drawn into several companies." Montaltus, *cap. 36*, and many neoterics are of the same mind. Celsus adviseth him therefore that will continue his health to have *varium vitæ genus*, diversity of callings, occupations to be busied about, "sometimes to live in the city, sometimes in the country, now to study or work, to be intent, then again to hawk or hunt, swim, run, ride, or exercise himself." A good prospect alone will ease melancholy, as Gomecius contends, *l. 2, c. 7, de Sale*. The citizens of Barcelona, saith he, otherwise penned in, melancholy, and stirring little abroad are much delighted with that pleasant prospect their city hath into the sea, which like that of old Athens besides Ægina, Salamina, and many pleasant islands had all the variety of delicious objects. So are those *Neapolitanes* and inhabitants of Genoa to see the ships, boats, and passengers go by, out of their windows, their whole cities being sited on the side of an hill, like Pera by Constantinople, so that each house almost hath a free prospect to the sea, as some part of London to the Thames. Or to have a free prospect all over the city at once, as at Granada in Spain and Fez in Africa, the river running betwixt two declining hills, the steepness causeth each house almost as well to oversee as to be overseen of the rest. Every country is full of such delightful prospects as well within land as by sea, as Hermon and Rama in Palestina, Colalto in Italy, the top of Tagetus or Acrocorinthus, that old decayed castle in Corinth, from which Peloponnesus, Greece, the Ionian and Ægean Seas were *semel et simul* at one view to be taken. In Egypt the square top of the Great Pyramid, 300 yards in height, and so the Sultan's Palace in Grand Cairo, the country being plain, hath a marvellous fair prospect as well over Nilus as that great city five Italian miles long and two broad by the river side. From Mount Sion

in Jerusalem the Holy Land is of all sides to be seen. Such high places are infinite. With us those of the best note are Glastonbury Tower, Bever Castle, Rodway Grange, Walsby in Lincolnshire, where I lately received a real kindness by the munificence of the right honorable my noble lady and patroness, the Lady Frances, Countess Dowager of Exeter.³⁴ And two amongst the rest, which I may not omit for vicinity's sake, Oldbury in the confines of Warwickshire, where I have often looked about me with great delight, at the foot of which hill I was born; and Hanbury in Staffordshire, contiguous to which is Falde, a pleasant village and an ancient patrimony belonging to our family, now in the possession of mine elder brother, William Burton, Esquire. Barclay the Scot commends that of Greenwich Tower for one of the best prospects in Europe, to see London on the one side, the Thames, ships, and pleasant meadows on the other. There be those that say as much and more of St. Mark's steeple in Venice. Yet these are at too great a distance; some are especially affected with

such objects as be near, to see passengers go by in some great roadway or boats in a river, *in subjectum forum despicere*, to oversee a fair, a market-place, or out of a pleasant window into some thoroughfare street to behold a continual concourse, a promiscuous rout coming and going, or a multitude of spectators at a theatre, a mask, or some such like show. But I rove. The sum is this, that variety of actions, objects, air, places, are excellent good in this infirmity and all others, good for man, good for beast. Constantine the Emperor, *lib.* 18, *c.* 13, *ex Leontio*, "holds it an only cure for rotten sheep and any manner of sick cattle." Lælius a Fonte Ægubinus, that great doctor, at the latter end of many of his consultations—as commonly he doth set down what success his physic had—in melancholy most especially approves of this above all other remedies whatsoever, as appears, *consult.* 69, *consult.* 229, etc., "Many other things helped, but change of air was that which wrought the cure and did most good."

³⁴ She gave Burton a church living.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY

(1581-1613)

The name of Sir Thomas Overbury has for three centuries been invariably mentioned in connection with two quite dissimilar things—mysterious murders and character sketches. But though quite unrelated by kind, Sir Thomas's murder and his characters are not without connection, for the scandal attendant upon his untimely taking-off greatly increased the popularity and sales of his literary productions. The story of Overbury's life and death is a vivid commentary on the intrigue, conspiracy, and general corruption of the court of James I. He was born in Warwickshire, received his B. A. degree at Queen's College, Oxford, in 1598, and then studied law in the Middle Temple, London. He was introduced at court and climbed rapidly into favor through his friendship with the king's favorite, Robert Carr, later Viscount Rochester and Earl of Somerset. Overbury became servitor-in-ordinary to the king, and was knighted in 1608. Shortly afterward he travelled in France and the Low Countries, where he wrote his *Observations Upon the State of the Seventeen Provinces*. He returned to court, and his stars seemed to be propitious. Everyone was his friend, and among those who hastened to do him honor was the poet Ben Jonson. During the prosperous years Overbury was Carr's most intimate friend and adviser. All might have gone well with both of them had not Carr, now Earl of Somerset, become smitten with the charms of Frances Howard, the young wife of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, while her husband was absent from England. Overbury, having become jealous of the Countess of Essex, and fearing her influence over his friend Somerset, denounced the lady to him, and thus began to prepare the way for his downfall. Meanwhile the Countess was taking steps to get rid of her unloved husband. There were midnight visits to a magician, Simon Forman, and a disreputable Mrs. Turner. At the instigation of Somerset a commission had been appointed by the king which nullified the marriage of the Countess and Essex, and Somerset wedded the Countess.

Overbury, whose success at court had gone to his head, was by now distinctly out of favor, not only with Somerset and his wife, but also with the king and the queen, who fancied that Overbury had insulted her. It was a simple matter, what with all the court his enemies, for Sir Thomas to be thrown into the Tower. The charge was that he had refused an ambassadorship to Russia! He was committed to prison in April, 1613, and during the next five months he was slowly poisoned to death. The contemporary accounts of the manner in which his death was brought about are as fantastic as anything out of the bizarre records of Renaissance Italy. Sir Simonds D'Ewes relates that, at the instigation of the Countess, "for the space of three months and six days he had several poisons administered unto him in tarts, jellies, physis, and almost in everything he took; so as the stronger his body and constitution were, the more horrible were his torments." The unhappy man died on September 15, and was buried in the Tower. For a while after the affair things went quietly, but so foul a murder would not, and the various conspirators began to betray one another. In time Somerset and the Countess and others were arrested for complicity in the murder. Suspicion attached itself even to members of the royal family. Somerset, who was found guilty of murder in 1616, was kept in the Tower until 1622, and not definitely pardoned until 1625. In the end, however, only a few poor persons were punished for the murder. The facts of "the Overbury mystery" have never been entirely discovered. It is the *cause célèbre* of the century in England, and probably the most sensational and scandalous episode in the history of English literature.

Sir Thomas's poem, *The Wife*, which was written to dissuade Somerset from marrying the Countess, was published in 1614, after having been circulated in MS. The notoriety which attended Sir Thomas's disappearance made it exceedingly popular, and a second edition was called for the same year. With this second edition were printed some twenty-two prose characters in the Theophrastian manner. By 1700 the book had gone through seventeen editions, the characters meanwhile having increased to eighty. Overbury was not the first to write characters in English, having been anticipated, among others, by Joseph Hall, with his

Characters of Vices and Virtues, 1608. But Overbury, perhaps, more than any other gave the English character the distinctive flavor which it maintained throughout the century. He set the standard for the ingenious and witty characterizations, and the epigrammatic style of the portraits. His characters are, indeed, too "witty," and the style frequently becomes strained and unnatural. Truth is often sacrificed to epigram, and conceits and metaphors are too abundant. But many of them attain to real excellence, both in their insight into human nature and in felicity of expression.

Just how many of the characters attributed to Overbury are his is not known. Anonymous characters attached themselves to his name in somewhat the same fashion as anonymous verses of an obscene nature inevitably gravitated towards the later Rochester. Some thirty or more of the characters assigned to Overbury and his friends, and notably that of the "fair and happy milkmaid," have within the present century been proved by H. Dugdale Sykes and Baron A. F. Bourgeois to be from the pen of the dramatist, John Webster, the author of *The White Devil* and *The Duchess of Malfi*. Of Webster's life we know almost nothing, but his ability as a tragic dramatist is the nearest to Shakespeare's among all the post-Elizabethans. Webster's characters afford a pleasant relief from the horror and bitterness of his dramas, and prove that like Ben Jonson he could analyze and anatomize his fellowmen, good, bad, and indifferent, not less ably than he could depict the dramatic and tragical crises to which their characteristics brought them.

FROM SIR THOMAS OVERBURY HIS WIFE . . . NEW NEWS AND DIVERS
MORE CHARACTERS

(Text: ninth edition, 1616)

A GOOD WOMAN

A good woman is a comfort, like a man. She lacks of him nothing but heat. Thence is her sweetness of disposition, which meets his stoutness more pleasingly; so wool meets iron easier than iron, and turns resisting into embracing. Her greatest learning is religion, and her thoughts are on her own sex, or on men, without casting the difference. Dishonesty never comes nearer than her ears, and then wonder stops it out, and saves virtue the labor. She leaves the neat youth, telling his luscious tales, and puts back the serving-man's putting forward, with a frown: yet her kindness is free enough to be seen, for it hath no guilt about it: and her mirth is clear, that you may look through it, into virtue, but not beyond. She hath not behavior at a certain¹ but makes it to her occasion. She hath so much knowledge as to love it, and if she have it not at home, she will fetch it; for this sometimes in a pleasant discontent she dares chide her sex, though she use it never the worse. She is much within, and frames outward things to her mind, not her mind to them. She wears good clothes, but never better; for she finds no degree

beyond decency. She hath a content of her own, and so seeks not a husband, but finds him. She is indeed most, but not much of description, for she is direct and one, and hath not the variety of ill. Now she is given fresh and alive to a husband, and she does nothing more than love him, for she takes him to that purpose. So his good becomes the business of her actions, and she doth herself kindness upon him. After his, her chiefest virtue is a good husband. For she is he.

A COURTIER

To all men's thinking is a man, and to most men the finest: all things else are defined by the understanding, but this by the senses; but his surest mark is that he is to be found only about princes. He smells; and putteth away much of his judgment about the situation of his clothes. He knows no man that is not generally known. His wit, like the marigold, openeth with the sun, and therefore he riseth not before ten of the clock. He puts more confidence in his words than meaning, and more in his pronunciation than his words. Occasion is his Cupid, and he hath but one receipt of making love. He follows nothing

¹ A word is apparently omitted here.

but inconstancy, admires nothing but beauty, honors nothing but fortune, loves nothing. The sustenance of his discourse is news, and his censure like a shot depends upon the charging. He is not, if he be out of court, but fish-like breathes destruction, if out of his own element. Neither his motion or aspect are regular, but he moves by the upper spheres, and is the reflection of higher substances.

If you find him not here, you shall in Paul's, with a pick-tooth in his hat, a cape-cloak, and a long stocking.

AN AMORIST

Is a man blasted or planet-strooken, and is the dog that leads blind Cupid; when he is at the best his fashion exceeds the worth of his weight. He is never without verses and musk confects, and sighs to the hazard of his buttons. His eyes are all white, either to wear the livery of his mistress' complexion or to keep Cupid from hitting the black. He fights with passion, and loseth much of his blood by his weapon; dreams, thence his paleness. His arms are carelessly used, as if their best use was nothing but embracesments. He is untrussed, unbuttoned, and ungartered, not out of carelessness, but care; his farthest end being but going to bed. Sometimes he wraps his petition in neatness, but he goeth not alone; for then he makes some other quality moralize his affection, and his trimness is the grace of that grace. Her favor lifts him up as the sun moisture; when he disfavours, unable to hold that happiness, it falls down in tears. His fingers are his orators, and he expresseth much of himself upon some instrument. He answers not, or not to the purpose, and no marvel, for he is not at home. He scotcheth time with dancing with his mistress, taking up of her glove, and wearing her feather, he is confined to her color, and dares not pass out of the circuit of her memory. His imagination is a fool, and it goeth in a pied coat of red and white. Shortly he is translated out of a man into folly; his imagination is the glass of lust, and himself the traitor to his own discretion.

AN AFFECTATE TRAVELLER

Is a speaking fashion; he hath taken pains to be ridiculous, and hath seen more than he hath perceived. His attire speaks French or Italian, and his gait cries, Behold me. He censures all things by countenances and shrugs, and speaks his own language with shame and lisping; he will choke rather than confess beer good drink, and his pick-tooth is a main part of his behavior. He chooseth rather to be counted a spy than not a politician, and maintains his reputation by naming great men familiarly. He chooseth rather to tell lies than not wonders, and talks with men singly; his discourse sounds big, but means nothing; and his boy is bound to admire him howsoever. He comes still from great personages, but goes with mean. He takes occasion to show jewels given him in regard of his virtue, that were bought in St. Martin's;² and not long after having with a mountebank's method pronounced them worth thousands, impawneth them for a few shillings. Upon festival days he goes to court, and salutes without resaluting; at night in an ordinary he canvasseth the business in hand, and seems as conversant with all intents and plots as if he begot them. His extraordinary account of men is first to tell them the ends of all matters of consequence and then to borrow money of them; he offers courtesies to show them, rather than himself, humble. He disdains all things above his reach, and preferreth all countries before his own. He imputeth his want and poverty to the ignorance of the time, not his own unworthiness; and concludes his discourse with half a period, or a word, and leaves the rest to imagination. In a word, his religion is fashion, and both body and soul are governed by fame; he loves most voices above truth.

AN OLD MAN

Is a thing that hath been a man in his days. Old men are to be known blindfolded: for their talk is as terrible as their resemblance. They praise their own times as vehemently as if they would sell them.

² St. Martin's-le-Grand, fashionable for laces and jewelry.

They become wrinkled with frowning and facing youth; they admire their old customs, even to the eating of red herring, and going wetshod. They call the thumb under the girdle, gravity; and because they can hardly smell at all, their posies are under their girdles. They count it an ornament of speech to close the period with a cough: and it is venerable (they say) to spend time in wiping their drivelled beards. Their discourse is unanswerable, by reason of their obstinacy; their speech is much, though little to the purpose. Truths and lies pass with an equal affirmation: for their memories several is won into one receptacle, and so they come out with one sense. They teach their servants their duties with as much scorn and tyranny as some people teach their dogs to fetch. Their envy is one of their diseases. They put off and on their clothes with that certainty, as if they know their heads would not direct them, and therefore custom should. They take a pride in halting and going stiffly, and therefore their staves are carved and tipped: they trust their attire with much of their gravity; and they dare not go without a gown in summer. Their hats are brushed, to draw men's eyes off from their faces; but above all, their pomanders are worn to most purpose, for their putrefied breath ought not to want either a smell to defend, or a dog to excuse.

A FINE GENTLEMAN

Is the cinnamon tree, whose bark is more worth than his body. He hath read the book of good manners, and by this time each of his limbs may read it. He alloweth of no judge but the eye; painting, bolstering, and bombasting are his orators; by these also he proves his industry: for he hath purchased legs, hair, beauty, and straightness, more than nature left him. He unlocks maidenheads with his language, and speaks Euphuës,³ not so gracefully as heartily. His discourse makes not his behavior, but he buys it at court, as countrymen their clothes in Birchin Lane.⁴ He is somewhat like a salamander, and lives in the flame of love, which pains he expresses comically;

and nothing grieves him so much as the want of a poet to make an issue in his love; yet he sighs sweetly and speaks lamentably; for his breath is perfumed and his words are wind. He is best in season at Christmas; for the boar's head and reveller come together; his hopes are laden in his quality; and lest fiddlers should take him unprovided, he wears pumps in his pocket: and lest he should take fiddlers unprovided, he whistles his own galliard. He is a calendar of ten years, and marriage rusts him. Afterwards he maintains himself an implement of household by carving and ushering. For all this, he is judicial only in tailors and barbers, but his opinion is ever ready, and ever idle. If you will know more of his acts, the broker's shop is the witness of his valor, where lies wounded, dead, rent, and out of fashion, many a spruce suit, overthrown by his fantasticalness.

A BRAGGADOCHIO WELSHMAN

Is the oyster that the pearl is in, for a man may be picked out of him. He hath the abilities of the mind *in potentia*, and *actu* nothing but boldness. His clothes are in fashion before his body; and he accounts boldness the chiefest virtue; above all men he loves an herald, and speaks pedigrees naturally. He accounts none well descended that call him not cousin; and prefers Owen Glendower before any of the nine worthies. The first note of his familiarity is the confession of his valor; and so he prevents quarrels. He voucheth Welsh a pure and unconquered language, and courts ladies with the story of their chronicle. To conclude, he is precious in his own conceit, and upon St. Davie's day without comparison.

A PEDANT

He treads in a rule, and one hand scans verses, and the other holds his sceptre. He dares not think a thought, that the nominative case governs not the verb; and he never had meaning in his life, for he travelled only for words. His ambition is criticism, and his example Tully. He values phrases, and elects them by the sound, and the eight

³ After the fashion of John Lyly's Euphuës, 1580.

⁴ Where the old clothes shops were situated.

parts of speech are his servants. To be brief, he is a heteroclit⁵ for he wants the plural number, having only the single quality of words.

A GOOD WIFE

Is a man's best movable, a scion incorporate with the stock, bringing sweet fruit; one that to her husband is more than a friend, less than a trouble; an equal with him in the yoke. Calamities and troubles she shares alike, nothing pleases her that doth not him. She is relative in all; and he without her, but half himself. She is his absent hands, eyes, ears and mouth; his present and absent all. She frames her nature unto his howsoever: the hyacinth follows not the sun more willingly. Stubbornness and obstinacy are herbs that grow not in her garden. She leaves tattling to the gossips of the town, and is more seen than heard. Her household is her charge; her care to that makes her seldom non-resident. Her pride is but to be cleanly, and her thrift not to be prodigal. By her discretion she hath children, not wantons; a husband without her is a misery in man's apparel; none but she hath an aged husband, to whom she is both a staff and a chair. To conclude, she is both wise and religious, which makes her all this.

A PURITAN

Is a diseased piece of Apocrypha; bind him to the Bible, and he corrupts the whole text; ignorance and fat feed are his founders; his nurses, railing, rabies, and round breeches; his life is but a borrowed blast of wind; for between two religions, as between two doors, he is ever whistling. Truly whose child he is is yet unknown; for willingly his faith allows no father; only thus far his pedigree is found, Bragger and he flourished about a time first; his fiery zeal keeps him continually costive, which withers him into his own translation, and till he eat a Schoolman, he is hide-bound; he ever prays against non-residents, but is himself the greatest discontinuer, for he never keeps near his text; anything that the law allows, but marriage and March

beer, he murmurs at; what it disallows and holds dangerous, makes him a discipline; where the gate stands open, he is ever seeking a stile; and where his learning ought to climb, he creeps through; give him advice, you run into traditions, and urge a modest course, he cries out councils. His greatest care is to condemn obedience, his last care to serve God handsomely and cleanly. He is now become so cross a kind of teaching that should the church enjoin clean shirts, he were lousy; more sense than single prayers is not his; nor more in those than still the same petitions; from which he either fears a learned faith, or doubts God understands not at first hearing. Show him a ring, he runs back like a bear; and hates square dealing as allied to caps; a pair of organs blow him out o' th' parish, and are the only clyster-pipes to cool him. Where the meat is best there he confutes most, for his arguing is but the efficacy of his eating; good bits he holds breed good positions, and the Pope he best concludes against in plum-broth. He is often drunk, but not as we are, temporally, nor can his sleep then cure him, for the fumes of his ambition make his very soul reel, and that small beer that should allay him (silence) keeps him more surfeited, and makes his heat break out in private houses; women and lawyers are his best disciples; the one, next fruit, longs for forbidden doctrine; the other, to maintain forbidden titles; both which he sows amongst them. Honest he dare not be, for that loves order; yet if he can be brought to ceremony, and made but master of it, he is converted.

A TINKER⁸

Is a movable: for he hath no abiding place; by his motion he gathers heat, thence his cholic nature. He seems to be very devout, for his life is a continual pilgrimage, and sometimes in humility goes barefoot, thereon making necessity a virtue. His house is as ancient as Tubal-cain's,⁷ and so is a runagate⁸ by antiquity; yet he proves himself a gallant, for he carries all his wealth upon his back; or a philosopher, for he bears all his substance about him.

⁵ An irregularly inflected noun.

⁶ By J. Cocke.

⁷ See Genesis 4:22.

⁸ Vagabond.

From his art was music first invented, and therefore he is always furnished with a song; to which his hammer keeping tune, proves that he was the first founder of the kettle-drum. Note, that where the best ale is, there stands his music most upon crotchets. The companion of his travel is some foul sun-burnt quean, that since the terrible statute recanted gipsyism, and is turned pedlaress. So marches he all over England with his bag and baggage. His conversation is unreprouvable; for he is ever mending. He observes truly the statutes, and therefore he can rather steal than beg, in which he is unremovably constant in spite of whips or imprisonment; and so a strong enemy to idleness, that in mending one hole, he had rather make three than want work, and when he hath done, he throws the wallet of his faults behind him. He embraceth naturally ancient custom, conversing in open fields, and lowly cottages. If he visit cities or towns, 'tis but to deal upon the imperfections of our weaker vessels. His tongue is very voluble, which with canting proves him a linguist. He is entertained in every place, but enters no further than the door, to avoid suspicion. Some would take him to be a coward; but believe it, he is a lad of mettle; his valor is commonly three or four years long, fastened to a pike in the end for flying off. He is very provident, for he will fight with but one at once, and then also he had rather submit than be counted obstinate. To conclude, if he 'scape Tyburn and Banbury, he dies a beggar.

A CHAMBERMAID

She is her mistress's she-secretary, and keeps the box of her teeth, her hair, and her painting very private. Her industry is upstairs and downstairs like a drawer: and by her dry hand you may know she is a sore starcher. If she lie at her master's bed's feet, she is quit of the green sickness for ever; for she hath terrible dreams when she's awake, as if she were troubled with the nightmare. She hath a good liking to dwell in the country, but she holds London

the goodliest forest in England to shelter a great belly. She reads Greene's⁹ works over and over, but is so carried away with the *Mirror of Knighthood*¹⁰ she is many times resolved to run out of herself, and become a lady-errant. If she catch a clap, she divides it so equally between the master and the serving-man as if she had cut out the getting of it by a thread; only the knave sumner makes her bowl booty, and overreach the master. The pedant of the house, though he promise her marriage, cannot grow further inward with her; she hath paid for her credulity often, and now grows wary. She likes the form of our marriage very well, in that a woman is not tied to answer any articles concerning questions of virginity; her mind, her body, and clothes are parcels loosely packed together, and for want of good utterance, she perpetually laughs out her meaning. Her mistress and she help to make away time, to the idlest purpose that can be, either for love or money. In brief, these chambermaids are like lotteries: you may draw twenty ere one worth anything.

A WORTHY COMMANDER IN THE WARS¹¹

Is one that accounts learning the nourishment of military virtue, and lays that as his first foundation. He never bloodies his sword but in heat of battle, and had rather save one of his own soldiers than kill ten of his enemies. He accounts it an idle, vainglorious, and suspected bounty to be full of good words; his rewarding, therefore, of the deserver arrives so timely that his liberality can never be said to be gouty-handed. He holds it next his creed that no coward can be an honest man, and dare die in 't. He doth not think his body yields a more spreading shadow after a victory than before; and when he looks upon his enemy's dead body 'tis with a kind of noble heaviness, not insultation. He is so honorably merciful to women in surprisal that only that makes him an excellent courtier. He knows the hazard of battles, not the pomp of ceremonies, are soldiers' best theatres, and strives to gain reputation, not

⁹ Robert Greene (1560-1592), novelist, dramatist, and pamphleteer.

¹⁰ One of the romances of chivalry in *Don Quixote's* library; cf. *Don Quixote*, I. i. 6. ¹¹ By John Webster.

by the multitude but by the greatness of his actions. He is the first in giving the charge and the last in retiring his foot. Equal toil he endures with the common soldier; from his example they all take fire, as one torch lights many. He understands in war there is no mean to err twice, the first and least fault being sufficient to ruin an army: faults, therefore, he pardons none; they that are presidents of disorder or mutiny repair it by being examples of his justice. Besiege him never so strictly, so long as the air is not cut from him, his heart faints not. He hath learned as well to make use of a victory as to get it, and pursuing his enemies like a whirlwind, carries all afore him; being assured if ever a man will benefit himself upon his foe, then is the time, when they have lost force, wisdom, courage, and reputation. The goodness of his cause is the special motive to his valor; never is he known to slight the weakest enemy that comes armed against him in the band of justice. Hasty and overmuch heat he accounts the stepdame to all great actions that will not suffer them to thrive; if he cannot overcome his enemy by force, he does it by time. If ever he shake hands with war, he can die more calmly than most courtiers, for his continual dangers have been, as it were, so many meditations of death. He thinks not out of his own calling when he accounts life a continual warfare, and his prayers then best become him when armed *cap-a-pie*. He utters them like the great Hebrew general,¹² on horseback. He casts a smiling contempt upon calumny; it meets him as if glass should encounter adamant. He thinks war is never to be given o'er, but on one of these three conditions: an assured peace, absolute victory, or an honest death. Lastly, when peace folds him up, his silver head should lean near the golden sceptre and die in his prince's bosom.

A FAIR AND HAPPY MILKMAID¹³

Is a country wench, that is so far from making herself beautiful by art that one look of hers is able to put all face-physic out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but

a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. All her excellencies stand in her so silently as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel (which is herself) is far better than the outsides of tissue:¹⁴ for though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silk-worm, she is decked in innocency, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long abed, spoil both her complexion and conditions; nature hath taught her too immoderate sleep is rust to the soul: she rises therefore with chancicleer, her dame's cock, and at night makes the lamb her curfew. In milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk-press makes the milk the whiter or sweeter; for never came almond glove or aromatic ointment on her palm to taint it. The golden ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of June, like a new made hay-cock. She makes her hand hard with labor, and her heart soft with pity; and when winter evenings fall early (sitting at her merry wheel), she sings a defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind is to do well. She bestows her year's wages at next fair; and in choosing her garments, counts no bravery in the world like decency. The garden and bee-hive are all her physic and chirurgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone, and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none; yet to say truth, she is never alone, for she is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not palled¹⁵ with ensuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste that she dare tell them; only a Friday's dream is all her superstition; that she conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is that she may die in the springtime, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet.

¹² Probably Judas Maccabæus, "the foremost champion of his fellow-citizens;" cf. II Maccabees 15:20-39.

¹³ By John Webster.

¹⁴ Rich cloth.

¹⁵ Weakened.

A JESUIT ¹⁶

Is a larger spoon for a traitor to feed with the devil than any other order: unclasp him, and he's a gray wolf,¹⁷ with a golden star in his forehead; so superstitiously he follows the Pope that he forsakes Christ in not giving Cæsar his due. His vows seem heavenly; but in meddling with state business, he seems to mix heaven and earth together. His best elements are confession and penance; by the first, he finds out men's inclinations; and by the latter, heaps wealth to his seminary. He sprang from Ignatius Loyola, a Spanish soldier; and though he were found out long since the invention of the cannon, 'tis thought he has not done less mischief. He is a false key to open princes' cabinets, and pry into their counsels; and where the Pope's excommunication thunders, he holds it not more sin the decrowning of kings than our Puritans do the suppression of bishops. His order is full of irregularity and disobedience; ambitious above all measure; for of late days, in Portugal and the Indies, he rejected the name of Jesuit, and would be called disciple. In Rome and other countries that give him freedom, he wears a mask upon his heart; in England he shifts it, and puts it upon his face. No place in our climate hides him so securely as a lady's chamber; the modesty of the pursuivant hath only forborne the bed, and so missed him. There is no disease in Christendom that may so properly be called the King's Evil.¹⁸ To conclude, would you know him beyond the sea? In his seminary, he's a fox; but in the inquisition, a lion rampant.

AN EXCELLENT ACTOR ¹⁹

Whatsoever is commendable to the grave orator is most exquisitely perfect in him, for by a full and significant action of body he charms our attention. Sit in a full theatre and you will think you see so many lines

drawn from the circumference of so many ears, while the actor is the centre. He doth not strive to make nature monstrous; she is often seen in the same scene with him, but neither on stilts nor crutches; and for his voice, 'tis not lower than the prompter, nor louder than the foil or target. By his action he fortifies moral precepts with examples, for what we see him personate we think truly done before us: a man of a deep thought might apprehend the ghost of our ancient heroes walked again, and take him at several times for many of them. He is much affected to painting, and 'tis a question whether that make him an excellent player, or his playing an exquisite painter. He adds grace to the poet's labors, for what in the poet is but ditty, in him is both ditty and music. He entertains us in the best leisure of our life — that is, between meals, the most unfit time either for study or bodily exercise. The flight of hawks and chase of wild beasts, either of them are delights noble; but some think this sport of men the worthier, despite all calumny. All men have been of his occupation; and indeed, what he doth feignedly, that do others essentially. This day one plays a monarch, the next a private person; here one acts a tyrant, on the morrow an exile; a parasite this man tonight, tomorrow a precisian; and so of divers others. I observe, of all men living, a worthy actor in one kind is the strongest motive of affection that can be; for, when he dies, we cannot be persuaded any man can do his parts like him. But, to conclude, I value a worthy actor by the corruption of some few of the quality as I would do gold in the ore — I should not mind the dross, but the purity of the metal.

A FRANKLIN ²⁰

His outside is an ancient yeoman of England, though his inside may give arms (with the best gentlemen) and ne'er see the herald. There is no truer servant in the house than himself. Though he be master,

¹⁶ By John Webster.

¹⁷ F. L. Lucas, in his edition of Webster's works, quotes Mr. C. G. Pritchard's description of the family-arms of St. Ignatius — "argent, a pot and chain sable between two gray wolves, rampant."

¹⁸ Scrofula: supposed to be cured by the king's touch.

¹⁹ By John Webster.

²⁰ By John Webster.

he says not to his servants, Go to field, but, Let us go; and with his own eye doth both fatten his flock and set forward all manner of husbandry. He is taught by nature to be contented with a little; his own fold yields him both food and raiment; he is pleased with any nourishment God sends, whilst curious gluttony ransacks, as it were, Noah's ark for food, only to feed the riot of one meal. He is ne'er known to go to law; understanding to be law-bound among men is like to be hide-bound among his beasts; they thrive not under it; in that such men sleep as unquietly as if their pillows were stuffed with lawyers' pen knives. When he builds, no poor tenant's cottage hinders his prospect;²¹ they are indeed his alms-houses, though there be painted on them no such superscription; he never sits up late but when he hunts the badger, the vowed foe of his lambs; nor uses he any cruelty but when he hunts the hare, nor subtlety, but when he setteth snares for the snite, or pitfalls for the black-bird; nor oppression, but when in the month of July, he goes to the next river, and shears his sheep. He allows of honest pastime, and thinks not the bones of the dead anything bruised, or the worse for it, though the lasses dance in the churchyard after evensong. Rock Monday,²² and the wake in summer, shrotings,²³ the wakeful catches on Christmas Eve, hoky,²⁴ or seed cake,²⁵ these he yearly keeps, yet holds them no relics of popery. He is not so inquisitive

after news derived from the privy closet, when the finding an eyrie of hawks in his own ground, or the foaling of a colt come of a good strain, are tidings more pleasant, more profitable. He is lord paramount within himself, though he hold by never so mean a tenure; and dies the more contentedly (though he leave his heir young) in regard he leaves him not liable to a covetous guardian. Lastly, to end him; he cares not when his end comes, he needs not fear his audit, for his *quietus*²⁶ is in heaven.

WHAT A CHARACTER IS

If I must speak the schoolmaster's language, I will confess that character comes from this infinite mood *χαραξω*, that signifieth to engrave, or make a deep impression. And for that cause, a letter (as A.B.) is called a character.

Those elements which we learn first, leaving a strong seal in our memories.

Character is also taken from an Egyptian hieroglyphic, for an impress, or short emblem; in little comprehending much.

To square out a character by our English level, it is a picture (real or personal) quaintly drawn, in various colors, all of them heightened by one shadowing.

It is a quick and soft touch of many strings, all shutting up in one musical close; it is wit's descant on any plain song.

²¹ He does not pull down any cottage on this ground.

²² The Monday following Twelfth Night. Rock Day, or St. Distaff's Day, was the day after Twelfth Night. (Rock = distaff.) Spinning was resumed on this day, after the Christmas holidays.

²³ The festivities attendant on Shrove Tuesday.

²⁴ Hoky, i.e. hockey; the festival of harvest-home.

²⁵ A feast in late October, following wheat-sowing.

²⁶ The settling of his accounts.

JOHN SELDEN

(1584-1654)

Selden's is the most learned name in English literature. "If learning could have kept a man alive, this our brother had not died," Richard Johnson, Master of the Temple, remarked of him. Nor was Selden's erudition confined to any special field of knowledge. It was as deep as it was broad. He was a scholar of legal and political antiquities, a jurist, statesman, heraldist, philologist — *ne plus ultra*. Born in an obscure village in Sussex, he went to the Free School at Chichester, thence to Oxford, to Clifford's Inn, and to the Inner Temple. He was admitted to the bar in 1612, but never appeared publicly before it. He helped to build up through his services as counsel a large fortune, and died, at the age of seventy, the richest author in England.

Selden's precocity early showed itself, and before he was twenty his erudition had begun to attract attention. At twenty-two he published his first work, the *Analecton Anglo-Britannicon*. He provided the poet Drayton with material for the first eighteen chapters of his *Polyolbion*. His *Titles of Honor*, the greatest of his English works, came at thirty and remains to this day the most trustworthy work of its kind in the language. When thirty-two he published his *De Diis Syriis*, establishing his fame throughout Europe as an Oriental scholar, and giving the language what is still its most comprehensive study of the idol deities and Semitic mythology of the Old Testament. Milton very probably drew from this work in composing his characters of the heathen divinities in *Paradise Lost*. By the time he was thirty-three he had got into difficulties with the ecclesiastical and political authorities through the publication of his *History of Tithes*. The book was finally suppressed, and Selden contracted a lasting dislike for bishops in particular and the clergy in general. His monumental work on the sovereignty of the sea, *Mare Clausum*, was finished about his thirty-fourth year, but not published until some seventeen years later.

Selden entered the House of Commons in 1624, and remained in Parliament during the greater part of his life. He inevitably became involved in the political discussions and disturbances of the time. He had an important part in the preparation of the Petition of Right in 1628, and was thrown into prison for about five weeks for having offended the king in the matter. Another and longer imprisonment, for alleged sedition, followed in 1629. Selden supported the Commons in the earlier days of the struggle between the king and Parliament, but his natural conservatism gained the ascendancy as the contest wore on and assumed more radical proportions. His legal training and habits of thought inclined him rather to the old order as he grew older. Selden was a lawyer *par excellence*, and bound fast to tradition and precedent. He was a thoroughgoing Erastian. His one great passion was the law, and that law was the law of the state as it had evolved and developed through the centuries. He was the most independent of men; his motto *περί παντός την ελευθερίαν* — "in all things, above all things, Liberty" — he inscribed on all his books. He bound himself to no party or faction. He would have been offered the position of Keeper of the Great Seal had it not been known that "he would absolutely refuse the place if it were offered him." Academic honors likewise he put little store by, refusing in 1645 the mastership of Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

Of all Selden's works, and no one was ever more indefatigable in the making of books, only one is read today, and that, ironically enough, is a book which he never saw or dreamed of — his *Table Talk*. It is the compilation of Selden's amanuensis, the Rev. Richard Milward. The "weighty bullion sense" which Coleridge found in the book, and which even Dr. Johnson could praise, has become proverbial, and in the realm of English ana the book still takes the lead. Nothing could be more unlike the heavy dry English and Latin tomes of Selden than the pithy and pertinent observations of this seventeenth-century autocrat of the dinner table. It is much to be regretted that Milward's gleanings from Selden's conversation are so few, and do not cover the period of the Commonwealth. Whether he failed to make notes of Selden's opinions and remarks after 1642, or whether he was afraid to print such remarks,

is not known. It would be worth much to know the opinions which Selden must have expressed about the many momentous events of the Cromwellian regime. He knew, like the fox in his fable, when to keep his mouth shut, but he was not afraid or unwilling to speak out on occasion. No more interesting "imaginary conversation" could be devised than one between Selden and Oliver Cromwell on the issues of the struggle between the king and the Parliament. But to furnish material for such a conversation, and to communicate it properly to paper, would require the exuberant erudition of Selden himself and the robust principles and opinions of the leader of the Ironsides. And where are they to be found? The Table Talk as we have it, important and interesting as it is, is yet hardly more than a tantalizing index to a book which might once have been written but which can be found now only in the catalogue of the library of the imagination.

FROM TABLE TALK: BEING THE DISCOURSES OF JOHN SELDEN, ESQ.

(Text: second edition, 1696) ¹

BIBLE. SCRIPTURE

1. 'Tis a great question how we know Scripture to be Scripture, whether by the Church or by man's private spirit. Let me ask you how I know anything? how I know this carpet to be green? First, because somebody told me it was green; that you call the Church in your way. And then after I have been told it is green, when I see that color again, I know it to be green, my own eyes tell me it is green; that you call the private spirit.

2. The English translation of the Bible is the best translation in the world, and renders the sense of the original best, taking in for the English translation the Bishops' Bible ² as well as King James's. The translators ³ in King James's time took an excellent way. That part of the Bible was given to him who was most excellent in such a tongue (as the Apocrypha to Andrew Downs) and then they met together, and one read the translation, the rest holding in their hands some Bible, either of the learned tongues, or French, Spanish, Italian, etc. If they found any fault, they spoke; if not, he read on.

3. There is no book so translated as the Bible. For the purpose, ⁴ if I translate a French book into English, I turn it into

English phrase, not into French English. *Il fait froid*; I say, 'tis cold, not, it makes cold. But the Bible is rather translated into English words than into English phrase. The Hebraisms are kept, and the phrase of that language is kept; as, for example: He uncovered her shame; which is well enough, so long as scholars have to do with it; but when it comes among the common people, Lord, what gear do they make of it!

4. *Scrutamini Scripturas*.⁵ These two words have undone the world. Because Christ spake it to his disciples, therefore we must all, men, women, and children, read and interpret the Scripture.

5. Henry the Eighth made a law that all men might read the Scripture, except servants; but no woman, except ladies and gentlewomen, who had leisure, and might ask somebody the meaning. The law was repealed in Edward the Sixth's days.

6. Laymen have best interpreted the hard places in the Bible; such as Johannes Picus, Scaliger, Grotius, Salmasius, Heinsius, etc.

7. If you ask which of Erasmus, Beza, or Grotius did best upon the New Testament, 'tis an idle question: for they all did well in their way. Erasmus broke down the first brick, Beza added many things, and Grotius added much to him; in whom we have

¹ The MSS. from which the Table Talk was printed are all faulty, and printers' errors are likewise abundant. Some obvious misprints and errors have been corrected without comment. The Lincoln's Inn MS. of the Table Talk, which contains readings better in many cases than those of the earlier printed editions, was edited for the Selden Society in 1927 by the Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Pollock, and is referred to in the following notes.

² A revision of the Great Bible of 1539 by "able bishops and other learned men." It was completed in 1568, and was the standard version until the appearance of the King James Version in 1611.

³ The early editions have "translation."

⁴ *I.e.*, for instance.

⁵ Search the Scriptures; cf. St. John 5:39.

either something new, or something heightened that was said before, and so 'twas necessary to have them all three.

8. The text serves only to guess by; we must satisfy ourselves fully out of the authors that lived about those times.

9. In interpreting the Scripture, many do as if a man should see one have ten pounds, which he reckoned by 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10: meaning four was but four units, and five five units, etc., and that he had in all but ten pounds: the other that sees him, takes not the figures together as he doth, but picks here and there, and thereupon reports, that he hath five pounds in one bag, and six pounds in another bag, and nine pounds in another bag, etc., when as in truth he hath but ten pounds in all. So we pick out a text here and there to make it serve our turn; whereas if we took it altogether, and considered what went before and what followed after, we should find it meant no such thing.

10. Make no more allegories in Scripture than needs must. The Fathers were too frequent in them; they, indeed, before they fully understood the literal sense, looked out for an allegory. The folly whereof you may conceive thus: Here at the first sight appears to me in my window a glass and a book; I take it for granted 'tis a glass and a book; thereupon I go about to tell you what they signify: afterwards upon nearer view, they prove no such thing; one is a box made like a book, the other is a picture made like a glass: where's now my allegory?

11. When men meddle with the literal text, the question is, where they should stop. In this case, a man must venture his discretion, and do his best to satisfy himself and others in those places where he doubts; for although we call the Scripture the Word of God (as it is), yet it was writ by a man, a mercenary man, whose copy either might be false, or he might make it false. For example, here were a thousand Bibles⁶ printed

in England with the text thus: "Thou shalt commit adultery," the word *not* left out; might not this text be mended?

12. The Scripture may have more senses besides the literal, because God understands all things at once; but a man's writing has but one true sense, which is that which the author meant when he writ it.

13. When you meet with several readings of the text, take heed you admit nothing against the tenets of your Church; but do as if you were going over a bridge; be sure you hold fast by the rail, and then you may dance here and there as you please; be sure you keep to what is settled, and then you may flourish upon your various lectures.

14. The Apocrypha is bound with the Bibles of all Churches that have been hitherto. Why should we leave it out? The Church of Rome has her Apocrypha; *viz.*, Susanna and Bel and the Dragon, which she does not esteem⁷ equally with the rest of those books that we call Apocrypha.

BOOKS. AUTHORS

5. 'Tis good to have translations, because they serve as a comment, so far as the judgment of one⁸ man goes.

6. In answering a book, 'tis best to be short; otherwise he that I write against will suspect I intend to weary him, not to satisfy him. Besides in being long I shall give my adversary a huge advantage; somewhere or other he will pick a hole.

7. In quoting of books, quote such authors as are usually read; others you may read for your own satisfaction, but not name them.

8. Quoting of authors is most for matter of fact, and then I cite⁹ them as I would produce a witness; sometimes for a free expression; and then I give the author his due, and gain myself praise by reading him.

9. To quote a modern Dutchman where I may use a classic author, is as if I were to

⁶ The reference is to the famous "Wicked Bible," printed by Barker, in 1631. A similar accident occurred to a Bible of 1653, in which St. Paul's famous question becomes "Know ye not that the unrighteous shall inherit the Kingdom of God?"

⁷ Selden is in error here. These books are, with the rest of the Apocrypha, canonical in the Roman Catholic Church.

⁸ The 1696 text has "the."

⁹ The text has "write"; Singer's emendation, confirmed by the Lincoln's Inn MS.

justify my reputation, and I neglect all persons of note and quality that know me, and bring the testimonial of the scullion in the kitchen.

CEREMONY

1. Ceremony keeps up all things: 'tis like a penny glass to a rich spirit, or some excellent water; without it the water were spilt, the spirit lost.

2. Of all people, ladies have no reason to cry down ceremony, for they take themselves slighted without it. And were they not used with ceremony, with compliments and addresses, with legs and kissing of hands, they were the pitifulest creatures in the world. But yet, methinks, to kiss their hands after their lips, as some do, is like little boys, that after they have eat the apple, fall to the paring, out of a love they have to the apple.

CHRISTMAS

1. Christmas succeeds the Saturnalia, the same time, the same number of holy-days; then the master waited upon the servant like the Lord of Misrule.

2. Our meats and our sports, much of them, have relation to Church works. The coffin¹⁰ of our Christmas pies, in shape long, is in imitation of the cratch;¹¹ our choosing kings and queens on Twelfth Night hath reference to the Three Kings.¹² So likewise our eating of fritters, whipping of tops, roasting of herrings, Jack-of-Lents,¹³ etc.; they were all in imitation of Church works, emblems of martyrdom. Our tansies¹⁴ at Easter have reference to the bitter herbs; though, at the same time, 'twas always the fashion for a man to have at his house a gammon of bacon to show himself to be no Jew.

CHRISTIANS

2. The Turks tell their people of a Heaven where there is a sensible pleasure,

¹⁰ The crust.

¹¹ Manger, or rack; cf. F. *crèche*, cradle.

¹² The Magi; cf. St. Matthew 2:1-10.

¹³ Puppets used as targets in Lenten games.

¹⁴ Puddings or similar dishes flavored with tansy, to commemorate the "bitter herbs" of the Passover; cf. Exodus 12:8.

¹⁵ Singer's conjecture that the word should be "game" is doubtless correct.

but of a Hell where they shall suffer they don't know what. The Christians quite invert this order; they tell us of a Hell where we shall feel sensible pain, but of a Heaven where we shall enjoy we can't tell what.

CHURCH

2. It hath ever been the gain¹⁵ of the Church when the King will let the Church have no power, to cry down the King and cry up the Church; but when the Church can make use of the King's power, then to bring all under the King's prerogative. The Catholics of England go one way, and the Court clergy another.

3. A glorious Church is like a magnificent feast; there is all the variety that may be, but everyone chooses out a dish or two that he likes, and lets the rest alone; how glorious soever the Church is, everyone chooses out of it his own religion, by which he governs himself, and lets the rest alone.

4. The laws of the Church are most favorable to the Church, because they were the Church's own making; as the heralds are the best gentlemen, because they make their own pedigree.

HOUSE OF COMMONS

1. There be but two erroneous opinions in the House of Commons: that the Lords sit only for themselves, when the truth is, they sit as well for the Commonwealth. The Knights and Burgesses sit for themselves and others, some for more, some for fewer; and what is the reason? Because the room will not hold all. The Lords being few, they all come; and imagine the room able to hold all the Commons of England, then the Knights and Burgesses would sit no otherwise than the Lords do. The second error is that the House of Commons are to begin to give subsidies, yet if the Lords dissent they can give no money.

2. The House of Commons is called the Lower House, in twenty Acts of Parliament;

but what are twenty Acts of Parliament amongst friends? ¹⁶

3. The form of a charge runs thus: *I accuse in the name of all the Commons of England*. How then can any man be as a witness, when every man is made the accuser?

COUNCIL

1. They talk (but blasphemously enough) that the Holy Ghost is President of their General Councils, when the truth is, the odd man is still the Holy Ghost.

SELF-DENIAL

1. 'Tis much the doctrine of the times that men should not please themselves, but deny themselves everything they take delight in; not look upon beauty, wear no good clothes, eat no good meat, etc., which seems the greatest accusation that can be upon the Maker of all good things. If they be not to be used why did God make them? The truth is, they that preach against them cannot make use of them themselves and then again they get esteem by seeming to condemn them. But mark it while you live, if they do not please themselves as much as they can; and we live more by example than precept.

EPITAPH

1. An epitaph must be made fit for the person for whom it is made. For a man to say all the excellent things that can be said upon one, and call that his epitaph, is as if a painter should make the handsomest piece he can possibly make and say 'twas my picture. It holds in a funeral sermon.

FRIENDS

1. Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easiest for his feet.

GENTLEMEN

1. What a gentleman is, 'tis hard with us to define. In other countries he is known by his privileges; in Westminster Hall he

is one that is reputed one; in the Court of Honor, he that hath arms. The King cannot make a gentleman of blood. (What have you said?) Nor God Almighty; but he can make a gentleman by creation. If you ask which is the better of these two, civilly, the gentleman of blood; morally, the gentleman by creation may be the better; for the other may be a debauched man, this a person of worth.

HUMILITY

1. Humility is a virtue all preach, none practise, and yet everybody is content to hear. The master thinks it good doctrine for his servant, the laity for the clergy, and the clergy for the laity.

IDOLATRY

1. Idolatry is in a man's own thought, not in the opinion of another. Put case I bow to the altar, why am I guilty of idolatry? Because a stander-by thinks so? I am sure I do not believe the altar to be God; and the God I worship may be bowed to in all places, and at all times.

JEWS

2. Talk what you will of the Jews, that they are cursed, they thrive wherever they come; they are able to oblige the Prince of their country by lending him money; none of them beg; they keep together; and for their being hated, my life for yours, Christians hate one another as much.

HUMAN INVENTION

1. You say there must be no human invention in the Church, nothing but the pure Word. *Answer*. If I give any exposition but what is expressed in the text, that is my invention; if you give another exposition, that is your invention, and both are human. For example, suppose the word *egg* were in the text; I say, 'tis meant an hen egg, you say a goose egg; neither of these are expressed, therefore they are human inventions, and I am sure the newer

¹⁶ Pollock quotes the Rev. Dr. Blakiston, of Trinity College, Oxford, as suggesting that the phrase "amongst friends" is a parenthesis, meaning "between ourselves — don't tell the Commons I said so."

the invention the worse; old inventions are best.

2. If we must admit nothing but what we read in the Bible, what will become of the Parliament? for we do not read of that there.

KING

1. A King is a thing men have made for their own sakes, for quietness' sake. Just as in a family one man is appointed to buy the meat; if every man should buy [or if there were many buyers, they would never agree; one would buy] what the other liked not, or what the other had bought before, so there would be a confusion. But that charge being committed to one, he according to his discretion pleases all; if they have not what they would have one day, they shall have it the next, or something as good.

5. The text, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," makes as much against Kings as for them; for it says plainly that some things are not Cæsar's. But divines make choice of it, first in flat-tery, and then because of the other part ad-joined to it, "Render unto God the things that are God's," where they bring in the Church.

KING OF ENGLAND

1. The King can do no wrong; that is, no process can be granted against him.¹⁷ What must be done then? Petition him, and the King writes upon the petition *soit droit fait*, and sends it to the Chancery, and then the business is heard. His confessor will not tell him he can do no wrong.

2. There's a great deal of difference between Head of the Church and Supreme Governor, as our canons call the King. Conceive it thus: there is in the Kingdom of England a College of Physicians; the King is Supreme Governor of those,¹⁸ but not Head of them, nor President of the College, nor the best physician.

3. After the dissolution of the abbeys, they did much advance the King's supremacy, for they only cared to exclude the Pope; hence have we had several transla-

tions of the Bible [put] upon us. But now we must look to it, otherwise the King may put upon us what religion he pleases.

LANGUAGE

3. If you look upon the language spoken in the Saxon time, and the language spoken now, you will find the difference to be just as if a man had a cloak that he wore plain in Queen Elizabeth's days, and since has put in here a piece of red, and there a piece of blue, and here a piece of green, and there a piece of orange-tawny. We borrow words from the French, Italian, Latin, as every pedantic man pleases.

4. We have more words than notions, half a dozen words for the same thing. Sometimes we put a new signification to an old word, as when we call a piece a gun. The word *gun*¹⁹ was in use in England for an engine to cast a thing from a man, long before there was any gun-powder found out.

LAW

1. A man may plead Not Guilty, and yet tell no lie; for by the law, no man is bound to accuse himself; so that when I say Not Guilty, the meaning is as if I should say by way of paraphrase, I am not so guilty as to tell you; if you will bring me to a trial, and have me punished for this you lay to my charge, prove it against me.

2. Ignorance of the law excuses no man; not that all men know the law, but because 'tis an excuse every man will plead, and no man can tell how to confute him.

LEARNING

1. No man is the wiser for his learning; it may administer matter to work in, or objects to work upon; but wit and wisdom are born with a man.

2. Most men's learning is nothing but history dully²⁰ taken up. If I quote Thomas Aquinas for some tenet, and believe it, because the Schoolmen say so, that is but history. Few men make themselves masters of the things they write or speak.

¹⁷ The Lincoln's Inn MS. adds, "you can have no remedy against him."

¹⁸ Certain MSS. add "because they live under him."

¹⁹ Cf. Old French *Mangonne*, and *Mangonel* ("machine for throwing stones"). — Gollancz.

²⁰ So MS. Harleian 1315, Brit. Museum. The text has "duly."

3. The Jesuits and the lawyers of France, and the Low-Country men, have engrossed all learning. The rest of the world make nothing but homilies.

4. 'Tis observable that in Athens, where the arts flourished, they were governed by a democracy; learning made them think themselves as wise as anybody, and they would govern as well as others; and they spake, as it were by way of contempt, that in the East and in the North they had Kings. And why? Because the most part of them followed their business; and if some one man had made himself wiser than the rest, he governed them, and they willingly submitted themselves to him. Aristotle makes the observation. And as in Athens the philosophers made the people knowing, and therefore they thought themselves wise enough to govern, so does preaching with us, and that makes us affect a democracy: for upon these two grounds we all would be governors, either because we think ourselves as wise as the best, or because we think ourselves the elect, and have the Spirit, and the rest a company of reprobates that belong to the Devil.

LITURGY

1. There is no Church without a liturgy, nor indeed can there be conveniently, as there is no school without a grammar. One scholar may be taught otherwise upon the stock of his acumen, but not a whole school. One or two that are piously disposed may serve [God]²¹ themselves their own way, but hardly a whole nation.

2. To know what was generally believed in all ages, the way is to consult the liturgies, not any private man's writing. As if you would know how the Church of England serves God, go to the Common-Prayer Book; consult not this nor that man. Besides, liturgies never compliment nor use high expressions. The Fathers oft-times speak oratoriously.

MARRIAGE

1. Of all actions of a man's life his marriage does least concern other people, yet

of all actions of our life 'tis most meddled with by other people.

2. Marriage is nothing but a civil contract. 'Tis true 'tis an ordinance of God; so is every other contract; God commands me to keep it, when I have made it.

3. Marriage is a desperate thing. The frogs in Æsop were extreme wise; they had a great mind to some water, but they would not leap into the well, because they could not get out again.

4. We single out particulars, and apply God's providence to them. Thus when two are married and have undone one another, they cry it was God's providence we should come together, when God's providence does equally concur to everything.

MEASURE OF THINGS

1. We measure from ourselves; and as things are for our use and purpose, so we approve them. Bring a pear to the table that is rotten, we cry it down, 'tis naught; but bring a medlar that is rotten, and 'tis a fine thing; and yet I'll warrant you the pear thinks as well of itself as the medlar does.

2. We measure the excellency of other men by some excellency we conceive to be in ourselves. Nash, a poet, poor enough (as poets use to be), seeing an alderman with his gold chain, upon his great horse, by way of scorn said to one of his companions, "Do you see yon fellow, how goodly, how big he looks? Why, that fellow cannot make a blank verse."

3. Nay, we measure the goodness of God from ourselves; we measure his goodness, his justice, his wisdom, by something we call just, good, or wise in ourselves; and in so doing, we judge proportionably to the country-fellow in the play, who said, if he were King, he would live like a lord, and have peas and bacon every day, and a whip that cried Slash.

MONEY

1. Money makes a man laugh. A blind fiddler playing to a company, and playing but scurvily, the company laughed at him;

²¹ So Lincoln's Inn MS.

his boy that led him, perceiving it, cried, "Father, let us be gone, they do nothing but laugh at you." "Hold thy peace, boy," said the fiddler; "we shall have their money presently, and then we will laugh at them."

2. Euclid was beaten in Boccaline²² for teaching his scholars a mathematical figure in his school, whereby he showed that all the lives both of princes and private men tended to one centre, *con gentilezza* handsomely to get money out of other men's pockets, and put it into their own.

OPINION

1. Opinion and affection extremely differ. I may affect a woman best, but it does not follow I must think her the handsomest woman in the world. I love apples best of any fruit; it does not follow I must think apples to be the best fruit. Opinion is something wherein I go about to give reason why all the world should think as I think. Affection is a thing wherein I look after the pleasing of myself.

2. 'Twas a good fancy of an old Platonic: the gods which are above men had something whereof man did partake, an intellect, knowledge; and the gods kept on their course quietly. The beasts, which are below man, had something whereof man did partake, sense and growth; and the beasts lived quietly in their way. But man had something in him whereof neither gods nor beasts did partake, which gave him all the trouble, and made all the confusion in the world; and that is opinion.

3. 'Tis a foolish thing for me to be brought off from an opinion, in a thing neither of us know, but are led only by some cobweb-stuff; as in such a case as this, *Utrum angeli invicem colloquantur?*²³ If I forsake my side in such a case, I show myself wonderful light, or infinitely complying, or flattering the other party: but if I be in a business of nature, and hold an opinion one way, and some man's experience has found out the contrary, I may with a safe reputation give up my side.

4. For a vain thing to talk of a heretic, for a man for his heart can think no other-

wise than he does think. In the primitive times there were many opinions, nothing scarce but some or other held. One of these opinions being embraced by some Prince, and received into his kingdom, the rest were condemned as heresies; and his religion, which was but one of the several opinions first, is said to be orthodox, and to have continued ever since the Apostles.

PARSON

1. Though we write parson differently, yet 'tis but person; that is, the individual person set apart for the service of such a Church; and 'tis in Latin *persona*, and *personatus* is a personage. Indeed with the canon-lawyers, *personatus* is any dignity or preferment in the Church.

2. There never was a merry world since the fairies left dancing, and the parson left conjuring. The opinion of the latter kept thieves in awe, and did as much good in a country as a Justice of the Peace.

PEACE

1. King James was pictured going easily down a pair of stairs, and upon every step there was written, *Peace, Peace, Peace*. The wisest way for men in these times is to say nothing.

2. When a country wench cannot get her butter to come, she says the witch is in her churn. We have been churning for peace a great while, and 'twill not come; sure the witch is in it.

3. Though we had peace, yet 'twill be a great while ere things be settled. Though the wind lie, yet after a storm the sea will work a great while.

PLEASURE

1. Pleasure is nothing else but the intermission of pain, the enjoying of something I am in great trouble for till I have it.

2. 'Tis a wrong way to proportion other men's pleasures to ourselves; 'tis like a child's using a little bird, "O poor bird, thou shalt sleep with me;" so lays it in

²² Boccalini's *I Ragguagli di Parnasso* (Advertisements from Parnassus), a famous satire of the 16th century.

²³ Whether angels may talk together.

his bosom, and stifles it with his hot breath; the bird had rather be in the cold air. And yet 'tis the most pleasing flattery to like what other men like.

3. 'Tis most undoubtedly true that all men are equally given to their pleasure; only thus, one man's pleasure lies one way, and another's another. Pleasures are all alike simply considered in themselves; he that hunts, or he that governs the Commonwealth, they both please themselves alike, only we commend that whereby we ourselves receive some benefit; as if a man place his delight in things that tend to the common good. He that takes pleasure to hear sermons enjoys himself as much as he that hears plays; and could he that loves plays endeavor to love sermons, possibly he might bring himself to it as well as to any other pleasure. At first it may seem harsh and tedious, but afterwards 'twould be pleasing and delightful. So it falls out in that which is the great pleasure of some men, tobacco; at first they could not abide it, and now they cannot be without it.

4. Whilst you are upon earth, enjoy the good things that are here (to that end were they given), and be not melancholy and wish yourself in Heaven. If a King should give you the keeping of a castle, with all things belonging to it, orchards, gardens, etc., and bid you use them; withal promise you after twenty years to remove you to the Court, and to make you a Privy Councillor; if you should neglect your castle, and refuse to eat of those fruits, and sit down, and whine, and wish you were a Privy Councillor, do you think the King would be pleased with you?

5. Pleasures of meat, drink, clothes, etc., are forbidden those that know not how to use them; just as nurses cry Pah! when they see a knife in a child's hand; they will never say anything to a man.

POETRY

1. Ovid was not only a fine poet, but, as a man may speak, a great canon-lawyer, as appears in his *Fæsti*, where we have more

of the festivals of the old Romans than anywhere else; 'tis pity the rest are lost.

2. There is no reason plays should be in verse, either in blank or rhyme; only the poet has to say for himself that he makes something like that which somebody made before him. The old poets had no other reason but this, their verse was sung to music; otherwise it had been a senseless thing to have fettered up themselves.²⁴

3. I never converted but two; the one was Mr. Crashaw, from writing against plays, by telling him a way how to understand that place²⁵ of putting on woman's apparel, which has nothing to do in the business, (as neither has it, that the Fathers speak against plays in their time, with reason enough, for they had real idolatries mixed with their plays, having three altars perpetually upon the stage). The other was a Doctor of Divinity, from preaching against painting; which simply in itself is no more hurtful than putting on my clothes, or doing anything to make myself like other folks, that I may not be odious nor offensive to the company. Indeed if I do it with an ill intention, it alters the case; so, if I put on my gloves with an intention to do a mischief, I am a villain.

4. 'Tis a fine thing for children to learn to make verse; but when they come to be men, they must speak like other men, or else they will be laughed at. 'Tis ridiculous to speak or write or preach in verse. As 'tis good to learn to dance, a man may learn his leg, learn to go handsomely; but 'tis ridiculous for him to dance when he should go.

5. 'Tis ridiculous for a lord to print verses; 'tis well enough to make them to please himself, but to make them public is foolish. If a man in a private chamber twirls his band-string, or plays with a rush to please himself, 'tis well enough; but if he should go into Fleet Street, and sit upon a stall, and twirl a band-string, or play with a rush, then all the boys in the street would laugh at him.

6. Verse proves nothing but the quantity of syllables; they are not meant for logic.

²⁴ Pollock understands this as applicable only to poetic drama, and to the Greek dramatists in particular.

²⁵ Deuteronomy 22: 5.

PRAYER

1. If I were a minister, I should think myself most in my office reading of prayers and dispensing the sacraments; and 'tis ill done to put one to officiate in the Church whose person is contemptible out of it. Should a great lady that was invited to be a gossip²⁶ in her place send her kitchen-maid, 'twould be ill taken; yet she is a woman as well as she; let her send her woman at least.

10. Prayer should be short, without giving God Almighty reasons why he should grant this or that; he knows best what is good for us. If your boy should ask you a suit of clothes, and give you reasons, "otherwise he cannot wait upon you, he cannot go abroad but he will discredit you," would you endure it? You know it better than he; let him ask a suit of clothes.

11. If a servant that has been fed with good beef goes into that part of England where salmon is plenty, at first he is pleased with his salmon, and despises his beef; but after he has been there a while, he grows weary of his salmon, and wishes for his good beef again. We have a while been much taken with this praying by the spirit; but in time we may grow weary of it, and wish for our Common Prayer.

12. 'Tis hoped we may be cured of our extemporary prayers the same way the grocer's boy is cured of his eating plums, when we have had our belly full of them.

PREACHING

1. Nothing is more mistaken than that speech, "Preach the Gospel"; for 'tis not to make long harangues, as they do now-a-days, but to tell the news of Christ's coming to the world; and when that is done, or where 'tis known already, the preacher's work is done.

2. Preaching, in the first sense of the word, ceased as soon as ever the Gospel was written.

When the preacher says, This is the meaning of the Holy Ghost in such a place, in sense he can mean no more than this: that is, I by studying of the place, by comparing

one place with another, by weighing what goes before, and what comes after, think this is the meaning of the Holy Ghost; and for shortness of expression I say the Holy Ghost says thus, or this is the meaning of the Spirit of God. So the judge speaks of the King's proclamation, this is the intention of the King; not that the King had declared his intention any other way to the judge; but the judge, examining the contents of the proclamation, gathers by the purport of the words the King's intention; and then for shortness of expression says, this is the King's intention.

4. Nothing is text but what was spoken in the Bible, and meant there for person and place; the rest is application, which a discreet man may do well; but 'tis his Scripture, not the Holy Ghost's.

5. Preachers will bring anything into the text. The young Masters of Arts preached against non-residency in the university; whereupon the Heads made an order that no man should meddle with anything but what was in the text. The next day one preached upon these words, "Abraham begat Isaac"; when he had gone a good way, at last he observed that Abraham was resident; for if he had been non-resident he could never have begot Isaac; and so fell foul upon the non-residents.

8. I could never tell what often preaching meant, after a Church is settled, and we know what is to be done; 'tis just as if a husbandman should once tell his servants what they are to do, when to sow, when to reap, and afterwards one should come and tell them twice or thrice a day what they know already. You must sow your wheat in October, you must reap your wheat in August, etc.

9. The main argument why they would have two sermons a day is because they have two meals a day; the soul must be fed as well as the body. But I may as well argue I ought to have two noses because I have two eyes, or two mouths because I have two ears. What have meals and sermons to do one with another?

11. In preaching, they say more to raise men to love virtue than men can possibly perform, to make them do their best; as if

you would teach a man to throw the bar, to make him put out his strength, you bid him throw further than it is possible for him, or any man else: "Throw over yonder house."

12. In preaching, they do by men as writers of romances do by their chief knights, bring them into many dangers, but still fetch them off; so they put men in fear of Hell, but at last bring them to Heaven.

13. Preachers say, "Do as I say, not as I do." But if the physician had the same disease upon him that I have, and he should bid me to do one thing, and he do quite another, could I believe him?

17. 'Tis good to preach the same thing again; for that's the way to have it learned. You see a bird, by often whistling to, learn a tune, and a month after record it to herself.

18. 'Tis a hard case a minister should be turned out of his living for something they inform he should say in his pulpit. We can no more know what a minister said in his sermon by two or three words picked out of it than we can tell what tune a musician played last upon the lute by two or three single notes.

PROPHECIES

1. Dreams and prophecies do thus much good: they make a man go on with boldness and courage upon a danger or a mistress; if he obtains, he attributes much to them; if he miscarries, he thinks no more of them, or is no more thought of himself.

RELIGION

1. King James said to the fly, "Have I three kingdoms, and thou must needs fly into my eye?" Is there not enough to meddle with upon the stage, or in love,²⁷ or at the table, but religion?

2. Religion amongst men appears to me like the learning they got at school. Some men forget all they learned, others spend upon the stock, and some improve it. So some men forget all the religion that was

taught them when they were young, others spend upon that stock, and some improve it.

3. Religion is like the fashion: one man wears his doublet²⁸ slashed, another laced, another plain; but every man has a doublet; so every man has his religion. We differ about trimming.

4. Men say they are of the same religion for quietness' sake; but if the matter were well examined, you would scarce find three anywhere of the same religion in all points.

5. Every religion is a getting religion; for though I myself get nothing, I am subordinate to those that do. So you may find a lawyer in the Temple that gets little for the present; but he is fitting himself to be in time one of those great ones that do get.

6. Alteration of religion is dangerous, because we know not where it will stay: 'tis like a millstone that lies upon the top of a pair of stairs; 'tis hard to remove it, but if it once be thrust off the first stair, it never stays till it comes to the bottom.

7. *Question.* Whether is the Church or the Scripture judge of religion? *Answer.* In truth neither, but the State. I am troubled with a boil; I call a company of chirurgeons about me; one prescribes one thing, another another; I single out something I like, and ask you that stand by, and are no chirurgeon, what think you of it. You like it too; you and I are judges of the plaster, and we bid them prepare it, and there's an end. Thus 'tis in religion: the Protestants say they will be judged by the Scriptures; the Papists say so too; but that cannot speak. A judge is no judge, except he can both speak and command execution; but the truth is, they never intend to agree. No doubt the Pope, where he is supreme, is to be judge; if he say we in England ought to be subject to him, then he must draw his sword and make it good.

10. Disputes in religion will never be ended, because there wants a measure by which the business would be decided. The Puritan would be judged by the Word of God: if he would speak clearly, he means himself, but he is ashamed to say so; and he would have me believe him before a

²⁷ Pollock suggests that "love" is a misreading of "law."

²⁸ The reader will notice the serious anticipation of Swift's figure in the Tale of a Tub.

whole Church, that has read the Word of God as well as he. One says one thing, and another another; and there is, I say, no measure to end the controversy. 'Tis just as if two men were at bowls, and both judged by the eye. One says 'tis his cast, the other says 'tis my cast; and having no measure, the difference is eternal. Ben Jonson satirically expressed the vain disputes of divines by Inigo Lanthorne, disputing with a puppet in his Bartholomew Fair.²⁹ It is so; it is not so: it is so; it is not so: crying thus one to another a quarter of an hour together.

11. In matters of religion, to be ruled by one that writes against his adversary, and throws all the dirt he can in his face, is as if in point of good manners a man should be governed by one whom he sees at cuffs with another, and thereupon thinks himself bound to give the next man he meets a box on the ear.

12. 'Tis to no purpose to labor to reconcile religions, when the interest of princes will not suffer it. 'Tis well if they could be reconciled so far that they should not cut one another's throats.

13. There's all the reason in the world divines should not be suffered to go a hair beyond their bounds, for fear of breeding confusion, since there now be so many religions on foot. The matter was not so narrowly to be looked after when there was but one religion in Christendom; the rest would cry him down for an heretic, and there was nobody to side with him.

14. We look after religion as the butcher did after his knife, when he had it in his mouth.

15. Religion is made a juggler's paper; now 'tis a horse, now 'tis a lanthorn, now 'tis a boar,³⁰ now 'tis a man. To serve ends, religion is turned into all shapes.

16. Pretending religion and the law of God, is to set all things loose. When a man has no mind to do something he ought to do by his contract with man, then he gets a text, and interprets it as he pleases, and so thinks to get loose.

17. Some men's pretending religion is like the roaring boys' way of challenges,

"Their reputation is dear, it does not stand with the honor of a gentleman"; when, God knows, they have neither honor nor reputation about them.

18. They talk much of settling religion: religion is well enough settled already, if we would let it alone. . . .

19. If men would say they took to arms for anything but religion, they might be beaten out of it by reason; out of that they never can, for they will not believe you whatever you say.

The very *arcanum* of pretending religion in all wars is that something may be found out in which all men may have interest. In this the groom has as much interest as the lord. Were it for land, one has one thousand acres, and the other but one; he would not venture so far as he that has a thousand. But religion is equal to both. Had all men land alike, by a *lex agraria*, then all men would say they fought for land.

SABBATH

1. Why should I think all the Fourth Commandment belongs to me, when all the Fifth does not? What land will the Lord give me for honoring my father? It was spoken to the Jews with reference to the Land of Canaan; but the meaning is, if I honor my parents, God will also bless me. We read the Commandments in the Church service, as we do David's Psalms; not that all there concerns us, but a great deal of them does.

SACRAMENT

1. Christ suffered Judas to take the Communion. Those ministers that keep their parishioners from it, because they will not do as they will have them, revenge, rather than reform.

2. No man can tell whether I am fit to receive the Sacrament; for though I were fit the day before, when he examined me, at least appeared so to him, yet how can he tell what sin I have committed that night, or the next morning, or what impious atheistical thoughts I may have about me, when I am approaching to the very table?

²⁹ Act. V. Sc. 3.

³⁰ Or *boat*.

THANKSGIVING

1. At first we gave thanks for every victory as soon as ever 'twas obtained; but since we have had many, now we can stay a good while. We are just like a child: give him a plum, he makes his leg; give him a second plum, he makes another leg; at last when his belly is full, he forgets what he ought to do; then his nurse or somebody else that stands by him puts him in mind of his duty: "Where's your leg?"

TRADITION

1. Say what you will against tradition, we know the significance of words by nothing but tradition. You will say the Scripture was written by the Holy Spirit; but do you understand that language 'twas writ in? No. Then for example take these words, *In principio erat verbum*. How do you know those words signify, "In the beginning was the word," but by tradition, because somebody has told you so?

VOWS

1. [Question.] Suppose a man find by his own inclination he has no mind to marry, may he not then vow chastity? *Answer*. If he does, what a fine thing hath he done! 'Tis as if a man did not love cheese, and then he would vow to God Almighty never to eat cheese. He that vows can mean no more in sense than this: to do his utmost endeavor to keep his vow.

WITCHES

1. The law against witches does not prove there be any; but it punishes the malice of those people that use such means to take away men's lives. If one should profess that by turning his hat thrice, and crying "Buzz," he could take away a man's life, though in truth he could do no such thing, yet this were a just law made by the State, that whosoever should turn his hat thrice,

and cry "Buzz," with an intention to take away a man's life, shall be put to death.

WIFE

1. He that hath a handsome wife, by other men is thought happy; 'tis a pleasure to look upon her, and be in her company; but the husband is cloyed with her. We are never content with what we have.

2. You shall see a monkey sometime that has been playing up and down the garden at length leap up to the top of the wall, but his clog hangs a great way below on this side; the bishop's wife is like that monkey's clog; himself is got up very high, takes place of the temporal barons, but his wife comes a great way behind.

3. 'Tis reason a man that will have a wife should be at the charge of her trinkets, and pay all the scores she sets on him. He that will keep a monkey, 'tis fit he should pay for the glasses he breaks.

WISDOM

1. A wise man should never resolve upon anything, at least never let the world know his resolution; for if he cannot arrive at that, he is ashamed. How many things did the King resolve in his declaration concerning Scotland never to do, and yet did them all! A man must do according to accidents and emergencies.

2. Never tell your resolution beforehand; but when the cast is thrown, play it as well as you can to win the game you are at. 'Tis but folly to study how to play size-ace, when you know not whether you shall throw it or no.

3. Wise men say nothing in dangerous times. The lion, you know, called the sheep, to ask her if his breath smelt; she said, "Aye"; he bit off her head for a fool. He called the wolf, and asked him; he said, "No"; he tore him in pieces for a flatterer. At last he called the fox, and asked him: "Truly he had got a cold, and could not smell." . . .

THOMAS HOBBES

(1588-1679)

The author of *Leviathan* is, it must be confessed, one of those literary personages with whose names everyone is familiar, but who, nevertheless, figure very little in the daily life and experience of most readers. And his great book is almost as much a matter of hearsay to the general reader as the fabulous monster of the deep from which it takes its name. The *Leviathan*, like Spenser's *Faerie Queene* and Butler's *Hudibras*, is likely to remain *terra incognita* on the maps of the reading public. Yet Hobbes is still one of the great names in the history of English philosophy—the greatest, indeed, between Bacon and Locke—and his *Leviathan*, incredible as it may seem, is, according to Whitaker's Reference Catalogue of Current Literature, still produced by eight publishers, whereas only seven find it worth while to publish *The Wealth of Nations*, and only five *The Origin of Species*.

Hobbes's long life extended from the fateful year 1588, when his mother gave birth to him prematurely upon receiving the news of the coming of the Spanish Armada, until 1679, when an entirely new world had come into being in politics and literature and philosophy, the world of Charles II, of the Whigs and the Tories, and Dryden and Locke. He was born in Wiltshire, of yeoman stock, and of an almost illiterate family, although his father was a vicar. He early showed signs of great precocity; he was reading advanced works in English at four, and Latin and Greek at six. His philosophical inclinations were apparent by the time he had reached fourteen, when he entered Magdalen Hall, Oxford, to remain for some five years before receiving his B.A. degree. Like all the other young thinkers of his day, Hobbes disliked intensely the curriculum of the university, and neglected the set tasks as far as possible. He was never a great reader, and his favorite boast in later life was that if he had read as much as other people he would know as little as they.

Upon leaving the university, he supported himself by acting as tutor in the family of William Cavendish, Earl of Devonshire. From this time on he moved in circles considerably above his own, and his intellectual life was quickened by contact with gifted and prominent persons. From his early years he spent much time abroad with various employers, and was fortunate enough to see Galileo in Florence in 1636, two years before his fellow-countryman, John Milton, called on the great astronomer. His earliest love was the mathematics, and his introduction to Euclid in 1629 converted him to the philosophical life for ever. As time went on, however, his interests were less concerned with pure science and the more abstruse branches of philosophy than with the social and political aspects of human nature. By 1640 he had written his *Human Nature* and his *De Corpore Politico*. Although very vigorous and audacious intellectually, Hobbes was physically inclined to timorousness, and at the beginning of the Civil War he fled to Paris, where he joined the scientific circles and made himself at home. After much thought and more discussion he produced his *Leviathan* in Paris, between the years 1648 and 1651. He returned to England in 1661, and rejoined the philosophical and scientific groups of the capital. His particular friends during his later years were John Selden and Dr. William Harvey. Hobbes's intellectual and physical vigor lasted to the end of his long life. At eighty-four he wrote his autobiography, and at eighty-six he translated the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. The translation was made, one of his numerous enemies remarked, to show how badly Homer could be translated.

Hobbes's two chief works, the *Human Nature* and the *Leviathan*, sum up respectively his philosophical and his political views. Like his friend Selden, he was an out-and-out utilitarian and Erastian, and he was the predecessor of Bentham and his disciples in the nineteenth century. The *Leviathan* is a perfectly frank exposition of the materialistic and selfish basis of society and social institutions. Hobbes favors absolute monarchy, to which every authority in the state should be subject, including the ecclesiastical. His hypothesis is that self-interest is the mainspring of human action, and that human nature, being inherently

ferocious and corrupt, requires the restraint of an absolute and unquestioned monarchy — the leviathan of the sea which is this world.

Hobbes's personality was one of the most striking of his age. He produced an immediate and intense effect on everyone that met him. He had more friends and more enemies than almost any other man in England. He broke up every company to which he was admitted. He and his books produced a disturbance among the intellectualists of the country similar to that brought about by Darwin and his theories two centuries later. He was called everything from "atheist" up and down, and "Hobbism" came to be a familiar term of reproach. He was cordially hated by all parties and sects. His *Leviathan* was burned publicly at Oxford after his death, and from its very first publication it had incurred the hostility of certain authorities. Mr. Pepys's comment on his purchase of the *Leviathan* is illuminating and characteristic: "Hobbes's *Leviathan* is now mightily called for; and what was heretofore sold for 8s. I now give 24s. for, at the second hand, and is sold for 30s., it being a book the bishops will not let be printed again." (Sept. 3, 1668.)

But the process of fermentation which the book induced in the minds of the people was in the end the best thing that could have happened to English thought at the time. Though by no means of the calibre of Locke or Bacon or Kepler, Hobbes is, nevertheless, part of the great movement in which they figured. And his books influenced in no small degree the political and philosophical speculation of Spinoza and Leibnitz, Diderot and Rousseau. In the realm of literature Hobbes is interesting as having achieved a style as excellent as it is rare in philosophical works of his day. He manages to maintain, even in discussions which are not at all light and popular, a certain briskness and terseness of expression, and spices his work with bits of sarcasm and wittily cynical turns of thought. The *Leviathan* has, for practical purposes, been superseded, but it will both stand and repay inspection.

FROM LEVIATHAN, OR THE MATTER, FORM, AND POWER OF A COMMON-WEALTH, ECCLESIASTICAL AND CIVIL

(Text: first edition, 1651)

THE INTRODUCTION

Nature, the art whereby God hath made and governs the world, is by the art of man, as in many other things, so in this also imitated, that it can make an artificial animal. For seeing life is but a motion of limbs, the beginning whereof is in some principal part within, why may we not say that all *automata* (engines that move themselves by springs and wheels as doth a watch) have an artificial life? For what is the *heart* but a *spring*; and the *nerves* but so many *strings*; and the *joints* but so many *wheels*, giving motion to the whole body, such as was intended by the artificer? Art goes yet further, imitating that rational and most excellent work of nature, man. For by art is created that great LEVIATHAN called a COMMONWEALTH, or State, in Latin *Civitas*, which is but an artificial man; though of greater stature and strength than the natural, for whose protection and defence it was intended; and in which the sovereignty is an artificial soul,

as giving life and motion to the whole body; the magistrates and other officers of judicature and execution, artificial joints; reward and punishment, by which fastened to the seat of the sovereignty every joint and member is moved to perform his duty, are the nerves, that do the same in the body natural; the wealth and riches of all the particular members are the strength; *salus populi*, the people's safety, its business; counsellors, by whom all things needful for it to know are suggested unto it, are the memory; equity and laws, an artificial reason and will; concord, health; sedition, sickness; and civil war, death. Lastly, the pacts and covenants, by which the parts of this body politic were at first made, set together, and united, resemble that *fiat*, or the first "Let us make man," pronounced by God in the Creation.

To describe the nature of this artificial man, I will consider —

First, the matter thereof, and the artificer; both which is man.

Secondly, how and by what covenants it

is made; what are the rights and just power or authority of a sovereign; and what it is that preserveth and dissolveth it.

Thirdly, what is a Christian commonwealth.

Lastly, what is the kingdom of darkness.

Concerning the first, there is a saying much usurped of late that wisdom is acquired, not by reading of books, but of men. Consequently whereunto, those persons that for the most part can give no other proof of being wise, take great delight to show what they think they have read in men by uncharitable censures of one another behind their backs. But there is another saying not of late understood, by which they might learn truly to read one another if they would take the pains; that is, *Nosce teipsum*, Read thyself: which was not meant, as it is now used, to countenance either the barbarous state of men in power towards their inferiors, or to encourage men of low degree to a saucy behavior towards their betters; but to teach us, that for the similitude of the thoughts and passions of one man to the thoughts and passions of another, whosoever looketh into himself, and considereth what he doth when he does think, opine, reason, hope, fear, etc., and upon what grounds, he shall thereby read and know what are the thoughts and passions of all other men upon like occasions. I say the similitude of passions, which are the same in all men, desire, fear, hope, etc., not the similitude of the objects of the passions, which are the things desired, feared, hoped, etc.; for these the constitution individual and particular education do so vary, and they are so easy to be kept from our knowledge, that the characters of man's heart, blotted and confounded as they are with dissembling, lying, counterfeiting, and erroneous doctrines, are legible only to him that searcheth hearts. And though by men's actions we do discover their design sometimes, yet to do it without comparing them with our own and distinguishing all circumstances by which the case may come to be altered, is to decipher without a key, and be for the most part deceived by too much trust or too much diffidence, as he that reads is himself a good or evil man.

But let one man read another by his ac-

tions never so perfectly, it serves him only with his acquaintance, which are but few. He that is to govern a whole nation must read in himself, not this or that particular man, but mankind; which, though it be hard to do, harder than to learn any language or science, yet when I shall have set down my own reading orderly and perspicuously, the pains left another will be only to consider if he also find not the same in himself. For this kind of doctrine admiteth no other demonstration.

PART I — OF MAN

CHAPTER IV

Of Speech

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[The Importance of Definitions]

Seeing that truth consisteth in the right ordering of names in our affirmations, a man that seeketh precise truth had need to remember what every name he useth stands for, and to place it accordingly, or else he will find himself entangled in words as a bird in lime twigs—the more he struggles the more belimed. And therefore in geometry, which is the only science that it hath pleased God hitherto to bestow on mankind, men begin at settling the significations of their words; which settling of significations they call definitions, and place them in the beginning of their reckoning.

By this, it appears how necessary it is for any man that aspires to true knowledge to examine the definitions of former authors; and either to correct them where they are negligently set down, or to make them himself. For the errors of definitions multiply themselves according as the reckoning proceeds, and lead men into absurdities, which at last they see, but cannot avoid without reckoning anew from the beginning, in which lies the foundation of their errors. From whence it happens that they which trust to books do as they that cast up many little sums into a greater, without considering whether those little sums were rightly cast up or not; and at last, finding the error

visible and not mistrusting their first grounds, know not which way to clear themselves, but spend time in fluttering over their books, as birds that, entering by the chimney and finding themselves inclosed in a chamber, flutter at the false light of a glass window, for want of wit to consider which way they came in. So that in the right definition of names lies the first use of speech, which is the acquisition of science; and in wrong or no definitions lies the first abuse; from which proceed all false and senseless tenets, which make those men that take their instruction from the authority of books, and not from their own meditation, to be as much below the condition of ignorant men as men endued with true science are above it. For between true science and erroneous doctrines, ignorance is in the middle. Natural sense and imagination are not subject to absurdity. Nature itself cannot err, and as men abound in copiousness of language, so they become more wise or more mad than ordinary. Nor is it possible without letters for any man to become either excellently wise, or, unless his memory be hurt by disease or ill constitution of organs, excellently foolish. For words are wise men's counters,—they do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools, that value them by the authority of an Aristotle, a Cicero, or a Thomas,¹ or any other doctor whatsoever, if but a man. . . .

CHAPTER XIII

*Of the Natural Condition of Mankind, as
Concerning their Felicity and Misery*

Nature hath made men so equal in the faculties of body and mind as that though there be found one man sometimes manifestly stronger in body, or of quicker mind than another, yet when all is reckoned together, the difference between man and man is not so considerable as that one man can thereupon claim to himself any benefit to which another may not pretend as well as he. For as to the strength of body, the weakest has strength enough to kill the strongest, either by secret machination, or

by confederacy with others that are in the same danger with himself.

And as to the faculties of the mind, setting aside the arts grounded upon words, and especially that skill of proceeding upon general and infallible rules, called science, which very few have, and but in few things as being not a native faculty, born with us, nor attained, as prudence, while we look after somewhat else, I find yet a greater equality amongst men than that of strength. For prudence is but experience; which equal time equally bestows on all men, in those things they equally apply themselves unto. That which may perhaps make such equality incredible is but a vain conceit of one's own wisdom, which almost all men think they have in a greater degree than the vulgar; that is, than all men but themselves and a few others, whom by fame or for concurring with themselves they approve. For such is the nature of men, that howsoever they may acknowledge many others to be more witty or more eloquent or more learned, yet they will hardly believe there be many so wise as themselves. For they see their own wit at hand, and other men's at a distance. But this proveth rather that men are in that point equal, than unequal. For there is not ordinarily a greater sign of the equal distribution of anything than that every man is contented with his share.

From this equality of ability ariseth equality of hope in the attaining of our ends. And therefore if any two men desire the same thing, which nevertheless they cannot both enjoy, they become enemies; and in the way to their end (which is principally their own conservation, and sometimes their delectation only), endeavor to destroy or subdue one another. And from hence it comes to pass, that where an invader hath no more to fear than another man's single power, if one plant, sow, build or possess a convenient seat, others may probably be expected to come prepared with forces united to dispossess and deprive him, not only of the fruit of his labor, but also of his life or liberty. And the invader again is in the like danger of another.

And from this diffidence of one another, there is no way for any man to secure him-

¹ St. Thomas Aquinas, Italian scholastic (1225?-1274?).

self so reasonable as anticipation; that is, by force or wiles to master the persons of all men he can, so long till he see no other power great enough to endanger him; and this is no more than his own conservation requireth, and is generally allowed. Also because there be some, that taking pleasure in contemplating their own power in the acts of conquest, which they pursue farther than their security requires; if others, that otherwise would be glad to be at ease within modest bounds, should not by invasion increase their power, they would not be able, long time, by standing only on their defence, to subsist. And by consequence, such augmentation of dominion over men, being necessary to a man's conservation, it ought to be allowed him.

Again, men have no pleasure, but on the contrary a great deal of grief, in keeping company, where there is no power able to overawe them all. For every man looketh that his companion should value him at the same rate he sets upon himself; and upon all signs of contempt or undervaluing, naturally endeavors, as far as he dares (which amongst them that have no common power to keep them in quiet, is far enough to make them destroy each other), to extort a greater value from his contemners, by damage; and from others, by the example.

So that in the nature of man, we find three principal causes of quarrel. First, competition; secondly, diffidence; thirdly, glory.

The first maketh men invade for gain; the second, for safety; and the third, for reputation. The first use violence, to make themselves masters of other men's persons, wives, children, and cattle; the second, to defend them; the third, for trifles, as a word, a smile, a different opinion, and any other sign of undervalue, either direct in their persons, or by reflection in their kindred, their friends, their nation, their profession, or their name.

Hereby it is manifest, that during the time men live without a common power to keep them all in awe, they are in that condition which is called war; and such a war as is of every man, against every man. For war consisteth not in battle only or the act of fighting; but in a tract of time, wherein the will to contend by battle is sufficiently

known; and therefore the notion of time is to be considered in the nature of war, as it is in the nature of weather. For as the nature of foul weather lieth not in a shower or two of rain, but in an inclination thereto of many days together; so the nature of war consisteth not in actual fighting, but in the known disposition thereto during all the time there is no assurance to the contrary. All other time is peace.

Whatsoever therefore is consequent to a time of war, where every man is enemy to every man, the same is consequent to the time wherein men live without other security than what their own strength and their own invention shall furnish them withal. In such condition there is no place for industry, because the fruit thereof is uncertain; and consequently no culture of the earth; no navigation, nor use of the commodities that may be imported by sea; no commodious building; no instruments of moving and removing such things as require much force; no knowledge of the face of the earth; no account of time; no arts; no letters; no society; and, which is worst of all, continual fear, and danger of violent death; and the life of man, solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short.

It may seem strange to some man that has not well weighed these things, that nature should thus dissociate and render men apt to invade and destroy one another; and he may therefore, not trusting to this inference made from the passions, desire perhaps to have the same confirmed by experience. Let him therefore consider with himself; when taking a journey, he arms himself, and seeks to go well accompanied; when going to sleep, he locks his doors; when even in his house he locks his chests; and this when he knows there be laws and public officers, armed, to revenge all injuries shall be done him; what opinion he has of his fellow-subjects, when he rides armed; of his fellow-citizens, when he locks his doors; and of his children and servants, when he locks his chests. Does he not there as much accuse mankind by his actions as I do by my words? But neither of us accuse man's nature in it. The desires and other passions of man are in themselves no sin. No more are the actions that proceed

from those passions, till they know a law that forbids them; which till laws be made they cannot know; nor can any law be made till they have agreed upon the person that shall make it.

It may peradventure be thought there was never such a time nor condition of war as this; and I believe it was never generally so over all the world; but there are many places where they live so now. For the savage people in many places of America, except the government of small families, the concord whereof dependeth on natural lust, have no government at all, and live at this day in that brutish manner, as I said before. Howsoever, it may be perceived what manner of life there would be, where there were no common power to fear, by the manner of life which men that have formerly lived under a peaceful government use to degenerate into in a civil war.

But though there had never been any time wherein particular men were in a condition of war one against another, yet in all times, kings and persons of sovereign authority, because of their independency, are in continual jealousies, and in the state and posture of gladiators; having their weapons pointing, and their eyes fixed on one another; that is, their forts, garrisons, and guns, upon the frontiers of their kingdoms; and continual spies upon their neighbors; which is a posture of war. But because they uphold thereby the industry of their subjects, there does not follow from it that misery which accompanies the liberty of particular men.

To this war of every man against every man, this also is consequent, that nothing can be unjust. The notions of right and wrong, justice and injustice, have there no place. Where there is no common power, there is no law; where no law, no injustice. Force and fraud are in war the two cardinal virtues. Justice and injustice are none of the faculties neither of the body nor mind. If they were, they might be in a man that were alone in the world, as well as his senses and passions. They are qualities that relate to men in society, not in solitude. It is consequent also to the same condition that there be no propriety, no dominion, no "mine" and "thine" distinct; but only

that to be every man's that he can get; and for so long as he can keep it. And thus much for the ill condition which every man by mere nature is actually placed in; though with a possibility to come out of it, consisting partly in the passions, partly in his reason.

The passions that incline men to peace are fear of death, desire of such things as are necessary to commodious living, and a hope by their industry to obtain them. And reason suggesteth convenient articles of peace, upon which men may be drawn to agreement. These articles are they which otherwise are called the laws of nature. . . .

PART II — OF COMMONWEALTH

CHAPTER XVII

Of the Causes, Generation, and Definition of a Commonwealth

The final cause, end, or design of men, who naturally love liberty, and dominion over others in the introduction of that restraint upon themselves, in which we see them live in commonwealths, is the foresight of their own preservation, and of a more contented life thereby; that is to say, of getting themselves out from that miserable condition of war, which is necessarily consequent, as hath been shown in Chapter XIII, to the natural passions of men, when there is no visible power to keep them in awe, and tie them by fear of punishment to the performance of their covenants, and observation of those laws of nature set down in the fourteenth and fifteenth chapters.

For the laws of nature as justice, equity, modesty, mercy, and, in sum, doing to others as we would be done to, of themselves, without the terror of some power, to cause them to be observed, are contrary to our natural passions, that carry us to partiality, pride, revenge, and the like. And covenants, without the sword, are but words, and of no strength to secure a man at all. Therefore notwithstanding the laws of nature, which everyone hath then kept, when he has the will to keep them, when he can do it safely,

if there be no power erected, or not great enough for our security; every man will and may lawfully rely on his own strength and art, for caution against all other men. And in all places, where men have lived by small families, to rob and spoil one another has been a trade, and so far from being reputed against the law of nature that the greater spoils they gained, the greater was their honor; and men observed no other laws therein but the laws of honor; that is, to abstain from cruelty, leaving to men their lives, and instruments of husbandry. And as small families did then, so now do cities and kingdoms, which are but greater families for their own security, enlarge their dominions, upon all pretences of danger, and fear of invasion, or assistance that may be given to invaders, endeavor as much as they can to subdue or weaken their neighbors, by open force and secret arts, for want of other caution, justly; and are remembered for it in after ages with honor.

Nor is it the joining together of a small number of men that gives them this security; because in small numbers small additions on the one side or the other make the advantage of strength so great as is sufficient to carry the victory; and therefore gives encouragement to an invasion. The multitude sufficient to confide in for our security is not determined by any certain number, but by comparison with the enemy we fear; and is then sufficient when the odds of the enemy is not of so visible and conspicuous moment to determine the event of war, as to move him to attempt.

And be there never so great a multitude, yet if their actions be directed according to their particular judgments, and particular appetites, they can expect thereby no defence nor protection, neither against a common enemy, nor against the injuries of one another. For being distracted in opinions concerning the best use and application of their strength, they do not help, but hinder one another; and reduce their strength by mutual opposition to nothing: whereby they are easily not only subdued by a very few that agree together, but also when there is no common enemy they make war upon each other for their particular interests. For if we could suppose a great multitude

of men to consent in the observation of justice, and other laws of nature, without a common power to keep them all in awe, we might as well suppose all mankind to do the same; and then there neither would be, nor need to be, any civil government or commonwealth at all; because there would be peace without subjection.

Nor is it enough for the security, which men desire should last all the time of their life, that they be governed and directed by one judgment, for a limited time, as in one battle or one war. For though they obtain a victory by their unanimous endeavor against a foreign enemy, yet afterwards, when either they have no common enemy, or he that by one part is held for an enemy, is by another part held for a friend, they must needs by the difference of their interests dissolve, and fall again into a war amongst themselves.

It is true that certain living creatures, as bees and ants, live sociably one with another, which are therefore by Aristotle numbered amongst political creatures and yet have no other direction than their particular judgments and appetites; nor speech, whereby one of them can signify to another what he thinks expedient for the common benefit; and therefore some man may perhaps desire to know why mankind cannot do the same. To which I answer,

First, that men are continually in competition for honor and dignity, which these creatures are not; and consequently amongst men there ariseth on that ground envy and hatred, and finally war; but amongst these not so.

Secondly, that amongst these creatures the common good differeth not from the private; and being by nature inclined to their private, they procure thereby the common benefit. But man, whose joy consisteth in comparing himself with other men, can relish nothing but what is eminent.

Thirdly, that these creatures, having not as man the use of reason, do not see, nor think they see any fault, in the administration of their common business; whereas amongst men there are very many that think themselves wiser, and abler to govern the public, better than the rest; and these strive to reform and innovate, one this way,

another that way; and thereby bring it into distraction and civil war.

Fourthly, that these creatures, though they have some use of voice in making known to one another their desires and other affections, yet they want that art of words by which some men can represent to others that which is good in the likeness of evil; and evil in the likeness of good; and augment or diminish the apparent greatness of good and evil, discontenting men, and troubling their peace at their pleasure.

Fifthly, irrational creatures cannot distinguish between *injury* and *damage*; and therefore as long as they be at ease they are not offended with their fellows; whereas man is then most troublesome when he is most at ease; for then it is that he loves to show his wisdom, and control the actions of them that govern the commonwealth.

Lastly, the agreement of these creatures is natural; that of men is by covenant only, which is artificial; and therefore it is no wonder if there be somewhat else required besides covenant to make their agreement constant and lasting; which is a common power, to keep them in awe, and to direct their actions to the common benefit.

The only way to erect such a common power as may be able to defend them from the invasion of foreigners, and the injuries of one another, and thereby to secure them in such sort as that by their own industry and by the fruits of the earth they may nourish themselves and live contentedly, is to confer all their power and strength upon one man, or upon one assembly of men, that may reduce all their wills by plurality of voices unto one will; which is as much as to say, to appoint one man or assembly of men to bear their person; and everyone to own and acknowledge himself to be author of whatsoever he that so beareth their person shall act, or cause to be acted, in those things which concern the common peace and safety; and therein to submit their wills, everyone to his will, and their judg-

ments, to his judgment. This is more than consent or concord; it is a real unity of them all, in one and the same person, made by covenant of every man with every man, in such manner as if every man should say to every man, "I authorize and give up my right of governing myself to this man, or to this assembly of men, on this condition, that thou give up thy right to him, and authorize all his actions in like manner." This done, the multitude so united in one person, is called a Commonwealth, in Latin, *Civitas*. This is the generation of that great Leviathan, or rather, to speak more reverently, of that mortal god, to which we owe, under the immortal God, our peace and defence. For by this authority, given him by every particular man in the commonwealth, he hath the use of so much power and strength conferred on him, that by terror thereof he is enabled to form the wills of them all to peace at home, and mutual aid against their enemies abroad. And in him consisteth the essence of the commonwealth; which, to define it, is, "One person, of whose acts a great multitude, by mutual covenants one with another, have made themselves everyone the author, to the end he may use the strength and means of them all, as he shall think expedient, for their peace and common defence."

And he that carrieth this person is called sovereign, and said to have sovereign power; and everyone besides, his subject.

The attaining to this sovereign power is by two ways. One, by natural force; as when a man maketh his children to submit themselves and their children to his government, as being able to destroy them if they refuse; or by war subdueth his enemies to his will, giving them their lives on that condition. The other is when men agree amongst themselves to submit to some man or assembly of men, voluntarily, on confidence to be protected by him against all others. This latter may be called a political commonwealth, or commonwealth by institution; and the former, a commonwealth by acquisition. . . .

GEORGE HERBERT

(1593-1633/3)

It is a good thing that the world holds a man now and again who makes life seem like the Twenty-Third Psalm. Such a man was George Herbert in the closing years of his brief life, when he had found his calling and his peace. One must go back to Chad and Aidan, churchmen whose lives the Venerable Bede wrote long ago when the life that was good seemed to be so simple to live. If these latter years and the Protestant faith would have permitted it, we should have put this pastor of the small flock at Bemerton into the calendar of the saints where Walton says he belongs.

It is the more noteworthy that the Herbert of the holy life was a man, if ever there was one, born with a silver spoon in his mouth. Gold were better; for he came of the great house of Herbert, one of the most powerful and richest families of a brave era. Silks would have become him; he chose homespun. Many poor men have found it blessed to forsake the poms and vainglories of the world; John Bunyan had no velvets to lay aside. But the rich have been few. And it took an effort for Herbert to renounce the world of Jacobean ruffs on body and mind, and the delicate laces on wrists and wits; for his had been a youth of brilliant promise. Cambridge had applauded his eloquence as Orator for the University. His king had become his friend. James, always on the lookout for recruits for his jousts with the princes of Christendom, saw promise in this youth who could turn fine Latin phrases and reduce the uncomfortable Calvinism of the Scotch controversialist Andrew Melvin to a witty *reductio ad absurdum*, that Andrew Melvin who was finally thrown into the Tower "where," as Walton puts it, "he remained very angry for three years." There had been other great friends. With his languages and his oratory Herbert would have made a brilliant ambassador. But there was a hunger in him, not solely the result of his frail constitution, that grew until it became his heart. Conversion comes under many guises and in many ways. It came gently and as a sort of inevitable maturity to George Herbert. So he put away the childish things, renounced his sins, which had been no more grievous than those of John Bunyan with his playing of chimes, and turned to his pastorate among small and quiet minds.

He had long entertained a thought of the holy calling. As a layman he had repaired a church on the one occasion when he had asked the privilege of being an undutiful son to his beautiful and powerful mother, Lady Herbert. But he had hesitated, in the belief that he was unworthy. It took a desperate illness to lead him to the church door. Even there he hung back; but Bishop Laud declared his hesitation a sin and sent for a tailor to measure him for the cloth. There is a beautiful story of his induction into his church at Bemerton; he stayed so long locked in the building that his friends, becoming alarmed, looked in at the window and saw him prostrate on the floor before the altar. Other episodes in his short life remind one of the Gospels. He loved to fall in with people and hold converse with them on holy subjects on his frequent walks to nearby Salisbury to hear the music there. Music was his one recreation, his "heaven on earth." Many of the poems in *The Temple* were composed to his lute. On one of his journeys to his Salisbury music, Herbert helped a poor carter to right his overturned load. When one of his friends at the Cathedral chided him for so soiling an employment, Herbert declared that what he had done "would prove music to him at midnight." One thinks of the Gospel parallel even before Walton adds it. The road to Salisbury was the road to Emmaus. Over the mantel of his parsonage he wrote a brief gospel for his successor:

"If thou chance for to find
A new house to thy mind
And built without thy cost:
Be good to the poor
As God gives thee store,
And then my labor's not lost."

Herbert had the admiration and love of that other belated saint of the day, Nicholas Ferrar — St. Nicholas he was called even at the age of six — who conducted his community in prayer and pious poverty at Little Gidding; and it was to this friend that Herbert on his deathbed sent his *Temple*, to be given to print or fire, as Ferrar thought best.

This country parson has become the model for any man who would follow him in his calling. He has stripped life down to its essentials, charity, piety, humility. He has made it shine like wholesome running water. But he has also given this parson a local habitation and a name. He has easily and unconsciously presented the pattern of the Anglican pastor. He has shown us how vitally a minimum of ceremony and ritual can fit into lives lived in a green place with the everlasting rhythm of birth and marriage and death going on like another calendar of the seasons. He has shown how natural it is for humble men to find in authority and tradition an everlasting arm on which to lean. The Anglican Church may have its faults — as what church has not? — but they show forth rather in the cathedral than in the parish church; you must look for them at Canterbury rather than at Bemerton. For the *via media* suits best a place where ambitions, as trading opportunities and luxuries, are few, a place where the churchyard and its graves are like another room in a yeoman's house and where it comes more natural to say over old words, or hear another say them over, than to be under the eternal urge to hear keen and bold minds discover new facets to the diamond of faith and to keep up with the current terms of the changing times. It is the ideal of peace rather than progress, a circle rather than a spiralling line. And there is this unique flavor to the mature life of this man who turned to simple country living as the best stepping-stone to God; there clings to him always something of the castle, the university, the city, an aristocratic taste and decorum, something of the Cavalier, a gentility that is the soul of gentleness.

The monument of George Herbert is *The Temple*, that unique book of devotions where the intellect keeps keenly awake even in the midst of song, where if one has poetry that is uneven and just short of the inevitable in essence, one has also a mysticism that is for once as clear as a bell, as through clear window-glass, a sight of God. But in his brief prose works, too, something of the unique direct association of man and God shows forth, and something of Herbert's gift for being pious and concrete at the same time. A Priest to the Temple, or the Country Parson more familiarly, is like the Church Porch, a compendium of practical observation that does not depend upon its author's sincerity alone for its power but has an eloquence and wings of its own. Here was the Ben Franklin among preachers. And a Ben Franklin who could discuss the economy of a heavenly city. A Ben Franklin whose kite brought more than a spark from the sky. A Ben Franklin who could sing.

FROM A PRIEST TO THE TEMPLE

(Text: first edition, 1652)

THE PARSON'S LIFE ¹

The country parson is exceeding exact in his life, being holy, just, prudent, temperate, bold, grave in all his ways. And because the two highest points of life, wherein a Christian is most seen, are patience and mortification, patience in regard of afflictions, mortification in regard of lusts and affections and the stupefying and dreading of all the clamorous powers of the soul, therefore he hath thoroughly studied these that he may be an absolute master and commander of himself for all the purposes which God hath ordained him. Yet in these points he labors most in those things which

are most apt to scandalize his parish. And first, because country people live hardly and therefore as feeling their own sweat and consequently knowing the price of money are offended much with any who by hard usage increase their travail, the country parson is very circumspect in avoiding all covetousness, neither being greedy to get nor niggardly to keep nor troubled to lose any worldly wealth, but in all his words and actions slighting and disesteeming it even to a wondering that the world should so much value wealth, which in the day of wrath hath not one dram of comfort for us. Secondly, because luxury is a very visible sin, the parson is very careful to avoid all

¹ Chapter III of *A Priest to the Temple*.

the kinds thereof, but especially that of drinking, because it is the most popular vice; into which if he come, "he prostitutes himself" both to shame and sin and by having "fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness" he disableth himself of authority "to reprove them." For sins make all equal whom they find together; and then they are worst who ought to be best. Neither is it for the servant of Christ to haunt inns or taverns or alehouses "to the dishonor of his person and office." The parson doth not so, but orders his life in such a fashion that when death takes him, as the Jews and Judas did Christ, he may say as he did, "I sat daily with you teaching in the Temple." Thirdly, because country people, as indeed all honest men, do much esteem their word, it being the life of buying and selling and dealing in the world, therefore the parson is very strict in keeping his word, though it be to his own hinderance, as knowing that if he be not so, he will quickly be discovered and disregarded; neither will they believe him in the pulpit whom they cannot trust in his conversation. As for oaths and apparel, the disorders thereof are also very manifest. The parson's yea is yea, and nay nay; and his apparel plain, but reverend and clean, without spots or dust or smell; the purity of his mind breaking out and dilating itself even to his body, clothes, and habitation.

THE PARSON IN HIS HOUSE ²

The parson is very exact in the governing of his house, making it a copy and model for his parish. He knows the temper and pulse of every person in his house, and accordingly either meets with their vices or advanceth their virtues. His wife is either religious, or night and day he is winning her to it. Instead of the qualities of the world, he requires only three of her: first, a training up of her children and maids in the fear of God with prayers and catechizing and all religious duties. Secondly, a curing and healing of all wounds and sores with her own hands; which skill either she brought with her or he takes care she learn

it of some religious neighbor. Thirdly, a providing for her family in such sort as that neither they want a competent sustentation nor her husband be brought in debt. His children he first makes Christians and then commonwealth's men; the one he owes to his heavenly country, the other to his earthly, having no title to either except he do good to both. Therefore having seasoned them with all piety, not only of words in praying and reading but in actions, in visiting other sick children and tending their wounds and sending his charity by them to the poor and sometimes giving them a little money to do it themselves that they get a delight in it and enter favor with God, who weighs even children's actions, I Kings, 14:12, 13. He afterwards turns his care to fit all their dispositions with some calling, not sparing the eldest but giving him the prerogative of his father's profession, which happily ³ for his other children he is not able to do. Yet in binding them 'prentices, in case he think fit to do so, he takes care not to put them into vain trades and unbefitting the reverence of their father's calling, such as are taverns for men and lace-making for women; because those trades, for the most part, serve but the vices and vanities of the world which he is to deny and not augment. However, he resolves with himself never to omit any present good deed of charity in consideration of providing a stock for his children; but assures himself that money thus lent to God is placed surer for his children's advantage than if it were given to the Chamber of London.⁴ Good deeds and good breeding are his two great stocks for his children; if God give anything above those and not spent in them, he blesseth God and lays it out as he sees cause. His servants are all religious, and were it not his duty to have them so, it were his profit, for none are so well served as by religious servants, both because they do best and because what they do is blessed and prospers. After religion, he teacheth them that three things make a complete servant: truth, and diligence, and neatness or cleanliness. Those

² Chapter X.

³ Haply.

⁴ A reference to the institution of orphanage; the Mayor and aldermen of London acted as trustees for the children of freemen.

that can read are allowed times for it, and those that cannot are taught; for all in his house are either teachers or learners or both, so that his family is a school of religion, and they all account that to teach the ignorant is the greatest alms. Even the walls are not idle, but something is written or painted there which may excite the reader to a thought of piety; especially the 101 Psalm, which is expressed in a fair table, as being the rule of a family. And when they go abroad, his wife among her neighbors is the beginner of good discourses, his children among children, his servants among other servants; so that as in the house of those that are skilled in music all are musicians, so in the house of a preacher all are preachers. He suffers not a lie or equivocation by any means in his house, but counts it the art and secret of governing to preserve a directness and open plainness in all things; so that all his house knows that there is no help for a fault done but confession. He himself or his wife takes account of sermons,⁵ and how everyone profits, comparing this year with the last; and besides the common prayers of the family, he straitly requires of all to pray by themselves before they sleep at night and stir out in the morning, and knows what prayers they say, and till they have learned them makes them kneel by him, esteeming that this private praying is a more voluntary act in them than when they are called to others' prayers, and that which when they leave the family they carry with them. He keeps his servants between love and fear, according as he finds them; but generally he distributes it thus: to his children he shows more love than terror, to his servants more terror than love; but an old good servant boards⁶ a child. The furniture of his house is very plain, but clean, whole, and sweet, as sweet as his garden can make; for he hath no money for such things, charity being his only perfume, which deserves cost when he can spare it. His fare is plain and common, but wholesome; what he hath is little but very good; it consisteth most of mutton, beef, and veal; if he adds anything for a great day or a stranger, his garden or orchard supplies it or his barn

and backside;⁷ he goes no further for any entertainment, lest he go into the world, esteeming it absurd that he should exceed who teacheth others temperance. But those which his home produceth he refuseth not, as coming cheap and easy and arising from the improvement of things which otherwise would be lost. Wherein he admires and imitates the wonderful providence and thrift of the great householder of the world. For there being two things which, as they are, are unuseful to man, the one for smallness, as crumbs and scattered corn and the like, the other for the foulness, as wash and dirt and things thereinto fallen; God hath provided creatures for both; for the first, poultry; for the second, swine. These save man the labor and doing that which either he could not do or was not fit for him to do, by taking both sorts of food into them do as it were dress and prepare both for man in themselves by growing themselves fit for his table. The parson in his house observes fasting days; and particularly, as Sunday is his day of joy so Friday his day of humiliation, which he celebrates not only with abstinence of diet but also of company, recreation, and all outward contentments, and besides, with confession of sins and all acts of mortification. Now fasting days contain a treble obligation: first, of eating less that day than on other days; secondly, of eating no pleasing or over-nourishing things, as the Israelites did eat sour herbs; thirdly, of eating no flesh, which is but the determination of the second rule by authority to this particular. The two former obligations are much more essential to a true fast than the third and last; and fasting days were fully performed by keeping of the two former, had not authority interposed; so that to eat a little, and that unpleasant, is the natural rule of fasting, although it be flesh. For since fasting in Scripture language is an afflicting of our souls, if a piece of dry flesh at my table be more unpleasant to me than some fish there, certainly to eat the flesh, and not the fish, is to keep the fasting day naturally. And it is observable that the prohibiting of flesh came from hot countries where both flesh alone, and much more with wine, is apt to nourish more than in cold

⁵ Summarizes briefly.

⁶ Approaches, counts as a child.

⁷ Backyard.

regions and where flesh may be much better spared, and with more safety than elsewhere, where both the people and the drink being cold and phlegmatic the eating of flesh is an antidote to both. For it is certain that a weak stomach, being prepossessed with flesh, shall much better brook and bear a draught of beer than if it had taken before either fish or roots or such things; which will discover itself by spitting and rheum or phlegm. To conclude, the parson, if he be in full health, keeps the three obligations, eating fish or roots, and that for quantity little, for quality unpleasant. If his body be weak and obstructed, as most students' are, he cannot keep the last obligation nor suffer others in his house that are so to keep it; but only the two former, which also in diseases of exinanition, as consumption, must be broken; for meat was made for man, not man for meat. To all this may be added, not for emboldening the unruly but for the comfort of the weak, that not only sickness breaks these obligations of fasting but sickness also. For it is as unnatural to do anything that leads me to a sickness to which I am inclined as not to get out of that sickness, when I am in it, by any diet. One thing is evident, that an English body and a student's body are two great obstructed vessels; and there is nothing that is food, and not physic, which doth less obstruct than flesh moderately taken; as being immoderately taken, it is exceeding obstructive. And obstructions are the cause of most diseases.

THE PARSON'S COMPLETENESS *

The country parson desires to be all to his parish, and not only a pastor but a lawyer also and a physician. Therefore he endures not that any of his flock should go to law, but in any controversy that they should resort to him as their judge. To this end he hath gotten to himself some insight in things ordinarily incident and controverted by experience and by reading some initiatory treatises in the law, with Dalton's Justice of Peace and the Abridgments of the Statutes, as also by discourse with men of that profession, whom he hath ever some

cases to ask when he meets with them; holding that rule that to put men to discourse of that wherein they are most eminent is the most gainful way of conversation. Yet whenever any controversy is brought to him, he never decides it alone, but sends for three or four of the ablest of the parish to hear the cause with him, whom he makes to deliver their opinion first; out of which he gathers, in case he be ignorant himself, what to hold; and so the thing passeth with more authority and less envy. In judging he follows that which is altogether right; so that if the poorest man of the parish detain but a pin unjustly from the richest, he absolutely restores it as a judge; but when he hath so done, then he assumes the parson and exhorts to charity. Nevertheless, there may happen sometimes some cases wherein he chooseth to permit his parishioners rather to make use of the law than himself; as in cases of an obscure and dark nature, not easily determinable by lawyers themselves; or in cases of high consequence, as establishing of inheritances; or lastly, when the persons in difference are of a contentious disposition and cannot be gained but that they still fall from all compromises that have been made. But then he shows them how to go to law, even as brethren and not as enemies, neither avoiding therefore one another's company, much less defaming one another. Now as the parson is in law, so is he in sickness also; if there be any of his flock sick, he is their physician, or at least his wife, of whom instead of the qualities of the world he asks no other but to have the skill of healing a wound or helping the sick. But if neither himself nor his wife have the skill, and his means serve, he keeps some young practitioner in his house for the benefit of his parish, whom yet he ever exhorts not to exceed his bounds but in ticklish cases to call in help. If all fail, then he keeps in good correspondence with some neighbor physician and entertains him for the cure of his parish. Yet it is easy for any scholar to attain to such a measure of physic as may be of much use to him both for himself and others. This is done by seeing one anatomy, reading one book of physic, having one herbal by him. And let Fernelius

be the physick author, for he writes briefly, neatly, and judiciously; especially let his Method of Physick be diligently perused, as being the practical part and of most use. Now both the reading of him and the knowing of herbs may be done at such times as they may be an help and a recreation to more divine studies, nature serving grace both in comfort of diversion and the benefit of application when need requires; as also by way of illustration even as our Savior made plants and seeds to teach the people. For he was the true householder, who bringeth out of his treasure things new and old; the old things of philosophy, and the new of grace; and maketh the one serve the other. And I conceive our Savior did this for three reasons: first, that by familiar things he might make his doctrine slip the more easily into the hearts even of the meanest. Secondly, that laboring people, whom he chiefly considered, might have everywhere monuments of his doctrine, remembering in gardens his mustard-seed and lilies; in the field, his seed-corn and tares; and so not be drowned altogether in the works of their vocation but sometimes lift up their minds to better things, even in the midst of their pains. Thirdly, that he might set a copy for parsons. In the knowledge of simples, wherein the manifold wisdom of God is wonderfully to be seen, one thing would be carefully observed; which is to know what herbs may be used instead of drugs of the same nature and to make the garden the shop. For homebred medicines are both more easy for the parson's purse and more familiar for all men's bodies. So, where the apothecary useth either for loosening, rhubarb, or for binding, bolearmena, the parson useth damask or white roses for the one and plantain, shepherd's purse, knot-grass for the other, and that with better success. As for spices he doth not only prefer homebred things before them but condemns them for vanities and so shuts them out of his family, esteeming that there is no spice comparable, for herbs,

to rosemary, thyme, savory, mints; and for seeds, to fennel and caraway seeds. Accordingly, for salves his wife seeks not the city but prefers her garden and fields before all outlandish gums. And surely hyssop, valerian, mercury, adder's tongue, yarrow, melilot, and Saint John's wort made into a salve, and elder, camomile, mallows, camphor, and smallage made into a poultice have done great and rare cures. In curing of any the parson and his family use to premise prayers, for this is to cure like a parson, and this raiseth the action from the shop to the church. But though the parson sets forward all charitable deeds, yet he looks not in this point of curing beyond his own parish, except the person be so poor that he is not able to reward the physician; for as he is charitable so he is just also. Now it is a justice and debt to the commonwealth he lives in not to encroach on others' professions but to live on his own. And justice is the ground of charity.

THE PARSON IN MIRTH ⁹

The country parson is generally sad, because he knows nothing but the cross of Christ, his mind being defixed on and with those nails wherewith his master was. Or if he have any leisure to look off from thence, he meets continually with two most sad spectacles, sin and misery; God dishonored every day and man afflicted. Nevertheless, he sometimes refresheth himself, as knowing that nature will not bear everlasting droopings and that pleasantness of disposition is a great key to do good, not only because all men shun the company of perpetual severity but also for that when they are in company instructions seasoned with pleasantness both enter sooner and root deeper. Wherefore he condescends to human frailties both in himself and others, and intermingles some mirth in his discourses occasionally according to the pulse of the hearer.

IZAAK WALTON

(1593-1683)

A man who disliked Izaak Walton would be one to mistrust as much as the man who dislikes music. It is not often that the man eminent in letters is thoroughly lovable. Walton belongs in that select company of Samuel Pepys, Dr. Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, and Charles Lamb. Fashions change in literature; the classics of one age gather dust on the shelves of another. *Pilgrim's Progress*, after more than a century on the kitchen bookshelf, has retired to the parlor. But the book Izaak Walton wrote for the pockets of the seventeenth-century brotherhood of the angle is still thumbed.

Probably the *Complete Angler* owes some part of its perennial appeal to the fact that the author of it got outside of the fervors and mannerisms, the eloquences and the gravities of his age. But as surely the book owes more to the fact that in stepping outside of his age the author withdrew into the living-room of his own serene brain. When he wrote of the thing he loved best, he was most himself.

Serenity was not a common characteristic of the century that produced *Paradise Lost*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, and *Absalom and Achitophel*. And when that serenity was joined to a nature that was as trusting as a child's, the unique result was Walton. At seventy Walton was a Herbert who had never suffered a spiritual Gethsemane, a Herbert at the age of the catechism still. The doubts which made a mind like Browne's so gravely beautiful never cast a shadow on Walton's. This man was no professing philosopher. Life was too plain a matter for that. Life was sweet and easy for him in spite of the eight children he had lost, the two wives he had buried, the nation he had seen torn in twain, the king that had been beheaded, and all the friends he loved best, Donne, Wotton, Nat and R. Roe, he had seen lowered into the grave. He had lived a child for ninety years. He had kept a mind like a drop of dew. He had fought no fight to keep the faith. England was brooks to him, not agonies, not sects, not conflicts.

The few facts we know of Walton's long life are all in keeping with the nature that shows its best in the *Angler*. Izaak was never in a high or ticklish place in his life. The nearest he ever came to adventure was his carrying of a jewel of Charles the Second, after Worcester, to London. He knew deaths and births, marriages and friendships. With political intrigues and issues of preferment he had nothing to do. He had the profoundest respect for churchmen, and he came to number many notable Anglican preachers as friends. He had a faculty for knowing the great, Donne and Dr. King and Sir Henry Wotton, as he had a faculty for making many obscure men love him. He was an ironmonger and a poet; but he never struck out sparks at either trade. Just how he managed the economics of his leisurely existence, we cannot always say. That he was, in his later years at least, a propertied man, we do know. He lived in London most of his life; but his mind was not a city man's, and his soul inhabited green places, with running water. He knew the streams of his native Staffordshire and of other shires nearer London like a book. His best work, though he had used the quill all along, came on the afternoon slope of his life; the *Life of Donne*, first published at the front of *Donne's Sermons* of 1640; *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, 1651; the *Complete Angler*, 1653; the *Life of Hooker*, 1665; *Life of Herbert*, 1670; *Collected Lives*, 1670; *Life of Sanderson*, 1678. He had the good fortune to see all these works, save the last, go into later editions. He saw the *Complete Angler* go into its fifth and become a classic while he yet lived. And he had the felicity to end his days at Winchester, with the Itchen to fish, right up to the edge of the grave.

As a biographer Walton is *sui generis* almost as clearly as when he is writing on fishing. His *Lives* are unlike the other biographical pieces of his century, or of any other. They are far more formal than Aubrey's longest, though less so than Clarendon's; they are more human than Wood's—if we except Wood's own life. They are the most literary and the most readable today of the seventeenth-century biographies. They are leisurely without

being at all epic; they are full of divertisement and digression, yet they have a strange and haunting unity above the power of the best sorter of detail. In them Walton tries to give a complete man from his beginning to his end, with all sorts of varied and vital illustration. The *Lives* give a different side of Walton, with only here and there the colloquialism of his Angler. Here is a man composing with a careful ear to the music of his flowing sentences. We know that he revised and recast. He added rich specific detail in later versions, as one sees so splendidly done in the case of the expanded later edition of the *Life of Donne*. More formal in his biographies than in the treatise on fishing, Walton has yet a fine ease and a gift for vivid anecdote, not without humor, sometimes, as witness his touch on Andrew Melvin and the perpetual praise by George Herbert's widow of her first husband to her second. The chief charge that can be brought against Walton as a biographer, though it would be enough to sink any other biographer than he, becomes a sort of praise of Walton; he tends to make his subject's life too whole and straightforward and simple like his own. He cannot help making a thesis of his material however distraught it may be. This works admirably for such a man as George Herbert, who never wandered far and who came at last to an existence of sweet, straight lines. But with Donne it does not. Walton makes the Dean of St. Paul's too much a man of the golden sunset. He passes over the young student of agony and cynic of sense too easily. And even the sunset Donne had fierce shadows and fires in his eyes. Yet we can forgive a crystal mind for peopling the world with other crystal men.

It is the masterpiece of his sixtieth year, and a less ambitious work, that has made Walton the immortal. One may dismiss at once the small observations of Walton's few errors in his fishing lore, his touching the water with the fly only, his pike generated from pickerel weed — but that was Gesner's error — his fishing down-stream; there is enough honest advice, on the care of worms and the making of flies, in the book to fill one's creel with the makings of a supper better than the best man of us deserves. It is the deeper truth of the book that one needs to explore. The *Complete Angler* is hard to analyze. It has an innocent clarity that is baffling. It quotes so easily, it brings artists in different professions together so readily, and allows the fisherman so patently to have all the better of the contest that it is disarming. One is ready to set it down as naïve. And, more than that, it is so pleasant in its scenes and setting that one drowns through it as through a May day. Yet below all this placidity and ease there is a hard and clean artistry, with sharp converging lines and an astounding handling of perspective. One sees men, and one sees picturesque inns on the level with their knees and milkmaids to sing as they are told. It is artifice seeming like nature. It is Virgil among the cowslips. Things, even the sheets smelling of lavender, are too clean-cut to be true. The unity is better than life. Outdoors and fishing, with tangled lines and gnats and muddy boots and lost hooks and, above all, the larger trout that one does not hook, these things are not so simple or single as all that. It might be in a brook flowing through Milton's *L'Allegro* country that these men are angling; but not that by Ware. It is a woodcut that we have here; full of conventionalized and wooden men, charming for the very angularity of their carved outlines. They cannot help doing the obvious thing to complete a design. And yet they exist in a land of sheer amber and crystal, the land you see among the rainbowed pebbles at the bottom of a spring. A painted woodcut. Walton's mind is a translucent mind. One can foretell what is coming next. He has no tricks; only the marvellous feeling for a design. His *Venator* asks the questions for which there are the aptest and most picturesque answers. And all this is set in a style which is colloquial, for that day, and at the same time like a single thread of melody. And to make the book entirely unique, within the compass of his woodcut scenes, Walton has put a very masculine zest and a man's frank heartiness that redeem completely the artificiality of his didactic, piscatorial eclogue. His simplification and unification of life pass over into a kind of philosophy that one can make a background for living. So he is a philosopher, after all. His work belongs with Theocritus's idylls and some of Burns's lyrics. Though no Presbyterian, Walton could have had Peace for a middle name, as John Bunyan could have had Tribulation; and for his motto, the last words of Piscator, "Study to be quiet."

THE COMPLETE ANGLER

(Text: the fourth edition, 1668)

THE EPISTLE TO THE READER

To all readers of this discourse, but especially to the honest angler

I think fit to tell thee these following truths, that I did neither undertake, nor write, nor publish, and much less own, this discourse to please myself; and having been too easily drawn to do all to please others, as I proposed not the gaining of credit by this undertaking, so I would not willingly lose any part of that to which I had a just title before I begun it, and therefore desire and hope, if I deserve not commendation, yet I may obtain pardon.

And though this discourse may be liable to some exceptions, yet I cannot doubt but that most readers may receive so much pleasure or profit by it as may make it worthy the time of their perusal, if they be not very busy men. And this is all the confidence that I can put on concerning the merit of what is here offered to their consideration and censure; and if the last prove too severe, I have a liberty, and am resolved to neglect it.

And I wish the reader also to take notice that in writing of it I have made myself a recreation of a recreation; and that it might prove so to him, and not read dull and tediously, I have in several places mixed, not any scurrility, but some innocent, harmless mirth; of which, if thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge; for divines say there are offences given and offences not given but taken.

And I am the willingest to justify the pleasant part of it because though it is known I can be serious at seasonable times, yet the whole discourse is, or rather was, a picture of my own disposition, especially in such days and times as I have laid aside business and gone a-fishing with honest Nat. and R. Roe; but they are gone, and with them most of my pleasant hours, even

as a shadow that passeth away and returns not.

And next let me add this, that he that likes not the book should like the excellent picture of the trout and some of the other fish; which I may take a liberty to commend, because they concern not myself.¹

Next, let me tell the reader that in that which is the more useful part of this discourse, that is to say, the observations of the nature and breeding and seasons and catching of fish, I am not so simple as not to know that a captious reader may find exceptions against something said of some of these; and therefore I must entreat him to consider that experience teaches us to know that several countries alter the time, and I think almost the manner, of fishes' breeding, but doubtless of their being in season; as may appear by three rivers in Monmouthshire, namely, Severn, Wye, and Usk, where Camden (Brit. f. 633) observes that in the river Wye salmon are in season from September to April, and we are certain that in Thames and Trent, and in most other rivers they be in season the six hotter months.

Now for the art of catching fish, that is to say, how to make a man that was none to be an angler by a book, he that undertakes it shall undertake a harder task than Mr. Hales, a most valiant and excellent fencer, who in a printed book called *A Private School of Defence* undertook by it to teach that art or science, and was laughed at for his labor. Not but that many useful things might be learnt by that book, but he was laughed at because that art was not to be taught by words, but practice: and so must angling. And in this discourse I do not undertake to say all that is known or may be said of it, but I undertake to acquaint the reader with many things that are not usually known to every angler; and I shall leave gleanings and observations enough to be made out of the experience of all that love and practise this recreation, to which I shall

1 The book was illustrated with cuts.

encourage them. For angling may be said to be so like the mathematics that it can never be fully learnt; at least not so fully but that there will still be more new experiments left for the trial of other men that succeed us.

But I think all that love this game may here learn something that may be worth their money, if they be not poor and needy men: and in case they be, I then wish them to forbear to buy it; for I write not to get money, but for pleasure, and this discourse boasts of no more; for I hate to promise much, and deceive the reader.

And however it proves to him, yet I am sure I have found a high content in the search and conference of what is here offered to the reader's view and censure. I wish him as much in the perusal of it. And so I might here take my leave, but will stay a little and tell him that whereas it is said by many that in fly-fishing for a trout, the angler must observe his twelve several flies for the twelve months of the year; I say he that follows that rule shall be as sure to catch fish and be as wise as he that makes hay by the fair days in an almanac, and no surer; for those very flies that use to appear about and on the water in one month of the year may the following year come almost a month sooner or later, as the same year proves colder or hotter; and yet in the following discourse I have set down the twelve flies that are in reputation with many anglers, and they may serve to give him some light concerning them. And he may note that there are in Wales and other countries peculiar flies, proper to the particular place or country; and doubtless, unless a man makes a fly to counterfeit that very fly in that place, he is like to lose his labor, or much of it; but for the generality, three or four flies neat and rightly made, and not too big, serve for a trout in most rivers all the summer. And for winter fly-fishing it is as useful as an almanac out of date. And of these (because as no man is born an artist, so no man is born an angler) I thought fit to give thee this notice.

When I have told the reader that in this third impression there are many enlargements, gathered both by my own observation and the communication of friends, I

shall stay him no longer than to wish him a rainy evening to read this following discourse; and that, if he be an honest angler, the east wind may never blow when he goes a-fishing.

I. W.

CHAPTER I

A conference betwixt an angler, a falconer, and a hunter, each commending his recreation

PISCATOR, VENATOR, AUCEPS

PISCATOR. You are well overtaken, gentlemen! A good morning to you both! I have stretched my legs up Tottenham Hill to overtake you, hoping your business may occasion you towards Ware this fine fresh May morning.

VENATOR. Sir, I for my part shall almost answer your hopes, for my purpose is to drink my morning's draught at the Thatched House in Hoddesden, and I think not to rest till I come thither, where I have appointed a friend or two to meet me. But for this gentleman that you see with me, I know not how far he intends his journey; he came so lately into my company that I have scarce had time to ask him the question.

AUCEPS. Sir, I shall by your favor bear you company as far as Theobald's, and there leave you, for then I turn up to a friend's house, who mews a hawk for me, which I now long to see.

VENATOR. Sir, we are all so happy as to have a fine, fresh, cool morning, and I hope we shall each be the happier in the others' company. And, gentlemen, that I may not lose yours, I shall either abate or amend my pace to enjoy it, knowing that, as the Italians say, "Good company in a journey makes the way to seem the shorter."

AUCEPS. It may do so, Sir, with the help of good discourse, which methinks we may promise from you that both look and speak so cheerfully. And for my part I promise you, as an invitation to it, that I will be as free and open hearted as discretion will allow me to be with strangers.

VENATOR. And, Sir, I promise the like.

PISCATOR. I am right glad to hear you

answers, and in confidence you speak the truth, I shall put on a boldness to ask you, Sir, whether business or pleasure caused you to be so early up, and walk so fast, for this other gentleman hath declared he is going to see a hawk, that a friend mews for him.

VENATOR. Sir, mine is a mixture of both, a little business and more pleasure, for I intend this day to do all my business, and then bestow another day or two in hunting the otter, which a friend, that I go to meet, tells me is much pleasanter than any other chase whatsoever; howsoever, I mean to try it; for tomorrow morning we shall meet a pack of otter-dogs of noble Mr. Sadler's upon Amwell Hill, who will be there so early that they intend to prevent² the sun-rising.

PISCATOR. Sir, my fortune has answered my desires, and my purpose is to bestow a day or two in helping to destroy some of those villainous vermin. For I hate them perfectly, because they love fish so well, or rather, because they destroy so much; indeed so much that in my judgment all men that keep otter-dogs ought to have pensions from the king, to encourage them to destroy the very breed of those base otters, they do so much mischief.

VENATOR. But what say you to the foxes of the nation, would not you as willingly have them destroyed? for doubtless they do as much mischief as otters do.

PISCATOR. O, Sir, if they do, it is not so much to me and my fraternity as those base vermin the otters do.

AUCEPS. Why, Sir, I pray, of what fraternity are you, that you are so angry with the poor otters?

PISCATOR. I am, Sir, a brother of the angle, and therefore an enemy to the otter. For you are to note that we anglers all love one another, and therefore do I hate the otter both for my own and their sakes who are of my brotherhood.

VENATOR. And I am a lover of hounds. I have followed many a pack of dogs many a mile, and heard many merry huntsmen make sport and scoff at anglers.

AUCEPS. And I profess myself a falconer, and have heard many grave, serious men

pity them, 'tis such a heavy, contemptible, dull recreation.

PISCATOR. You know, gentlemen, 'tis an easy thing to scoff at any art or recreation; a little wit, mixed with ill nature, confidence and malice, will do it; but though they often venture boldly, yet they are often caught even in their own trap, according to that of Lucian, the father of the family of scoffers:

Lucian, well skilled in scoffing, this hath writ,
Friend, that's your folly, which you think your
wit:

This you vent oft, void both of wit and fear,
Meaning another, when yourself you jeer.

If to this you add what Solomon says of scoffers, that they are an abomination to mankind, let him that thinks fit scoff on, and be a scoffer still, I account them enemies to me, and to all that love virtue and angling.

And for you that have heard many grave, serious men pity anglers; let me tell you, Sir, there be many men that are by others taken to be serious and grave men which we condemn and pity. Men that are taken to be grave, because nature hath made them of a sour complexion, money-getting men, men that spend all their time first in getting, and next in anxious care to keep it, men that are condemned to be rich, and then always busy or discontented. For these poor-rich-men, we anglers pity them perfectly, and stand in no need to borrow their thoughts to think ourselves happy. No, no, Sir, we enjoy a contentedness above the reach of such dispositions, and as the learned and ingenuous Montaigne says, like himself freely, "When my cat and I entertain each other with mutual apish tricks, as playing with a garter, who knows but that I make my cat more sport than she makes me? Shall I conclude her to be simple, that has her time to begin or refuse sportiveness as freely as I myself have? Nay, who knows but that it is a defect of my not understanding her language (for doubtless cats talk and reason with one another) that we agree no better? and who knows but that she pities me for being no wiser, and laughs and censures my folly for making sport for her when we two play together?"

Thus freely speaks Montaigne concerning cats, and I hope I may take as great a liberty to blame any man, and laugh at him too, let him be never so serious, that hath not heard what anglers can say in the justification of their art and recreation. Which I may again tell you is so full of pleasure that we need not borrow their thoughts to think ourselves happy.

VENATOR. Sir, you have almost amazed me, for though I am no scoffer, yet I have — I pray let me speak it without offence — always looked upon anglers as more patient and more simple men than I fear I shall find you to be.

PISCATOR. Sir, I hope you will not judge my earnestness to be impatience. And for my simplicity, if by that you mean a harmlessness, or that simplicity which was usually found in the primitive Christians, who were, as most anglers are, quiet men, and followers of peace, men that were so simply wise as not to sell their consciences to buy riches and with them vexation and a fear to die; if you mean such simple men as lived in those times when there were fewer lawyers; when men might have had a lordship safely conveyed to them in a piece of parchment no bigger than your hand, though several sheets will not do it safely in this wiser age — I say, Sir, if you take us anglers to be such simple men as I have spoke of, then myself and those of my profession will be glad to be so understood. But if by simplicity you meant to express a general defect in those that profess and practise the excellent art of angling, I hope in time to disabuse you, and make the contrary appear so evidently that, if you will but have patience to hear me, I shall remove all the anticipations that discourse, or time, or prejudice have possessed you with against that laudable and ancient art; for I know it is worthy the knowledge and practice of a wise man.

But, gentlemen, though I be able to do this, I am not so unmannerly as to engross all the discourse to myself; and therefore you two having declared yourselves, the one to be a lover of hawks, the other of hounds, I shall be most glad to hear what you can say in the commendation of that recreation which each of you love and practise; and

having heard what you can say, I shall be glad to exercise your attention with what I can say concerning my own recreation, and by this means we shall make the way to seem the shorter. And if you like my motion, I would have Mr. Falconer to begin.

AUCEPS. Your motion is consented to with all my heart, and to testify it I will begin as you have desired me.

And first, for the element that I use to trade in, which is the air, an element of more worth than weight, an element that doubtless exceeds both the earth and water; for though I sometimes deal in both, yet the air is most properly mine, I and my hawks use that most, and it yields us most recreation; it stops not the high soaring of my noble, generous falcon, in it she ascends to such a height as the dull eyes of beasts and fish are not able to reach to; their bodies are too gross for such high elevations; in the air my troops of hawks soar up on high, and when they are lost in the sight of men, then they attend upon and converse with the gods; therefore I think my eagle is so justly styled Jove's faithful servant in ordinary. And that very falcon that I am now going to see deserves no meaner a title, for she usually in her flight endangers herself, like the son of Dædalus, to have her wings scorched by the sun's heat; but her mettle makes her careless of danger, for she then heeds nothing, but makes her nimble pinions cut the fluid air, and so makes her highway over the steepest mountains and deepest rivers, and in her glorious career looks with contempt upon those high steeples and magnificent palaces which we adore and wonder at; from which height I can make her to descend by a word from my mouth, which she both knows and obeys, to accept of meat from my hand, to own me for her master, to go home with me, and be willing the next day to afford me the like recreation.

And more, this element of air which I profess to trade in, the worth of it is such and it is of such necessity that no creature whatsoever, not only those numerous creatures that feed on the face of the earth, but those various creatures that have their dwelling within the waters, every creature that hath life in its nostrils stands in need

of my element. The waters cannot preserve the fish without air, witness the not breaking of ice in an extreme frost; the reason is, for that if the inspiring and expiring organ of any animal be stopped, it suddenly yields to nature, and dies. Thus necessary is air to the existence both of fish and beasts, nay, even to man himself, that air or breath of life with which God at first inspired mankind, he, if he wants it, dies presently, becomes a sad object to all that loved and beheld him, and in an instant turns to putrefaction.

Nay more, the very birds of the air, those that be not hawks, are both so many and so useful and pleasant to mankind that I must not let them pass without some observations. They both feed and refresh him; feed him with their choice bodies, and refresh him with their heavenly voices. I will not undertake to mention the several kind of fowl by which this is done, and his curious palate pleased by day, and which with their very excrements afford him a soft lodging at night. These I will pass by, but not those little nimble musicians of the air that warble forth their curious ditties with which nature hath furnished them to the shame of art.

As first the lark, when she means to rejoice, to cheer herself and those that hear her, she then quits the earth, and sings as she ascends higher into the air, and having ended her heavenly employment, grows then mute and sad to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch but for necessity.

How doth the blackbird and throstle with their melodious voices bid welcome to the cheerful spring, and in their fixed months warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to!

Nay, the smaller birds also do the like in their particular seasons, as namely the laverock, the tit-lark, the little linnet, and the honest robin, that loves mankind both alive and dead.⁸

But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet, loud music out of her little instrumental throat that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the

very laborer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, "Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest men such music on earth!"

And this makes me the less to wonder at the many aviaries in Italy, or at the great charge of Varro his aviary, the ruins of which are yet to be seen in Rome, and is still so famous there that it is reckoned for one of those notables which men of foreign nations either record or lay up in their memories when they return from travel.

This for the birds of pleasure, of which very much more might be said. My next shall be of birds of political use. I think 'tis not to be doubted that swallows have been taught to carry letters betwixt two armies. But 'tis certain that when the Turks besieged Malta or Rhodes — I now remember not which it was — pigeons are then related to carry and recarry letters. And Mr. G. Sandys in his Travels (fol. 269) relates it to be done betwixt Aleppo and Babylon. But if that be disbelieved, 'tis not to be doubted that the dove was sent by Noah, to give him notice of land when to him all appeared to be sea, and the dove proved a faithful and comfortable messenger. And for the sacrifices of the law, a pair of turtle-doves or young pigeons were as well accepted as costly bulls and rams. And when God would feed the Prophet Elijah (1 Kings 17) after a kind of miraculous manner, he did it by ravens, who brought him meat morning and evening. Lastly, the Holy Ghost when he descended visibly upon our Savior, did it by assuming the shape of a dove. And to conclude this part of my discourse, pray remember these wonders were done by birds of the air, the element in which they and I take so much pleasure.

There is also a little contemptible, winged creature, an inhabitant of my aerial element, namely the laborious bee, of whose prudence, policy and regular government of their own commonwealth I might say much, as also of their several kinds, and how useful their honey and wax is both for meat

⁸ A reference to the old tale of the Babes in the Wood.

and medicines to mankind; but I will leave them to their sweet labor, without the least disturbance, believing them to be all very busy amongst the herbs and flowers that we see nature puts forth this May morning.

And now to return to my hawks, from whom I have made too long a digression; you are to note that they are usually distinguished into two kinds; namely, the long-winged and the short-winged hawk; of the first kind, there be chiefly in use amongst us in this nation,

The gerfalcon and jerkin,
The falcon and tassel-gentle,
The laner and laneret,
The bockerel and bockeret,
The saker and saceret,
The merlin and jack merlin,
The hobby and jack.

There is the stelletto of Spain,
The blood-red rook from Turkey,
The waskite from Virginia.

And there is of short-winged hawks,
The eagle and iron,
The goshawk and tercel,
The sparrowhawk and musket,
The French pye of two sorts.

These are reckoned hawks of note and worth, but we have also of an inferior rank,
The stanyel, the rigtail,
The raven, the buzzard,
The forked kite, the bald buzzard,
The hen-driver, and others that I forbear to name.

Gentlemen, if I should enlarge my discourse to the observation of the eires, the brancher, the ramish hawk, the haggard, and the two sorts of lentners, and then treat of their several eyries, their mewings, rare order of casting, and the renovation of their feathers, their reclaiming, dieting, and then come to their rare stories of practice—I say, if I should enter into these, and many other observations that I could make, it would be much, very much pleasure to me. But lest I should break the rules of civility with you by taking up more than the proportion of time allotted to me, I will here break off and entreat you, Mr. Venator, to say what you are able in the commendation of hunting, to which you are so much affected. And if time will serve, I will beg

your favor for a further enlargement of some of those several heads of which I have spoken. But no more at present.

VENATOR. Well, Sir, and I will now take my turn and will first begin with a commendation of the earth, as you have done most excellently of the air, the earth being that element upon which I drive my pleasant, wholesome, hungry trade. The earth is a solid, settled element, an element most universally beneficial both to man and beast, to men who have their several recreations upon it, as horse-races, hunting, sweet smells, pleasant walks. The earth feeds man and all those several beasts that both feed him and afford him recreation. What pleasure doth man take in hunting the stately stag, the generous buck, the wild boar, the cunning otter, the crafty fox, and the fearful hare! And if I may descend to a lower game, what pleasure is it sometimes with gins to betray the very vermin of the earth? as namely the fichat, the fulimart, the ferret, the pole-cat, the moldwarp, and the like creatures that live upon the face and within the bowels of the earth. How doth the earth bring forth herbs, flowers and fruits, both for physic and the pleasure of mankind! and above all, to me at least, the fruitful vine, of which when I drink moderately, it clears my brain, cheers my heart, and sharpens my wit. How could Cleopatra have feasted Mark Antony with eight wild boars roasted whole at one supper and other meat suitable, if the earth had not been a bountiful mother? But to pass by the mighty elephant, which the earth breeds and nourisheth and descend to the least of creatures, how doth the earth afford us a doctrinal example in the little pismire, who in the summer provides and lays up her winter provision, and teaches man to do the like! The earth feeds and carries those horses that carry us. If I would be prodigal of my time and your patience, what might not I say in commendations of the earth? That puts limits to the proud and raging sea, and by that means preserves both man and beast that it destroys them not; as we see it daily doth those that venture upon the sea and are there shipwrecked, drowned, and left to feed haddocks; when we that are so wise as to keep ourselves on earth,

walk, and talk, and live, and eat, and drink, and go a-hunting. Of which recreation I will say a little, and then leave Mr. Piscator to the commendation of angling.

Hunting is a game for princes and noble persons; it hath been highly prized in all ages; it was one of the qualifications that Xenophon bestowed on his Cyrus, that he was a hunter of wild beasts. Hunting trains up the younger nobility to the use of manly exercises in their riper age. What more manly exercise than hunting the wild boar, the stag, the buck, the fox or the hare? How doth it preserve health and increase strength and activity!

And for the dogs that we use, who can commend their excellency to that height which they deserve? How perfect is the hound at smelling, who never leaves or forsakes his scent, but follows it through so many changes and varieties of other scents, even over and in the water and into the earth! What music doth a pack of dogs then make to any man whose heart and ears are so happy as to be set to the tune of such instruments! How will a right greyhound fix his eye on the best buck in a herd, single him out and follow him, and him only through a whole herd of rascal game, and still know and then kill him! For my hounds, I know the language of them, and they know the language and meaning of one another as perfectly as we know the voices of those with whom we discourse daily.

I might enlarge myself in the commendation of hunting, and of the noble hound especially, as also of the docibleness of dogs in general; and I might make many observations of land-creatures, that for composition, order, figure and constitution approach nearest to the completeness and understanding of man; especially of those creatures which Moses in the Law permitted to the Jews, which have cloven hoofs and chew the cud, which I shall forbear to name because I will not be so uncivil with Mr. Piscator as not to allow him a time for the commendation of angling, which he calls an art. But doubtless 'tis an easy one. And, Mr. Auceps, I doubt we shall hear a watery discourse of it; but I hope it will not be a long one.

AUCEPS. And I hope so too, though I fear it will.

PISCATOR. Gentlemen, let not prejudice prepossess you. I confess my discourse is like to prove suitable to my recreation, calm and quiet; we seldom take the name of God into our mouths, but it is either to praise him or pray to him; if others use it vainly in the midst of their recreations, so vainly as if they meant to conjure, I must tell you it is neither our fault nor our custom; we protest against it. But pray remember I accuse nobody; for as I would not make a watery discourse, so I would not put too much vinegar into it, nor would I raise the reputation of my own art by the diminution or ruin of another's. And so much for the prologue to what I mean to say.

And now for the water, the element that I trade in. The water is the eldest daughter of the creation, the element upon which the Spirit of God did first move, the element which God commanded to bring forth living creatures abundantly, and without which those that inhabit the land, even all creatures that have breath in their nostrils, must suddenly return to putrefaction. Moses, the great lawgiver and chief philosopher, skilled in all the learning of the Egyptians, who was called the friend of God, and knew the mind of the Almighty, names this element the first in the creation; this is the element upon which the Spirit of God did first move, and is the chief ingredient in the creation. Many philosophers have made it to comprehend all the other elements, but most allow it the chiefest in the mixture of all living creatures.

There be [those] that profess to believe that all bodies are made of water and may be reduced back again to water only. They endeavor to demonstrate it thus:

Take a willow, or any like speedy-growing plant, newly rooted in a box or barrel full of earth, weigh them all together exactly when the tree begins to grow and then weigh all together after the tree is increased from its first rooting to weigh a hundred pound weight more than when it was first rooted and weighed; and you shall find this augment of the tree to be without the diminution of one dram of the earth. Hence

they infer this increase of wood to be from water or rain or from dew, and not to be from any other element. And they affirm they can reduce this wood back again to water; and they affirm also, the same may be done in any animal or vegetable. And this I take to be a fair testimony of the excellency of my element of water.

The water is more productive than the earth. Nay, the earth hath no fruitfulness without showers or dews; for all the herbs and flowers and fruit are produced and thrive by the water; and the very minerals are fed by streams that run underground, whose natural course carries them to the tops of many high mountains, as we see by several springs breaking forth on the tops of the highest hills, and this is also witnessed by the daily trial and testimony of several miners.

Nay, the increase of those creatures that are bred and fed in the water are not only more and more miraculous, but more advantageous to man, not only for the lengthening of his life but for the preventing of sickness; for 'tis observed by the most learned physicians that the casting off of Lent and other fish days, which hath not only given the lie to so many learned, pious, wise founders of colleges, for which we should be ashamed, hath doubtless been the chief cause of those many putrid, shaking, intermitting agues unto which this nation of ours is now more subject than those wiser countries that feed on herbs, salads, and plenty of fish; of which it is observed in story that the greatest part of the world now do. And it may be fit to remember that Moses (Lev. 11:9; Deut. 14:9) appointed fish to be the chief diet for the best commonwealth that ever yet was.

And it is observable not only that there are fish, as namely the whale, three times as big as the mighty elephant, that is so fierce in battle, but that the mightiest feasts have been of fish. The Romans in the height of their glory have made fish the mistress of all their entertainments; they have had music to usher in their sturgeons, lampreys, and mullet, which they would purchase at rates rather to be wondered at than believed. He that shall view the writings of

Macrobius or Varro may be confirmed and informed of this and of the incredible value of their fish and fish-ponds.

But, gentlemen, I have almost lost myself, which I confess I may easily do in this philosophical discourse. I met with most of it very lately, and I hope happily, in a conference with a most learned physician, a dear friend,⁴ that loves both me and my art of angling. But, however, I will wade no deeper into these mysterious arguments but pass to such observations as I can manage with more pleasure and less fear of running into error. But I must not yet forsake the waters, by whose help we have so many known advantages.

And first, to pass by the miraculous cures of our known baths, how advantageous is the sea for our daily traffic without which we could not now subsist! How does it not only furnish us with food and physic for the bodies but with such observations for the mind as ingenious persons would not want!

How ignorant had we been of the beauty of Florence, of the monuments, urns, and rarities that yet remain in and near unto old and new Rome, so many as it is said will take up a year's time to view, and afford to each of them but a convenient consideration! And therefore it is not to be wondered at that so learned and devout a father as St. Jerome, after his wish to have seen Christ in the flesh and to have heard St. Paul preach, makes his third wish to have seen Rome in her glory; and that glory is not yet all lost, for what pleasure is it to see the monuments of Livy, the choicest of the historians! of Tully, the best of orators! and to see the bay trees that now grow out of the very tomb of Virgil! These to any that love learning must be pleasing. But what pleasure is it to a devout Christian to see there the humble house in which Saint Paul was content to dwell! and to view the many rich statues that are there made in honor of his memory! nay, to see the very place in which St. Peter and he lie buried together! These are in and near to Rome. And how much more doth it please the pious curiosity of a Christian to see that place on which the blessed Savior of the world was pleased to humble himself

⁴ Dr. Wharton.

and to take our nature upon him and to converse with men! to see Mount Sion, Jerusalem, and the very sepulchre of our Lord Jesus! How may it beget and heighten the zeal of a Christian to see the devotions that are daily paid to him at that place! Gentlemen, lest I forget myself, I will stop here, and remember you that but for my element of water the inhabitants of this poor island must remain ignorant that such things have yet a being.

Gentlemen, I might both enlarge and lose myself in such like arguments; I might tell you that Almighty God is said to have spoken to a fish, but never to a beast; that he hath made a whale a ship, to carry and set his Prophet Jonah safe on the appointed shore. Of these I might speak, but I must in manners break off, for I see Theobald's House. I cry you mercy for being so long, and thank you for your patience.

AUCEPS. Sir, my pardon is easily granted you: I except against nothing that you have said; nevertheless I must part with you at this park-wall, for which I am very sorry; but I assure you, Mr. Piscator, I now part with you full of good thoughts, not only of yourself but your recreation. And so, gentlemen, God keep you both.

PISCATOR. Well, now, Mr. Venator, you shall neither want time nor my attention to hear you enlarge your discourse concerning hunting.

VENATOR. Not I, Sir. I remember you said that angling itself was of great antiquity and a perfect art and an art not easily attained to; and you have so won upon me in your former discourse that I am very desirous to hear what you can say further concerning those particulars.

PISCATOR. Sir, I did say so, and I doubt not but if you and I did converse together but a few hours to leave you possessed with the same high and happy thoughts that now possess me of it; not only of the antiquity of angling, but that it deserves commendations and that it is an art and an art worthy the knowledge and practice of a wise man.

VENATOR. Pray, Sir, speak of them what you think fit, for we have yet five miles to the Thatched House, during which walk I dare promise you my patience and diligent

attention shall not be wanting. And if you shall make that to appear which you have undertaken, first, that it is an art and an art worth the learning, I shall beg that I may attend you a day or two a-fishing and that I may become your scholar and be instructed in the art itself which you so much magnify.

PISCATOR. O, Sir, doubt not but that angling is an art! Is it not an art to deceive a trout with an artificial fly? a trout! that is more sharp-sighted than any hawk you have named and more watchful and timorous than your high-mettled merlin is bold! And yet I doubt not to catch a brace or two tomorrow for a friend's breakfast. Doubt not therefore, Sir, but that angling is an art^s and an art worth your learning. The question is rather whether you be capable of learning it! for angling is somewhat like poetry, men are to be born so. I mean, with inclinations to it, though both may be heightened by practice and experience; but he that hopes to be a good angler must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing wit, but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience and a love and propensity to the art itself; but having once got and practised it, then doubt not but angling will prove to be so pleasant that it will prove, like virtue, a reward to itself.

VENATOR. Sir, I am now become so full of expectation that I long much to have you proceed and in the order that you propose.

PISCATOR. Then first, for the antiquity of angling, of which I shall not say much but only this: some say it is as ancient as Deucalion's Flood; others, that Belus, who was the first inventor of the godly and virtuous recreations, was the first inventor of angling; and some others say, for former times have had their disquisitions about the antiquity of it, that Seth, one of the sons of Adam, taught it to his sons, and that by them it was derived to posterity; others say that he left it engraven on those pillars which he erected and trusted to preserve the knowledge of the mathematics, music, and the rest of that precious knowledge and those useful arts, which by God's appointment or allowance and his noble industry

^s This passage on the sharp-sighted trout is from the fifth edition.

were thereby preserved from perishing in Noah's Flood.

These, Sir, have been the opinions of several men, that have possibly endeavored to make angling more ancient than is needful or may well be warranted; but for my part, I shall content myself in telling you that angling is much more ancient than the incarnation of our Savior; for in the Prophet Amos mention is made of fish-hooks; and in the Book of Job—which was long before the days of Amos, for that book is said to be writ by Moses—mention is made also of fish-hooks, which must imply anglers in those times.

But, my worthy friend, as I would rather prove myself a gentleman by being learned and humble, valiant and inoffensive, virtuous and communicable, than by any fond ostentation of riches, or wanting those virtues myself, boast that these were in my ancestors—and yet I grant that where a noble and ancient descent and such merit meet in any man it is a double dignification of that person—so if this antiquity of angling—which for my part I have not forced—shall, like an ancient family, be either an honor or an ornament to this virtuous art which I profess to love and practise, I shall be the gladder that I made an accidental mention of the antiquity of it; of which I shall say no more but proceed to that just commendation which I think it deserves.

And for that I shall tell you that in ancient times a debate hath risen—and it remains yet unresolved—whether the happiness of man in this world doth consist more in contemplation or action.

Concerning which some have endeavored to maintain their opinion of the first by saying, “that the nearer we mortals come to God by way of imitation the more happy we are.” And they say, “that God enjoys himself only by a contemplation of his own infiniteness, eternity, power, and goodness,” and the like. And upon this ground many cloisteral men of great learning and devotion prefer contemplation before action. And many of the fathers seem to approve this opinion, as may appear in their commentaries upon the words of our Savior to Martha, Luke 10:41, 42.

And on the contrary there want not men of equal authority and credit that prefer action to be the more excellent, as namely “experiments in physic and the application of it, both for the ease and prolongation of man's life”; by which each man is enabled to act and do good to others, either to serve his country or do good to particular persons; and they say also, “that action is doctrinal and teaches both art and virtue and is a maintainer of human society”; and for these and other like reasons to be preferred before contemplation.

Concerning which two opinions I shall forbear to add a third by declaring my own, and rest myself contented in telling you, my very worthy friend, that both these meet together and do most properly belong to the most honest, ingenuous, quiet, and harmless art of angling.

And first, I shall tell you what some have observed, and I have found to be a real truth, that the very sitting by the river's side is not only the quietest and fittest place for contemplation but will invite an angler to it. And this seems to be maintained by the learned Pet. du Moulin, who, in his discourse of the Fulfilling of Prophecies, observes that when God intended to reveal any future event or high notions to his prophets, he then carried them either to the deserts or the sea-shore, that having so separated them from amidst the press of people and business and the cares of the world he might settle their mind in a quiet repose and make them fit for revelation.

And this seems also to be intimated by the children of Israel (Psal. 137), who having in a sad condition banished all mirth and music from their pensive hearts and having hung up their then mute harps upon the willow-trees growing by the rivers of Babylon, sat down upon those banks bemoaning the ruins of Sion and contemplating their own sad condition.

And an ingenious Spaniard says, “That rivers and the inhabitants of the watery element were made for wise men to contemplate and fools to pass by without consideration.” And though I will not rank myself in the number of the first, yet give me leave to free myself from the last by offering to

you a short contemplation, first of rivers and then of fish; concerning which I doubt not but to give you many observations that will appear very considerable. I am sure they have appeared so to me and made many an hour pass away more pleasantly, as I have sat quietly on a flowery bank by a calm river and contemplated what I shall now relate to you.

And first concerning rivers, there be divers wonders reported of them by authors of such credit that we need not to deny them an historical faith.

As namely of a river in Epirus that puts out any lighted torch and kindles any torch that was not lighted. Some waters being drunk cause madness, some drunkenness, and some laughter to death. The River Selarus in a few hours turns a rod or wand to be stone. And our Camden mentions the like in England, and the like in Lochmere in Ireland. There is also a river in Arabia of which all the sheep that drink thereof have their wool turned into a vermilion color. And one of no less credit than Aristotle tells us of a merry river, the River Elusina, that dances at the noise of music, for with music it bubbles, dances, and grows sandy, and so continues till the music ceases, but then it presently returns to its wonted calmness and clearness. And Camden tells us of a well near to Kirby in Westmoreland that ebbs and flows several times every day; and he tells us of a river in Surrey — it is called Mole — that after it has run several miles, being opposed by hills, finds or makes itself a way under ground and breaks out again so far off that the inhabitants thereabout boast, as the Spaniards do of their River Anus, that they feed divers flocks of sheep upon a bridge. And lastly, — for I would not tire your patience — one of no less authority than Josephus, that learned Jew, tells us of a river in Judea that runs swiftly all the six days of the week and stands still and rests all their Sabbath.

But I will lay aside my discourse of rivers and tell you some things of the monsters, or fish, call them what you will, that they breed and feed in them. Pliny the philosopher says, in the third chapter of his ninth

book, that in the Indian Sea the fish called *balana*, or whirlpool, is so long and broad as to take up more in length and breadth than two acres of ground; and of other fish, of two hundred cubits long; and that in the River Ganges there be eels of thirty feet long. He says there that these monsters appear in that sea only when the tempestuous winds oppose the torrents of water falling from the rocks into it and so turning what lay at the bottom to be seen on the water's top. And he says that the people of Cadara, an island near this place, make the timber for their houses of those fish bones. He there tells us that there are sometimes a thousand of these great eels found wrapt or interwoven together. He tells us there that it appears that dolphins love music and will come when called for by some men or boys that know and use to feed them; and that they can swim as swift as an arrow can be shot out of a bow; and much of this is spoken concerning the dolphin and other fish as may be found also in the learned Dr. Casaubon's *Discourse of Credulity and Incredulity*, printed by him about the year 1670.

I know, we islanders are averse to the belief of these wonders; but there be so many strange creatures to be now seen, many collected by John Tradescant and others added by my friend Elias Ashmole, Esq.,⁶ who now keeps them carefully and methodically at his house near to Lambeth, near London, as may get some belief of some of the other wonders I mentioned. I will tell you some of the wonders that you may now see, and not till then believe, unless you think fit.

You may there see the hog-fish, the dog-fish, the dolphin, the coney-fish, the parrot-fish, the shark, the poison-fish, sword-fish, and not only other incredible fish, but you may there see the salamander, several sorts of barnacles, of solan-geese, the bird of paradise, such sorts of snakes, and such birds'-nests, and of so various forms and so wonderfully made as may beget wonder and amusement in any beholder; and so many hundred of other rarities in that collection as will make the other wonders I spake of the less incredible; for you may note that

⁶ He has his monument at Oxford, in the Ashmolean Museum.

the waters are nature's storehouse in which she locks up her wonders.⁷

But, Sir, lest this discourse may seem tedious, I shall give it a sweet conclusion out of that holy poet, Mr. George Herbert, his divine Contemplation on God's Providence:

Lord, who hath praise enough, nay, who hath any!

None can express thy works, but he that knows them;

And none can know thy works, they are so many

And so complete, but only he that owes them.

We all acknowledge both thy power and love
To be exact, transcendant, and divine;
Who dost so strangely and so sweetly move,
Whilst all things have their end, yet none but thine.

Wherefore, most sacred Spirit, I here present
For me and all my fellows praise to thee;
And just it is that I should pay the rent,
Because the benefit accrues to me.

And as concerning fish in that psalm (Psal. 104) wherein for height of poetry and wonders the Prophet David seems even to exceed himself, how doth he there express himself in choice metaphors, even to the amazement of a contemplative reader, concerning the sea, the rivers, and the fish therein contained! And the great naturalist Pliny says, "That nature's great and wonderful power is more demonstrated in the sea than on the land." And this may appear by the numerous and various creatures inhabiting both in and about that element; as to the readers of Gesner, Rondeletius, Pliny, Ausonius, Aristotle, and others, may be demonstrated. But I will sweeten this discourse also out of a contemplation in divine Du Bartas, who says:

God quickened in the sea, and in the rivers
So many fishes of so many features

That in the waters we may see all creatures,
Even all that on the earth are to be found,
As if the world were in deep waters drowned.

For seas — as well as skies — have sun, moon,
stars;

As well as air — swallows, rooks, and stares;

As well as earth — wines, roses, nettles,
melons,

Mushrooms, pinks, gilliflowers, and many
millions

Of other plants more rare, more strange than
these,

As very fishes living in the seas;

As also rams, calves, horses, hares, and hogs,
Wolves, urchins, lions, elephants, and dogs;

Yea, men and maids, and which I most admire,

The mitred bishop and the cowed friar.

Of which, examples, but a few years since,
Were shown the Norway and Polonian prince.

These seem to be wonders, but have had so many confirmations from men of learning and credit that you need not doubt them. Nor are the number nor the various shapes of fishes more strange or more fit for contemplation than their different natures, inclinations, and actions; concerning which I shall beg your patient ear a little longer.

The cuttle-fish will cast a long gut out of her throat, which, like as an angler doth his line, she sendeth forth and pulleth in again at her pleasure according as she sees some little fish come near to her; and the cuttle-fish, being then hid in the gravel, lets the smaller fish nibble and bite the end of it, at which time she by little and little draws the smaller fish so near to her that she may leap upon her, and then catches and devours her. And for this reason some have called this fish the sea-angler.

And there is a fish called a hermit,⁸ that at a certain age gets into a dead fish's shell and like a hermit dwells there alone, studying the wind and weather, and so turns her shell that she makes it defend her from the injuries that they would bring upon her.

There is also a fish called by Elian (in his 9th book of living creatures, chap. 16) the Adonis, or darling of the sea, so called because it is a loving and innocent fish, a fish that hurts nothing that hath life and is at peace with all the numerous inhabitants of that vast watery element. And truly I think most anglers are so disposed to most of mankind.

And there are also lustful and chaste fishes; of which I shall give you examples.

And first, what Du Bartas says of a fish

⁷ These three paragraphs above are inserted from the fifth edition.

⁸ The hermit-crab.

called the sargus; which—because none can express it better than he does—I shall give you in his own words, supposing it shall not have the less credit for being verse, for he hath gathered this and other observations out of authors that have been great and industrious searchers into the secrets of nature:

The adul'trous sargus doth not only change
Wives every day in the deep streams, but,
strange,

As if the honey of sea-love delight
Could not suffice his ranging appetite,
Goes courting she-goats on the grassy shore,
Horning their husbands that had horns be-
fore.

And the same author writes concerning the cantharus that which you shall also hear in his own words:

But, contrary, the constant cantharus
Is ever constant to his faithful spouse,
In nuptial duties spending his chaste life,
Never loves any but his own dear wife.

Sir, but a little longer, and I have done.

VENATOR. Sir, take what liberty you think fit, for your discourse seems to be music and charms me to an attention.

PISCATOR. Why then, Sir, I will take a little liberty to tell or rather to remember you what is said of turtle-doves; first, that they silently plight their troth and marry; and that then the survivor scorns, as the Thracian women are said to do, to outlive his or her mate; and this is taken for such a truth, and if the survivor shall ever couple with another, then not only the living, but the dead, be it either the he or the she, is denied the name and honor of a true turtle-dove.

And to parallel this land-rarity and teach mankind moral faithfulness and to condemn those that talk of religion and yet come short of the moral faith of fish and fowl, men that violate the law affirmed by St. Paul (Rom. 2:14, 15) to be writ in their hearts, and which, he says shall at the Last Day condemn and leave them without excuse—I pray hearken to what Du Bartas sings, for the hearing of such conjugal faithfulness will be music to all chaste ears,

and therefore I pray hearken to what Du Bartas sings of the mullet:

But for chaste love the mullet hath no peer;
For if the fisher hath surprised her pbeer,⁹
As mad with woe, to shore she followeth,
Pressed to consort him both in life and death.

On the contrary, what shall I say of the house-cock, which treads any hen, and then, contrary to the swan, the partridge and pigeon, takes no care to hatch, to feed, or cherish his own brood but is senseless, though they perish. And 'tis considerable¹⁰ that the hen, which, because she also takes any cock, expects it not, who is sure the chickens be her own, hath by a moral impression her care and affection to her own brood more than doubled, even to such a height that our Savior in expressing his love to Jerusalem (Mat. 23:37) quotes her for an example of tender affection, as his Father had done Job for a pattern of patience.

And to parallel this cock, there be divers fishes that cast their spawn on flags or stones and then leave it uncovered and exposed to become a prey and be devoured by vermin or other fishes. But other fishes, as namely the barbel, take such care for the preservation of their seed that, unlike to the cock, or the cuckoo, they mutually labor, both the spawner and the melter, to cover their spawn with sand or watch it or hide it in some secret place unfrequented by vermin or by any fish but themselves.

Sir, these examples may, to you and others, seem strange; but they are testified some by Aristotle, some by Pliny, some by Gesner, and by many others of credit, and are believed and known by divers, both of wisdom and experience, to be a truth; and indeed are, as I said at the beginning, fit for the contemplation of a most serious and a most pious man. And doubtless this made the Prophet David say, "They that occupy themselves in deep waters, see the wonderful works of God"; indeed such wonders and pleasures too as the land affords not.

And that they be fit for the contemplation of the most prudent and pious and peaceable men seems to be testified by the prac-

⁹ Companion.

¹⁰ Worthy of consideration.

tice of so many devout and contemplative men, as the patriarchs and prophets of old, and of the apostles of our Savior in these later times; of which twelve he chose four that were fishermen, whom he inspired and sent to publish his blessed will to the Gentiles; "freedom from the encumbrances of the law and a new way to everlasting life"; this was the employment of these fishermen. Concerning which choice, some have made these observations:

First, that he never reproved these for their employment or calling as he did the scribes and the money-changers. And secondly, he found that the hearts of such men by nature were fitted for contemplation and quietness; men of mild and sweet and peaceable spirits, as indeed most anglers are. These men our blessed Savior, who is observed to love to plant grace in good natures, though indeed nothing be too hard for him, yet these men he chose to call from their irreprovable employment of fishing, and gave them grace to be his disciples and to follow him and do wonders. I say four of twelve.

And it is observable that it was our Savior's will that these our four fishermen should have a priority of nomination in the catalogue of his twelve apostles (Mat. 10), as namely, first, St. Peter, St. Andrew, St. James, and St. John, and then the rest in their order.

And it is yet more observable that when our blessed Savior went up into the Mount, when he left the rest of his disciples and chose only three to bear him company at his transfiguration, that those three were all fishermen. And it is to be believed that all the other apostles, after they betook themselves to follow Christ, betook themselves to be fishermen too; for it is certain that the greater number of them were found together a-fishing by Jesus after his resurrection, as is recorded in the 21st chapter of St. John's Gospel.

And since I have your promise to hear me with patience, I will take a liberty to look back upon an observation that hath been made by an ingenious and learned man, who observes that God hath been pleased to allow those whom he himself hath appointed

to write his holy will in Holy Writ yet to express his will in such metaphors as their former affections or practice had inclined them to; and he brings Solomon for an example, who before his conversion was remarkably carnally amorous; and after by God's appointment writ that spiritual, holy, amorous love-song, the Canticles, betwixt God and his church in which he says she "had eyes like the fish-pools of Heshbon."¹¹

And if this hold in reason, as I see none to the contrary, then it may be probably concluded that Moses, who I told you before writ the book of Job, and the Prophet Amos, who was a shepherd, were both anglers, for you shall in all the Old Testament find fish-hooks I think but twice mentioned, namely, by meek Moses, the friend of God, and by the humble Prophet Amos.

Concerning which last, namely the Prophet Amos, I shall make but this observation, that he that shall read the humble, lowly, plain style of that prophet and compare it with the high, glorious, eloquent style of the Prophet Isaiah, though they be both equally true, may easily believe him to be not only a shepherd, but a good-natured, plain fisherman.

Which I do the rather believe by comparing the affectionate, loving, lowly, humble Epistles of St. Peter, St. James, and St. John, whom we know were all fishers, with the glorious language and high metaphors of St. Paul, who we may believe was not.

And for the lawfulness of fishing, it may very well be maintained by our Savior's bidding St. Peter cast his hook into the water and catch a fish for money to pay tribute to Cæsar. And let me tell you that angling is of high esteem and of much use in other nations. He that reads the voyages of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto shall find that there he declares to have found a king and several priests a-fishing.

And he that reads Plutarch shall find that angling was not contemptible in the days of Mark Antony and Cleopatra and that they in the midst of their wonderful glory used angling as a principal recreation. And let me tell you that in the Scripture angling is always taken in the best sense and that though hunting may be some-

¹¹ Compare this paragraph with Donne, p. 7.

times so taken, yet it is but seldom to be so understood. And let me add this more. He that views the ancient ecclesiastical canons shall find hunting to be forbidden to churchmen, as being a toilsome, perplexing recreation; and shall find angling allowed to clergymen, as being a harmless recreation, a recreation that invites them to contemplation and quietness.

I might here enlarge myself by telling you what commendations our learned Perkins bestows on angling; and how dear a lover and great a practiser of it our learned Dr. Whitaker was, as indeed many others of great learning have been. But I will content myself with two memorable men that lived near to our own time, whom I also take to have been ornaments to the art of angling.

The first is Dr. Nowel, sometime Dean of the Cathedral Church of St. Paul in London, where his monument stands yet undefaced; a man that in the reformation of Queen Elizabeth—not that of Henry VIII—was so noted for his meek spirit, deep learning, prudence, and piety that the then Parliament and convocation both chose, enjoined, and trusted him to be the man to make a catechism for public use, such a one as should stand as a rule for faith and manners to their posterity. And the good old man, though he was very learned, yet knowing that God leads us not to heaven by many nor by hard questions, like an honest angler, made that good, plain, unperplexed catechism which is printed with our good old service-book. I say, this good man was a dear lover and constant practiser of angling as any age can produce; and his custom was to spend besides his fixed hours of prayer, those hours which by command of the church were enjoined the clergy and voluntarily dedicated to devotion by many primitive Christians, besides those hours, this good man was observed to spend a tenth part of his time in angling; and also—for I have conversed with those which have conversed with him—to bestow a tenth part of his revenue, and usually all his fish, amongst the poor that inhabited near to those rivers in which it was caught, saying often, “that charity gave life to religion”; and at his return to his house

would praise God he had spent that day free from worldly trouble, both harmlessly and in a recreation that became a churchman. And this good man was well content, if not desirous, that posterity should know he was an angler, as may appear by his picture, now to be seen and carefully kept in Brasenose College, to which he was a liberal benefactor; in which picture he is drawn leaning on a desk with his Bible before him, and on one hand of him his lines, hooks, and other tackling lying in a round; and on his other hand are his angle-rods of several sorts; and by them this is written, “that he died 13, Feb., 1601, being aged 95 years, 44 of which he had been Dean of St. Paul’s Church; and that his age had neither impaired his hearing nor dimmed his eyes nor weakened his memory nor made any of the faculties of his mind weak or useless.” ’Tis said that angling and temperance were great causes of these blessings; and I wish the like to all that imitate him and love the memory of so good a man.

My next and last example shall be that undervaluer of money, the late Provost of Eton College, Sir Henry Wotton, a man with whom I have often fished and conversed, a man whose foreign employments in the service of this nation and whose experience, learning, wit, and cheerfulness made his company to be esteemed one of the delights of mankind. This man, whose very approbation of angling were sufficient to convince any modest censurer of it, this man was also a most dear lover and a frequent practiser of the art of angling; of which he would say, “’Twas an employment for his idle time, which was then not idly spent”; for angling was, after tedious study, “a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness; and that it begot habits of peace and patience in those that professed and practised it.” Indeed, my friend, you will find angling to be like the virtue of humility, which has a calmness of spirit and a world of other blessings attending upon it.

Sir, this was the saying of that learned man, and I do easily believe, that peace and patience and a calm content did cohabit

in the cheerful heart of Sir Henry Wotton, because I know that when he was beyond seventy years of age, he made this description of a part of the present pleasure that possessed him, as he sat quietly in a summer's evening on a bank a-fishing; it is a description of the spring, which, because it glides as soft and sweetly from his pen as that river does at this time, by which it was then made, I shall repeat it unto you:

This day Dame Nature seemed in love;
The lusty sap began to move;
Fresh juice did stir th' embracing vines;
And birds had drawn their valentines.

The jealous trout, that low did lie,
Rose at a well-dissembled fly;
There stood my friend with patient skill
Attending of his trembling quill.

Already were the eaves possessed
With the swift pilgrim's daubed nest;
The groves already did rejoice,
In Philomel's triumphant voice;

The showers were short, the weather mild,
The morning fresh, the evening smiled.
Joan takes her neat-rubbed pail, and now
She trips to milk the sand-red cow;

Where for some sturdy foot-ball swain
Joan strokes a syllabub or twain;
The fields and gardens were beset
With tulips, crocus, violet;

And now, though late, the modest rose
Did more than half a blush disclose.
Thus all looks gay and full of cheer
To welcome the new-liveried year.

These were the thoughts that then possessed the undisturbed mind of Sir Henry Wotton. Will you hear the wish of another angler and the commendation of his happy life, which he also sings in verse, *viz.* Jo. Davors, Esq.?

Let me live harmlessly and near the brink
Of Trent or Avon have a dwelling-place,
Where I may see my quill or cork down sink
With eager bite of perch, or bleak, or dace;
And on the world and my Creator think;
Whilst some men strive ill-gotten goods
t' embrace,
And others spend their time in base excess
Of wine or worse, in war and wantonness.

Let them that list these pastimes still pursue,
And on such pleasing fancies feed their fill,
So I the fields and meadows green may view
And daily by fresh rivers walk at will
Among the daisies and the violets blue,
Red hyacinth, and yellow daffodil,
Purple Narcissus like the morning rays,
Pale gander-grass, and azure culver-keys.

I count it higher pleasure to behold
The stately compass of the lofty sky,
And in the midst thereof, like burning gold,
The flaming chariot of the world's great
eye,
The watery clouds that in the air up-rolled
With sundry kinds of painted colors fly;
And fair Aurora, lifting up her head,
Still blushing rise from old Tithonus' bed.

The hills and mountains raised from the
plains,
The plains extended level with the ground,
The grounds divided into sundry veins,
The veins enclosed with rivers running
round;
These rivers making way through nature's
chains
With headlong course into the sea pro-
found;
The raging sea, beneath the valleys low,
Where lakes and rills and rivulets do flow.

The lofty woods, the forests wide and long,
Adorned with leaves and branches fresh
and green,
In whose cool bowers the birds with many a
song
Do welcome with their quire the summer's
queen;
The meadows fair where Flora's gifts among
Are intermixed with verdant grass be-
tween;
The silver-scalèd fish that softly swim
Within the sweet brook's crystal watery
stream.

All these, and many more of his creation
That made the heavens, the angler oft doth
see,
Taking therein no little delectation,
To think how strange, how wonderful they
be,
Framing thereof an inward contemplation
To set his heart from other fancies free;
And whilst he looks on these with joyful eye,
His mind is rapt above the starry sky.

Sir, I am glad my memory has not lost these last verses, because they are some-

what more pleasant and more suitable to May-Day than my harsh discourse. And I am glad your patience hath held out so long as to hear them and me; for both together have brought us within the sight of the Thatched House. And I must be your debtor, if you think it worth your attention, for the rest of my promised discourse till some other opportunity and a like time of leisure.

VENATOR. Sir, you have angled me on with much pleasure to the Thatched House; and I now find your words true, "that good company makes the way seem short"; for trust me, Sir, I thought we had wanted three miles of this house, till you showed it to me. But now we are at it, we'll turn into it, and refresh ourselves with a cup of drink and a little rest.

PISCATOR. Most gladly, Sir, and we'll drink a civil cup to all the otter-hunters that are to meet you tomorrow.

VENATOR. That we will, Sir, and to all the lovers of angling too, of which number I am now willing to be one myself; for, by the help of your good discourse and company I have put on new thoughts both of the art of angling and of all that profess it; and if you will but meet me tomorrow at the time and place appointed and bestow one day with me and my friends in hunting the otter, I will dedicate the next two days to wait upon you, and we two will for that time do nothing but angle and talk of fish and fishing.

PISCATOR. 'Tis a match, Sir, I'll not fail you, God willing, to be at Amwell Hill tomorrow morning before sun-rising.

CHAPTER II

Observations of the otter and the chub

VENATOR. My friend Piscator, you have kept time with my thoughts, for the sun is just rising, and I myself just now come to this place, and the dogs have just now put down an otter. Look! down at the bottom of the hill there in that meadow chequered with water-lilies and lady-smocks, there you may see what work they make. Look! look! you may see all busy, men and dogs, dogs and men, all busy.

PISCATOR. Sir, I am right glad to meet you, and glad to have so fair an entrance into this day's sport, and glad to see so many dogs, and more men, all in pursuit of the otter. Let's compliment no longer but join unto them. Come, honest Venator, let's be gone, let's make haste; I long to be doing; no reasonable hedge or ditch shall hold me.

VENATOR. Gentleman huntsman, where found you this otter?

HUNTSMAN. Marry, Sir, we found her a mile from this place, a-fishing. She has this morning eaten the greatest part of this trout; she has only left thus much of it as you see, and was fishing for more; when we came we found her just at it. But we were here very early, we were here an hour before sunrise, and have given her no rest since we came. Sure she'll hardly escape all these dogs and men. I am to have the skin if we kill her.

VENATOR. Why, Sir, what's the skin worth?

HUNTSMAN. 'Tis worth ten shillings to make gloves; the gloves of an otter are the best fortification for your hands that can be thought on against wet weather.

PISCATOR. I pray, honest huntsman, let me ask you a pleasant question. Do you hunt a beast or a fish?

HUNTSMAN. Sir, it is not in my power to resolve you; I leave it to be resolved by the College of Carthusians, who have made vows never to eat flesh. But I have heard the question hath been debated among many great clerks, and they seem to differ about it; yet most agree that his tail is fish; and if his body be fish too, then I may say that a fish will walk upon land, for an otter does so, sometimes five or six or ten miles in a night. But, Sir, I can tell you certainly that he devours much fish and kills and spoils much more than he eats. And I can tell you that this dog-fisher, for so the Latins call him, can smell a fish in the water a hundred yards from him — Gesner says much farther; and that his stones are good against the falling sickness; and that there is an herb, benione, which, being hung in a linen cloth near a fish-pond or any haunt that he uses, makes him to avoid the place; which proves he smells both by water and land.

And I can tell you there is brave hunting this water-dog in Cornwall, where there have been so many that our learned Camden says there is a river called Ottersey¹² which was so named by reason of the abundance of otters that bred and fed in it.

And thus much for my knowledge of the otter, which you may now see above water at vent, and the dogs close with him; I now see he will not last long. Follow, therefore, my masters, follow! for Sweetlips was like to have him at this vent.

VENATOR. Oh me! all the horse are got over the river, what shall we do now? Shall we follow them over the water?

HUNTSMAN. No, Sir, no! be not so eager, stay a little and follow me, for both they and the dogs will be suddenly on this side again, I warrant you, and the otter too, it may be. Now have at him with Kilbuck, for he vents again.

VENATOR. Marry, so he is! for look! he vents in that corner. Now, now, Ringwood has him. Now he's gone again, and has bit the poor dog. Now Sweetlips has her; hold her, Sweetlips! now all the dogs have her, some above and some under water. But, now, now she's tired and past losing. Come bring her to me, Sweetlips. Look! 'tis a bitch-otter, and she has lately whelped. Let's go to the place where she was put down, and not far from it you will find all her young ones, I dare warrant you, and kill them all too.

HUNTSMAN. Come, gentlemen, come, all! let's go to the place where we put down the otter. Look you! hereabout it was that she kennelled; look you! here it was indeed; for here's her young ones, no less than five. Come, let's kill them all.

PISCATOR. No, I pray, Sir, save me one, and I'll try if I can make her tame, as I know an ingenious gentleman in Leicestershire, Mr. Nich. Seagrave, has done; who hath not only made her tame, but to catch fish and do many other things of much pleasure.

HUNTSMAN. Take one with all my heart. But let us kill the rest. And now let's go to an honest alehouse, where we may have a cup of good barley wine, and sing Old Rose, and all of us rejoice together.

VENATOR. Come, my friend Piscator, let me invite you along with us. I'll bear your charges this night, and you shall bear mine tomorrow; for my intention is to accompany you a day or two in fishing.

PISCATOR. Sir, your request is granted; and I shall be right glad both to exchange such a courtesy and also to enjoy your company.

VENATOR. Well, now let's go to your sport of angling.

PISCATOR. Let's be going with all my heart. God keep you all, gentlemen, and send you meet this day with another bitch-otter, and kill her merrily, and all her young ones too.

VENATOR. Now, Piscator, where will you begin to fish?

PISCATOR. We are not yet come to a likely place, I must walk a mile further yet before I begin.

VENATOR. Well then, I pray, as we walk tell me freely, how do you like mine host and the company? Is not mine host a witty man?

PISCATOR. Sir, I will tell you presently what I think of your host; but first I will tell you I am glad these otters were killed, and I am sorry there are no more otter-killers; for I know that the want of otter-killers and the not keeping the fence-months for the preservation of fish will in time prove the destruction of all rivers; and those very few that are left that make conscience of the laws of the nation and of keeping days of abstinence will be forced to eat flesh, or suffer more inconveniences than are yet foreseen.

VENATOR. Why, Sir, what be those that you call the fence-months?

PISCATOR. Sir, they be principally three, namely, March, April, and May, these being the usual months that salmon come out of the sea to spawn in most fresh rivers, and their fry would about a certain time return back to the salt water, if they were not hindered by weirs and unlawful gins which the greedy fishermen set and so destroy them by thousands, as they would, being so taught by nature, change the fresh for salt water. He that shall view the wise statutes made in the 13th of Edw. the I and the like

in Rich. the II may see several provisions made against the destruction of fish. And though I profess no knowledge of the law, yet I am sure the regulation of these defects might be easily mended. But I remember that a wise friend of mine did usually say, "That which is everybody's business is nobody's business." If it were otherwise, there could not be so many nets and fish that are under the statute size sold daily amongst us, and of which the conservators of the waters should be ashamed.

But, above all, the taking fish in spawning-time may be said to be against nature; it is like the taking the dam on the nest when she hatches her young, a sin so against nature that Almighty God hath in the Holy Writ made a law against it.

But the poor fish have enemies enough besides such unnatural fishermen, as namely, the otters that I spake of, the cormorant, the bittern, the osprey, the sea-gull, the hern, the king-fisher, the gorara, the puet, the swan, goose, ducks, and the crabber, which some call the water-rat; against all which any honest man may make a just quarrel, but I will not; I will leave them to be quarrelled with and killed by others, for I am not of a cruel nature, I love to kill nothing but fish.

And, now to your question concerning your host, to speak truly, he is not to me a good companion; for most of his conceits were either Scripture jests or lascivious jests; for which I count no man witty; for the Devil will help a man that way inclined to the first; and his own corrupt nature, which he always carries with him, to the latter. But a companion that feasts the company with wit and mirth, and leaves out the sin which is usually mixed with them, he is the man; and indeed such a companion should have his charges borne; and to such company I hope to bring you this night; for at Trout Hall, not far from this place, where I purpose to lodge tonight, there is usually an angler that proves good company. And let me tell you, good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue. But for such discourse as we heard last night it infects others; the very boys will learn to talk and swear as they heard mine host and another of the com-

pany that shall be nameless; I am sorry he is a gentleman, for less religion will not save their souls than a beggar's; I think more will be required at the last great day. Well, you know what example is able to do, and I know what the poet says in the like case, which is worthy to be noted by all parents and people of civility:

— Many a one

Owes to his country his religion,
And in another would as strongly grow,
Had but his nurse or mother taught him so.

This is reason put into verse and worthy the consideration of a wise man. But of this no more; for though I love civility, yet I hate severe censures. I'll to my own art, and I doubt not but at yonder tree I shall catch a chub; and then we'll turn to an honest cleanly hostess that I know right well; rest ourselves there; and dress it for our dinner.

VENATOR. Oh, Sir! a chub is the worst fish that swims. I hoped for a trout to my dinner.

PISCATOR. Trust me, Sir, there is not a likely place for a trout hereabout, and we stayed so long to take our leave of your huntsmen this morning that the sun is got so high and shines so clear that I will not undertake the catching of a trout till evening. And though a chub be by you and many others reckoned the worst of fish, yet you shall see I'll make it a good fish by dressing it.

VENATOR. Why, how will you dress him?

PISCATOR. I'll tell you when I have caught him. Look you here, Sir, do you see? — but you must stand very close — there lie upon the top of the water in this very hole twenty chubs. I'll catch only one, and that shall be the biggest of them all; and that I will do so I'll hold you twenty to one, and you shall see it done.

VENATOR. Ay, marry! Sir, now you talk like an artist, and I'll say you are one when I shall see you perform what you say you can do. But I yet doubt it.

PISCATOR. You shall not doubt me long, for you shall see me do it presently. Look! the biggest of these chubs has had some bruise upon his tail by a pike or some other accident; and that looks like a white spot;

that very chub I mean to put into your hands presently; sit you but down in the shade, and stay but a little while, and I'll warrant you I'll bring him to you.

VENATOR. I'll sit down and hope well, because you seem to be so confident.

PISCATOR. Look you, Sir, there is a trial of my skill. There he is! that very chub that I showed you with the white spot on his tail. And I'll be as certain to make him a good dish of meat as I was to catch him. I'll now lead you to an honest alehouse where we shall find a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall. There my hostess, which I may tell you is both cleanly and handsome and civil, hath dressed many a one for me, and shall now dress it after my fashion, and I warrant it good meat.

VENATOR. Come, Sir, with all my heart, for I begin to be hungry and long to be at it, and indeed to rest myself too; for though I have walked but four miles this morning, yet I begin to be weary; yesterday's hunting hangs still upon me.

PISCATOR. Well, Sir, and you shall quickly be at rest, for yonder is the house I mean to bring you to.

Come, hostess, how do you? Will you first give us a cup of your best drink, and then dress this chub as you dressed my last when I and my friend were here about eight or ten days ago? But you must do me one courtesy, it must be done instantly.

HOSTESS. I will do it, Mr. Piscator, and with all the speed I can.

PISCATOR. Now, Sir, has not my hostess made haste? and does not the fish look lovely?

VENATOR. Both, upon my word, Sir, and therefore let's say grace and fall to eating of it.

PISCATOR. Well, Sir, how do you like it?

VENATOR. Trust me, 'tis as good meat as I ever tasted. Now let me thank you for it, drink to you, and beg a courtesy of you; but it must not be denied me.

PISCATOR. What is it, I pray, Sir? You are so modest that methinks I may promise to grant it before it is asked.

VENATOR. Why, Sir, it is that from henceforth you would allow me to call you master

and that really I may be your scholar; for you are such a companion and have so quickly caught and so excellently cooked this fish as makes me ambitious to be your scholar.

PISCATOR. Give me your hand; from this time forward I will be your master and teach you as much of this art as I am able; and will, as you desire me, tell you somewhat of the nature of most of the fish that we are to angle for, and I am sure I both can and will tell you more than any common angler yet knows.

CHAPTER III

How to fish for and to dress the chavender or chub

PISCATOR. The chub, though he eat well thus dressed, yet as he is usually dressed he does not. He is objected against, not only for being full of small forked bones dispersed through all his body, but that he eats waterish and that the flesh of him is not firm but short and tasteless. The French esteem him so mean as to call him *un villain*; nevertheless he may be so dressed as to make him very good meat; as, namely, if he be a large chub then dress him thus:

First, scale him, and then wash him clean, and then take out his guts; and to that end make the hole as little and near to his gills as you may conveniently, and especially make clean his throat from the grass and weeds that are usually in it, for if that be not very clean, it will make him to taste very sour; having so done, put some sweet herbs into his belly, and then tie him with two or three splinters to a spit and roast him, basted often with vinegar, or rather verjuice and butter, with good store of salt mixed with it.

Being thus dressed, you will find him a much better dish of meat than you or most folk, even than anglers themselves, do imagine. For this dries up the fluid watery humor with which all chubs do abound.

But take this rule with you, that a chub newly taken and newly dressed is so much better than a chub of a day's keeping after he is dead that I can compare him to noth-

ing so fitly as to cherries newly gathered from a tree and others that have been bruised and lain a day or two in water. Being thus used and dressed presently, and not washed after he is gutted, for note that lying long in water and washing the blood out of any fish after they be gutted abates much of their sweetness, you will find the chub to be such meat as will recompense your labor.

Or you may dress the chavender or chub thus:

When you have scaled him and cut off his tail and fins and washed him very clean, then chine or slit him through the middle, as a salt-fish is usually cut; then give him three or four cuts or scotches on the back with your knife, and broil him on charcoal, or wood coal, that are free from smoke; and all the time he is a-broiling baste him with the best sweet butter, and good store of salt mixed with it; and to this add a little thyme cut exceedingly small or bruised into the butter. The cheven thus dressed hath the watery taste taken away for which so many except against him. Thus was the cheven dressed that you liked so well and commended so much. But note again that if this chub that you eat of had been kept till tomorrow, he had not been worth a rush. And remember that his throat be very clean, I say very clean, and his body not washed after he is gutted.

Well, scholar, you see what pains I have taken to recover the lost credit of the poor despised chub. And now I will give you some rules how to catch him; and I am glad to enter you into the art of fishing by catching a chub, for there is no fish better to enter a young angler, he is so easily caught; but then it must be this particular way:

Go to the same hole in which I caught my chub, where in most hot days you will find a dozen or twenty chevens floating near the top of the water. Get two or three grasshoppers as you go over the meadow, and get secretly behind the tree, and stand as free from motion as is possible. Then put a grasshopper on your hook, and let your hook hang a quarter of a yard short of the water, to which end you must rest your

rod on some bough of the tree; and it is likely the chubs will sink down towards the bottom of the water at the shadow of your rod, for chub is the fearfulest of fishes, and will do so if but a bird flies over him and makes the least shadow on the water. But they will presently rise up to the top again and there lie soaring till some shadow affrights them again. When they lie upon the top of the water, look out the best chub, which you, setting yourself in a fit place, may very easily see, and move your rod as softly as a snail moves to that chub you intend to catch; let your bait fall gently upon the water three or four inches before him, and he will infallibly take the bait, and you will be as sure to catch him; for he is one of the leather-mouthed fishes, of which a hook does scarce ever lose his hold. And therefore give him play enough before you offer to take him out of the water. Go your way presently, take my rod, and do as I bid you, and I will sit down and mend my tackling till you return back.

VENATOR. Truly, my loving master, you have offered me as fair as I could wish. I'll go and observe your directions.

Look you, master, what I have done, that which joys my heart, caught just such another chub as yours was.

PISCATOR. Marry, and I am glad of it. I am like to have a towardly scholar of you. I now see that with advice and practice you will make an angler in a short time. Have but a love to it, and I'll warrant you.

VENATOR. But, master, what if I could not have found a grasshopper?

PISCATOR. Then I may tell you that a black snail, with his belly slit to show his white, or a piece of soft cheese, will usually do as well. Nay, sometimes a worm, or any kind of fly, as the ant-fly, the flesh-fly, or wall-fly, or the dor or beetle, which you may find under cow-turd, or a bob, which you will find in the same place, and in time will be a beetle; it is a short white worm, like to and bigger than a gentle, or a cod-worm, or a case-worm; any of these will do very well to fish in such a manner. And after this manner you may catch a trout in a hot evening. When as you walk by a brook and

shall see or hear him leap at flies, then if you get a grasshopper, put it on your hook, with your line about two yards long, standing behind a bush or tree where his hole is, and make your bait stir up and down on the top of the water; you may, if you stand close, be sure of a bite, but not sure to catch him, for he is not a leather-mouthed fish. And after this manner you may fish for him with almost any kind of live fly, but especially with a grasshopper.

VENATOR. But before you go further, I pray, good master, what mean you by a leather-mouthed fish?

PISCATOR. By a leather-mouthed fish, I mean such as have their teeth in their throat, as the chub or cheven, and so the barbel, the gudgeon, and carp, and divers others have; and the hook being stuck into the leather or skin of the mouth of such fish does very seldom or never lose its hold. But on the contrary, a pike, a perch, or trout, and so some other fish which have not their teeth in their throats but in their mouths—which you shall observe to be very full of bones, and the skin very thin and little of it—I say, of these fish the hook never takes so sure hold but you often lose your fish, unless he have gorged it.

VENATOR. I thank you, good master, for this observation. But now what shall be done with my chub or cheven that I have caught?

PISCATOR. Marry, Sir, it shall be given away to some poor body; for I'll warrant you I'll give you a trout for your supper; and it is a good beginning of your art to offer your first-fruits to the poor, who will both thank you and God for it, which I see by your silence you seem to consent to. And for your willingness to part with it so charitably, I will also teach you more concerning chub-fishing. You are to note that in March and April he is usually taken with worms; in May, June, and July he will bite at any fly or at cherries or at beetles with their legs and wings cut off or at any kind of snail or at the black bee that breeds in clay walls; and he never refuses a grasshopper, on the top of a swift stream, nor, at the bottom, the young humble-bee that breeds in long grass and is ordinarily found by the

mower of it. In August and in the cooler months a yellow paste made of the strongest cheese and pounded in a mortar with a little butter and saffron, so much of it as being beaten small, will turn it to a lemon color. And some make a paste for the winter months, at which time the chub is accounted best, for then it is observed that the forked bones are lost or turned into a kind of gristle, especially if he be baked with a paste made of cheese and turpentine. He will bite also at a minnow or penk as a trout will; of which I shall tell you more hereafter, and of divers other baits. But take this for a rule, that in hot weather he is to be fished for towards the mid-water, or nearer the top; and in colder weather, nearer the bottom. And if you fish for him on the top, with a beetle or any fly, then be sure to let your line be very long and to keep out of sight. And having told you that his spawn is excellent and that the head of a large cheven, the throat being well washed, is the best part of him, I will say no more of this fish at the present, but wish you may catch the next you fish for.

And now my next observation and direction shall be concerning the trout, which I love to angle for above any fish. But lest you may judge me too nice in urging to have the chub dressed so presently after he is taken, I will commend to your consideration how curious former times have been in the like kind.

You shall read in Seneca his Natural Questions (*lib.* 3, *cap.* 17) that the ancients were so curious in the newness of their fish that that seemed not new enough that was not put alive into the guest's hand; and he says that to that end they did usually keep them living in glass bottles in their dining-rooms; and they did glory much in their entertaining of friends to have that fish taken from under their table alive that was instantly to be fed upon; and he says they took great pleasure to see their mullets change to several colors when they were dying. But enough of this, for I doubt I have stayed too long from giving you some observations of the trout and how to fish for him, which shall take up the next of my spare time.

CHAPTER IV

*On the nature and breeding of the trout,
and how to fish for him, and the
milkmaid's song*

PISCATOR. The trout is a fish highly valued, both in this and foreign nations. He may be justly said, as the old poet said of wine and we English say of venison, to be a generous fish; a fish that is so like the buck that he also has his seasons, for it is observed that he comes in and goes out of season with the stag and buck. Gesner says his name is of a German offspring, and says he is a fish that feeds clean and purely, in the swiftest streams and on the hardest gravel, and that he may justly contend with all fresh water fish, as the mullet may with all sea fish, for precedence and daintiness of taste; and that being in right season, the most dainty palates have allowed precedence to him.

And before I go farther in my discourse, let me tell you that you are to observe that as there be some barren does that are good in summer so there be some barren trouts that are good in winter; but there are not many that are so, for usually they be in their perfection in the month of May and decline with the buck. Now you are to take notice that in several countries, as in Germany and in other parts, compared to ours, fish do differ much in their bigness and shape and other ways; and so do trouts. It is well known that in the Lake Leman, the Lake of Geneva, there are trouts taken of three cubits long, as is affirmed by Gesner, a writer of good credit, and Mercator says the trouts that are taken in the Lake of Geneva are a great part of the merchandise of that famous city. And you are further to know that there be certain waters that breed trouts remarkable both for their number and smallness. I know a little brook in Kent that breeds them to a number incredible, and you may take them twenty or forty in an hour, but none greater than about the size of a gudgeon. There are also in divers rivers, especially that relate to or be near to the sea, as Winchester or the Thames about Windsor, a little trout called a samlet or skegger trout, in both which places I have caught twenty or forty at a

standing, that will bite as fast and as freely as minnows; these be by some taken to be young salmon, but in those waters they never grow to be bigger than a herring.

There is also in Kent near to Canterbury a trout called there a Fordidge trout, a trout that bears the name of the town where it is usually caught, that is accounted the rarest of fish, many of them near the bigness of a salmon, but known by their different color, and in their best season cut very white; and none of these have been known to be caught with an angle, unless it were one that was caught by Sir George Hastings, an excellent angler, and now with God; and he hath told me, he thought that trout bit not for hunger but wantonness; and it is the rather to be believed, because both he then and many others before him have been curious to search into their bellies, what the food was by which they lived; and have found out nothing by which they might satisfy their curiosity.

Concerning which you are to take notice that it is reported by good authors that grasshoppers and some fish have no mouths, but are nourished and take breath by the porousness of their gills, man knows not how; and this may be believed, if we consider that when the raven hath hatched her eggs, she takes no further care, but leaves her young ones to the care of the God of nature, who is said, in the Psalms, "to feed the young ravens that call upon him." And they be kept alive and fed by a dew, or worms that breed in their nests, or some other ways that we mortals know not.¹³ And this may be believed of the Fordidge trout which, as it is said of the stork that he knows his season, so he knows his times, I think almost his day, of coming into that river out of the sea, where he lives and, it is like, feeds nine months of the year, and about three in the River of Fordidge. And you are to note that the townsmen are very punctual in observing the very time of beginning to fish for them; and boast much that their river affords a trout that exceeds all others. And just so doth Sussex boast of several fish, as namely a Shelsey cockle, a Chichester lobster, an Arundel mullet, and an Amerly trout,

¹³ The first two sentences of this paragraph are taken largely from the fifth edition.

And now for some confirmation of the Fordidge trout, you are to know that this trout is thought to eat nothing in the fresh water; and it may be the better believed because it is well known that swallows, which are not seen to fly in England for six months in the year but about Michaelmas leave us for a hotter climate, yet some of them that have been left behind their fellows have been found many thousands at a time in hollow trees, where they have been observed to live and sleep out the whole winter without meat; and so Albertus observes that there is one kind of frog that hath her mouth naturally shut up about the end of August and that she lives so all the winter; and though it be strange to some, yet it is known to too many among us to be doubted.

And so much for these Fordidge trouts, which never afford an angler sport, but either live their time of being in the fresh water by their meat formerly gotten in the sea, not unlike the swallow or frog, or by the virtue of the fresh water only; or as the birds of paradise and the chameleon are said to live, by the sun and the air.

There is also in Northumberland a trout called a bull-trout, of a much greater length and bigness than any in these southern parts; and there is in many rivers that relate to the sea salmon-trouts, as much different from others both in shape and in their spots, as we see sheep differ one from another in their shape and bigness, and in the fineness of the wool; and certainly, as some pastures breed larger sheep, so do some rivers by reason of the ground over which they run breed larger trouts.

Now the next thing that I will commend to your consideration is that the trout is of a more sudden growth than other fish. Concerning which you are also to take notice that he lives not so long as the perch and divers other fishes do, as Sir Francis Bacon hath observed in his *History of Life and Death*.

And next you are to take notice that he is not like the crocodile, which if he lives never so long, yet always thrives till his death; but 'tis not so with the trout, for after he is come to his full growth, he de-

clines in his body, but keeps his bigness or thrives only in his head till his death. And you are to know that he will about (especially before) the time of his spawning get almost miraculously through weirs and flood-gates against the stream, even through such high and swift places as is almost incredible. Next, that the trout usually spawns about October or November, but in some rivers a little sooner or later. Which is the more observable because most other fish spawn in the spring or summer when the sun hath warmed both the earth and water and made it fit for generation. And you are to note that he continues many months out of season; for it may be observed of the trout that he is like the buck or the ox that will not be fat in many months, though he go in the very same pastures that horses do which will be fat in one month; and so you may observe that most other fishes recover strength and grow sooner fat and in season than the trout doth.

And next you are to note that till the sun gets to such a height as to warm the earth and the water the trout is sick and lean and lousy and unwholesome; for you shall in winter find him to have a big head and then to be lank and thin and lean; at which time many of them have sticking on them sugs, or trout-lice, which is a kind of a worm in shape like a clove or pin with a big head, and sticks close to him and sucks his moisture; those, I think, the trout breeds himself, and never thrives till he free himself from them, which is till warm weather comes; and then, as he grows stronger, he gets from the dead, still water into the sharp streams and the gravel and there rubs off these worms or lice, and then as he grows stronger, so he gets him into swifter and swifter streams, and there lies at the watch for any fly or minnow that comes near to him; and he especially loves the May-fly, which is bred of the cod-worm or caddis; and these make the trout bold and lusty, and he is usually fatter and better meat at the end of that month than at any time of the year.

Now you are to know that it is observed that usually the best trouts are either red or yellow, though some, as the Fordidge trout, be white and yet good; but that is not

usual. And it is a note observable that the female trout hath usually a less head and a deeper body than the male trout, and is usually the better meat. And note that a hog-back and a little head to any fish, either trout, salmon, or other fish, is a sign that that fish is in season.

But yet you are to note that as you see some willows or palm-trees bud and blossom sooner than others do, so some trouts be in some rivers sooner in season; and as some hollies or oaks are longer before they cast their leaves, so are some trouts in some rivers longer before they go out of season.

And you are to note that there are several kinds of trouts. But these several kinds are not considered but by very few men; for they go under the general name of trouts; just as pigeons do in most places, though it is certain there are tame and wild pigeons; and of the tame there be helmits and runts and carriers and coppers, and indeed too many to name. Nay, the Royal Society have found and published lately that there be thirty and three kinds of spiders; and yet all, for aught I know, go under that one general name of spider. And it is so with many kinds of fish, and of trouts especially, which differ in their bigness and shape and spots and color. The great Kentish hens may be an instance, compared to other hens; and doubtless there is a kind of small trout which will never thrive to be big that breeds very many more than others do that be of a larger size. Which you may rather believe, if you consider that the little wren and titmouse will have twenty young ones at a time, when usually the noble hawk or the musical thrush or blackbird exceed not four or five.¹⁴

And now you shall see me try my skill to catch a trout; and at my next walking, either this evening or tomorrow morning, I will give you direction how you yourself shall fish for him.

VENATOR. Trust me, master, I see now it is a harder matter to catch a trout than a chub; for I have put on patience and followed you these two hours and not seen a fish stir, neither at your minnow nor your worm.

PISCATOR. Well, scholar, you must endure

worse luck sometime, or you will never make a good angler. But what say you now? There is a trout now, and a good one too, if I can but hold him; and two or three turns more will tire him. Now you see he lies still, and the sleight is to land him. Reach me that landing-net. So, Sir, now he is mine own. What say you now? is not this worth all my labor and your patience?

VENATOR. On my word, master, this is a gallant trout; what shall we do with him?

PISCATOR. Marry, e'en eat him to supper. We'll go to my hostess from whence we came; she told me, as I was going out of door, that my brother Peter, a good angler and a cheerful companion, had sent word he would lodge there tonight and bring a friend with him. My hostess has two beds, and I know you and I may have the best. We'll rejoice with my brother Peter and his friend, tell tales, or sing ballads, or make a catch, or find some harmless sport to content us, and pass away a little time without offence to God or man.

VENATOR. A match, good master, let's go to that house, for the linen looks white and smells of lavender, and I long to lie in a pair of sheets that smell so. Let's be going, good master, for I am hungry again with fishing.

PISCATOR. Nay, stay a little, good scholar. I caught my last trout with a worm, now I will put on a minnow and try a quarter of an hour about yonder trees for another, and so walk towards our lodging. Look you, scholar, thereabout we shall have a bite presently, or not at all. Have with you, Sir! On my word, I have hold of him. Oh, it is a great logger-headed chub! Come, hang him upon that willow twig, and let's be going. But turn out of the way a little, good scholar, towards yonder high hedge. We'll sit whilst this shower falls so gently upon the teeming earth and gives yet a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows.

Look! under that broad beech-tree I sate down when I was last this way a-fishing; and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree near to the brow of that primrose-hill.

¹⁴ This paragraph is partly from the fifth edition.

There I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea, yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble-stones, which broke their waves and turned them into foam. And sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs, some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun; and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sate these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul with content that I thought as the poet has happily expressed it,

I was for that time lifted above earth,
And possessed joys not promised in my birth.

As I left this place and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me. 'Twas a handsome milkmaid that had cast away all care, and sung like a nightingale. Her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it. 'Twas that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago. And the milkmaid's mother sung an answer to it which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days.

They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good, I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age. Look yonder! on my word, yonder they both be a-milking again. I will give her the chub and persuade them to sing those two songs to us.

God speed you, good woman. I have been a-fishing, and am going to Bleak Hall to my bed, and having caught more fish than will sup myself and my friend, I will bestow this upon you and your daughter, for I use to sell none.

MILK-WOMAN. Marry! God requite you, Sir, and we'll eat it cheerfully. And if you come this way a-fishing two months hence, a grace of God! I'll give you a syllabub of new verjuice, in a new-made hay-cock, for it. And my Maudlin shall sing you one of her best ballads, for she and I both love all anglers, they be such honest, civil, quiet men. In the meantime will you drink a draught of red cow's milk? You shall have it freely.

PISCATOR. No, I thank you, but I pray do us a courtesy that shall stand you and your

daughter in nothing, and we will think ourselves still something in your debt. It is but to sing us a song that was sung by you and your daughter when I last passed over this meadow, about eight or nine days since.

MILK-WOMAN. What song was it, I pray? Was it Come, Shepherds, deck your herds? or As at noon Dulcina rested? or Phillida flouts me? or Chevy Chase?

PISCATOR. No, it is none of those. It is a song that your daughter sung the first part, and you sung the answer to it.

MILK-WOMAN. O, I know it now. I learned the first part in my golden age, when I was about the age of my poor daughter; and the latter part, which indeed fits me best now, but two or three years ago, when the cares of the world began to take hold of me. But you shall, God willing, hear them both; and sung as well as we can, for we both love anglers. Come, Maudlin, sing the first part to the gentlemen with a merry heart; and I'll sing the second, when you have done.

THE MILKMAID'S SONG

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, or hills, or fields,
Or woods, and steepy mountains yields;

Where we will sit upon the rocks
And see the shepherds feed our flocks
By shallow rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And then a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,
Slippers lined choicely for the cold
With buckles of the purest gold,

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs.
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat
As precious as the gods do eat
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning.
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

VENATOR. Trust me, master, it is a choice song, and sweetly sung by honest Maudlin. I now see it was not without cause that our good Queen Elizabeth did so often wish herself a milkmaid all the month of May, because they are not troubled with fears and cares, but sing sweetly all the day and sleep securely all the night. And without doubt honest, innocent, pretty Maudlin does so. I'll bestow Sir Thomas Overbury's milkmaid's wish upon her, "that she may die in the spring; and have good store of flowers stuck round about her winding-sheet."

THE MILKMAID'S MOTHER'S ANSWER

If all the world and love were young
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold,
Then Philomel becometh dumb,
And age complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields.
A honey tongue, a heart of gall
Is fancy's spring but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy-buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

What should we talk of dainties then,
Of better meat than's fit for men?
These are but vain. That's only good
Which God hath blessed, and sent for food.

But could youth last and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need;
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

PISCATOR. Well sung, good woman! I thank you. I'll give you another dish of

fish one of these days, and then beg another song of you. Come, scholar! let Maudlin alone. Do not you offer to spoil her voice. Look! yonder comes mine hostess to call us to supper. How now? is my brother Peter come?

HOSTESS. Yes, and a friend with him. They are both glad to hear that you are in these parts, and long to see you, and are hungry and long to be at supper.

CHAPTER V

More directions how to fish for and how to make for the trout an artificial minnow and fly, and some merriment

PISCATOR. Well met, brother Peter! I heard you and a friend would lodge here tonight, and that hath made me and my friend cast to lodge here too. My friend is one that would fain be a brother of the angle. He hath been an angler but this day, and I have taught him how to catch a chub by dapping with a grasshopper, and he hath caught a lusty one of nineteen inches long. But I pray, brother Peter, who is it that is your companion?

PETER. Brother Piscator, my friend is an honest countryman, and his name is Coridon, a most downright, witty, and merry companion that met me here purposely to eat a trout and to be pleasant, and I have not yet wet my line since I came from home. But I hope to fit him with a trout for his breakfast; for I'll be early up.

PISCATOR. Nay, brother, you shall not delay him so long, for look you, here is a trout will fill six reasonable bellies. Come, hostess, dress it presently; and get us what other meat the house will afford, and give us some of your best barley-wine, the good liquor that our honest forefathers did use to drink of, which preserved their health, and made them live so long and to do so many good deeds.

PETER. On my word, this trout is perfect in season. Come, I thank you, and here is a hearty draught to you, and to all the brothers of the angle wheresoever they be, and to my young brother's good fortune tomorrow. I will furnish him with a rod, if you will furnish him with the rest of the

tackling. We will set him up, and make him a fisher.

And I will tell him one thing for his encouragement, that his fortune hath made him happy to be scholar to such a master, a master that knows as much both of the nature and breeding of fish as any man, and can also tell him as well how to catch and cook them from the minnow to the salmon as any that I ever met withal.

PISCATOR. Trust me, brother Peter, I find my scholar to be so suitable to my own humor, which is to be free and pleasant and civilly merry, that my resolution is to hide nothing that I know from him. Believe me, scholar, this is my resolution; and so here's to you a hearty draught, and to all that love us and the honest art of angling.

VENATOR. Trust me, good master, you shall not sow your seed in barren ground, for I hope to return you an increase answerable to your hopes; but however you shall find me obedient and thankful and serviceable to my best ability.

PISCATOR. 'Tis enough, honest scholar, come, let's to supper. Come, my friend Coridon, this trout looks lovely. It was twenty-two inches when it was taken, and the belly of it looked some part of it as yellow as a marigold and part of it as white as a lily. And yet methinks it looks better in this good sauce!

CORIDON. Indeed, honest friend, it looks well, and tastes well. I thank you for it, and so doth my friend Peter, or else he is to blame.

PETER. Yes, and so I do, we all thank you, and when we have supped, I will get my friend Coridon to sing you a song for requital.

CORIDON. I will sing a song, if anybody will sing another, else, to be plain with you, I will sing none. I am none of those that sing for meat, but for company. I say, " 'Tis merry in hall when men sing all."

PISCATOR. I'll promise you I'll sing a song that was lately made at my request by Mr. William Basse, one that hath made the choice songs of the Hunter in his Career and of Tom of Bedlam, and many others of note; and this that I will sing is in praise of angling.

CORIDON. And then mine shall be the

praise of a countryman's life. What will the rest sing of?

PETER. I will promise you I will sing another song in praise of angling tomorrow night, for we will not part till then, but fish tomorrow, and sup together, and the next day every man leave fishing, and fall to his business.

VENATOR. 'Tis a match; and I will provide you a song or a catch against then too, which shall give some addition of mirth to the company; for we will be civil and merry too.

PISCATOR. 'Tis a match, my masters. Let's e'en say grace and turn to the fire, drink the other cup to whet our whistles, and so sing away all sad thoughts. Come on, my masters, who begins? I think it is best to draw cuts, and avoid contention.

PETER. It is a match. Look, the shortest cut falls to Coridon.

CORIDON. Well then, I will begin, for I hate contention:

CORIDON'S SONG

Oh the sweet contentment
The countryman doth find!
Heigh trolollie lollie loe,
Heigh trolollie lee.
That quiet contemplation
Possesseth all my mind.
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

For courts are full of flattery,
As hath too oft been tried;
Heigh trolollie lollie loe, etc.
The city full of wantonness,
And both are full of pride.
Then care away, etc.

But oh, the honest countryman
Speaks truly from his heart,
Heigh trolollie lollie loe, etc.
His pride is in his tillage,
His horses, and his cart.
Then care away, etc.

Our clothing is good sheep-skins,
Gray russet for our wives,
Heigh trolollie lollie loe, etc.
'Tis warmth and not gay clothing
That doth prolong our lives.
Then care away, etc.

The plowman, though he labor hard,
 Yet on the holiday,
 Heigh trolollie lollie loe, etc.
 No emperor so merrily
 Does pass his time away.
 Then care away, etc.

To recompense our tillage
 The heavens afford us showers,
 Heigh trolollie lollie loe, etc.
 And for our sweet refreshments
 The earth affords us bowers.
 Then care away, etc.

The cuckoo and the nightingale
 Full merrily do sing,
 Heigh trolollie lollie loe, etc.
 And with their pleasant roundelays
 Bid welcome to the spring.
 Then care away, etc.

This is not half the happiness
 The countryman enjoys,
 Heigh trolollie lollie loe, etc.
 Though others think they have as much,
 Yet he that says so lies:
 Then come away,
 Turn countrymen with me.

JO. CHALKHILL¹⁵

PISCATOR. Well sung, Coridon, this song was sung with mettle, and it was choicely fitted to the occasion; I shall love you for it as long as I know you; I would you were a brother of the angle, for a companion that is cheerful and free from swearing and scurrilous discourse is worth gold. I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning; nor men, that cannot well bear it, to repent the money they spend when they be warmed with drink. And take this for a rule: you may pick out such times and such companies that you make yourselves merrier for a little than a great deal of money; for "Tis the company and not the charge that makes the feast"; and such a companion you prove. I thank you for it.

But I will not compliment you out of the debt that I owe you, and therefore I will begin my song, and wish it may be so well liked:

THE ANGLER'S SONG

As inward love breeds outward talk,
 The hound some praise, and some the hawk,
 Some better pleased with private sport
 Use tennis, some a mistress court:
 But these delights I neither wish
 Nor envy, while I freely fish.

Who hunts doth oft in danger ride;
 Who hawks lures oft both far and wide;
 Who uses games shall often prove
 A loser; but who falls in love
 Is fettered in fond Cupid's snare.
 My angle breeds me no such care.

Of recreation there is none
 So free as fishing is alone;
 All other pastimes do no less
 Than mind and body both possess;
 My hand alone my work can do,
 So I can fish and study too.

I care not, I, to fish in seas,
 Fresh rivers best my mind do please,
 Whose sweet calm course I contemplate
 And seek in life to imitate.
 In civil bounds I fain would keep
 And for my past offences weep.

And when the timorous trout I wait
 To take, and he devours my bait,
 How poor a thing sometimes I find
 Will captivate a greedy mind;
 And when none bite, I praise the wise
 Whom vain allurements ne'er surprise.

But yet, though while I fish I fast,
 I make good fortune my repast;
 And thereunto my friend invite,
 In whom I more than that delight,
 Who is more welcome to my dish
 Than to my angle was my fish.

As well content no prize to take
 As use of taken prize to make;
 For so our Lord was pleased when
 He fishers made fishers of men;
 Where, which is in no other game,
 A man may fish and praise his name.

The first men that our Savior dear
 Did choose to wait upon him here
 Blest fishers were, and fish the last
 Food was that he on earth did taste.
 I therefore strive to follow those
 Whom he to follow him hath chose.

¹⁵ Some critics believe Walton wrote this song. Chalkhill is unknown.

CORIDON. Well sung, brother, you have paid your debt in good coin. We anglers are all beholden to the good man that made this song. Come, hostess, give us more ale, and let's drink to him.

And now let's everyone go to bed; that we may rise early. But first let's pay our reckoning, for I will have nothing to hinder me in the morning, for my purpose is to prevent the sun-rising.

PETER. A match. Come, Coridon, you are to be my bed-fellow. I know, brother, you and your scholar will lie together. But where shall we meet tomorrow night? for my friend Coridon and I will go up the water towards Ware.

PISCATOR. And my scholar and I will go down towards Waltham.

CORIDON. Then let's meet here, for here are fresh sheets that smell of lavender, and I am sure we cannot expect better meat or better usage in any place.

PETER. 'Tis a match. Good-night to every-body.

PISCATOR. And so say I.

VENATOR. And so say I.

PISCATOR. Good-morrow, good hostess, I see my brother Peter is still in bed. Come, give my scholar and me a morning drink and a bit of meat to breakfast. And be sure to get a dish of meat or two against supper, for we shall come home as hungry as hawks. Come, scholar, let's be going.

VENATOR. Well now, good master, as we walk towards the river, give me direction, according to your promise, how I shall fish for a trout.

PISCATOR. My honest scholar, I will take this very convenient opportunity to do it.

The trout is usually caught with a worm or a minnow, which some call a penk, or with a fly, *viz.* either a natural or an artificial fly. Concerning which three I will give you some observations and directions.

And, first, for worms. Of these there be very many sorts, some bred only in the earth, as the earth-worm, others of or amongst plants, as the dug-worm, and others bred either out of excrements or in the bodies of living creatures, as in the horns of sheep or deer, or some of dead flesh, as the maggot or gentle, and others.

Now these be most of them particularly

good for particular fishes. But for the trout the dew-worm, which some also call the lob-worm, and the brandling are the chief; and especially the first for a great trout, and the latter for a less. There be also of lob-worms some called squirrel-tails, a worm that has a red head, a streak down the back, and a broad tail, which are noted to be the best because they are the toughest and most lively and live longest in the water; for you are to know that a dead worm is but a dead bait and like to catch nothing, compared to a lively, quick, stirring worm. And for a brandling he is usually found in an old dunghill or some very rotten place near to it, but most usually in cow-dung or hog's-dung, rather than horse-dung, which is somewhat too hot and dry for that worm. But the best of them are to be found in the bark of the tanners which they cast up in heaps after they have used it about their leather.

There are also divers other kinds of worms which for color and shape alter even as the ground out of which they are got; as the marsh-worm, the tag-tail, the flag-worm, the dock-worm, the oak-worm, the gilt-tail, the twachel or lob-worm, which of all others is the most excellent bait for a salmon, and too many to name, even as many sorts as some think there be of several herbs or shrubs or of several kinds of birds in the air. Of which I shall say no more but tell you that what worms soever you fish with are the better for being long kept before they be used. And in case you have not been so provident, then the way to cleanse and scour them quickly is to put them all night in water, if they be lob-worms, and then put them into your bag with fennel. But you must not put your brandlings above an hour in water and then put them into fennel, for sudden use; but if you have time and purpose to keep them long, then they be best preserved in an earthen pot, with good store of moss, which is to be fresh every three or four days in summer and every week or eight days in winter; or at least the moss taken from them and clean washed and wrung betwixt your hands till it be dry, and then put it to them again. And when your worms, especially the brandling, begins to be sick and

lose of his bigness, then you may recover him by putting a little milk or cream, about a spoonful in a day, into them by drops on the moss; and if there be added to the cream an egg beaten and boiled in it, then it will both fatten and preserve them long. And note that when the knot which is near to the middle of the brandling begins to swell, then he is sick; and if he be not well looked to, is near dying. And for moss you are to note that there be divers kinds of it which I could name to you, but I will only tell you that which is likest; a buck's-horn is the best, except it be soft white moss which grows on some heaths and is hard to be found. And note that in a very dry time when you are put to an extremity for worms walnut-tree leaves squeezed into water, or salt in water to make it bitter or salt, and then that water poured on the ground where you shall see worms are used to rise in the night will make them to appear above ground presently.

And now, I shall show you how to bait your hook with a worm so as shall prevent you from much trouble and the loss of many a hook too, when you fish for a trout with a running line, that is to say, when you fish for him by hand at the ground. I will direct you in this as plainly as I can, that you may not mistake.

Suppose it be a big lob-worm. Put your hook into him somewhat above the middle and out again a little below the middle. Having so done, draw your worm above the arming of your hook; but note that at the entering of your hook it must not be at the head-end of the worm but at the tail-end of him, that the point of your hook may come out toward the head-end. And having drawn him above the arming of your hook, then put the point of your hook again into the very head of the worm till it come near to the place where the point of the hook first came out. And then draw back that part of the worm that was above the shank or arming of your hook, and so fish with it. And if you mean to fish with two worms, then put the second on before you turn back the hook's-head of the first worm. You cannot lose above two or three worms before you attain to what I direct you; and having attained it, you will find it very use-

ful, and thank me for it. For you will run on the ground without tangling.

Now for the minnow, or penk, he is not easily found and caught till March, or in April, for then he appears first in the river, nature having taught him to shelter and hide himself in the winter in ditches that be near to the river, and there both to hide and keep himself warm in the mud or in the weeds, which rot not so soon as in a running river, in which place if he were in winter, the distempered floods that are usually in that season would suffer him to take no rest, but carry him headlong to mills and weirs to his confusion. And of these minnows, first, you are to know that the biggest size is not the best; and next, that the middle size and the whitest are the best; and then you are to know that your minnow must be so put on your hook that it must turn round when 'tis drawn against the stream, and, that it may turn nimbly, you must put it on a big-sized hook as I shall now direct you, which is thus: put your hook in at his mouth and out at his gill; then, having drawn your hook two or three inches beyond or through his gill, put it again into his mouth and the point and beard out at his tail; and then tie the hook and his tail about very neatly with a white thread, which will make it the apter to turn quick in the water; that done, pull back that part of your line which was slack when you did put your hook into the minnow the second time; I say, pull that part of it back so that it shall fasten the head so that the body of the minnow shall be almost straight on your hook; this done, try how it will turn by drawing it across the water or against a stream; and if it do not turn nimbly, then turn the tail a little to the right or left hand, and try again till it turn quick; for if not, you are in danger to catch nothing; for know, that it is impossible that it should turn too quick. And you are yet to know that in case you want a minnow, then a small loach, or a stickle-back, or any other small fish will serve as well. And you are yet to know that you may salt them and by that means keep them fit for use three or four days or longer; and that of salt, bay-salt is the best.

And here let me tell you, what many old

anglers know right well, that at some times and in some waters a minnow is not to be got; and therefore let me tell you I have (which I will show to you) an artificial minnow that will catch a trout as well as an artificial fly. And it was made by a handsome woman that had a fine hand, and a live minnow lying by her: the mould or body of the minnow was cloth and wrought upon or over it thus with a needle; the back of it with very sad French green silk, and paler green silk towards the belly, shadowed as perfectly as you can imagine, just as you see a minnow; the belly was wrought also with a needle, and it was, a part of it, white silk; and another part of it with silver thread; the tail and fins were of a quill which was shaven thin; the eyes were of two little black beads; and the head was so shadowed and all of it so curiously wrought and so exactly dissembled that it would beguile any sharp-sighted trout in a swift stream. And this minnow I will now show you, and if you like it, lend it you to have two or three made by it; for they be easily carried about an angler, and be of excellent use; for note that a large trout will come as fiercely at a minnow as the highest-mettled hawk doth seize on a partridge, or a greyhound on a hare. I have been told that 160 minnows have been found in a trout's belly. Either the trout had devoured so many, or the miller that gave it a friend of mine had forced them down his throat after he had taken him.

Now for flies, which is the third bait wherewith trouts are usually taken. You are to know that there are as many sorts of flies as there be of fruits. I will name you but some of them: as the dun-fly, the stone-fly, the red-fly, the moor-fly, the tawny-fly, the shell-fly, the cloudy or blackish-fly, the flag-fly, the vine-fly; there be of flies, caterpillars and canker-flies and bear-flies; and indeed too many either for me to name or for you to remember. And their breeding is so various and wonderful that I might easily amaze myself and tire you in a relation of them.

And yet I will exercise your promised patience by saying a little of the caterpillar, or the palmer-fly or worm, that by them you may guess what a work it were in a dis-

course but to run over those very many flies, worms, and little living creatures with which the sun and summer adorn and beautify the river-banks and meadows, both for the recreation and contemplation of us anglers, and which, I think, myself enjoy more than any other man that is not of my profession.

Pliny holds an opinion that many have their birth or being from a dew that in the spring falls upon the leaves of trees, and that some kinds of them are from a dew left upon herbs or flowers; and others from a dew left upon coleworts or cabbages. All which kinds of dews, being thickened and condensed, are by the sun's generative heat most of them hatched and in three days made living creatures; and these of several shapes and colors; some being hard and tough, some smooth and soft; some are horned in their head, some in their tail, some have none; some have hair, some none; some have sixteen feet, some less, and some have none, but (as our Topsel hath with great diligence observed) those which have none move upon the earth or upon broad leaves, their motion being not unlike to the waves of the sea. Some of them he also observes to be bred of the eggs of other caterpillars and that those in their time turn to be butterflies; and again that their eggs turn the following year to be caterpillars. And some affirm that every plant has its particular fly or caterpillar which it breeds and feeds. I have seen, and may therefore affirm it, a green caterpillar, or worm, as big as a small peascod, which had fourteen legs, eight on the belly, four under the neck, and two near the tail. It was found on a hedge of privet, and was taken thence and put into a large box and a little branch or two of privet put to it, on which I saw it feed as sharply as a dog gnaws a bone. It lived thus five or six days and thrived and changed the color two or three times, but by some neglect in the keeper of it, it then died and did not turn to a fly. But if it had lived, it had doubtless turned to one of those flies that some call flies of prey, which those that walk by the rivers may in summer see fasten on smaller flies and I think make them their food. And 'tis observable that as there be these flies of

prey which be very large, so there be others, very little, created I think only to feed them, and bred out of I know not what; whose life, they say, nature intended not to exceed an hour, and yet that life is thus made shorter by other flies, or accident.

'Tis endless to tell you what the curious searchers into nature's productions have observed of these worms and flies. But yet I shall tell you what Aldrovandus, our Topsel, and others say of the palmer-worm or caterpillar: that whereas others content themselves to feed on particular herbs or leaves (for most think those very leaves that gave them life and shape give them a particular feeding and nourishment and that upon them they usually abide), yet he observes that this is called a pilgrim or palmer-worm for his very wandering life and various food; not contenting himself, as others do, with any one certain place for his abode nor any certain kind of herb or flower for his feeding, but will boldly and disorderly wander up and down and not endure to be kept to a diet or fixed to a particular place.

Nay, the very colors of caterpillars are, as one has observed, very elegant and beautiful. I shall, for a taste of the rest, describe one of them which I will some time the next month show you feeding on a willow-tree, and you shall find him punctually to answer this very description: his lips and mouth somewhat yellow, his eyes black as jet, his forehead purple, his feet and hinder parts green, his tail two-forked and black, the whole body stained with a kind of red spots which run along the neck and shoulder-blade, not unlike the form of St. Andrew's cross or the letter X made thus crosswise, and a white line drawn down his back to his tail; all which add much beauty to his whole body. And it is to me observable that at a fixed age this caterpillar gives over to eat, and towards winter comes to be covered over with a strange shell or crust called an aurelia, and so lives a kind of dead life without eating all the winter. And as others of several kinds turn to be several kinds of flies and vermin the spring following, so this caterpillar then turns to be a painted butterfly.

Come, come, my scholar, you see the

river stops our morning walk, and I will also here stop my discourse, only as we sit down under this honeysuckle hedge, whilst I look a line to fit the rod that our brother Peter hath lent you, I shall for a little confirmation of what I have said repeat the observation of Du Bartas:

God, not contented to each kind to give
And to infuse the virtue generative,
By his wise power made many creatures breed
Of lifeless bodies without Venus' deed.

So the cold humor breeds the salamander,
Who, in effect, like to her birth's commander,
With child with hundred winters, with her
touch
Quencheth the fire, tho' glowing ne'er so
much.

So in the fire in burning furnace springs
The fly pyrausta with the flaming wings;
Without the fire it dies: in it it joys,
Living in that which each thing else destroys.

So slow Boötes underneath him sees
In th' icy islands goslings hatched of trees,
Whose fruitful leaves falling into the water
Are turned, they say, to living fowls soon
after.

So rotten planks of broken ships do change
To barnacles. O transformation strange!
'Twas first a green tree, then a gallant hull,
Lately a mushroom, now a flying gull.

VENATOR. O my good master, this morning walk has been spent to my great pleasure and wonder. But, I pray, when shall I have your direction how to make artificial flies like to those that the trout loves best? and also how to use them?

PISCATOR. My honest scholar, it is now past five of the clock. We will fish till nine, and then go to breakfast. Go you to yonder sycamore-tree and hide your bottle of drink under the hollow root of it; for about that time and in that place we will make a brave breakfast with a piece of powdered beef and a radish or two that I have in my fish-bag. We shall, I warrant you, make a good, honest, wholesome, hungry breakfast. And I will give you direction for the making and using of your fly. And in the meantime there is your rod and line, and my advice is that you fish as you see me do, and let's try which can catch the first fish.

VENATOR. I thank you, master. I will observe and practise your direction as far as I am able.

PISCATOR. Look you, scholar, you see I have hold of a good fish. I now see it is a trout. I pray, put that net under him; and touch not my line, for if you do, then we break all. Well done, scholar! I thank you.

Now for another. Trust me, I have another bite. Come, scholar, come lay down your rod and help me to land this as you did the other. So, now we shall be sure to have a good dish of fish for supper.

VENATOR. I am glad of that. But I have no fortune. Sure, master, yours is a better rod and better tackling.

PISCATOR. Nay, then, take mine, and I will fish with yours. Look you, scholar, I have another! Come, do as you did before. And now I have a bite at another. Oh me! he has broke all! there's half a line and a good hook lost.

VENATOR. Ay, and a good trout too.

PISCATOR. Nay, the trout is not lost; for pray take notice, no man can lose what he never had.¹⁶

VENATOR. Master, I can neither catch with the first nor second angle. I have no fortune.

PISCATOR. Look you, scholar, I have yet another. And now, having caught three brace of trouts, I will tell you a short tale as we walk towards our breakfast: a scholar — a preacher I should say — that was to preach to procure the approbation of a parish that he might be their lecturer had got from his fellow-pupil the copy of a sermon that was first preached with great commendation by him that composed and preached it; and though the borrower of it preached it word for word as it was at first, yet it was utterly disliked as it was preached by the second. Which the sermon-borrower complained of to the lender of it; and was thus answered: "I lent you, indeed, my fiddle, but not my fiddle-stick; for you are to know that everyone cannot make music with my words, which are fitted for my own mouth." And so, my scholar, you are to know that as the ill pronunciation or ill accenting of words in a sermon spoils it, so

the ill carriage of your line or not fishing even to a foot in a right place makes you lose your labor. And you are to know that though you have my fiddle, that is, my very rod and tacklings with which you see I catch fish, yet you have not my fiddle-stick, that is, you yet have not skill to know how to carry your hand and line nor how to guide it to a right place. And this must be taught you — for you are to remember I told you angling is an art — either by practice or a long observation or both. But take this for a rule: when you fish for a trout with a worm, let your line have so much and not more lead than will fit the stream in which you fish; that is to say, more in a great troublesome stream than in a smaller that is quieter; as near as may be, so much as will sink the bait to the bottom and keep it still in motion, and not more.

But now, let's say grace, and fall to breakfast. What say you, scholar, to the providence of an old angler? Does not this meat taste well? and was not this place well chosen to eat it? for this sycamore-tree will shade us from the sun's heat.

VENATOR. All excellent good, and my stomach excellent good too. And now I remember and find that true which devout Lessius says, "That poor men and those that fast often have much more pleasure in eating than rich men and gluttons, that always feed before their stomachs are empty of their last meat and so rob themselves of that pleasure that hunger brings to poor men." And I do seriously approve of that saying of yours, "That you had rather be a civil, well-grounded, temperate, poor angler than a drunken lord." But I hope there is none such. However, I am certain of this, that I have been at many very costly dinners that have not afforded me half the content that this has done, for which I thank God and you.

And now, good master, proceed to your promised direction for making and ordering my artificial fly.

PISCATOR. My honest scholar, I will do it, for it is a debt due unto you by my promise. And because you shall not think yourself more engaged to me than indeed you really are, I will freely give you such directions

¹⁶ These two preceding speeches from the fifth edition.

as were lately given to me by an ingenious brother of the angle, an honest angle, an honest man, and a most excellent fly-fisher.

You are to note that there are twelve kinds of artificial-made flies to angle with upon the top of the water. Note, by the way, that the fittest season of using these is in a blustering windy day, when the waters are so troubled that the natural fly cannot be seen, or rest upon them. The first is the dun-fly in March; the body is made of dun wool, the wings, of the partridge's feathers. The second is another dun-fly; the body of black wool, and the wings made of the black drake's feathers and of the feathers under his tail. The third is the stone-fly in April; the body is made of black wool made yellow under the wings and under the tail and so made with wings of the drake. The fourth is the ruddy-fly in the beginning of May; the body made of red wool, wrapt about with black silk, and the feathers are the wings of the drake, with the feathers of a red capon also, which hang dangling on his sides next to the tail. The fifth is the yellow or greenish fly, in May likewise; the body made of yellow wool, and the wings made of the red cock's hackle or tail. The sixth is the black-fly, in May also; the body made of black wool, and lapt about with the herle of a peacock's tail, the wings are made of the wings of a brown capon, with his blue feathers in his head. The seventh is the sad yellow-fly in June; the body is made of black wool, with a yellow list on either side, and the wings taken off the wings of a buzzard, bound with black braked hemp. The eighth is the moorish-fly; made with the body of duskish wool, and the wings made of the blackish mail of the drake. The ninth is the tawny-fly, good until the middle of June; the body made of tawny wool, the wings made contrary one against the other, made of the whitish mail of the wild drake. The tenth is the wasp-fly in July; the body made of black wool, lapt about with yellow silk, the wings made of the feathers of the drake or of the buzzard. The eleventh is the shell-fly, good in mid-July; the body made of greenish wool, lapt about with the herle of a peacock's tail, and the wings made of the wings of the buzzard. The twelfth is

the dark drake-fly, good in August; the body made with black wool, lapt about with black silk, his wings are made with the mail of the black drake, with a black head. Thus have you a jury of flies likely to betray and condemn all the trouts in the river.

I shall next give you some other directions for fly-fishing such as are given by Mr. Thomas Barker, a gentleman that hath spent much time in fishing; but I shall do it with a little variation.

First, let your rod be light and very gentle. I take the best to be of two pieces. And let not your line exceed, especially for three or four links next to the hook, I say, not exceed three or four hairs at the most, though you may fish a little stronger above in the upper part of your line. But if you can attain to angle with one hair, you shall have more rises, and catch more fish. Now you must be sure not to cumber yourself with too long a line, as most do. And before you begin to angle, cast to have the wind on your back, and the sun, if it shines, to be before you, and to fish down the stream; and carry the point or top of your rod downward, by which means the shadow of yourself and rod too will be the least offensive to the fish; for the sight of any shade amazes the fish and spoils your sport, of which you must take great care.

In the middle of March — till which time a man should not in honesty catch a trout — or in April, if the weather be dark or a little windy or cloudy, the best fishing is with the palmer-worm, of which I last spoke to you; but of these there be divers kinds, or at least of divers colors. These and the May-fly are the ground of all fly-angling. Which are to be thus made:

First, you must arm your hook with the line in the inside of it; then take your scissors and cut so much of a brown mallard's feather as in your own reason will make the wings of it, you having withal regard to the bigness or littleness of your hook; then lay the outmost part of your feather next to your hook; then the point of your feather next the shank of your hook; and having so done, whip it three or four times about the hook with the same silk with which your hook was armed; and having made the silk fast, take the hackle of a cock or capon's

neck or a plover's top, which is usually better; take off the one side of the feather, and then take the hackle, silk, or crewel, gold or silver thread; make these fast at the bent of the hook, that is to say, below your arming; then you must take the hackle, the silver or gold thread, and work it up to the wings, shifting or still removing your finger as you turn the silk about the hook and still looking at every stop or turn that your gold or what materials soever you make your fly of do lie right and neatly; and if you find they do so, then when you have made the head, make all fast; and then work your hackle up to the head and make that fast; and then with a needle or pin divide the wing into two; and then with the arming silk whip it about cross-ways betwixt the wings; and then with your thumb you must turn the point of the feather towards the bent of the hook; and then work three or four times about the shank of the hook; and then view the proportion; and if all be neat and to your liking, fasten.

I confess no direction can be given to make a man of a dull capacity able to make a fly well. And yet I know this, with a little practice, will help an ingenious angler in a good degree. But to see a fly made by an artist in that kind is the best teaching to make it. And then an ingenious angler may walk by the river and mark what flies fall on the water that day, and catch one of them, if he sees the trouts leap at a fly of that kind; and then having always hooks ready-hung with him and having a bag always with him with bear's hair or the hair of a brown or sad-colored heifer, hackles of a cock or capon, several colored silk and crewel to make the body of the fly, the feathers of a drake's head, black or brown sheep's wool, or hog's wool, or hair, thread of gold and of silver, silk of several colors, especially sad-colored, to make the fly's head; and there be also other colored feathers, both of little birds and of speckled fowl—I say, having those with him in a bag and trying to make a fly, though he miss at first, yet shall he at last hit it better even to such a perfection as none can well teach him. And if he hit to make his fly right and have the luck to hit also where

there is store of trouts, a dark day, and a right wind, he will catch such store of them as will encourage him to grow more and more in love with the art of fly-making.

VENATOR. But, my loving master, if any wind will not serve, then I wish I were in Lapland, to buy a good wind of one of the honest witches that sell so many winds there and so cheap.

PISCATOR. Marry, scholar, but I would not be there, nor indeed from under this tree. For look how it begins to rain, and by the clouds, if I mistake not, we shall presently have a smoking shower, and therefore sit close. This sycamore-tree will shelter us. And I will tell you, as they shall come into my mind, more observations of fly-fishing for a trout.

But first for the wind, you are to take notice that of the winds the south wind is said to be best. One observes that

when the wind is south,
It blows your bait into a fish's mouth.

Next to that the west wind is believed to be the best. And having told you that the east wind is the worst, I need not tell you which wind is the best in the third degree. And yet, as Solomon observes, that "He that considers the wind shall never sow"; so he that busies his head too much about them, if the weather be not made extreme cold by an east wind, shall be a little superstitious. For as it is observed by some that "There is no good horse of a bad color"; so I have observed that if it be a cloudy day and not extreme cold, let the wind sit in what corner it will and do its worst. And yet take this for a rule, that I would willingly fish standing on the lee-shore. And you are to take notice that the fish lies or swims nearer the bottom and in deeper water in winter than in summer; and also nearer the bottom in any cold day, and then gets nearest the low side of the water.

But I promised to tell you more of the fly-fishing for a trout; which I may have time enough to do, for you see it rains May butter. First for a may-fly, you may make his body with greenish-colored crewel or willowish color, darkening it in most places with waxed silk, or ribbed with black hair, or some of them ribbed with silver thread,

and such wings for the color as you see the fly to have at that season, nay, at that very day on the water. Or you may make the oak-fly, with an orange-tawny and black ground, and the brown of a mallard's feather for the wings. And you are to know that these two are most excellent flies, that is, the may-fly and the oak-fly. And let me again tell you that you keep as far from the water as you can possibly, whether you fish with a fly or worm, and fish down the stream. And when you fish with a fly, if it be possible, let no part of your line touch the water but your fly only; and be still moving your fly upon the water, or casting it into the water, you yourself being also always moving down the stream. Mr. Barker commends several sorts of the palmer-flies, not only those ribbed with silver and gold, but others that have their bodies all made of black, or some with red, and a red hackle. You may also make the hawthorn-fly, which is all black, and not big, but very small, the smaller the better. Or the oak-fly, the body of which is orange color and black crewel, with a brown wing. Or a fly made with a peacock's feather is excellent in a bright day. You must be sure you want not in your magazine-bag the peacock's feather and grounds of such wool and crewel as will make the grasshopper. And note that usually the smallest flies are the best; and note also that the light fly does usually make most sport in a dark day, and the darkest and least fly in a bright or clear day; and lastly note that you are to repair upon any occasion to your magazine-bag, and upon any occasion vary and make them lighter or sadder according to your fancy or the day.

And now I shall tell you that the fishing with a natural fly is excellent, and affords much pleasure. They may be found thus: the may-fly usually in and about that month near to the river-side, especially against rain; the oak-fly on the butt or body of an oak or ash from the beginning of May to the end of August; it is a brownish fly and easy to be so found, and stands usually with his head downward, that is to say, towards the root of the tree; the small black-fly, or hawthorn-fly, is to be had on any hawthorn bush after the leaves be come forth. With

these and a short line, as I showed to angle for a chub, you may dape or dop, and also with a grasshopper, behind a tree or in any deep hole; still making it to move on the top of the water as if it were alive and still keeping yourself out of sight, you shall certainly have sport if there be trouts; yea, in a hot day, but especially in the evening of a hot day.

And now, scholar, my direction for fly-fishing is ended with this shower, for it has done raining. And now look about you, and see how pleasantly that meadow looks; nay, and the earth smells so sweetly too. Come let me tell you what holy Mr. Herbert says of such days and flowers as these, and then we will thank God that we enjoy them, and walk to the river and sit down quietly, and try to catch the other brace of trouts.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
Sweet dews shall weep thy fall tonight,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows you have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul
Like seasoned timber never gives,
But when the whole world turns to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

VENATOR. I thank you, good master, for your good direction for fly-fishing and for the sweet enjoyment of the pleasant day, which is so far spent without offence to God or man; and I thank you for the sweet close of your discourse with Mr. Herbert's verses, which, I have heard, loved angling; and I do the rather believe it, because he had a spirit suitable to anglers and to those primitive Christians that you love and have so much commended.

PISCATOR. Well, my loving scholar, and I am pleased to know that you are so well pleased with my direction and discourse.

And since you like these verses of Mr. Herbert's so well, let me tell you what a

reverend and learned divine that professes to imitate him — and has indeed done so most excellently — that writ of our Book of Common Prayer; which I know you will like the better because he is a friend of mine and I am sure no enemy to angling.

What! prayer by th' book? and common?
Yes, why not?

The spirit of grace
And supplication
Is not left free alone

For time and place,
But manner too; to read or speak by rote
Is all alike to him that prays
In's heart what with his mouth he says.

They that in private by themselves alone
Do pray may take
What liberty they please
In choosing of the ways
Wherein to make

Their soul's most intimate affections known
To him that sees in secret, when
Th' are most concealed from other men.

But he that unto others leads the way
In public prayer
Should do it so
As all that hear may know
They need not fear

To tune their hearts unto his tongue and say
Amen; nor doubt they were betrayed
To blaspheme when they should have
prayed.

Devotion will add life unto the letter;
And why should not
That which authority
Prescribes esteemèd be
Advantage got?

If th' prayer be good, the commoner the
better,
Prayer in the church's words as well
As sense of all prayers bears the bell.

CH. HARVEY

And now, scholar, I think it will be time to repair to our angle-rods, which we left in the water to fish for themselves; and you shall choose which shall be yours; and it is an even lay one of them catches.

And let me tell you, this kind of fishing with a dead rod and laying night-hooks are like putting money to use; for they both work for the owners when they do nothing but sleep or eat or rejoice, as you know we have done this last hour and sate as quietly

and as free from cares under this sycamore as Virgil's Tityrus and his Melibœus did under their broad beech-tree. No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed angler; for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip-banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams which we now see glide so quietly by us. Indeed, my good scholar, we may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did"; and so if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.

I'll tell you, scholar; when I sate last on this primrose-bank and looked down these meadows, I thought of them as Charles the Emperor did of the City of Florence: "That they were too pleasant to be looked on but only on holidays." As I then sate on this very grass, I turned my present thoughts into verse. 'Twas a wish, which I'll repeat to you: —

THE ANGLER'S WISH

I in these flowery meads would be;
These crystal streams should solace me,
To whose harmonious bubbling noise
I with my angle would rejoice,
Sit here, and see the turtle-dove
Court his chaste mate to acts of love;

Or on that bank feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty; please my mind,
To see sweet dewdrops kiss these flowers,
And then washed off by April showers;
Here hear my Clora sing a song,
There see a blackbird feed her young,
Or a leverock build her nest;
Here give my weary spirits rest
And raise my low-pitched thoughts above
Earth or what poor mortals love;

Thus free from law-suits and the noise
Of princes' courts I would rejoice;

Or, with my Bryan and a book,
Loiter long days near Shawford-brook;
There sit by him, and eat my meat,
There see the sun both rise and set,
There bid good morning to next day;
There meditate my time away,
And angle on; and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

LIFE OF DR. JOHN DONNE

(Text: the fourth edition, 1675)

Master John Donne was born in London in the year 1573,¹ of good and virtuous parents; and though his own learning and other multiplied merits may justly appear sufficient to dignify both himself and his posterity, yet the reader may be pleased to know that his father was masculinely and lineally descended from a very ancient family in Wales, where many of his name now live that deserve and have great reputation in that country.

By his mother he was descended of the family of the famous and learned Sir Thomas More, sometime Lord Chancellor of England, as also from that worthy and laborious Judge Rastall, who left posterity the vast statutes of the law of this nation most exactly abridged.

He had his first breeding in his father's house, where a private tutor had the care of him until the tenth year of his age; and in his eleventh year was sent to the University of Oxford, having at that time a good command both of the French and Latin tongue. This and some other of his remarkable abilities made one then give this censure of him: "That this age had brought forth another Picus Mirandola," of whom story says, "That he was rather born, than made wise by study."

There he remained for some years in Hart Hall, having for the advancement of his studies tutors of several sciences to attend and instruct him, till time made him capable and his learning expressed in public exercises declared him worthy to receive his first degree in the schools; which he forbore by advice from his friends, who being for their religion of the Romish persuasion were conscionably averse to some parts of the oath that is always tendered at those times and not to be refused by those that expect the titular honor of their studies.

About the fourteenth year of his age he was transplanted from Oxford to Cambridge; where, that he might receive nourishment from both soils, he stayed till his

seventeenth year; all which time he was a most laborious student, often changing his studies but endeavoring to take no degree for the reasons formerly mentioned.

About the seventeenth year of his age he was removed to London and then admitted into Lincoln's Inn with an intent to study the law; where he gave great testimonies of his wit, his learning, and of his improvement in that profession which never served him for other use than an ornament and self-satisfaction.

His father died before his admission into this society and being a merchant left him his portion in money (it was £3000). His mother and those to whose care he was committed were watchful to improve his knowledge and to that end appointed him tutors both in the mathematics and in all the other liberal sciences to attend him. But with these arts they were advised to instil into him particular principles of the Romish Church; of which those tutors professed (though secretly) themselves to be members.

They had almost obliged him to their faith, having for their advantage, besides many opportunities, the example of his dear and pious parents, which was a most powerful persuasion and did work much upon him, as he professeth in his preface to his *Pseudo-Martyr*, a book of which the reader shall have some account in what follows.

He was now entered into the eighteenth year of his age; and at that time had betrothed himself to no religion that might give him any other denomination than a Christian. And reason and piety had both persuaded him that there could be no such sin as schism if an adherence to some visible church were not necessary.

About the nineteenth year of his age he, being then unresolved what religion to adhere to and considering how much it concerned his soul to choose the most orthodox, did therefore, though his youth and health promised him a long life, to rectify all scru-

1 Recent research has put the birth date back to 1571.

ples that might concern that, presently lay aside all study of the law and of all other sciences that might give him a denomination; and begun seriously to survey, and consider the body of divinity as it was then controverted betwixt the Reformed and the Roman Church. And as "God's blessed Spirit did then awaken him to the search and in that industry did never forsake him"—they be his own words²—"so he calls the same Holy Spirit to witness this protestation; that in that disquisition and search he proceeded with humility and diffidence in himself, and by that which he took to be the safest way, namely, frequent prayers and an indifferent affection to both parties"; and indeed, truth had too much light about her to be hid from so sharp an inquirer; and he had too much ingenuity not to acknowledge he had found her.

Being to undertake this search, he believed the Cardinal Bellarmine to be the best defender of the Roman cause and therefore betook himself to the examination of his reasons. The cause was weighty, and wilful delays had been inexcusable both towards God and his own conscience; he therefore proceeded in this search with all moderate haste, and about the twentieth year of his age did show the then Dean of Gloucester, whose name my memory hath now lost, all the cardinal's works marked with many weighty observations under his own hand; which works were bequeathed by him at his death as a legacy to a most dear friend.

About a year following he resolved to travel; and the Earl of Essex going first the Cadiz and after the Island voyages, the first *anno* 1596, the second 1597, he took the advantage of those opportunities, waited upon his lordship, and was an eye-witness of those happy and unhappy employments.

But he returned not back into England till he had stayed some years first in Italy and then in Spain, where he made many useful observations of those countries, their laws and manner of government, and returned perfect in their languages.

The time that he spent in Spain was at his first going into Italy designed for travelling to the Holy Land and for viewing

Jerusalem and the sepulchre of our Savior. But at his being in the furthest parts of Italy, the disappointment of company or of a safe convoy or the uncertainty of returns of money into those remote parts denied him that happiness; which he did often occasionally mention with a deploration.

Not long after his return into England, that exemplary pattern of gravity and wisdom, the Lord Ellesmere, then Keeper of the Great Seal and Lord Chancellor of England, taking notice of his learning, languages, and other abilities and much affecting his person and behavior, took him to be his chief secretary, supposing and intending it to be an introduction to some more weighty employment in the state; for which, his lordship did often protest, he thought him very fit.

Nor did his lordship in this time of Master Donne's attendance upon him account him to be so much his servant as to forget he was his friend; and to testify it did always use him with much courtesy, appointing him a place at his own table, to which he esteemed his company and discourse to be a great ornament.

He continued that employment for the space of five years, being daily useful and not mercenary to his friends. During which time he—I dare not say unhappily—fell into such a liking as, with her approbation, increased into a love with a young gentlewoman that lived in that family who was niece to the Lady Ellesmere, and daughter to Sir George More, then Chancellor of the Garter and Lieutenant of the Tower.

Sir George had some intimation of it and, knowing prevention to be a great part of wisdom, did therefore remove her with much haste from that to his own house at Lothesley, in the County of Surrey; but too late, by reason of some faithful promises which were so interchangeably passed as never to be violated by either party.

These promises were only known to themselves, and the friends of both parties used much diligence and many arguments to kill or cool their affections to each other. But in vain; for love is a flattering mischief that hath denied aged and wise men a foresight

of those evils that too often prove to be the children of that blind father, a passion, that carries us to commit errors with as much ease as whirlwinds remove feathers and begets in us an unwearied industry to the attainment of what we desire. And such an industry did, notwithstanding much watchfulness against it, bring them secretly together—I forbear to tell the manner how—and at last to a marriage too without the allowance of those friends whose approbation always was and ever will be necessary to make even a virtuous love become lawful.

And that the knowledge of their marriage might not fall like an unexpected tempest on those that were unwilling to have it so and that preapprehensions might make it the less enormous when it was known, it was purposely whispered into the ears of many that it was so, yet by none that could affirm it. But to put a period to the jealousies of Sir George—doubt often begetting more restless thoughts than the certain knowledge of what we fear—the news was in favor to Mr. Donne and with his allowance made known to Sir George by his honorable friend and neighbor Henry, Earl of Northumberland. But it was to Sir George so immeasurably unwelcome and so transported him that as though his passion of anger and inconsideration might exceed theirs of love and error he presently engaged his sister, the Lady Ellesmere, to join with him to procure her lord to discharge Mr. Donne of the place he held under his lordship. This request was followed with violence; and though Sir George were remembered that errors might be overpunished and desired therefore to forbear till second considerations might clear some scruples, yet he became restless until his suit was granted and the punishment executed. And though the Lord Chancellor did not at Mr. Donne's dismissal give him such a commendation as the great Emperor Charles the Fifth did of his secretary Eraso, when he presented him to his son and successor, Philip the Second, saying, "That in his Eraso he gave to him a greater gift than all his estate and all the kingdoms which he then resigned to him"; yet the Lord Chancellor said, "He parted with a

friend and such a secretary as was fitter to serve a king than a subject."

Immediately after his dismissal from his service, he sent a sad letter to his wife to acquaint her with it; and after the subscription of his name writ

"John Donne, Anne Donne, Undone,"

and God knows it proved too true.

For this bitter physic of Mr. Donne's dismissal was not strong enough to purge out all Sir George's choler; for he was not satisfied till Mr. Donne and his sometime compupil in Cambridge that married him, namely, Samuel Brooke, who was after Doctor of Divinity, and Master of Trinity College, and his brother Mr. Christopher Brooke, sometime Mr. Donne's chamber-fellow in Lincoln's Inn, who gave Mr. Donne his wife and witnessed the marriage, were all committed to three several prisons.

Mr. Donne was first enlarged, who neither gave rest to his body or brain nor to any friend in whom he might hope to have an interest until he had procured an enlargement for his two imprisoned friends.

He was now at liberty; but his days were still cloudy, and being past these troubles, others did still multiply upon him; for his wife was, to her extreme sorrow, detained from him; and though with Jacob he endured not an hard service for her, yet he lost a good one and was forced to make good his title and to get possession of her by a long and restless suit in law; which proved troublesome and sadly chargeable to him whose youth and travel and need-less bounty had brought his estate into a narrow compass.

It is observed, and most truly, that silence and submission are charming qualities and work most upon passionate men; and it proved so with Sir George; for these and a general report of Mr. Donne's merits, together with his winning behavior, which when it would entice had a strange kind of elegant irresistible art, these and time had so dispassionated Sir George that as the world had approved his daughter's choice so he also could not but see a more than ordinary merit in his new son. And this at last melted him into so much re-

morse — for love and anger are so like agues as to have hot and cold fits, and love in parents, though it may be quenched, yet is easily rekindled and expires not till death denies mankind a natural heat — that he labored his son's restoration to his place, using to that end both his own and his sister's power to her lord; but with no success; for his answer was, "That though he was unfeignedly sorry for what he had done, yet it was inconsistent with his place and credit to discharge and readmit servants at the request of passionate petitioners."

Sir George's endeavor for Mr. Donne's readmission was by all means to be kept secret, for men do more naturally relent for errors than submit to put on those blemishes that attend their visible acknowledgment. But however it was not long before Sir George appeared to be so far reconciled as to wish their happiness and not to deny them his parental blessing, but yet refused to contribute any means that might conduce to their livelihood.

Mr. Donne's estate was the greatest part spent in many and chargeable travels, books, and dear-bought experience; he out of all employment that might yield a support for himself and wife, who had been curiously and plentifully educated; both their natures generous and accustomed to confer and not to receive courtesies; these and other considerations, but chiefly that his wife was to bear a part in his sufferings, surrounded him with many sad thoughts and some apparent apprehensions of want.

But his sorrows were lessened and his wants prevented by the seasonable courtesy of their noble kinsman, Sir Francis Wolley, of Pirford in Surrey, who entreated them to a cohabitation with him; where they remained with much freedom to themselves and equal content to him for some years; and as their charge increased — she had yearly a child — so did his love and bounty.

It hath been observed by wise and considering men that wealth hath seldom been the portion and never the mark to discover good people, but that Almighty God, who disposeth all things wisely, hath of his abundant goodness denied it — he only knows why — to many whose minds he hath

enriched with the greater blessings of knowledge and virtue as the fairer testimonies of his love to mankind; and this was the present condition of this man of so excellent erudition and endowments whose necessary and daily expenses were hardly reconcilable with his uncertain and narrow estate. Which I mention, for that at this time there was a most generous offer made him for the moderating of his worldly cares, the declaration of which shall be the next employment of my pen.

God hath been so good to his church as to afford it in every age some such men to serve at his altar as have been piously ambitious of doing good to mankind, a disposition that is so like to God himself that it owes itself only to him who takes a pleasure to behold it in his creatures. These times he did bless with many such; some of which still live to be patterns of apostolical charity and of more than human patience. I have said this because I have occasion to mention one of them in my following discourse, namely, Dr. Morton, the most laborious and learned Bishop of Durham, one that God hath blessed with perfect intellectuals and a cheerful heart at the age of 94 years — and is yet living — one that in his days of plenty had so large a heart as to use his large revenue to the encouragement of learning and virtue and is now — be it spoken with sorrow — reduced to a narrow estate, which he embraces without repining; and still shows the beauty of his mind by so liberal a hand as if this were an age in which tomorrow were to care for itself. I have taken a pleasure in giving the reader a short but true character of this good man, my friend, from whom I received this following relation. — He sent to Mr. Donne and entreated to borrow an hour of his time for a conference the next day. After their meeting, there was not many minutes passed before he spake to Mr. Donne to this purpose: "Mr. Donne, the occasion of sending for you is to propose to you what I have often revolved in my own thought since I last saw you. Which nevertheless I will not declare but upon this condition, that you shall not return me a present answer but forbear three days and bestow some part of that time in fast-

ing and prayer; and after a serious consideration of what I shall propose, then return to me with your answer. Deny me not, Mr. Donne; for it is the effect of a true love, which I would gladly pay as a debt due for yours to me."

This request being granted, the doctor expressed himself thus:

"Mr. Donne, I know your education and abilities; I know your expectation of a state-employment; and I know your fitness for it; and I know too the many delays and contingencies that attend court-promises; and let me tell you that my love begot by our long friendship and your merits hath prompted me to such an inquisition after your present temporal estate as makes me no stranger to your necessities; which I know to be such as your generous spirit could not bear, if it were not supported with a pious patience. You know I have formerly persuaded you to waive your court-hopes and enter into holy orders; which I now again persuade you to embrace with this reason added to my former request. The king hath yesterday made me Dean of Gloucester, and I am also possessed of a benefice the profits of which are equal to those of my deanery; I will think my deanery enough for my maintenance—who am and resolve to die a single man—and will quit my benefice and estate you in it—which the patron is willing I shall do—if God shall incline your heart to embrace this motion. Remember, Mr. Donne, no man's education or parts make him too good for this employment, which is to be an ambassador for the God of glory, that God who by a vile death opened the gates of life to mankind. Make me no present answer, but remember your promise, and return to me the third day with your resolution."

At the hearing of this, Mr. Donne's faint breath and perplexed countenance gave a visible testimony of an inward conflict; but he performed his promise and departed without returning an answer till the third day, and then his answer was to this effect:

"My most worthy and most dear friend, since I saw you I have been faithful to my promise and have also meditated much of your great kindness, which hath been such as would exceed even my gratitude; but

that it cannot do; and more I cannot return you; and I do that with an heart full of humility and thanks, though I may not accept of your offer. But, Sir, my refusal is not for that I think myself too good for that calling for which kings, if they think so, are not good enough; nor for that my education and learning, though not eminent, may not, being assisted with God's grace and humility, render me in some measure fit for it. But I dare make so dear a friend as you are my confessor; some irregularities of my life have been so visible to some men that though I have, I thank God, made my peace with him by penitential resolutions against them and by the assistance of his grace banished them my affections, yet this, which God knows to be so, is not so visible to man as to free me from their censures and it may be that sacred calling from a dishonor. And besides, whereas it is determined by the best of casuists that God's glory should be the first end and a maintenance the second motive to embrace that calling, and though each man may propose to himself both together; yet the first may not be put last without a violation of conscience, which he that searches the heart will judge. And truly my present condition is such that if I ask my own conscience whether it be reconcilable to that rule, it is at this time so perplexed about it that I can neither give myself nor you an answer. You know, Sir, who says, 'Happy is that man whose conscience doth not accuse him for that thing which he does.' To these I might add other reasons that dissuade me; but I crave your favor that I may forbear to express them and thankfully decline your offer."

This was his present resolution; but the heart of man is not in his own keeping; and he was destined to this sacred service by an higher hand, a hand so powerful as at last forced him to a compliance. Of which I shall give the reader an account before I shall give a rest to my pen.

Mr. Donne and his wife continued with Sir Francis Wolley till his death. A little before which time Sir Francis was so happy as to make a perfect reconciliation betwixt Sir George and his forsaken son and daughter, Sir George conditioning by bond to pay

to Mr. Donne £800 at a certain day as a portion with his wife or £20 quarterly for their maintenance as the interest for it till the said portion was paid.

Most of those years that he lived with Sir Francis he studied the civil and canon laws; in which he acquired such a perfection as was judged to hold proportion with many who had made that study the employment of their whole life.

Sir Francis being dead and that happy family dissolved, Mr. Donne took for himself a house in Micham, near to Croydon in Surrey, a place noted for good air and choice company. There his wife and children remained. And for himself he took lodgings in London near to Whitehall, whither his friends and occasions drew him very often and where he was as often visited by many of the nobility and others of this nation who used him in their counsels of greatest consideration and with some rewards for his better subsistence.

Nor did our own nobility only value and favor him, but his acquaintance and friendship was sought for by most ambassadors of foreign nations and by many other strangers whose learning or business occasioned their stay in this nation.

He was much importuned by many friends to make his constant residence in London, but he still denied it, having settled his dear wife and children at Micham and near some friends that were bountiful to them and him. For they, God knows, needed it. And that you may the better now judge of the then present condition of his mind and fortune, I shall present you with an extract collected out of some few of his many letters:

——“And the reason why I did not send an answer to your last week's letter was because it then found me under too great a sadness; and at present 'tis thus with me; there is not one person but myself well of my family. I have already lost half a child, and with that mischance of hers my wife is fallen into such a discomposure as would afflict her too extremely but that the sickness of all her other children stupefies her. Of one of which, in good faith, I have not much hope. And these meet with a fortune

so ill provided for physics and such relief that if God should ease us with burials, I know not how to perform even that. But I flatter myself with this hope, that I am dying too. For I cannot waste faster then by such griefs. As for, ——

Aug. 10

From my hospital
at Micham,
JOHN DONNE ”

Thus he did bemoan himself. And thus in other letters:

——“For we hardly discover a sin when it is but an omission of some good and no accusing act; with this or the former I have often suspected myself to be overtaken; which is with an over-earnest desire of the next life. And though I know it is not merely a weariness of this, because I had the same desire when I went with the tide and enjoyed fairer hopes than I now do. Yet I doubt worldly troubles have increased it. 'Tis now spring, and all the pleasures of it displease me; every other tree blossoms, and I wither. I grow older and not better; my strength diminisheth and my load grows heavier; and yet I would fain be or do something; but that I cannot tell what, is no wonder in this time of my sadness; for to choose is to do; but to be no part of any body is as to be nothing; and so I am and shall so judge myself, unless I could be so incorporated into a part of the world as by business to contribute some sustentation to the whole. This I made account, I began early when I understood the study of our laws; but was diverted by leaving that and embracing the worst voluptuousness, an hydroptic, immoderate desire of human learning and languages. Beautiful ornaments indeed to men of great fortunes; but mine was grown so low as to need an occupation. Which I thought I entered well into when I subjected myself to such a service as I thought might exercise my poor abilities. And there I stumbled and fell too. And now I am become so little or such a nothing that I am not a subject good enough for one of my own letters. — Sir, I fear my present discontent does not proceed from a good root, that I am so well content to be nothing, that is, dead. But,

Sir, though my fortune hath made me such as that I am rather a sickness or a disease of the world than any part of it and therefore neither love it nor life, yet I would gladly live to become some such thing as you should not repent loving me. Sir, your own soul cannot be more zealous for your good than I am, and God who loves that zeal in me will not suffer you to doubt it. You would pity me now if you saw me write, for my pain hath drawn my head so much awry and holds it so that my eye cannot follow my pen. I therefore receive you into my prayers with mine own weary soul and commend myself to yours. I doubt not but next week will bring you good news, for I have either mending or dying on my side. But if I do continue longer thus, I shall have comfort in this, that my blessed Savior in exercising his justice upon my two worldly parts, my fortune and my body, reserves all his mercy for that which most needs it, my soul! Which is, I doubt, too like a porter that is very often near the gate and yet goes not out. Sir, I profess to you truly that my loathness to give over writing now seems to myself a sign that I shall write no more —

Your poor friend, and
 God's poor patient
 JOHN DONNE "

Sept. 7

By this you have seen a part of the picture of his narrow fortune and the perplexities of his generous mind; and thus it continued with him for about two years; all of which time his family remained constantly at Micham; and to which place he often retired himself and destined some days to a constant study of some points of controversy betwixt the English and Roman Church, and especially those of supremacy and allegiance. And to that place and such studies he could willingly have wedded himself during his life but the earnest persuasion of friends became at last to be so powerful as to cause the removal of himself and family to London, where Sir Robert Drury, a gentleman of a very noble estate and a more liberal mind assigned him and his wife an useful apartment in his own large house in Drury Lane, and not only rent-free but was also a cherisher of his

studies and such a friend as sympathized with him and his in all their joy and sorrows.

At this time of Mr. Donne's and his wife's living in Sir Robert's house the Lord Hay was by King James sent upon a glorious embassy to the then French King Henry the Fourth, and Sir Robert put on a sudden resolution to accompany him to the French court and to be present at his audience there. And Sir Robert put on as sudden a resolution to solicit Mr. Donne to be his companion in that journey. And this desire was suddenly made known to his wife, who was then with child and otherways under so dangerous a habit of body as to her health that she professed an unwillingness to allow him any absence from her, saying, "her divining soul boded her some ill in his absence," and therefore desired him not to leave her. This made Mr. Donne lay aside all thoughts of the journey and really to resolve against it. But Sir Robert became restless in his persuasions for it; and Mr. Donne was so generous as to think he had sold his liberty when he received so many charitable kindnesses from him, and told his wife so; who did therefore with an unwilling-willingness give a faint consent to the journey, which was proposed to be but for two months, for about that time they determined their return. Within a few days after this resolve the ambassador, Sir Robert, and Mr. Donne left London; and were the twelfth day got all safe to Paris. Two days after their arrival there, Mr. Donne was left alone in that room in which Sir Robert and he and some other friends had dined together. To this place Sir Robert returned within half an hour; and as he left, so he found Mr. Donne alone; but in such an ecstasy and so altered as to his looks as amazed Sir Robert to behold him. Insomuch that he earnestly desired Mr. Donne to declare what had befallen him in the short time of his absence. To which Mr. Donne was not able to make a present answer. But after a long and perplexed pause, did at last say, "I have seen a dreadful vision since I saw you. I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room with her hair hanging about her shoulders and a dead child in her arms. This I have seen

since I saw you." To which Sir Robert replied, "Sure, Sir, you have slept since I saw you; and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I desire you to forget, for you are now awake." To which Mr. Donne's reply was, "I cannot be surer that I now live than that I have not slept since I saw you, and am as sure that at her second appearing she stopped and looked me in the face and vanished." Rest and sleep had not altered Mr. Donne's opinion the next day. For he then affirmed this vision with a more deliberate and so confirmed a confidence that he inclined Sir Robert to a faint belief that the vision was true. It is truly said that desire and doubt have no rest. And it proved so with Sir Robert, for he immediately sent a servant to Drury House with a charge to hasten back and bring him word whether Mrs. Donne were alive, and if alive, in what condition she was as to her health. The twelfth day the messenger returned with this account: that he found and left Mrs. Donne very sad and sick in her bed, and that after a long and dangerous labor she had been delivered of a dead child. And upon examination the abortion proved to be the same day and about the very hour that Mr. Donne affirmed he saw her pass by him in his chamber.

This is a relation that will beget some wonder. And it well may; for most of our world are at present possessed with an opinion that visions and miracles are ceased. And though 'tis most certain that two lutes, being both strung and tuned to an equal pitch and then one played upon, the other that is not touched being laid upon a table at a fit distance will, like an echo to a trumpet, warble a faint audible harmony in answer to the same tune. Yet many will not believe there is any such thing as a sympathy of souls; and I am well pleased that every reader do enjoy his own opinion. But if the unbelieving will not allow the believing reader of this story a liberty to believe that it may be true; then I wish him to consider, many wise men have believed that the ghost of Julius Cæsar did appear to Brutus and that both St. Austin and Monica, his mother, had visions in order to his conversion. And though these and

many others too many to name have but the authority of human story, yet the incredible reader may find in the sacred story that Samuel did appear to Saul even after his death, whether really or not I undertake not to determine. And Bildad in the Book of Job says these words: "A spirit passed before my face, the hair of my head stood up, fear and trembling came upon me and made all my bones to shake." Upon which words I will make no comment but leave them to be considered by the incredulous reader; to whom I will also commend this following consideration, that there be many pious and learned men that believe our merciful God hath assigned to every man a particular guardian angel to be his constant monitor and to attend him in all his dangers, both of body and soul. And the opinion that every man hath his particular angel may gain some authority by the relation of St. Peter's miraculous deliverance out of prison, not by many but by one angel. And this belief may yet gain more credit by the reader's considering that when Peter after his enlargement knocked at the door of Mary the mother of John; and Rode the maid-servant being surprised with joy that Peter was there did not let him in but ran in haste and told the disciples who were then and there met together that Peter was at the door. And they not believing it, said she was mad. Yet when she again affirmed it, though they then believed it not, yet they concluded and said, "It is his angel."

More observations of this nature and inferences from them might be made to gain the relation a firmer belief. But I forbear lest I that intended to be but a relater may be thought to be an engaged person for the proving what was related to me; and yet I think myself bound to declare that, though it was not told me by Mr. Donne himself, it was told me now long since by a person of honor and of such intimacy with him that he knew more of the secrets of his soul than any person then living. And I think they told me the truth; for it was told with such circumstances and such asseveration that, to say nothing of my own thoughts, I verily believe he that told it me did himself believe it to be true.

I forbear the reader's farther trouble as to the relation and what concerns it and will conclude mine with commending to his view a copy of verses given by Mr. Donne to his wife at the time that he then parted from her. And I beg leave to tell that I have heard some critics learned both in languages and poetry say that none of the Greek or Latin poets did ever equal them.

A VALEDICTION FORBIDDING TO MOURN

As virtuous men pass mildly away
And whisper to their souls to go
Whilst some of their sad friends do say
The breath goes now, and some say no,

So let us melt and make no noise;
No wind-sighs or tear-floods us move,
'Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love.

Movings of th' earth cause harms and fears;
Men reckon what they did or meant,
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull, sublunary lovers' love,
Whose soul is sense, cannot admit
Absence, because that doth remove
Those things that elemented it.

But we by a soul so much refined
That our souls know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind,
Care not hands, eyes, or lips to miss.

Our two souls, therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If we be two, we are two so
As stiff twin-compasses are two.
Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show
To move, but does, if th'other do.

And though thine in the centre sit,
Yet when my other far does roam,
Thine leans and hearkens after it
And grows erect as mine comes home.

Such thou must be to me, who must
Like th'other foot obliquely run.
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And me to end where I begun.

I return from my account of the vision to tell the reader that both before Mr. Donne's going into France, at his being there, and after his return many of the nobility and others that were powerful at court were watchful and solicitous to the king for some secular employment for him. The king had formerly both known and put a value upon his company and had also given him some hopes of a state-employment, being always much pleased when Mr. Donne attended him, especially at his meals, where there were usually many deep discourses of general learning and very often friendly disputes or debates of religion betwixt his Majesty and those divines whose places required their attendance on him at those times, particularly the Dean of the Chapel, who then was Bishop Montague, the publisher of the learned and eloquent works of his Majesty, and the most reverend Doctor Andrews, the late learned Bishop of Winchester, who then was the king's almoner.

About this time there grew many disputes that concerned the oath of supremacy and allegiance in which the king had appeared and engaged himself by his public writings now extant. And his Majesty discoursing with Mr. Donne concerning many of the reasons which are usually urged against the taking of those oaths, apprehended such a validity and clearness in his stating the questions and his answers to them that his Majesty commanded him to bestow some time in drawing the arguments into a method and then to write his answers to them and having done that not to send but be his own messenger and bring them to him. To this he presently and diligently applied himself and within six weeks brought them to him under his own handwriting as they be now printed, the book bearing the name of *Pseudo-Martyr*, printed *anno* 1610.

When the king had read and considered that book he persuaded Mr. Donne to enter into the ministry; to which at that time he was, and appeared, very unwilling, apprehending it, such was his mistaking modesty, to be too weighty for his abilities; and though his Majesty had promised him a favor and many persons of worth mediated with his Majesty for some secular employ-

ment for him, to which his education had apted him, and particularly the Earl of Somerset when in his greatest height of favor; who being then at Theobald's with the king, where one of the clerks of the council died that night, the earl posted a messenger for Mr. Donne to come to him immediately and at Mr. Donne's coming said, "Mr. Donne, to testify the reality of my affection and my purpose to prefer you, stay in this garden till I go up to the king and bring you word that you are clerk of the council. Doubt not my doing this, for I know the king loves you, and know the king will not deny me." But the king gave a positive denial to all requests and, having a discerning spirit, replied, "I know Mr. Donne is a learned man, has the abilities of a learned divine, and will prove a powerful preacher. And my desire is to prefer him that way, and in that way I will deny you nothing for him." After that time, as he professeth, "The king descended to a persuasion, almost to a solicitation of him to enter into sacred orders."³ Which though he then denied not yet he deferred it for almost three years. All which time he applied himself to an incessant study of textual divinity and to the attainment of a greater perfection in the learned languages, Greek and Hebrew.

In the first and most blessed times of Christianity, when the clergy were looked upon with reverence and deserved it, when they overcame their opposers by high examples of virtue, by a blessed patience and long suffering, those only were then judged worthy the ministry whose quiet and meek spirits did make them look upon that sacred calling with an humble adoration and fear to undertake it; which indeed requires such great degrees of humility and labor and care that none but such were then thought worthy of that celestial dignity. And such only were then sought out and solicited to undertake it. This I have mentioned because forwardness and inconsideration could not in Mr. Donne, as in many others, be an argument of insufficiency or unfitness; for he had considered long and had many strifes within himself concerning the strictness of life and competency of learning re-

quired in such as enter into sacred orders; and doubtless, considering his own demerits, did humbly ask God with St. Paul, "Lord, who is sufficient for these things?" and with meek Moses, "Lord, who am I?" And sure if he had consulted with flesh and blood, he had not for these reasons put his hand to that holy plow. But God who is able to prevail wrestled with him, as the angel did with Jacob, and marked him, marked him for his own, marked him with a blessing, a blessing of obedience to the motions of his blessed Spirit. And then—as he had formerly asked God with Moses, "Who am I?"—so now being inspired with an apprehension of God's particular mercy to him in the king's and other solicitations of him, he came to ask King David's thankful question, "Lord, who am I that thou art so mindful of me?" so mindful of me as to lead me for more than forty years through this wilderness of the many temptations and various turnings of a dangerous life, so merciful to me as to move the learnedest of kings to descend to move me to serve at the altar, so merciful to me as at last to move my heart to embrace this holy motion. Thy motions I will and do embrace. And I now say with the blessed Virgin, "Be it with thy servant as seemeth best in thy sight." And so, blessed Jesus, I do take the cup of salvation and will call upon thy name and will preach thy Gospel.

Such strifes as these St. Austin had when St. Ambrose endeavored his conversion to Christianity; with which he confesseth he acquainted his friend Alipius. Our learned author, a man fit to write after no mean copy, did the like. And declaring his intentions to his dear friend Dr. King, then Bishop of London, a man famous in his generation and no stranger to Mr. Donne's abilities, for he had been chaplain to the Lord Chancellor at the time of Mr. Donne's being his lordship's secretary, that reverend man did receive the news with much gladness; and after some expressions of joy and a persuasion to be constant in his pious purpose, he proceeded with all convenient speed to ordain him first deacon and then priest not long after.

Now the English Church had gained a

³ From Donne's *Book of Devotions*.

second St. Austin, for I think none was so like him before his conversion, none so like St. Ambrose after it. And if his youth had the infirmities of the one, his age had the excellencies of the other, the learning and holiness of both.

And now all his studies which had been occasionally diffused were all concentrated in divinity. Now he had a new calling, new thoughts, and a new employment for his wit and eloquence. Now all his earthly affections were changed into divine love, and all the faculties of his own soul were engaged in the conversion of others, in preaching the glad tidings of remission to repenting sinners and peace to each troubled soul. To these he applied himself with all care and diligence. And now such a change was wrought in him that he could say with David, "Oh how amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord God of Hosts!" Now he declared openly "that when he required a temporal, God gave him a spiritual blessing." And that "he was now gladder to be a door-keeper in the house of God than he could be to enjoy the noblest of all temporal employments."

Presently after he entered into his holy profession, the king sent for him and made him his Chaplain in Ordinary and promised to take a particular care for his preferment.

And though his long familiarity with scholars and persons of greatest quality was such as might have given some men boldness enough to have preached to any eminent auditory, yet his modesty in this employment was such that he could not be persuaded to it but went, usually accompanied with some one friend, to preach privately in some village not far from London, his first sermon being preached at Paddington. This he did till his Majesty sent and appointed him a day to preach to him at Whitehall, and, though much were expected from him both by his Majesty and others, yet he was so happy (which few are) as to satisfy and exceed their expectations, preaching the word so as showed his own heart was possessed with those very thoughts and joys that he labored to distill into others. A preacher in earnest, weeping sometimes for his auditory, sometimes with

them, always preaching to himself like an angel from a cloud, but in none, carrying some, as St. Paul was, to heaven in holy raptures and enticing others by a sacred art and courtship to amend their lives, here picturing a vice so as to make it ugly to those that practised it and a virtue so as to make it be beloved even by those that loved it not; and all this with a most particular grace and an unexpressible addition of comeliness.

There may be some that may incline to think — such indeed as have not heard him — that my affection to my friend hath transported me to an immoderate commendation of his preaching. If this meets with any such, let me entreat, though I will omit many, yet that they will receive a double witness for what I say, it being attested by a gentleman of worth, Mr. Chidley, a frequent hearer of his sermons, in part of a funeral elegy writ by him on Dr. Donne, and is a known truth, though it be in verse:

Each altar had his fire —
He kept his love but not his object; wit
He did not banish, but transplanted it,
Taught it both time and place, and brought
it home
To piety, which it doth best become.
For say, had ever pleasure such a dress?
Have you seen crimes so shaped? or loveliness
Such as his lips did clothe religion in?
Had not reproof a beauty passing sin?
Corrupted nature sorrowed that she stood
So near the danger of becoming good.
And when he preached she wished her ears
exempt
From piety that had such power to tempt.
How did his sacred flattery beguile
Men to amend! —

More of this and more witnesses might be brought, but I forbear and return.

That summer, in the very same month in which he entered into sacred orders and was made the king's chaplain, his Majesty then going his progress, was entreated to receive an entertainment in the University of Cambridge. And Mr. Donne attending his Majesty at that time, his Majesty was pleased to recommend him to the university, to be made Doctor in Divinity; Doctor

Harsnet, after Archbishop of York, was then Vice-Chancellor, who knowing him to be the author of that learned book the *Pseudo-Martyr*, required no other proof of his abilities but proposed it to the university, who presently assented and expressed gladness that they had such an occasion to entitle him to be theirs.

His abilities and industry in his profession were so eminent and he so known and so beloved by persons of quality that within the first year of his entering into sacred orders he had fourteen advowsons of several benefices presented to him. But they were in the country, and he could not leave his beloved London, to which place he had a natural inclination, having received both his birth and education in it and there contracted a friendship with many whose conversation multiplied the joys of his life. But an employment that might affix him to that place would be welcome; for he needed it.

Immediately after his return from Cambridge, his wife died, leaving him a man of a narrow unsettled estate and, having buried five, the careful father of seven children then living, to whom he gave a voluntary assurance never to bring them under the subjection of a step-mother; which promise he kept most faithfully, burying with his tears all his earthly joys in his most dear and deserving wife's grave, and betook himself to a most retired and solitary life.

In this retiredness, which was often from the sight of his dearest friends, he became crucified to the world and all those vanities, those imaginary pleasures that are daily acted on that restless stage; and they were as perfectly crucified to him. Nor is it hard to think, being passions may be both changed, and heightened by accidents, but that that abundant affection which once was betwixt him and her who had long been the delight of his eyes and the companion of his youth, her with whom he had divided so many pleasant sorrows and contented fears as common people are not capable of—not hard to think but that she being now removed by death, a commensurable grief took as full a possession of him as joy had done; and so indeed it did. For now his very soul was elemented of nothing but

sadness; now grief took so full a possession of his heart as to leave no place for joy. If it did, it was a joy to be alone where like a pelican in the wilderness he might bemoan himself without witness or restraint and pour forth his passions like Job in the days of his affliction, "Oh that I might have the desire of my heart! Oh that God would grant the thing that I long for!" For then, "as the grave is become her house, so I would hasten to make it mine also, that we two might there make our beds together in the dark!" Thus as the Israelites sate mourning by the rivers of Babylon when they remembered Sion, so he gave some ease to his oppressed heart by thus venting his sorrows. Thus he began the day and ended the night, ended the restless night and began the weary day in lamentations. And thus he continued till a consideration of his new engagements to God and St. Paul's "Woe is me, if I preach not the Gospel" dispersed those sad clouds that had then benighted his hopes and now forced him to behold the light.

His first motion from his house was to preach where his beloved wife lay buried in St. Clement's Church, near Temple-Bar, London, and his text was a part of the Prophet Jeremy's lamentation, "Lo, I am the man that have seen affliction."

And indeed, his very words and looks testified him to be truly such a man; and they with the addition of his sighs and tears expressed in his sermon did so work upon the affections of his hearers as melted and moulded them into a companionable sadness; and so they left the congregation; but then their houses presented them with objects of diversion; and his presented him with nothing but fresh objects of sorrow in beholding many helpless children, a narrow fortune, and a consideration of the many cares and casualties that attend their education.

In this time of sadness he was importuned by the grave benchers of Lincoln's Inn, who were once the companions and friends of his youth, to accept of their lecture, which by reason of Dr. Gataker's removal from thence was then void. Of which he accepted, being most glad to renew his intermitted friendship with those whom he so much

loved and where he had been a Saul, though not to persecute Christianity or to deride it yet in his irregular youth to neglect the visible practice of it, there to become a Paul and preach salvation to his beloved brethren.

And now his life was as a shining light among his old friends. Now he gave an ocular testimony of the strictness and regularity of it; now he might say as St. Paul adviseth his Corinthians, "Be ye followers of me, as I follow Christ, and walk as ye have me for an example"; not the example of a busybody, but of a contemplative, a harmless, an humble, and an holy life and conversation.

The love of that noble society was expressed to him many ways. For besides fair lodgings that were set apart and newly furnished for him with all necessities, other courtesies were also daily added; indeed, so many and so freely as if they meant their gratitude should exceed his merits; and in this love-strife of desert and liberality they continued for the space of two years, he preaching faithfully and constantly to them and they liberally requiting him. About which time the Emperor of Germany died and the Palsgrave, who had lately married the Lady Elizabeth, the king's only daughter, was elected and crowned King of Bohemia, the unhappy beginning of many miseries in that nation.

King James, whose motto *beati pacifici* did truly speak the very thoughts of his heart, endeavored first to prevent and after to compose the discords of that discomposed state; and amongst other his endeavors did then send the Lord Hay, Earl of Doncaster, his ambassador to those unsettled princes; and by a special command from his Majesty Dr. Donne was appointed to assist and attend that employment to the princes of the union, for which the earl was most glad, who had always put a great value on him and taken a great pleasure in his conversation and discourse. And his friends of Lincoln's Inn were as glad; for they feared that his immoderate study and sadness for his wife's death would, as Jacob said, make his days few and, respecting his bodily health, evil too; and of this there were many visible signs.

At his going, he left his friends of Lincoln's Inn and they him with many reluctations. For though he could not say as St. Paul to his Ephesians, "Behold you to whom I have preached the kingdom of God shall from henceforth see my face no more," yet he, believing himself to be in a consumption, questioned, and they feared it, all concluding that his troubled mind with the help of his unintermitted studies hastened the decays of his weak body. But God who is the God of all wisdom and goodness turned it to the best; for this employment, to say nothing of the event of it, did not only divert him from those too serious studies and sad thoughts but seemed to give him a new life by a true occasion of joy, to be an eye-witness of the health of his most dear and most honored mistress, the Queen of Bohemia, in a foreign nation and to be a witness of that gladness which she expressed to see him, who, having formerly known him a courtier, was much joyed to see him in a canonical habit and more glad to be an ear-witness of his excellent and powerful preaching.

About fourteen months after his departure out of England he returned to his friends of Lincoln's Inn with his sorrows moderated, and his health improved; and there betook himself to his constant course of preaching.

About a year after his return out of Germany, Dr. Cary was made Bishop of Exeter, and by his removal the deanery of St. Paul's being vacant, the king sent to Dr. Donne and appointed him to attend him at dinner the next day. When his Majesty was sate down, before he had eat any meat, he said after his pleasant manner, "Dr. Donne, I have invited you to dinner; and, though you sit not down with me, yet I will carve to you of a dish that I know you love well; for knowing you love London, I do therefore make you Dean of Paul's; and when I have dined, then do you take your beloved dish home to your study, say grace there to yourself, and much good may it do you."

Immediately after he came to his deanery, he employed workmen to repair and beautify the chapel, suffering, as holy David once vowed, "his eyes and temples to take

no rest till he had first beautified the house of God."

The next quarter following, when his father-in-law Sir George More (whom time had made a lover and admirer of him) came to pay to him a conditioned sum of twenty pounds, he refused to receive it, and said, as good Jacob did, when he heard his beloved son Joseph was alive, "It is enough. You have been kind to me and mine: I know your present condition is such as not to abound: and I hope mine is or will be such as not to need it: I will therefore receive no more from you upon that contract"; and in testimony of it freely gave him up his bond.

Immediately after his admission into his deanery, the vicarage of St. Dunstan in the West, London, fell to him by the death of Dr. White, the advowson of it having been given to him long before by his honorable friend, Richard Earl of Dorset, then the patron, and confirmed by his brother the late deceased Edward, both of them men of much honor.

By these and another ecclesiastical endowment which fell to him about the same time, given to him formerly by the Earl of Kent, he was enabled to become charitable to the poor, and kind to his friends, and to make such provision for his children that they were not left scandalous, as relating to their or his profession and quality.

The next Parliament, which was within that present year, he was chosen prolocutor to the convocation; and about that time was appointed by his Majesty, his most gracious master, to preach very many occasional sermons, as at St. Paul's Cross and other places. All which employments he performed to the admiration of the representative body of the whole clergy of this nation.

He was once, and but once, clouded with the king's displeasure; ⁴ and it was about this time; which was occasioned by some malicious whisperer, who had told his Majesty that Dr. Donne had put on the general humor of the pulpits, and was become busy in insinuating a fear of the king's inclining to popery and a dislike of his government, and particularly for the king's then turn-

ing the evening lectures into catechising and expounding the prayer of our Lord and of the belief and commandments. His Majesty was the more inclinable to believe this for that a person of nobility and great note, betwixt whom and Dr. Donne there had been a great friendship, was at this very time discarded the court (I shall forbear his name unless I had a fairer occasion) and justly committed to prison; which begot many rumors in the common people, who in this nation think they are not wise unless they be busy about what they understand not and especially about religion.

The king received this news with so much discontent and restlessness that he would not suffer the sun to set and leave him under this doubt but sent for Dr. Donne and required his answer to the accusation; which was so clear and satisfactory that the king said "he was right glad he rested no longer under the suspicion." When the king had said this, Doctor Donne kneeled down and thanked his Majesty and protested his answer was faithful and free from all collusion and therefore "desired that he might not rise till, as in like cases he always had from God, so he might have from his Majesty some assurance that he stood clear and fair in his opinion." At which the king raised him from his knees with his own hands and protested he believed him and that he knew he was an honest man and doubted not but that he loved him truly. And having thus dismissed him, he called some lords of his council into his chamber and said with much earnestness, "My doctor is an honest man. And, my Lords, I was never better satisfied with an answer than he hath now made me. And I always rejoice when I think that by my means he became a divine."

He was made dean the fiftieth year of his age; and in his fifty-fourth year a dangerous sickness seized him, which inclined him to a consumption. But God, as Job thankfully acknowledged, preserved his spirit and kept his intellectuals as clear and perfect as when that sickness first seized his body; but it continued long and threatened him with death; which he dreaded not.

In this distemper of body, his dear friend

⁴ See, however, Laud, *Diary*, April 14, 1627.

Doctor Henry King, then chief residentiary of that church and late Bishop of Chichester, a man generally known by the clergy of this nation and as generally noted for his obliging nature, visited him daily; and observing that his sickness rendered his recovery doubtful, he chose a seasonable time to speak to him to this purpose.

"Mr. Dean, I am by your favor no stranger to your temporal estate, and you are no stranger to the offer lately made us for the renewing a lease of the best prebends' corps belonging to our church, and you know 'twas denied for that our tenant being very rich offered to fine at so low a rate as held not proportion with his advantages. But I will either raise him to an higher sum or procure that the other residentiaries shall join to accept of what was offered. One of these I can and will by your favor do without delay and without any trouble either to your body or mind; I beseech you to accept of my offer, for I know it will be a considerable addition to your present estate, which I know needs it."

To this, after a short pause, and raising himself upon his bed, he made this reply.

"My most dear friend, I most humbly thank you for your many favors and this in particular. But in my present condition I shall not accept of your proposal; for doubtless there is such a sin as sacrilege; if there were not, it could not have a name in Scripture. And the primitive clergy were watchful against all appearances of that evil; and indeed then all Christians looked upon it with horror and detestation, judging it to be even an open defiance of the power and providence of Almighty God and a sad presage of a declining religion. But instead of such Christians, who had selected times set apart to fast and pray to God for a pious clergy which they then did obey, our times abound with men that are busy and litigious about trifles and church ceremonies, and yet so far from a scrupling sacrilege that they make not so much as a *quære* what it is. But I thank God I have and dare not now upon my sick-bed, when Almighty God hath made me useless to the service of the church, make any advantages out of it. But if he shall again restore me to such a degree of health as again to serve at his

altar, I shall then gladly take the reward which the bountiful benefactors of this church have designed me; for God knows my children and relations will need it. In which number my mother, whose credulity and charity has contracted a very plentiful to a very narrow estate, must not be forgotten. But, Doctor King, if I recover not, that little worldly estate that I shall leave behind me (that very little when divided into eight parts) must, if you deny me not so charitable a favor, fall into your hands as my most faithful friend and executor; of whose care and justice I make no more doubt than of God's blessing on that which I have conscientiously collected for them; but it shall not be augmented on my sick-bed; and this I declare to be my unalterable resolution."

The reply to this was only a promise to observe his request.

Within a few days his distempers abated; and as his strength increased so did his thankfulness to Almighty God, testified in his most excellent Book of Devotions, which he published at his recovery. In which the reader may see the most secret thoughts that then possessed his soul paraphrased and made public, a book that may not unfitly be called a sacred picture of spiritual ecstasies occasioned and applicable to the emergencies of that sickness; which book, being a composition of Meditations, Disquisitions, and Prayers, he writ on his sick-bed, herein imitating the holy patriarchs, who were wont to build their altars in that place where they had received their blessings.

This sickness brought him so near to the gates of death and he saw the grave so ready to devour him that he would often say his recovery was supernatural. But that God that then restored his health continued it to him till the fifty-ninth year of his life. And then in August, 1630, being with his eldest daughter, Mrs. Harvey at Abury Hatch in Essex, he there fell into a fever, which with the help of his constant infirmity (vapors from the spleen) hastened him into so visible a consumption that his beholders might say, as St. Paul of himself, "He dies daily"; and he might say with Job, "My welfare passeth away as a cloud, the days

of my affliction have taken hold of me, and weary nights are appointed for me."

Reader, this sickness continued long, not only weakening but wearying him so much that my desire is he may now take some rest and that before I speak of his death thou wilt not think it an impertinent digression to look back with me upon some observations of his life, which, whilst a gentle slumber gives rest to his spirits, may, I hope, not unfitly exercise thy consideration.

His marriage was the remarkable error of his life; an error which, though he had a wit able and very apt to maintain paradoxes, yet he was very far from justifying it. And though his wife's competent years and other reasons might be justly urged to moderate severe censures, yet he would occasionally condemn himself for it. And doubtless it had been attended with an heavy repentance, if God had not blest them with so mutual and cordial affections as in the midst of their sufferings made their bread of sorrow taste more pleasantly than the banquet of dull and low-spirited people.

The recreations of his youth were poetry, in which he was so happy as if nature and all her varieties had been made only to exercise his sharp wit and high fancy; and in those pieces which were facetiously composed and carelessly scattered, most of them being written before the twentieth year of his age, it may appear by his choice metaphors that both nature and all the arts joined to assist him with their utmost skill.

It is a truth that in his penitential years, viewing some of those pieces that had been loosely (God knows too loosely) scattered in his youth, he wished they had been abortive or so short-lived that his own eyes had witnessed their funerals. But though he was no friend to them, he was not so fallen out with heavenly poetry as to forsake that. No, not in his declining age; witnessed then by many divine sonnets and other high, holy, and harmonious composures. Yea, even on his former sick-bed he wrote this heavenly hymn expressing the great joy that then possessed his soul in the assurance of God's favor to him when he composed it:

AN HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER

Wilt thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which was my sin, though it were done
before?

Wilt thou forgive that sin through which I
run

And do run still, though still I do deplore?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more.

Wilt thou forgive that sin which I have won
Others to sin and made my sin their
door?

Wilt thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year or two but wallowed in a score?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more.

I have a sin of fear that when I've spun
My last thread I shall perish on the shore.
But swear by thyself that at my death thy
Son

Shall shine as he shines now and here-
tofore.

And having done that, thou hast done,
I fear no more.

I have the rather mentioned this hymn for that he caused it to be set to a most grave and solemn tune and to be often sung to the organ by the choristers of St. Paul's Church in his own hearing, especially at the evening service, and at his return from his customary devotions in that place did occasionally say to a friend, "The words of this hymn have restored to me the same thoughts of joy that possessed my soul in my sickness when I composed it. And, Oh the power of church-music! that harmony added to this hymn has raised the affections of my heart and quickened my graces of zeal and gratitude; and I observe, that I always return from paying this public duty of prayer and praise to God with an inexpressible tranquillity of mind and a willingness to leave the world."

After this manner did the disciples of our Savior, and the best of Christians in those ages of the church nearest to his time offer their praises to Almighty God. And the reader of St. Augustine's life may there find that towards his dissolution he wept abundantly that the enemies of Christianity had broken in upon them and profaned

and ruined their sanctuaries, and because their public hymns and lauds were lost out of their churches. And after this manner have many devout souls lifted up their hands and offered acceptable sacrifices unto Almighty God where Dr. Donne offered his and now lies buried.

But now, oh Lord, how is that place } 1656
become desolate!

Before I proceed further, I think fit to inform the reader that not long before his death he caused to be drawn a figure of the body of Christ extended upon an anchor, like those which painters draw when they would present us with the picture of Christ crucified on the cross, his varying no otherwise than to affix him not to a cross but to an anchor, the emblem of hope. This he caused to be drawn in little and then many of those figures thus drawn to be engraven very small in heliotrope stones and set in gold, and of these he sent to many of his dearest friends to be used as seals or rings and kept as memorials of him and of his affection to them.

His dear friends and benefactors, Sir Henry Goodyere and Sir Robert Drury, could not be of that number; nor could the Lady Magdalen Herbert, the mother of George Herbert, for they had put off mortality and taken possession of the grave before him. But Sir Henry Wotton and Dr. Hall, the then late deceased Bishop of Norwich, were; and so were Dr. Duppa, Bishop of Salisbury, and Dr. Henry King, Bishop of Chichester, lately deceased, men in whom there was such a commixture of general learning, of natural eloquence, and Christian humility that they deserve a commemoration by a pen equal to their own, which none have exceeded.

And in this enumeration of his friends, though many must be omitted, yet that man of primitive piety, Mr. George Herbert may not; I mean that George Herbert who was the author of the Temple, or Sacred Poems and Ejaculations, a book in which by declaring his own spiritual conflicts he hath comforted and raised many a dejected and discomposed soul and charmed them into sweet and quiet thoughts, a book by the frequent reading whereof and the assistance of that Spirit

that seemed to inspire the author the reader may attain habits of peace and piety and all the gifts of the Holy Ghost and heaven, and may by still reading still keep those sacred fires burning upon the altar of so pure a heart as shall free it from the anxieties of this world and keep it fixed upon things that are above. Betwixt this George Herbert and Dr. Donne there was a long and dear friendship made up by such a sympathy of inclinations that they coveted and joyed to be in each other's company; and this happy friendship was still maintained by many sacred endearments; of which that which followeth may be some testimony:

To Mr. George Herbert, sent him with one of my seals of the anchor and Christ. (A sheaf of snakes used heretofore to be my seal, which is the crest of our poor family)

*Qui prius assuetus serpentum falce tabellas
Signare, hæc nostræ symbola parva domus
Adscitus domui Domini. —*

Adopted in God's family and so

My old coat lost into new arms I go.
The cross my seal in baptism spread below
Does by that form into an anchor grow.
Crosses grow anchors; bear as thou should'st
do

Thy cross, and that cross grows an anchor
too.

But he that makes our crosses anchors thus
Is Christ, who there is crucified for us.
Yet with this I may my first serpents hold.
(God gives new blessings, and yet leaves
the old)

The serpent may as wise my pattern be,
My poison, as he feeds on dust that's me.

And as he rounds the earth to murder, sure
He is my death; but on the cross my cure.
Crucify nature then; and then implore
All grace from him, crucified there before.
When all is cross and that cross anchor
grown,

This seal's a catechism, not a seal alone.
Under that little seal great gifts I send,
Both works and prayers, pawns and fruits
of a friend.

Oh may that Saint that rides on our great
seal,
To you that bear his name large bounty
deal!

JOHN DONNE

IN SACRAM ANCHORAM PISCATORIS
GEORGE HERBERT

*Quod cruz nequibat fixa clavique additi,
Tenere Christum scilicet ne ascenderet
Tuive Christum —*

Although the cross could not Christ here
detain,
When nailed unto't, but he ascends again,
Nor yet thy eloquence here keep him still
But only whilst thou speak'st, this anchor
will.

Nor canst thou be content unless thou to
This certain anchor add a seal; and so
The water and the earth both unto thee
Do owe the symbol of their certainty.
Let the world reel, we and all ours stand
sure,

This holy cable's from all storms secure.

GEORGE HERBERT

I return to tell the reader that besides
these verses to his dear Mr. Herbert and
that hymn that I mentioned to be sung in
the quire of St. Paul's Church, he did also
shorten and beguile many sad hours by
composing other sacred ditties; and he writ
an hymn on his death-bed, which bears this
title:

AN HYMN TO GOD, MY GOD, IN MY
SICKNESS, MARCH 23, 1630

Since I am coming to that holy room
Where with thy quire of saints for evermore
I shall be made thy music, as I come
I tune my instrument here at the door,
And what I must do then think here before.

Since my physicians by their loves are
grown

Cosmographers and I their map who lie
Flat on this bed —

So in his purple wrapped receive me, Lord!
By these, his thorns, give me his other
crown!

And as to other souls I preached thy word,
Be this my text, my sermon to mine own,
That he may raise therefore the Lord throws
down.

If these fall under the censure of a soul
whose too much mixture with earth makes
it unfit to judge of these high raptures and
illuminations, let him know that many holy
and devout men have thought the soul of
Prudentius to be most refined when not

many days before his death he charged it to
present his God each morning and evening
with a new and spiritual song; justified by
the example of King David and the good
King Hezekiah, who upon the renovation of
his years paid his thankful vows to Al-
mighty God in a royal hymn which he con-
cludes in these words, "The Lord was
ready to save, therefore I will sing my
songs to the stringed instruments all the
days of my life in the temple of my God."

The latter part of his life may be said
to be a continued study; for as he usually
preached once a week, if not oftener, so
after his sermon he never gave his eyes rest
till he had chosen out a new text, and that
night cast his sermon into form and his text
into divisions; and the next day betook
himself to consult the fathers, and so com-
mit his meditations to his memory, which
was excellent. But upon Saturday he usually
gave himself and his mind a rest from the
weary burthen of his week's meditations
and usually spent that day in visitation of
friends or some other diversions of his
thoughts and would say, "that he gave
both his body and mind that refreshment
that he might be enabled to do the work
of the day following, not faintly, but with
courage and cheerfulness."

Nor was his age only so industrious, but
in the most unsettled days of his youth his
bed was not able to detain him beyond the
hour of four in a morning; and it was no
common business that drew him out of his
chamber till past ten. All which time was
employed in study; though he took great
liberty after it; and if this seem strange,
it may gain a belief by the visible fruits
of his labors, some of which remain as testi-
monies of what is here written, for he left
the resultance of 1400 authors most of them
abridged and analyzed with his own hand;
he left also six-score of his sermons, all
written with his own hand, also an exact
and laborious treatise concerning self-mur-
ther, called *Biathanatos*, wherein all the
laws violated by that act are diligently
surveyed and judiciously censured, a treatise
written in his younger days which alone
might declare him then not only perfect in
the civil and canon-law but in many other
such studies and arguments as enter not

into the consideration of many that labor to be thought great clerks and pretend to know all things.

Nor were these only found in his study, but all businesses that passed of any public consequence, either in this or any of our neighbor nations, he abbreviated either in Latin or in the language of that nation and kept them by him for useful memorials. So he did the copies of divers letters and cases of conscience that had concerned his friends, with his observations and solutions of them, and divers other businesses of importance, all particularly and methodically digested by himself.

He did prepare to leave the world before life left him, making his will when no faculty of his soul was damped or made defective by pain or sickness or he surprised by a sudden apprehension of death; but it was made with mature deliberation, expressing himself an impartial father by making his children's portions equal, and a lover of his friends, whom he remembered with legacies fitly and discreetly chosen and bequeathed. I cannot forbear a nomination of some of them; for methinks they be persons that seem to challenge a recordation in this place; as namely, to his brother-in-law, Sir Thomas Grimes, he gave that striking clock which he had long worn in his pocket. To his dear friend and executor, Dr. King, late Bishop of Chichester, that model of gold of the synod of Dort with which the States presented him at his last being at The Hague, and the two pictures of Padre Paulo and Fulgentio, men of his acquaintance when he travelled Italy and of great note in that nation for their remarkable learning. To his ancient friend, Dr. Brooke, that married him, Master of Trinity College in Cambridge, he gave the picture of the blessed Virgin and Joseph. To Dr. Winniff, who succeeded him in the deanery he gave a picture called the Skeleton. To the succeeding dean, who was not then known, he gave many necessaries of worth and useful for his house, and also several pictures and ornaments for the chapel, with a desire that they might be registered, and remain as a legacy to his successors. To the Earls of Dorset and Carlisle, he gave several pictures. And so he

did to many other friends. — Legacies given rather to express his affection than to make any addition to their estates. But unto the poor he was full of charity, and unto many others who by his constant and long continued bounty might entitle themselves to be his alms-people, for all these he made provision; and so largely as having then six children living might to some appear more than proportionable to his estate. I forbear to mention any more lest the reader may think I trespass upon his patience. But I will beg his favor to present him with the beginning and end of his will:

"In the name of the blessed and glorious Trinity, Amen. I, John Donne, by the mercy of Christ Jesus and by the calling of the Church of England priest, being at this time in good health and perfect understanding (praised be God therefore) do hereby make my last will and testament in manner and form following:

"First, I give my gracious God an entire sacrifice of body and soul, with my most humble thanks for that assurance which his blessed Spirit imprints in me now of the salvation of the one and the resurrection of the other; and for that constant and cheerful resolution which the same Spirit hath established in me to live and die in the religion now professed in the Church of England. In expectation of that resurrection, I desire my body may be buried, in the most private manner that may be, in that place of St. Paul's Church, London, that the now residenciaries have at my request designed for that purpose, &c. — And this my last will and testament, made in the fear of God, whose mercy I humbly beg and constantly rely upon in Jesus Christ, and in perfect love and charity with all the world, whose pardon I ask from the lowest of my servants to the highest of my superiors. Written all with my own hand and my name subscribed to every page, of which there are five in number."

Sealed Decemb. 13, 1630

Nor was this blessed sacrifice of charity expressed only at his death but in his life also by a cheerful and frequent visitation of any friend whose mind was dejected or

his fortune necessitous. He was inquisitive after the wants of prisoners and redeemed many from thence that lay for their fees or small debts; he was a continual giver to poor scholars, both of this and foreign nations. Besides what he gave with his own hand, he usually sent a servant or a discreet and trusty friend to distribute his charity to all the prisons in London at all the festival times of the year, especially at the birth and resurrection of our Savior. He gave an hundred pounds at one time to an old friend whom he had known live plentifully and by a too liberal heart and carelessness become decayed in his estate. And when the receiving of it was denied by the gentleman saying, "He wanted not"; for the reader may note that as there be some spirits so generous as to labor to conceal and endure a sad poverty rather than expose themselves to those blushes that attend the confession of it so there be others to whom nature and grace have afforded such sweet and compassionate souls as to pity and prevent the distresses of mankind; which I have mentioned because of Mr. Donne's reply, whose answer was, "I know you want not what will sustain nature, for a little will do that; but my desire is that you who in the days of your plenty have cheered and raised the hearts of so many of your dejected friends would now receive this from me and use it as a cordial for the cheering of your own." And upon these terms it was received. He was an happy reconciler of many differences in the families of his friends and kindred — which he never undertook faintly, for such undertakings have usually faint effects — and they had such a faith in his judgment and impartiality that he never advised them to anything in vain. He was even to her death a most dutiful son to his mother, careful to provide for her supportation, of which she had been destitute but that God raised him up to prevent her necessities; who having sucked in the religion of the Roman Church with her mother's milk spent her estate in foreign countries to enjoy a liberty in it and died in his house but three months before him.

And to the end it may appear how just a steward he was of his Lord and Master's

revenue I have thought fit to let the reader know that after his entrance into his deanery, as he numbered his years, he — at the foot of a private account to which God and his angels were only witnesses with him — computed first his revenue, then what was given to the poor and other pious uses, and lastly what rested for him and his; and having done that, he then blest each year's poor remainder with a thankful prayer, which for that they discover a more than common devotion the reader shall partake some of them in his own words:

So all is that remains }
this year }

*Deo opt. max. benigno
Largitori à me et ab iis
Quibus hæc à me reservantur,
Gloria et gratia in æternum.
Amen.*

So that this year God hath }
blessed me and mine with }

*Multiplicatæ sunt super
Nos misericordiæ tuæ,
Domine. —*

*Da Domine, ut quæ ex immensa
Bonitate tua nobis elargiri
Dignatus sis, in quorumcunque
Manus devenerint, in tuam
Semper cedant gloriam.
Amen.*

In fine horum sex annorum manet —

*Quid habeo quod non accepi à Domino?
Largitur etiam ut quæ largitus est
Sua iterum fiant, bono eorum usu, ut
Quemadmodum nec officiis hujus mundi,
Nec loci in quo me posuit, dignitati, nec
Servis nec egenis in toto hujus anni
Curriculo mihi conscius sum me defuisse;
Ita et liberi, quibus quæ supersunt,
Supersunt, grato animo ea accipiant,
Et beneficum authorem recognoscant.
Amen.*

But I return from my long digression. We left the author sick in Essex, where he was forced to spend much of that winter by reason of his disability to remove from that place. And having never for almost twenty years omitted his personal attendance on his Majesty in that month in which he was

to attend and preach to him nor having ever been left out of the roll and number of Lent preachers, and there being then (in January, 1630) a report brought to London or raised there that Dr. Donne was dead, that report gave him occasion to write this following letter to a dear friend:

Sir, —

This advantage you and my other friends have by my frequent fevers, that I am so much the oftener at the gates of heaven, and this advantage by the solitude and close imprisonment that they reduce me to after, that I am so much the oftener at my prayers, in which I shall never leave out your happiness; and I doubt not among his other blessings, God will add some one to you for my prayers. A man would almost be content to die (if there were no other benefit in death) to hear of so much sorrow and so much good testimony from good men as I (God be blessed for it) did upon the report of my death; yet I perceive it went not through all; for one writ to me that some (and he said of my friends) conceived I was not so ill as I pretended but withdrew myself to live at ease, discharged of preaching. It is an unfriendly and, God knows, an ill-grounded interpretation; for I have always been sorrier when I could not preach than any could be they could not hear me. It hath been my desire, and God may be pleased to grant it, that I might die in the pulpit; if not that, yet that I might take my death in the pulpit, that is, die the sooner by occasion of those labors. Sir, I hope to see you presently after Candlemass, about which time will fall my Lent sermon at court, except my Lord Chamberlain believe me to be dead and so leave me out of the roll; but as long as I live and am not speechless, I would not willingly decline that service. I have better leisure to write than you to read; yet I would not willingly oppress you with too much letter. God so bless you and your son as I wish to

Your poor friend and servant

in Christ Jesus,

J. DONNE

Before that month ended, he was appointed to preach upon his old constant

day, the first Friday in Lent; he had notice of it and had in his sickness so prepared for that employment that as he had long thirsted for it so he resolved his weakness should not hinder his journey; he came therefore to London some few days before his appointed day of preaching. At his coming thither many of his friends — who with sorrow saw his sickness had left him but so much flesh as did only cover his bones — doubted his strength to perform that task and did therefore dissuade him from undertaking it, assuring him, however, it was like to shorten his life; but he passionately denied their requests, saying, “he would not doubt that that God who in so many weaknesses had assisted him with an unexpected strength would now withdraw it in his last employment,” professing an holy ambition to perform that sacred work. And when to the amazement of some beholders he appeared in the pulpit, many of them thought he presented himself not to preach mortification by a living voice but mortality by a decayed body and a dying face. And doubtless many did secretly ask that question in Ezekiel; “Do these bones live? or can that soul organize that tongue to speak so long time as the sand in that glass will move towards its centre and measure out an hour of this dying man’s unspent life? Doubtless it cannot”; and yet, after some faint pauses in his zealous prayer, his strong desires enabled his weak body to discharge his memory of his preconceived meditations, which were of dying, the text being, “To God the Lord belong the issues from death.” Many that then saw his tears and heard his faint and hollow voice professing they thought the text prophetically chosen and that Dr. Donne “had preached his own funeral sermon.”

Being full of joy that God had enabled him to perform this desired duty, he hastened to his house; out of which he never moved till, like St. Stephen, he was carried by devout men to his grave.

The next day after his sermon, his strength being much wasted and his spirits so spent as indisposed him to business or to talk, a friend that had often been a witness of his free and facetious discourse asked him, “Why are you sad?” To whom

he replied with a countenance so full of cheerful gravity as gave testimony of an inward tranquillity of mind and of a soul willing to take a farewell of this world and said:

"I am not sad, but most of the night past I have entertained myself with many thoughts of several friends that have left me here and are gone to that place from which they shall not return, and that within a few days I also shall go hence and be no more seen. And my preparation for this change is become my nightly meditation upon my bed, which my infirmities have now made restless to me. But, at this present time, I was in a serious contemplation of the providence and goodness of God to me, to me who am less than the least of his mercies; and looking back upon my life past, I now plainly see it was his hand that prevented me from all temporal employment and that it was his will I should never settle nor thrive till I entered into the ministry; in which I have now lived almost twenty years (I hope to his glory) and by which, I most humbly thank him, I have been enabled to requite most of those friends which showed me kindness when my fortune was very low, as God knows it was; and as it hath occasioned the expression of my gratitude, I thank God most of them stood in need of my requital. I have lived to be useful and comfortable to my good father-in-law, Sir George More, whose patience God hath been pleased to exercise with many temporal crosses; I have maintained my own mother, whom it hath pleased God after a plentiful fortune in her younger days to bring to a great decay in her very old age. I have quieted the consciences of many that have groaned under the burthen of a wounded spirit, whose prayers I hope are available for me. I cannot plead innocency of life, especially of my youth. But I am to be judged by a merciful God who is not willing to see what I have done amiss. And, though of myself I have nothing to present to him but sins and misery, yet I know he looks not upon me now as I am of myself but as I am in my Savior and hath given me even at this present time some testimonies by his holy Spirit that I am of the number of his elect. I am therefore

full of inexpressible joy and shall die in peace."

I must here look so far back as to tell the reader that at his first return out of Essex to preach his last sermon, his old friend and physician, Dr. Fox, a man of great worth, came to him to consult his health and that after a sight of him and some queries concerning his distempers he told him, "That by cordials and drinking milk every twenty days together there was a probability of his restoration to health"; but he passionately denied to drink it. Nevertheless, Dr. Fox, who loved him most entirely, wearied him with solicitations till he yielded to take it for ten days; at the end of which time he told Dr. Fox, "He had drunk it more to satisfy him than to recover his health and that he would not drink it ten days longer upon the best moral assurance of having twenty years added to his life, for he loved it not, and was so far from fearing death, which to others is the king of terrors, that he longed for the day of his dissolution."

It is observed that a desire of glory or commendation is rooted in the very nature of man and that those of the severest and most mortified lives, though they may become so humble as to banish self-flattery and such weeds as naturally grow there, yet they have not been able to kill this desire of glory, but that, like our radical heat, it will both live and die with us; and many think it should be so; and we want not sacred examples to justify the desire of having our memory to outlive our lives. Which I mention, because Dr. Donne, by the persuasion of Dr. Fox, easily yielded at this very time to have a monument made for him; but Dr. Fox undertook not to persuade him how or what monument it should be; that was left to Dr. Donne himself.

A monument being resolved upon, Dr. Donne sent for a carver to make for him in wood the figure of an urn, giving him directions for the compass and height of it, and to bring with it a board of the just height of his body. These being got, then without delay a choice painter was got to be in a readiness to draw his picture, which was taken as followeth: Several charcoal fires being first made in his large study, he

brought with him into that place his winding-sheet in his hand and, having put off all his clothes, had this sheet put on him and so tied with knots at his head and feet and his hands so placed as dead bodies are usually fitted to be shrouded and put into their coffin or grave. Upon this urn he thus stood with his eyes shut and with so much of the sheet turned aside as might show his lean, pale, and death-like face, which was purposely turned toward the East, from whence he expected the second coming of his and our Savior, Jesus. In this posture he was drawn at his just height; and when the picture was fully finished, he caused it to be set by his bed-side, where it continued and became his hourly object till his death and was then given to his dearest friend and executor, Doctor Henry King, then chief residentiary of St. Paul's, who caused him to be thus carved in one entire piece of white marble, as it now stands in that church; and by Doctor Donne's own appointment these words were to be affixed to it as his epitaph:

JOHANNES DONNE

Sac. Theol. Profess.

*Post varia studia quibus ab annis tenerrimis
fideliter, nec infeliciter incubuit,
instinctu et impulsu Sp. Sancti, monitu
et hortatu*

*REGIS JACOBI, ordines sacros
amplexus, anno sui Jesu, 1614, et suæ ætatis 42,
decanatu hujus ecclesiæ indutus 27,
Novembris, 1621,*

*exutus morte ultimo die Martii, 1631,
hic licet in occiduo cinere aspiciat eum
cujus nomen est Oriens.*

And now, having brought him through the many labyrinths and perplexities of a various life, even to the gates of death and the grave, my desire is he may rest till I have told my reader that I have seen many pictures of him in several habits and at several ages and in several postures. And I now mention this because I have seen one picture of him, drawn by a curious hand at his age of eighteen, with his sword

and what other adornments might then suit with the present fashions of youth and the giddy gaieties of that age; and his motto then was,

How much shall I be changed
Before I am changed!

And if that young and his now dying picture were at this time set together, every beholder might say, "Lord! how much is Dr. Donne already changed, before he is changed!" And the view of them might give my reader occasion to ask himself with some amazement, "Lord! how much may I also that am now in health be changed, before I am changed! before this vile, this changeable body shall put off mortality!" and therefore to prepare for it. — But this is not writ so much for my reader's *memento* as to tell him that Dr. Donne would often in his private discourses and often publicly in his sermons mention the many changes both of his body and mind, especially of his mind from a vertiginous giddiness, and would as often say his great and most blessed change was from a temporal to a spiritual employment. In which he was so happy that he accounted the former part of his life to be lost and the beginning of it to be from his first entering into sacred orders and serving his most merciful God at his altar.

Upon Monday after the drawing of this picture he took his last leave of his beloved study, and being sensible of his hourly decay, retired himself to his bed-chamber; and that week sent at several times for many of his most considerable friends, with whom he took a solemn and deliberate farewell, commending to their considerations some sentences useful for the regulation of their lives, and then dismissed them, as good Jacob did his sons, with a spiritual benediction. The Sunday following he appointed his servants, that if there were any business yet undone that concerned him or themselves, it should be prepared against Saturday next; for after that day he would not mix his thoughts with anything that concerned this world; nor ever did, but, as Job, so he waited for the appointed day of his dissolution.

And now he was so happy as to have

nothing to do but to die; to do which he stood in need of no longer time, for he had studied it long and to so happy a perfection that in a former sickness⁵ he called God to witness, "He was that minute ready to deliver his soul into his hands if that minute God would determine his dissolution." In that sickness he begged of God the constancy to be preserved in that estate for ever; and his patient expectation to have his immortal soul disrobed from her garment of mortality makes me confident he now had a modest assurance that his prayers were then heard and his petition granted. He lay fifteen days earnestly expecting his hourly change; and in the last hour of his last day, as his body melted away and vaped into spirit, his soul having, I verily believe, some revelation of the beatifical vision, he said, "I were miserable if I might not die"; and after those words, closed many periods of his faint breath by saying often, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done." His speech, which had long been his ready and faithful servant, left him not till the last minute of his life, and then forsook him not to serve another master (for who speaks like him!) but died before him for that it was then become useless to him that now conversed with God on earth as angels are said to do in heaven, only by thoughts and looks. Being speechless and seeing heaven by that illumination by which he saw it, he did, as St. Stephen, look steadfastly into it, till he saw the Son of Man, standing at the right hand of God, his Father; and being satisfied with this blessed sight, as his soul ascended and his last breath departed from him, he closed his own eyes; and then disposed his hands and body into such a posture as required not the least alteration by those that came to shroud him.

Thus variable, thus virtuous was the life; thus excellent, thus exemplary was the death of this memorable man.

He was buried in that place of St. Paul's Church which he had appointed for that use some years before his death and by which he passed daily to pay his public devotions to Almighty God (who was then served twice a day by a public form of

prayer and praises in that place). But he was not buried privately, though he desired it; for, beside an unnumbered number of others, many persons of nobility and of eminency for learning, who did love and honor him in his life, did show it at his death by a voluntary and sad attendance of his body to the grave, where nothing was so remarkable as a public sorrow.

To which place of his burial some mournful friend repaired, and as Alexander the Great did to the grave of the famous Achilles, so they strewed his with an abundance of curious and costly flowers, which course they (who were never yet known) continued morning and evening for many days, not ceasing till the stones that were taken up in that church to give his body admission into the cold earth (now his bed of rest) were again by the mason's art so levelled and firmed as they had been formerly and his place of burial undistinguishable to common view.

The next day after his burial some unknown friend, some one of the many lovers and admirers of his virtue and learning, writ this epitaph with a coal on the wall, over his grave.

Reader! I am to let thee know,
Donne's body only lies below;
For, could the grave his soul comprise,
Earth would be richer than the skies.

Nor was this all the honor done to his reverend ashes; for as there be some persons that will not receive a reward for that for which God accounts himself a debtor, persons that dare trust God with their charity, and without a witness, so there was by some grateful unknown friend, that thought Dr. Donne's memory ought to be perpetuated, an hundred marks sent to his two faithful friends and executors⁶ towards the making of his monument. It was not for many years known by whom; but after the death of Dr. Fox, it was known that 'twas he that sent it; and he lived to see as lively a representation of his dead friend as marble can express, a statue indeed so like Dr. Donne that, as his friend, Sir Henry Wotton, hath expressed himself, it seems to

⁵ When he wrote his *Devotions on Emergent Occasions*.

⁶ Dr. King and Dr. Mountfort.

breathe faintly; and posterity shall look upon it as a kind of artificial miracle.

He was of stature moderately tall, of a straight and equally-proportioned body, to which all his words and actions gave an inexpressible addition of comeliness.

The melancholy and pleasant humor were in him so contempered that each gave advantage to the other and made his company one of the delights of mankind.

His fancy was inimitably high, equalled only by his great wit; both being made useful by a commanding judgment.

His aspect was cheerful and such as gave a silent testimony of a clear-knowing soul and of a conscience at peace with itself.

His melting eye showed that he had a soft heart, full of noble compassion, of too brave a soul to offer injuries and too much a Christian not to pardon them in others.

He did much contemplate — especially

after he entered into his sacred calling — the mercies of Almighty God, the immortality of the soul, and the joys of heaven, and would often say, in a kind of sacred ecstasy, "Blessed be God that he is God only and divinely like himself."

He was by nature highly passionate but more apt to reluct at the excesses of it. A great lover of the offices of humanity and of so merciful a spirit that he never beheld the miseries of mankind without pity and relief.

He was earnest and unwearied in the search of knowledge; with which his vigorous soul is now satisfied and employed in a continual praise of that God that first breathed it into his active body, that body which once was a temple of the Holy Ghost and is now become a small quantity of Christian dust.

But I shall see it reanimated.

I. W.

JAMES HOWELL

(1594?–1666)

Of all the writers of the seventeenth century, James Howell is by temperament and profession nearest to the present day. As foreign representative of a London glass works, author of a handbook for English tourists on the Continent, advocate of simplified spelling, and compiler of a polyglot dictionary, to mention no more of his innumerable activities, he strikes the modern note over and over again. Furthermore, he is one of our earliest "men of letters" — men who earned, or tried to earn, their living by their pen, instead of receiving it from a patron. His Familiar Letters, by which he is best known, are not less modern in spirit than his other works. Many of them might to all intents and purposes, *mutatis mutandis*, be from the foreign correspondent of a modern London journal, and all are in the journalistic idiom, for Howell had the soul of a journalist and a nose for news.

He was born in Wales, and his pride of being a Welshman was the strongest passion of his life. His letters are full of information and anecdotes about his family. The pronunciation of his surname is carefully indicated in the title of his book of letters, *Epistolæ Ho-Eliañæ*. At sixteen he went, like most Welshmen of university inclinations, to Jesus College, Oxford, to find himself one of the few scholars there who were not named Jones. When he was twenty-two he was sent abroad to procure materials and expert workmen for the glass firm of Sir Robert Mansell in Broad Street, London. He was in Europe for six years, travelling in Holland, Italy, France, and Spain, and becoming meanwhile an accomplished linguist. His keenness of observation and shrewd judgments of men and countries are evident in all his descriptions of his travels. France, for instance, he finds "a complete, self-sufficient country, where there is rather a superfluity than a defect of anything either for necessity or pleasure. . . . But I think there is not a richer country and poorer people." But the more he saw of the rest of the world, the better he liked Wales. With a glow of pride he recalls in one of his letters that "the first foreign force that Rome felt" was led by "my countryman Brennus," from whom Rome was saved only by the cackling of the geese. It is pleasant to think of James Howell and his countryman Brennus and the gagging geese all going into immortality together.

Howell spent most of his life applying for jobs. One of his earliest applications was for a post in the diplomatic service. Failing to receive this, he became for a brief period a tutor in the household of Lord Savage. He was soon back in France with a friend, and within the same year, 1622, he was sent to Spain on a special mission connected with the seizure of an English vessel belonging to the Turkey Company. Shortly after this, the Prince of Wales, later Charles I, and the Duke of Buckingham arrived in Madrid to arrange a marriage between the Infanta of Spain and the Prince. The negotiations came to naught, and the high hopes which Howell had been entertaining in connection with the match were dashed to the ground. But his genial nature had made him many friends among the Prince's retainers during the negotiations, and he sought to profit by these. His applications again were all in vain. By 1626 he had succeeded in becoming secretary to Lord Scrope, the Lord President of the North, and the next year he was elected M. P. for Richmond. He was a secretary to Robert Sidney, Earl of Leicester, when the latter went on a special mission to Denmark in 1632, and tried hard to make a good impression. But still no satisfactory or regular position was offered him. He tried his luck in Dublin for a while, but soon came back to London.

In the capital Howell made a good many literary friends, among them Ben Jonson, whom he fondly and ostentatiously addressed as "Father Ben," Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and Sir Kenelm Digby. His Instructions for Foreign Travel, 1642, were addressed to Prince Charles, "the growing glory of Great Britain." He was thrown suddenly into the Fleet prison by Parliament in 1643, because of his Royalist sympathies, he says, but for debt, according to Anthony à Wood. At any rate, he remained in the Fleet for eight years, although he was constantly appealing to friends and acquaintances to procure his release. He was freed in

the general amnesty of 1650, and for the rest of his life continued to seek positions, and received none. Anthony à Wood, writing condescendingly of Howell's last years, remarks that "after the king's return in 1660, we never heard of his restoration to his place of clerk of the council (having before flattered Oliver and sided with the Commonwealth's men), only that he was made the king's Historiographer, being the first in England that bore that title; and having no beneficial employment, he wrote books to his last." Howell's egotism was as boundless as his optimism and cheerfulness. He never succeeded in making others realize his importance and greatness, but he was constantly aware of it himself, and as the Historiographer Royal he was the proudest man in London. The principal item in his will was the £30 which he directed to be spent in providing a suitable tomb for himself, and his epitaph proclaimed once more and finally in magniloquent Latin that he was a Welshman and the king's Historiographer.

Howell's fame as a writer is due largely to his imprisonment. His letters and books are another proof of the singular efficacy of penal institutions as literary nurseries. His Familiar Letters, which are not surpassed in English for their gossipy charm, are as interesting in the study of the development of the essay as in that of the literary letter, and their influence on later letter-writers is marked. The dates appended to the letters are almost entirely fictitious, and it is probable that most of them emanated from the Fleet rather than from the particular places whence they purport to be written. Joseph Jacobs, editor of the *Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ* and chief authority on Howell, is almost ready to declare for the complete and thorough-going fabrication of all of them, but they may be entirely fictitious without detracting in the least from Howell's ability and genius. If the authenticity of most of the alleged dates and circumstances of their composition must be questioned, nevertheless, the authenticity of the letters as mirrors of men and manners and places and events of the seventeenth century cannot be doubted for a moment. Cardinal Newman might have used Howell as a striking proof of his statement that the true life of a man is in his letters. Here is James Howell as he lived and thought, and here is the seventeenth century as one of its most interested observers saw it.

It is noteworthy that Howell is one of the very few authors of the seventeenth century who were read in the eighteenth century, and the reason is not far to seek. He is of all his contemporaries the most urbane and gossipy, and the one who with his manuals and guides, pamphlets, dictionaries, and conversational proclivities would have fitted most readily into eighteenth-century salons and drawing rooms,—a thoroughly clubable man, Dr. Johnson would have called him. It will be noted that Howell's readers were to a large extent identical with those of the Tatler and the Spectator, four editions of his Letters having been published between 1705 and 1737. It would be too much to say that he was born before his time, but it is a pity he could not have been preserved with his vigorous body and youthful spirits for the London of Will's Coffee House and Vauxhall and Spring Gardens. James Howell would have found James Boswell his own brother. Thackeray, that best interpreter of the days of Queen Anne, has happily linked Howell with Montaigne, commending to citizens of a world very different from theirs "those two dear old friends, the Perigourdin gentleman and the priggish little Clerk of King Charles's Council."

FROM EPISTOLÆ HO-ELIANÆ: FAMILIAR LETTERS, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN

(Text: third edition, 1655)

VOLUME ONE

Section I

TO SIR J. S.¹ AT LEEDS CASTLE

SIR,

It was a quaint difference the ancients did put 'twixt a letter and an oration, that the

one should be attired like a woman, the other like a man. The latter of the two is allowed large side robes, as long periods, parentheses, similes, examples, and other parts of rhetorical flourishes: but a letter or epistle should be short-coated, and closely couched; a hungerlin² becomes a letter

¹ Sir John Smith; knighted 1603, died 1632.

² A short coat, introduced from Hungary.

more handsomely than a gown. Indeed we should write as we speak, and that's a true familiar letter which expresseth one's mind as if he were discoursing with the party to whom he writes in succinct and short terms. The tongue and the pen are both of them interpreters of the mind, but I hold the pen to be the more faithful of the two. The tongue *in udo posita*, being seated in a moist slippery place, may fail and falter in her sudden extemporal expressions; but the pen, having a greater advantage of premeditation, is not so subject to error, and leaves things behind it upon firm and authentic record. Now, letters, though they be capable of any subject, yet commonly they are either narratory, objurgatory, consolatory, monitory, or congratulatory. The first consists of relations, the second of reprehensions, the third of comfort, the last two of counsel and joy; there are some who in lieu of letters write homilies, they preach when they should epistolize; there are others that turn them to tedious tractates; this is to make letters degenerate from their true nature. Some modern authors there are who have exposed their letters to the world, but most of them, I mean among your Latin epistolizers, go freighted with mere Bartholomew ware,³ with trite and trivial phrases only, lifted with pedantic shreds of schoolboy verses. Others there are among our next transmarine neighbors eastward, who write in their own language, but their style is so soft and easy that their letters may be said to be like bodies of loose flesh without sinews, they have neither joints of art nor arteries in them; they have a kind of simpering and lank hectic expressions made up of a bombast of words and finical affected compliments only. I cannot well away with such sleazy⁴ stuff, with such cobweb compositions, where there is no strength of matter, nothing for the reader to carry away with him that may enlarge the notions of his soul. One shall hardly find an apothegm, example, simile, or anything of philosophy, history, or solid knowledge,

or as much as one new created phrase, in a hundred of them; and to draw any observations out of them were as if one went about to distil cream out of froth; insomuch that it may be said of them, what was said of the echo, "That she is a mere sound, and nothing else."

I return you your Balzac⁵ by this bearer, and when I found those letters, wherein he is so familiar with his king, so flat, and those to Richelieu, so puffed with profane hyperboles, and larded up and down with such gross flatteries, with others besides which he sends as urinals up and down the world to look into his water for discovery of the crazy condition of his body, I forbore him further.—So I am your most affectionate servitor,

J. H.

Westminster, 25 July 1625.

TO CAPTAIN FRANCIS BACON, FROM PARIS

SIR,

I received two of yours in Rouen with the bills of exchange there inclosed, and according to your directions I sent you those things which you wrote for.

I am now newly come to Paris, this huge magazine of men, the epitome of this large populous kingdom, and rendezvous of all foreigners. The structures here are indifferently fair, though the streets generally foul, all the four seasons of the year, which I impute first, to the position of the city being built upon an isle (the Isle of France, made so by the branching and serpentine course of the river of Seine), and having some of her suburbs seated high, the filth runs down the channel and settles in many places within the body of the city, which lieth upon a flat; as also for a world of coaches, carts, and horses of all sorts that go to and fro perpetually, so that sometimes one shall meet with a stop half a mile long of those coaches, carts, and horses that can move neither forward nor backward by reason of some sudden encounter

³ Cheap ware, such as was offered for sale at Bartholomew Fair. See Ben Jonson's play of that name.

⁴ Flimsy.

⁵ Jean Louis Guez de Balzac, 1594-1655. His Letters had been published shortly before, and were probably models for Howell's.

of others coming a cross-way, so that often times it will be an hour or two before they can disentangle. In such a stop the great Henry was so fatally slain by Ravillac.⁶ Hence comes it to pass that this town (for Paris is a town, a city, and a university) is always dirty, and 'tis such a dirt that by perpetual motion is beaten into such a thick black unctuous oil that where it sticks no art can wash it off of some colors, insomuch that it may be no improper comparison to say, that an ill name is like the crot (the dirt) of Paris, which is indelible; besides the stain this dirt leaves, it gives also so strong a scent that it may be smelt many miles off if the wind be in one's face as he comes from the fresh air of the country. This may be one cause why the plague is always in some corner or other of this vast city, which may be called, as once Scythia was, *vagina populorum*, or (as mankind was called by a great philosopher) a great molehill of ants. Yet I believe this city is not so populous as she seems to be, for her form being round (as the whole kingdom is) the passengers wheel about and meet oftener than they use to do in the long continued streets of London, which makes London appear less populous than she is indeed, so that London for length (though not for latitude), including Westminster, exceeds Paris, and hath in Michaelmas term more souls moving within her in all places. 'Tis under one hundred years that Paris is become so sumptuous and strong in buildings; for her houses were mean until a mine of white stone was discovered hard by, which runs in a continued vein of earth and is digged out with ease, being soft, and is between a white clay and chalk at first, but being pulled up, with the open air it receives a crusty kind of hardness and so becomes perfect freestone; and before it is sent up from the pit they can reduce it to any form. Of this stone the Louvre, the king's palace, is built, which is a vast fabric, for the gallery wants not much of an Italian mile in length, and will easily lodge 3000 men, which some told me was the end for which the last king made it so big, that lying at the fag-end of this great mutinous city, if she

perchance should rise, the king might pour out of the Louvre so many thousand men unawares into the heart of her.

I am lodged here hard by the Bastile, because it is furthest off from those places where the English resort, for I would go on to get a little language as soon as I could. In my next I shall impart unto you what state news France affords.—In the interim, and always, I am, your humble servant,

Paris, the 30 March 1620.

J. H.

TO DR. FRANCIS MANSELL,⁷ FROM VALENCIA
SIR,

Though it be the same glorious sun that shines upon you in England, which illuminates also this part of the hemisphere, though it be the sun that ripeneth your pippins and our pomegranates, your hops and our vineyards here, yet he dispenseth his heat in different degrees of strength; those rays that do but warm you in England, do half roast us here; those beams that irradiate only and gild your honey-suckled fields, do scorch and parch this chinky gaping soil, and so put too many wrinkles upon the face of our common mother the earth. O blessed clime, O happy England, where there is such a rare temperature of heat and cold, and all the rest of elementary qualities, that one may pass (and suffer little) all the year long without either shade in summer or fire in winter.

I am now in Valencia, one of the noblest cities of all Spain, situate in a large vegue or valley, above three score miles compass. Here are the strongest silks, the sweetest wines, the excellentest almonds, the best oils, and beautifulest females of all Spain, for the prime courtesans in Madrid and elsewhere are had hence. The very brute animals make themselves beds of rosemary and other fragrant flowers hereabouts; and when one is at sea, if the wind blows from the shore, he may smell this soil before he come in sight of it many leagues off, by the strong odoriferous scent it casts. As it is the most pleasant, so it is also the temperatest clime of all Spain, and they commonly call

⁶ Henry IV was slain by Ravillac, a Lay-Jesuit, on May 14, 1610. ⁷ Principal of Jesus College, Oxford.

it the second Italy, which made the Moors, whereof many thousands were disterred and banished hence to Barbary, to think that paradise was in that part of the heavens which hung over this city. Some twelve miles off is old Sagunto, called now Morviedre, through which I passed, and saw many monuments of Roman antiquities there: amongst others there is the temple dedicated to Venus, when the snake came about her neck, a little before Hannibal came thither. No more now, but that I heartily wish you were here with me, and I believe you would not desire to be a good while in England.—So I am,

Your J. H.

Valencia, 1 of March 1620.

TO THE HONORABLE SIR ROBERT MANSELL,
VICE-ADMIRAL OF ENGLAND;
FROM VENICE

SIR,

As soon as I came to Venice, I applied myself to dispatch your business according to instructions, and Mr. Seymour was ready to contribute his best furtherance. These two Italians who are the bearers hereof, by report here, are the best gentlemen-workmen that ever blew crystal, one is allied to Antonio Miotti, the other is cousin to Mazalao; for other things they shall be sent in the ship *Lion*, which rides here at Malamocca, as I shall send you account by conveyance of Mr. Symns. Herewith I have sent a letter to you from Sir Henry Wotton,⁸ the Lord Ambassador here, of whom I have received some favors. He wishes me to write that you have now a double interest in him; for whereas before he was only your servant, he is now your kinsman by your late marriage.

I was lately to see the arsenal of Venice, one of the worthiest things of Christendom; they say there are as many galleys, and galeasses of all sorts, belonging to Saint Mark, either in course, at anchor, in dock, or upon the careen, as there be days in the year; here they can build a complete galley in half a day, and put her afloat in perfect equipage, having all the ingredients fitted

before-hand, as they did in three hours, when Henry the Third passed this way to France from Poland, who wished, that besides Paris and his parliament towns, he had this arsenal in exchange for three of his chiefest cities. There are three hundred people perpetually here at work, and if one comes young and grows old in Saint Mark's service, he hath a pension from the state during life. Being brought to see one of the Clarissimos that governs this arsenal, this huge sea store-house, amongst other matters reflecting upon England, he was saying: "That if Cavalier Don Roberto Mansell were now here, he thought verily the republic would make a proffer to him to be admiral of that fleet of galleys and galleons, which are now going against the Duke of Ossuna and the forces of Naples, you are so well known here."

I was, since I came hither, in Murano, a little island about the distance of Lambeth from London, where crystal glass is made, and 'tis a rare sight to see a whole street, where on the one side there are twenty furnaces together at work. They say here that although one should transplant a glass-furnace from Murano to Venice herself, or to any of the little assembly of islands about her, or to any other part of the earth besides, and use the same materials, the same workmen, the same fuel, the self-same ingredients every way, yet they cannot make crystal glass in that perfection, for beauty and lustre, as in Murano. Some impute it to the quality of the circumambient air that hangs over the place, which is purified and attenuated by the concurrence of so many fires that are in those furnaces night and day perpetually, for they are like the vestal fire which never goes out. And it is well known that some airs make more qualifying impressions than others, as a Greek told me in Sicily of the air of Egypt, where there be huge common furnaces to hatch eggs by the thousands in camel's dung; for, during the time of hatching if the air happen to come to be overcast and grow cloudy, it spoils all; if the sky continue still, serene, and clear, not one egg in a hundred will miscarry.

⁸ Sir Henry Wotton, 1568-1639, the favorite ambassador of James I, and employed by him on the most important and delicate missions.

I met with Camillo, your consaorman, here lately, and could he be sure of entertainment, he would return to serve you again, and, I believe, for less salary.

I shall attend your commands herein by the next, and touching other particulars, whereof I have written to Captain Bacon. So I rest, your most humble and ready servant,

J. H.

Venice, May the 30, 1621.

TO MR. RICHARD ALTHAM AT GRAY'S INN;
FROM VENICE

GENTLE SIR,

“—*O dulcior illo*

Melle quod in ceris Attica ponit apis.”⁹

“O thou who dost in sweetness far excel
That juice the Attic bee stores in her cell.”

MY DEAR DICK,

I have now a good while since taken footing in Venice, this admired maiden city, so called because she was never deflowered by any enemy since she had a being, nor since her Rialto was first erected, which is now above twelve ages ago.

I protest unto you at my first landing I was for some days ravished with the high beauty of this maid, with her lovely countenance. I admired her magnificent buildings, her marvellous situation, her dainty smooth neat streets, whereon you may walk most days in the year in a silk stocking and satin slippers, without soiling them, nor can the streets of Paris be so foul as these are fair. This beauteous maid hath been often attempted to be vitiated; some have courted her, some bribed her, some would have forced her, yet she has still preserved her chastity entire; and though she hath lived so many ages, and passed so many shrewd brunts, yet she continueth fresh to this very day, without the least wrinkle of old age or any symptoms of decay, whereunto political bodies, as well as natural, use to be liable. Besides she hath wrestled with the greatest potentates upon

earth. The Emperor, the King of France, and most of the other princes of Christendom, in that famous league of Cambray,¹⁰ would have sunk her; but she bore up still within her lakes, and broke that league to pieces by her wit. The Grand Turk hath been often at her, and though he could not have his will of her, yet he took away the richest jewel she wore in her coronet and put it in his turban—I mean the kingdom of Cyprus, the only royal gem she had; he hath set upon her skirts often since, and though she closed with him sometimes, yet she came off still with her maidenhead, though some that envy her happiness would brand her to be of late times a kind of concubine to him, and that she gives him ready money once a year to lie with her, which she minceth by the name of present, though it be indeed rather a tribute.

I would I had you here with a wish, and you would not desire in haste to be at Gray's Inn, though I hold your walks to be the pleasantest place about London; and that you have there the choicest society. I pray present my kind commendations to all there, and service at Bishopsgate Street, and let me hear from you by the next post. —So I am, entirely yours,

J. H.

Venice, 5 June 1621.

TO SIR J. H.;¹¹ FROM* LYONS

SIR,

I am now got over the Alps and returned to France. I had crossed and clambered up the Pyrenees to Spain before; they are not so high and hideous as the Alps, but for our mountains in Wales, as Eppint and Penwinmaur, which are so much cried up amongst us, they are molehills in comparison of these, they are but pigmies compared to giants, but blisters compared to imposthumes, or pimples to warts. Besides our mountains in Wales bear always something useful to man or beast, some grass at least; but these uncouth huge monstrous excrescences of nature, bear nothing (most of

⁹ “*O dulcior illo*,” cf. Ovid's *Tristia*, V. iv. 30.

¹⁰ Formed in 1508 by the Emperor, the Pope, France, and Spain, against Venice.

¹¹ Jacobs thinks this is a misprint for Sir T. H. (Sir Thomas Hawkins, author of *Unhappy Prosperity*, and translator of Horace).

them) but craggy stones. The tops of some of them are blanched over all the year long with snows, and the people who dwell in the valleys, drinking for want of other this snow water, are subject to a strange swelling in the throat, called goitre, which is common amongst them.

As I scaled the Alps, my thoughts reflected upon Hannibal, who with vinegar and strong waters did eat out a passage through those hills, but of late years they have found a speedier way to do it by gun-powder.

Being at Turin, I was by some disaster brought to an extreme low ebb in money, so that I was forced to foot it along with some pilgrims, and with gentle pace and easy journeys to climb up those hills till I came to this town of Lyons, where a countryman of ours, one Mr. Lewis, whom I knew in Alicant, lives factor, so that now I want not anything for my accommodation.

This is a stately rich town, and a renowned mart for the silks of Italy and other Levantine commodities, and a great bank for money, and indeed the greatest of France. Before this bank was founded, which was by Henry the First, France had but little gold and silver, insomuch that we read how King John, their captive king, could not in four years raise sixty thousand crowns to pay his ransom to our King Edward. And Saint Lewis was in the same case when he was prisoner in Egypt, where he had left the Sacrament for a gage. But after this bank was erected it filled France full of money. They of Lucca, Florence, and Genoa, with the Venetian got quickly over the hills, and brought their moneys hither to get twelve in the hundred profit, which was the interest at first, though it be now much lower.

In this great mercantile town there be two deep navigable rivers, the Rhone and the Saone. The one hath a swift rapid course; the other slow and smooth. And one day as I walked upon their banks and observed so much difference in their course, I fell into a contemplation of the humors of the French and Spaniard, how they

might be not improperly compared to these rivers, — the French to the swift, the Spaniard to the slow, river.

I shall write you no more letters until I present myself unto you for a speaking letter, which I shall do as soon as I may tread London stones. — Your affectionate servitor,

J. H.

Lyons, 6 November 1621.

Section II

TO MY FATHER ¹²

SIR,

It hath pleased God, after almost three years' peregrination by land and sea, to bring me back safely to London; but although I am come safely, I am come sickly; for when I landed in Venice, after so long a sea-voyage from Spain, I was afraid the same deflexion of salt rheum which fell from my temples into my throat in Oxford, and distilling upon the uvula impeached my utterance a little to this day, had found the same channel again, which caused me to have an issue made in my left arm for the diversion of the humor. I was well ever after till I came to Rouen, and there I fell sick of a pain in the head, which, with this issue, I have carried with me to England. Doctor Harvey,¹³ who is my physician, tells me that it may turn to a consumption, therefore he hath stopped the issue, telling me there is no danger at all in it, in regard I have not worn it a full twelvemonth. My brother, I thank him, hath been very careful of me in this my sickness, and hath come often to visit me. I thank God I have passed the brunt of it, and am recovering, and picking up my crumbs apace. There is a flaunting French Ambassador come over lately, and I believe his errand is naught else but compliment, for the King of France being lately at Calais, and so in sight of England, he sent his ambassador, Monsieur Cadenet, expressly to visit our king; he had audience two days since, where he with his train of ruffling long-haired mon-sieurs carried himself in such a light garb,

¹² The Rev. Thomas Howell, minister of Abernant, Caermarthenshire, Wales.

¹³ Dr. William Harvey, discoverer of the circulation of the blood, 1578-1657.

that after the audience, the king asked my Lord Keeper Bacon what he thought of the French Ambassador. He answered that he was a tall, proper man. "Aye," his Majesty replied, "but what think you of his head-piece? Is he a proper man for the office of an ambassador?" "Sir," said Bacon, "tall men are like high houses of four or five stories, wherein commonly the uppermost room is worst furnished."

So, desiring my brothers and sisters, with the rest of my cousins and friends in the country, may be acquainted with my safe return to England, and that you would please to let me hear from you by the next conveniency, I rest, your dutiful son,

J. H.

London, 2 February 1621.

Section III

TO THE HONORABLE SIR THOMAS SAVAGE,
KNIGHT AND BARONET

HONORABLE SIR,

The great business of the match¹⁴ was tending to a period, the articles reflecting both upon church and state being capitulated and interchangeably accorded on both sides, and there wanted nothing to consummate all things, when to the wonderment of the world the prince and the Marquis of Buckingham arrived at this court on Friday last upon the close of the evening. They alighted at my Lord of Bristol's house, and the marquis (Mr. Thomas Smith) came in first with a portmanteau under his arm, then (Mr. John Smith) the prince was sent for, who stayed a while the other side of the street in the dark. My Lord of Bristol, in a kind of astonishment, brought him up to his bedchamber, where he presently called for pen and ink, and dispatched a post that night to England to acquaint his Majesty how in less than sixteen days he was come safely to the court of Spain. That post went lightly laden, for he carried but three letters. The next day came Sir Francis Cottington and Mr. Porter, and dark rumors ran in every corner how some great man was come from England, and some would not stick to say amongst the

vulgar, it was the king. But towards the evening on Saturday the marquis went in a close coach to court, where he had private audience of this king, who sent Olivares to accompany him back to the prince, where he kneeled and kissed his hands, and hugged his thighs, and delivered how unmeasurably glad his Catholic Majesty was of his coming, with other high compliments, which Mr. Porter did interpret. About ten o'clock that night the king himself came in a close coach with intent to visit the prince, who, hearing of it, met him half way, and after salutations and divers embraces which passed in the first interview they parted late. I forgot to tell you that Count Gondomar, being sworn Councillor of State that morning, having been before but one of the Council of War, he came in great haste to visit the prince, saying he had strange news to tell him, which was that an Englishman was sworn Privy Councillor of Spain, meaning himself, who he said was an Englishman in his heart. On Sunday following, the king in the afternoon came abroad to take the air with the queen, his two brothers, and the Infanta, who were all in one coach; but the Infanta sat in the boot with a blue ribbon about her arm, of purpose that the prince might distinguish her. There were above twenty coaches besides of grandees, noblemen, and ladies that attended them. And now it was publicly known amongst the vulgar that it was the Prince of Wales who had come, and the confluence of people before my Lord of Bristol's house was so great and greedy to see the prince that to clear the way Sir Lewis Dives went out and took coach, and all the crowd of people went after him. So the prince himself a little after took coach, wherein there were the Earl of Bristol, Sir Walter Aston, and Count Gondomar, and so went to the Prado, a place hard by, of purpose to take the air, where they stayed till the king passed by. As soon as the Infanta saw the prince her color rose very high, which we hold to be an impression of love and affection, for the face is oftentimes a true index of the heart. Upon Monday morning after, the king sent some of his prime nobles and other gentlemen to attend

¹⁴ The "Spanish Match," between the Prince of Wales (later Charles I) and the Infanta of Spain.

the prince in quality of officers, as one to be his major-domo (his steward), another to be master of the horse, and so too inferior officers, so that there is a complete court now at my Lord of Bristol's house. But upon Sunday next the prince is to remove to the king's palace, where there is one of the chief quarters of the house providing for him. By the next opportunity you shall hear more. — In the interim I take my leave and rest your most humble and ready servitor,
J. H.

March 27, 1623.

TO CAPTAIN THOMAS PORTER

NOBLE CAPTAIN,

My last unto you was in Spanish, in answer to one of yours in the same language, and amongst that confluence of English gallants, which upon the occasion of his Highness being here, are come to this court, I fed myself with hopes a long while to have seen you, but I find now that these hopes were impeded with false feathers. I know your heart is here and your best affections, therefore I wonder what keeps back your person; but I conceive the reason to be that you intend to come like yourself, to come commander-in-chief of one of the castles of the crown, one of the ships royal. If you come so to this shore side, I hope you will have time to come to the court. I have at any time a good lodging for you, and my landlady is none of the meanest, and her husband hath many good parts. I heard her setting him forth one day and giving this character of him: "*Mi marido es buen musico, buen esgrimidor, buen escrivano, excelente arithmetico, salvo que no multiplica*" (My husband is a good musician, a good fencer, a good horseman, a good penman, and an excellent arithmetician, only he cannot multiply). For outward usage there is all industry used to give the prince and his servants all possible contentment, and some of the king's own servants wait upon

them at table in the palace, where I am sorry to hear some of them jeer at the Spanish fare, and use other slighting speeches and demeanor. There are many excellent poems made here since the prince's arrival, which are too long to couch in a letter, yet I will venture to send you this one stanza of Lope de Vega: —

"*Carlos Estuardo Soy
Que siendo Amor mi guia
Al cielo d'Espana voy
Por ver mi Estrella Maria.*"¹⁵

There are comedians once a week come to the palace, where under a great canopy the queen and the Infanta sit in the middle, our prince and Don Carlos on the queen's right hand, the king and the little cardinal on the Infanta's left hand. I have seen the prince have his eyes immovably fixed upon the Infanta half-an-hour together in a thoughtful, speculative posture, which sure would needs be tedious, unless affection did sweeten it; it was no handsome comparison of Olivares, that he watched her as a cat doth a mouse. Not long since the prince, understanding that the Infanta was used to go some mornings to the Casa de Campo, a summer house the king hath the other side the river, to gather May dew, he did rise betimes and went thither, taking your brother with him. They were let into the house and into the garden, but the Infanta was in the orchard, and there being a high partition wall between and the door doubly bolted, the prince got on top of the wall and sprung down a great height, and so made towards her; but she, spying him first of all the rest, gave a shriek and ran back. The old marquis that was then her guardian came towards the prince and fell on his knees, conjuring his Highness to retire, in regard he hazarded his head if he admitted any to her company. So the door was opened, and he came out under that wall over which he had got in. I have seen him watch a long hour together in a close coach in the open street to see her as she

¹⁵ Lope de Vega Carpio, poet and dramatist, 1562-1635. This verse, which Howell attributes to him, may be translated,

"Charles Stuart am I,
Whom Love has guided afar;
To this heaven of Spain I am come,
To see Maria, my Star."

went abroad. I cannot say that the prince did ever talk with her privately, yet publicly often, my Lord of Bristol being interpreter, but the king always sat hard by to overhear all. Our cousin Archy¹⁶ hath more privilege than any, for he often goes with his fool's coat where the Infanta is with her meninas and ladies of honor, and keeps a-blowing and blustering amongst them, and flirts out what he list.

One day they were discoursing what a marvellous thing it was that the Duke of Bavaria with less than 15,000 men, after a long toilsome march, should dare to encounter the Palsgrave's army consisting of above 25,000, and to give them an utter discomfiture, and take Prague presently after. Whereunto Archy answered that he would tell them a stranger thing than that. Was it not a strange thing, quoth he, that in the year '88 there should come a fleet of 140 sails from Spain to invade England, and that ten of these could not go back to tell what became of the rest? By the next opportunity I will send you the Cordovan pockets and gloves you wrote for of Francisco Moreno's perfuming. So may my dear captain live long and love his

J. H.

Madrid, July 10, 1623.

TO MY NOBLE FRIEND, SIR JOHN NORTH,
KNIGHT

SIR,

I received lately one of yours, but it was of a very old date. We have our eyes here now all fixed upon Rome, greedily expecting the ratification, and lately a strong rumor ran it was come. In so much, Mr. Clerk, who was sent hither from the prince, being a-shipboard (and now lies sick at my Lord of Bristol's house of a calenture), hearing of it, he desired to speak with him, for he had something to deliver him from the prince. My Lord Ambassador being come to him, Mr. Clerk delivered a letter from the prince, the contents whereof were: That whereas he had left certain proxies in his hand to be delivered to the King of Spain after the ratification was come, he

desired and required him not to do it till he should receive further order from England. My Lord of Bristol hereupon went to Sir Walter Aston, who was in joint commission with him for concluding the match, and showing him the letter, what my Lord Aston said I know not, but my Lord of Bristol told him that they had a commission royal under the broad seal of England to conclude the match. He knew as well as he how earnest the king their master hath been any time this ten years to have it done, how there could not be a better pawn for the surrender of the Palatinate than the Infanta in the prince's arms, who could never rest till she did the work to merit love of our nation. He told him also how their own particular fortunes depended upon it; besides, if he should delay one moment to deliver the proxy after the ratification was come, according to agreement, the Infanta would hold herself so blemished in her honor that it might overthrow all things. Lastly, he told him that they incurred the hazard of their heads if they should suspend the executing of his Majesty's commission upon any order, but from that power which gave it, who was the king himself. Hereupon both the ambassadors proceeded still in preparing matters for the solemnizing of the marriage. The Earl of Bristol had caused above thirty rich liveries to be made of watchet velvet, with silver lace up to the very capes of the cloaks; the best sorts whereof were valued at £80 a livery. My Lord Aston had also provided new liveries, and a fortnight after the said politic report was blown up the ratification came indeed complete and full. So the marriage day was appointed, a terrace covered all over with tapestry was raised from the king's palace to the next church, which might be about the same extent as from Whitehall to Westminster Abbey, and the king intended to make his sister a wife and his daughter (whereof the queen was delivered a little before) a Christian upon the same day. The grandees and great ladies had been invited to the marriage, and order was sent to all the port towns to discharge their great ordnance, and sundry other things were prepared to honor the solemnity; but

¹⁶ Archy Armstrong, the Court Fool of James I.

when we were thus at the height of our hopes, a day or two before, there came Mr. Killegree,¹⁷ Gresley, Wood, and Davies, one upon the neck of another with a new commission to my Lord of Bristol immediately from his Majesty, countermanning him to deliver the proxy aforesaid, until a full and absolute satisfaction were had for the surrendry of the Palatinate under this king's hand and seal, in regard he desired his son should be married to Spain, and his son-in-law remarried to the Palatinate at one time. Hereupon all was dashed in pieces, and that frame which was rearing so many years was ruined in a moment. This news struck a damp in the hearts of all people here, and they wished that the positions that brought it had all broke their necks on the way.

My Lord of Bristol hereupon went to court to acquaint the king with his new commission, and so proposed the restitution of the Palatinate. The king answered it was none of his to give. It is true he had a few towns there, but he held them as commissioner only for the emperor, and he could not command an emperor. Yet if his Majesty of Great Britain would put a treaty a-foot, he would send his own ambassadors to join. In the interim the earl was commanded not to deliver the aforesaid proxy of the prince for the *desposorios* or espousal until Christmas (and herein it seems his Majesty with you was not well informed, for those powers of proxies expired before). The king here said further that if his uncle the emperor, or the Duke of Bavaria, would not be conformable to reason he would raise as great an army for the Prince Palsgrave as he did under Spinola when he first invaded the Palatinate; and to secure this he would engage his Contratation House¹⁸ of the West Indies, with his Plate fleet, and give the most binding instrument that he could under his hand and seal. But this gave no satisfaction; therefore my Lord of Bristol, I believe, hath not long to stay here, for he is commanded to deliver no more letters to the Infanta nor demand any more audience,

and that she should be no more styled Princess of England or Wales. The aforesaid caution which this king offered to my Lord of Bristol made me think of what I read of his grandfather Philip the Second, who having been married to our Queen Mary, and it being thought she was with child of him, and was accordingly prayed for at Paul's Cross, though it proved afterwards but a tympany, King Philip proposed to our Parliament that they would pass an act that he might be regent during his or her minority that should be born, and he would give good caution to surrender the crown when he or she should come to age. The motion was hotly canvassed in the House of Peers, and like to pass, when the Lord Paget rose up and said, "Aye, but who shall sue the king's bond?" so the business was dashed. I have no more news to send you now, and I am sorry I have so much, unless it were better; for we that have business to negotiate here are like to suffer much by this rupture. Welcome be the will of God, to whose benediction I commend you, and rest, your most humble servitor,

J. H.

Madrid, August 25, 1623.

Section IV

TO MY FATHER, FROM LONDON

SIR,

I received yours of the third of February, by the hands of my cousin, Thomas Guin of Trecastle.

It was my fortune to be on Sunday was fortnight at Theobald's, where his late Majesty King James departed this life and went to his last rest upon the day of rest, presently after sermon was done. A little before the break of day he sent for the prince, who rose out of his bed and came in his nightgown; the king seemed to have some earnest thing to say unto him, and so endeavored to rouse himself upon his pillow, but his spirits were so spent that he had not strength to make his words audible.

¹⁷ Sir Robert Killigrew, the famous dramatist and wit.

¹⁸ I.e., Contratation House, the exchange in Seville where contracts were made in connection with the West Indian trade.

He died of a fever which began with an ague, and some Scotch doctors mutter at a plaster the Countess of Buckingham applied to the outside of his stomach. It is thought the last breach of the match with Spain, which for many years he had so vehemently desired, took too deep an impression in him, and that he was forced to rush into a war now in his declining age, having lived in a continual uninterrupted peace his whole life, except some collateral aids he had sent his son-in-law. As soon as he expired the Privy Council sat, and in less than a quarter of an hour, King Charles was proclaimed at Theobald's Court Gate by Sir Edward Zouch, Knight Marshal, Master Secretary Conway dictating unto him: "That whereas it hath pleased God to take to his mercy our most gracious sovereign King James of famous memory, we proclaim Prince Charles his rightful and indubitable heir to be King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, etc." The Knight Marshal mistook, saying, "His rightful and dubitable heir," but he was rectified by the secretary. This being done, I took my horse instantly and came to London first, except one who was come a little before me, insomuch that I found the gates shut. His now Majesty took coach and the Duke of Buckingham with him, and came to St. James. In the evening he was proclaimed at Whitehall Gate, in Cheap-side, and other places in a sad shower of rain; and the weather was suitable to the condition wherein he finds the kingdom, which is cloudy; for he is left engaged in a war with a potent prince, the people by long desuetude unapt for arms, the fleet royal in quarter repair, himself without a queen, his sister without a country, the crown pitifully laden with debts, and the purse of the state lightly ballasted, though it never had better opportunity to be rich than it had these last twenty years. But God Almighty I hope will make him emerge and pull this island out of all these plunges, and preserve us from worser times.

The plague is begun in Whitechapel, and as they say, in the same house, at the same day of the month, with the same number

that died twenty-two years since when Queen Elizabeth departed.

There are great preparations for the funeral, and there is a design to buy all the cloth for mourning white and then to put it to the dyers in gross, which is like to save the crown a good deal of money; the drapers murmur extremely at the Lord Cranfield for it.

I am not settled yet in any stable condition, but I lie windbound at the Cape of Good Hope, expecting some gentle gale to launch out into an employment.

So with my love to all my brothers and sisters at the Bryn, and near Brecknock, I humbly crave a continuance of your prayers and blessing to your dutiful son,

J. H.

London, December 11, 1625.

TO DR. PRICHARD ¹⁹

SIR,

Since I was beholden to you for your many favors in Oxford, I have not heard from you (*ne gry quidem*).²⁰ I pray let the wonted correspondence be now revived and receive new vigor between us.

My Lord Chancellor Bacon is lately dead of a long languishing weakness; he died so poor, so that he scarce left money to bury him, which, though he had a great wit, did argue no great wisdom, it being one of the essential properties of a wise man to provide for the main chance. I have read that it hath been the fortunes of all poets commonly to die beggars; but for an orator, a lawyer, and a philosopher, as he was, to die so, 'tis rare. It seems the same fate befell him that attended Demosthenes, Seneca, and Cicero (all great men), of whom the two first fell by corruption. The fairest diamond may have a flaw in it, but I believe he died poor out of a contempt of the pelf of fortune, as also out of an excess of generosity; which appeared as in divers other passages, so once when the king had sent him a stag, he sent up for the under-keeper, and having drunk the king's health unto him in a great silver-gilt bowl, he gave it him for his fee.

¹⁹ Dr. Thomas Prichard, Vice-Principal of Jesus College, Oxford.

²⁰ From Plautus, meaning "not even a grain's-worth."

He writ a pitiful letter to King James not long before his death, and concludes, "Help me, dear sovereign lord and master, and pity me so far that I who have been born to a bag be not now in my age forced in effect to bear a wallet; nor I that desire to live to study may be driven to study to live." Which words, in my opinion, argued a little abjectness of spirit, as his former letter to the prince did of profaneness, wherein he hoped that as the Father was his creator, the Son will be his redeemer. I write not this to derogate from the noble worth of the Lord Viscount Verulam, who was a rare man, a man *recondite, scientia, et ad salutem literatum natus*, and I think the eloquentest that was born in this isle. They say he shall be the last Lord Chancellor, as Sir Edward Coke was the last Lord Chief-Justice of England; for ever since they have been termed Lord Chief-Justices of the King's Bench, so hereafter they shall be only Keepers of the Great Seal, which for title and office are deposable, but they say the Lord Chancellor's title is indelible.

I was lately at Gray's Inn with Sir Eubule, and he desired me to remember him unto you, as I do also salute *Meum Prichardum ex imis præcordiis, Vale κεφαλή μου προσφιλεστάτη*. — Yours most affectionately while

J. H.

London, January 6, 1625.

TO MY BROTHER, MASTER HUGH PENRY

SIR,

I thank you for your late letter, and the several good tidings sent me from Wales. In requital I can send you gallant news, for we have now a most noble new Queen of England, who in true beauty is beyond the long-wooded Infanta, for she was of a fading flaxen hair, big-lipped, and somewhat heavy-eyed; but this daughter of France, this youngest branch of Bourbon (being but in her cradle when the great Henry her father was put out of the world) is of a more lovely and lasting complexion, a dark brown; she hath eyes that sparkle like stars,

and for her physiognomy she may be said to be a mirror of perfection. She had a rough passage in her transfretation to Dover Castle, and in Canterbury the king bedded first with her. There were a goodly train of choice ladies attended her coming upon the bowling-green on Barham Down, upon the way, who divided themselves into two rows, and they appeared like so many constellations; but methought that the country ladies outshined the courtiers. She brought over with her two hundred thousand crowns in gold and silver as half her portion, and the other moiety is to be paid at the year's end. Her first suite of servants (by article) are to be French, and as they die English are to succeed. She is also allowed twenty-eight ecclesiastics of any order except Jesuits, a bishop for her almoner, and to have private exercise of her religion for her and her servants.

I pray convey the enclosed to my father by the next conveniency, and pray present my dear love to my sister. I hope to see you at Dyvinnoek about Michaelmas, for I intend to wait upon my father, and will take my mother in the way; I mean Oxford. In the interim I rest your most affectionate brother,

J. H.

London, 16 May 1626.

Section V

TO SIR J. S.,²¹ KNIGHT

SIR,

You writ to me lately for a footman, and I think this bearer will suit you. I know he can run well, for he hath run away twice from me, but he knew the way back again; yet though he hath a running head as well as running heels (and who will expect a footman to be a staid man?) I would not part with him were I not to go post to the North. There be some things in him that answer for his waggeries. He will come when you call him, go when you bid him, and shut the door after him. He is faithful and stout, and a lover of his master. He is a great enemy to all dogs if they bark at him in his running, for I have seen him

²¹ It is not known to whom these initials refer.

confront a huge mastiff and knock him down. When you go a country journey, or have him run with you a-hunting, you must spirit him with liquor; you must allow him also something extraordinary for socks, else you must not have him to wait at your table; when his grease melts in running hard it is subject to fall into his toes. I send him you but for trial. If he be not for your turn, turn him over to me again when I come back.

The best news I can send you at this time is that we are like to have peace both with France and Spain, so that Harwich men, your neighbors, shall not hereafter need to fear the name of Spinola,²² who struck such an apprehension into them lately that I understand they begin to fortify.

I pray present my most humble service to my good lady, and at my return from the North I will be bold to kiss her hands and yours, so I am, your much obliged servitor,

J. H.

London, 25 of May 1628.

TO MY FATHER, MR. BEN JOHNSON

Father Ben, *Nullum fit magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiae*, there is no great wit without some mixture of madness, so saith the philosopher; nor was he a fool who answered, *nec parvum, sine mixtura stultitiae*, nor small wit without some alloy of foolishness. Touching the first it is verified in you, for I find that you have been oftentimes mad. You were mad when you writ your "Fox," and madder when you writ your "Alchemist"; you were mad when you writ "Catilin," and stark mad when you writ "Sejanus"; but when you writ your "Epigrams" and the "Magnetic Lady" you were not so mad. Insomuch that I perceive there be degrees of madness in you. Excuse me that I am so free with you. The madness I mean is that divine fury, that heating and heightening spirit which Ovid speaks of.

Est Deus in nobis agitante calescimus illo: that true enthusiasm which transports and elevates the souls of poets above the middle region of vulgar conceptions, and makes them soar up to heaven to touch the stars with their laurelled heads, to walk in the Zodiac with Apollo himself, and command Mercury upon their errand.

I cannot yet light upon Doctor Davies' Welsh Grammar. Before Christmas I am promised one. So desiring you to look better hereafter to your charcoal fire and chimney, which I am glad to be one that preserved from burning, this being the second time that Vulcan hath threatened you, it may be because you have spoken ill of his wife, and been too busy with his horns, I rest your son and contiguous neighbor,

J. H.

Westminster, 27 June 1629.

TO MY NOBLE LADY, THE LADY COR²³

MADAME,

You spoke to me for a cook who had seen the world abroad, and I think the bearer hereof will fit your ladyship's turn. He can marinate fish, make jellies, he is excellent for a piquant sauce, and the haugou. Besides, madam, he is passing good for an olla. He will tell your ladyship that the reverend matron the olla-podrida hath intellectuals and senses. Mutton, beef, and bacon are to her as the will, understanding, and memory are to the soul. Cabbage, turnips, artichokes, potatoes, and dates are her five senses, and pepper the common sense. She must have marrow to keep life in her, and some birds to make her light. By all means she must go adorned with chains of sausages. He is also good at larding of meat after the mode of France. Madame, you may make proof of him, and if your ladyship find him too saucy or wasteful, you may return him whence you had him. So I rest, madam, your ladyship's most humble servitor,

J. H.

Westminster, 2 June 1630.

²² The Marquis de Spinola, Commander of the Spanish Army in the Low Countries.

²³ Jacobs infers that the lady is Elizabeth, the widow of Sir Frederick Cornwallis, to whom another letter is addressed.

Section VI

TO DR. DUPPA, L.B., OF CHICHESTER, HIS
HIGHNESS' TUTOR AT ST. JAMES

MY LORD,

It is a well-becoming and very worthy work you are about not to suffer Mr. Ben Johnson to go so silently to his grave or rot so suddenly. Being newly come to town and understanding that your "Johnsonus Virbius" was in the press, upon the solicitation of Sir Thomas Hawkins, I suddenly fell upon the ensuing decastich, which, if your lordship please, may have room amongst the rest.

UPON MY HONORED FRIEND AND F.,
MR. BEN JOHNSON

And is thy glass run out, is that oil spent
Which light to such strong sinewy labors lent?
Well, Ben; I now perceive that all the nine,
Though they their utmost forces should
combine,

Cannot prevail 'gainst Night's three daughters,
but

One still must spin, one wind, the other cut.
Yet in despite of distaff, clue, and knife,
Thou in thy strenuous lines hast got a life,
Which like thy bays shall flourish ev'ry age,
While sock or buskin shall ascend the stage.

Sic vaticinatur Hoellus.

So I rest, with many devoted respects to
your lordship, as being your very humble
servitor,

J. H.

London, 1 May 1636.²⁴

VOLUME TWO

TO SIR THOMAS HAWK,²⁵ KNIGHT

SIR,

I was invited yesternight to a solemn supper by B. J.,²⁶ where you were deeply remembered. There was good company, excellent cheer, choice wines, and jovial welcome. One thing intervened which almost spoiled the relish of the rest, that B. began

to engross all the discourse, to vapor extremely of himself, and by vilifying others to magnify his own muse. T. Ca.²⁷ buzzed me in the ear that, though Ben had barrelled up a great deal of knowledge, yet it seems he had not read the "Ethics,"²⁸ which, among other precepts of morality forbid self-commendation, declaring it to be an ill-favored solecism in good manners. It made me think upon the lady (not very young) who, having a good while given her guests neat entertainment, a capon being brought upon the table, instead of a spoon she took a mouthful of claret and spouted it into the poop of the hollow bird. Such an accident happened in this entertainment, you know. "*Proprio laus sordet in ore*" (Be a man's breath never so sweet, yet it makes one's praises stink if he makes his own mouth the conduit-pipe of it). But for my part I am content to dispense with the Roman infirmity of B., now that time hath snowed upon his *pericranium*. You know Ovid and (your) Horace were subject to his humor, the first bursting out into

"*Jamq; opus exegi quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,*" etc.²⁹

The other into

"*Exegi monumentum ære perennius,*" etc.³⁰

As also Cicero, while he forced himself into this hexameter—

"*O fortunatam natam, me consule Romanam!*"³¹

There is another reason that excuseth B., which is, that if one be allowed to love the natural issue of his body, why not that of the brain, which is of a spiritual and more noble extraction? I preserve your manuscripts safe for you till you return to London. What news the times afford this bearer will impart unto you. So I am, sir, your very humble and most faithful servitor,

J. H.

Westminster, 5 April 1636.

²⁴ The date, as often in Howell's Letters, is obviously wrong, as Jonson died August 6, 1637.

²⁵ I.e., Sir Thomas Hawkins.

²⁶ That the initials refer to Ben Jonson has never been questioned.

²⁷ Either Thomas Carew, the poet, or Thomas Cary, his contemporary.

²⁸ The Nicomachean Ethics of Aristotle.

²⁹ Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, xv. 871.

³⁰ Horace, Odes, B. III. xxx. 1

³¹ Quoted from Juvenal x. 122.

TO MY HONORABLE FRIEND, SIR C. C.³²

SIR,

I was upon point of going abroad to steal a solitary walk, when yours of the twelfth current came to hand; the high researches and choice abstracted notions I found therein seemed to heighten my spirits and make my fancy fitter for my intended retirement and meditations; add hereunto, that the countenance of the weather invited me, for it was a still evening, it was also a clear open sky, not a speck or the least wrinkle appeared in the whole face of heaven, it was such a pure deep azure all the hemisphere over that I wondered what was become of the three regions of the air with their meteors. So having got into a close field, I cast my face upward, and fell to consider what a rare prerogative the optic virtue of the eye hath, much more the intuitive virtue of the thought, that the one in a moment can reach heaven and the other go beyond it. Therefore sure that philosopher was but a kind of frantic fool that would have plucked out both his eyes because they were a hindrance to his speculations. Moreover, I began to contemplate as I was in this posture the vast magnitude of the universe and what proportion this poor globe of earth might bear with it, for if those numberless bodies which stick in the vast roof of heaven, though they appear to us but as spangles, be some of them thousands of times bigger than the earth — take the sea with it to boot, for they both make but one sphere, surely the astronomers had reason to term this sphere an indivisible point and a thing of no dimension at all being compared to the whole world. I fell then to think that at the second general destruction, it is no more for God Almighty to fire this earth than for us to blow up a small squib or rather one small grain of gunpowder. As I was musing thus, I spied a swarm of gnats waving up and down the air about me, which I knew to be part of the universe as well as I; and methought it was a strange opinion of our Aristotle to hold that the least of those small insected ephemerals should be more noble than the sun, because it had a sensi-

tive soul in it. I fell to think that the same proportion which these animalillios bore with me in point of bigness, the same I held with those glorious spirits which are near the throne of the Almighty, what then should we think of the magnitude of the Creator himself? Doubtless it is beyond the reach of any human imagination to conceive it. In my private devotions I presume to compare him to a great mountain of light, and my soul seems to discern some glorious form therein, but suddenly as she would fix her eyes upon the object, her sight is presently dazzled and disgregated with the refulgency and coruscations thereof.

Walking a little further I espied a young boisterous bull breaking over a hedge and ditch to a herd of kine in the next pasture, which made me think that if that fierce strong animal with others of that kind knew their own strength, they would never suffer man to be their master. Then looking upon them quietly grazing up and down, I fell to consider that the flesh which is daily dished upon our tables is but concocted grass, which is recarnified in our stomachs and transmuted to another flesh. I fell also to think what advantage those innocent animals had of man, which, as soon as nature casts them into the world, find their meat dressed, the cloth laid, and the table covered; they find their drink brewed and the buttery open, their beds made and their clothes ready; and though man hath the faculty of reason to make him a compensation for the want of these advantages, yet this reason brings with it a thousand perturbations of mind and perplexities of spirit, griping cares and anguishes of thought, which those harmless silly creatures were exempted from. Going on, I came to repose myself upon the trunk of a tree, and I fell to consider further what advantage that dull vegetable had of those feeding animals, as not to be so troublesome and beholding to nature, nor to be so subject to starving, to diseases, to the inclemency of the weather, and to be far longer-lived. I then spied a great stone, and sitting a while upon it, I fell to weigh in my thoughts that that stone was in a happier

³² Rather, Jacobs thinks, Sir S. C., i.e., Sir Sackville Crow, ambassador to Constantinople.

condition in some respects than either those sensitive creatures or vegetables I saw before, in regard that that stone, which propagates by assimilation, as the philosophers say, needed neither grass nor hay, or any aliment for restoration of nature, nor water to refresh its roots, or the heat of the sun to attract the moisture upwards to increase growth as the other did. As I directed my pace homeward, I spied a kite soaring high in the air, and gently gliding up and down the clear region so far above my head, I fell to envy the bird extremely and repine at his happiness that he should have a privilege to make a nearer approach to heaven than I.

Excuse me that I trouble you thus with these rambling meditations; they are to correspond with you in some part for those accurate fancies of yours you lately sent me. So I rest your entire and true servitor,
J. H.

Holborn, 17 March 1639.

TO MR. T. V.,³³ AT BRUSSELS

MY DEAR TOM,

Who would have thought poor England had been brought to this pass? Could it ever have entered into the imagination of man that the scheme and whole frame of so ancient and well-molded a government should be so suddenly struck off its hinges, quite out of joint, and tumbled into such a horrid confusion? Who would have held it possible that to fly from Babylon we should fall into such a Babel? That to avoid superstition some people should be brought to belch out such horrid profaneness as to call the temples of God the tabernacles of Satan? the Lord's Supper a two-penny ordinary? to make the communion table a manger, and the font a trough to water their horses in? to term the white decent robe of the presbyter the whore's smock? the pipes, through which nothing came but anthems and holy hymns, the Devil's bagpipes? The liturgy of the church, though extracted most of it out of the sacred text, called by some another kind of Alcoran; by others raw porridge; by some a piece

forged in hell? Who would have thought to have seen in England the churches shut and the shops open upon Christmas Day? Could any soul have imagined that this isle would have produced such monsters as to rejoice at the Turk's good successes against Christians, and wish he were in the midst of Rome? Who would have dreamt ten years since, when Archbishop Laud did ride in state through London streets accompanying my Lord of London to be sworn Lord High Treasurer of England, that the mitre should have now come to such a scorn, to such a national kind of hatred, as to put the whole island in a combustion; which makes me call to memory a saying of the Earl of Kildare in Ireland, in the reign of Henry VIII, which earl, having deadly feud with the Bishop of Cassiles, burnt a church belonging to that diocese, and being asked, upon his examination before the Lord Deputy at the Castle of Dublin, why he had committed such a horrid sacrilege as to burn God's church, he answered, "I had never burned the church unless I had thought the bishop had been in it." Lastly, who would have imagined that the excise would have taken footing here? A word I remember in the last Parliament, save one, so odious that when Sir D. Carleton, then Secretary of State, did but name it in the House of Commons, he was like to be sent to the Tower, although he named it to no ill sense but to show what advantage of happiness the people of England had over nations having neither the gabells of Italy, the tallies of France, or the excise of Holland laid upon them, yet upon this he was suddenly interrupted, and called to the bar. Such a strange metamorphosis poor England is now come unto, and I am afraid our miseries are not come to their height, but the longest shadows stay till the evening.

The freshest news that I can write unto you is that the Kentish knight of your acquaintance, whom I wrote in my last had an apostasy in his brain, died suddenly this week of an impostume in his breast, as he was reading a pamphlet of his own that came from the press, wherein he showed a great mind to be nibbling with my trees;

³³ Thomas Vaughan, cousin of Howel, is Jacobs' conjecture.

but he only showed his teeth, for he could not bite them to any purpose.

William Ro.³⁴ is returned from the wars, but he is grown lame in one of his arms, so he hath no mind to bear arms any more. He confesseth himself to be an egregious fool to leave his mercership and go to be a musketeer. It made me think upon the tale of the Gallego in Spain, who in the civil wars against Aragon, being in the field he was shot in the forehead, and being carried away to a tent, the surgeon searched his wound and found it mortal, so he advised him to send for his confessor, for he was no man for this world, in regard the brain was touched. The soldier wished him to search it again, which he did, and told him that he found he was hurt in the brain and could not possibly escape; whereupon the Gallego fell into a chafe, and said he lied; for he had no brain at all *por que si tuviera seso, nunca hubier a venido a esta a guerra*, for if I had had any brain, I would never have come to this war. All your friends here are well, except the maimed soldier, and remember you often, especially Sir J. Brown, a good gallant gentleman, who never forgets any who deserved to have a place in his memory. Farewell, my dear Tom, and God send you better days than we have here, for I wish you as much happiness as possibly man can have. I wish your mornings may be good, your noons better, your evenings and nights best of all. I wish your sorrows may be short, your joys lasting, and all your desires end in success. Let me hear once more from you before you remove thence, and tell me how the squares go in Flanders. So I rest, your entirely affectionate servitor,

J. H.

Fleet, 3 August 1644.³⁵

VOLUME THREE

TO HENRY HOPKINS, ESQ.

SIR,

To usher in again old Janus, I send you a parcel of Indian perfume, which the Spaniard calls the holy herb, in regard of the

various virtues it hath, but we call it tobacco. I will not say it grew under the King of Spain's window, but I am told it was gathered near his gold mines of Potosi (where they report that in some places there is more of that ore than earth), therefore it must needs be precious stuff. If moderately and seasonably taken (as I find you always do), 'tis good for many things; it helps digestion taken a while after meat, it makes one void rheum, breaks wind, and it keeps the body open. A leaf or two being steeped o'er night in a little white wine is a vomit that never fails in its operation. It is a good companion to one that converseth with dead men, for if one hath been poring long upon a book, or is toiled with the pen and stupefied with study, it quickeneth him, and dispels those clouds that usually o'erset the brain. The smoke of it is one of the wholesomest scents that is against all contagious airs, for it o'ermasters all other smells, as King James, they say, found true when, being once a-hunting, a shower of rain drove him into a pigsty for shelter, where he caused a pipeful to be taken of purpose. It cannot endure a spider or a flea, with such-like vermin, and if your hawk be troubled with any such, being blown into his feathers it frees him. It is good to fortify and preserve the sight, the smoke being let in round about the balls of the eyes once a week, and frees them from all rheums, driving them back by way of repercussion. Being taken backward, it is excellent good against the colic, and taken into the stomach, 'twill heat and cleanse it; for I could instance in a great lord (my Lord of Sunderland, President of York), who told me that he taking it downward into his stomach, it made him cast up an impostume, bag and all, which had been a long time engendering out of a bruise he had received at football, and so preserved his life for many years. Now to descend from the substance of the smoke to the ashes. 'Tis well known that the medicinal virtues thereof are very many but they are so common that I will spare the inserting of

³⁴ William Roberts, later Bishop of Bangor, is perhaps referred to.

³⁵ The letter purports to come from the Fleet prison, in which Howell was incarcerated in 1642 by the Parliamentary party, and where he remained until the general amnesty of 1650.

them here. But if one would try a pretty conclusion how much smoke there is in a pound of tobacco, the ashes will tell him, for let a pound be exactly weighed, and the ashes kept charily and weighed afterwards, what wants of a pound weight in the ashes cannot be denied to have been smoke, which evaporated into air. I have been told that Sir Walter Raleigh won a wager of Queen Elizabeth upon this nicety.

The Spaniards and Irish take it most in powder or smutchin,³⁶ and it mightily refreshes the brain, and I believe there is as much taken in this way in Ireland as there is in pipes in England. One shall commonly see the serving maid upon the washing block, and the swain upon the plowshare, when they are tired with labor, take out their boxes of smutchin and draw it into their nostrils with a quill, and it will beget new spirits in them, with a fresh vigor to fall to their work again. In Barbary and other parts of Africa it is wonderful what a small pill of tobacco will do for those who use to ride post through the sandy deserts, where they meet not with anything that is potable or edible sometimes three days together; they use to carry small balls or pills of tobacco, which being put under the tongue, it affords them a perpetual moisture, and takes off the edge of the appetite for some days.

If you desire to read with pleasure all the virtues of this modern herb, you must read Doctor Thorius' *Patalogia*, an accurate piece couched in a strenuous heroic verse full of matter, and continuing its strength from first to last, insomuch that for the bigness it may be compared to any piece of antiquity, and in my opinion is beyond *βατρακομνομαχία*³⁷ or *γαλεομνομαχία*.³⁸

So I conclude these rambling notions, presuming you will accept his small argument of my great respects unto you. If you want paper to light your pipe, this letter may serve the turn, and if it be true what the poets frequently sing, that affection is fire, you shall need no other than the clear flames of the donor's love to make ignition, which is comprehended in this distich—

*"Ignis amor si sit, tabaccum accendere nostrum,
Nulla petenda tibi fax nisi dantis amor."*

"If love be fire, to light this Indian weed,
The donor's love of fire may stand in stead."

So I wish you, as to myself, a most happy New Year; may the beginning be good, the middle better, and the end best of all.—Your most faithful and truly affectionate servant,

J. H.

1 January 1646.

TO SIR WILLIAM BOSWELL, AT THE HAGUE

SIR,

That black tragedy³⁹ which was lately acted here, as it hath filled most hearts among us with consternation and horror, so I believe it hath been no less resented abroad. For my own particular the more I ruminate upon it, the more it astonisheth my imagination and shaketh all the cells of my brain, so that sometimes I struggle with my faith and have much ado to believe it yet. I shall give over wondering at anything hereafter, nothing shall seem strange unto me, only I will attend with patience how England will thrive now that she has let blood in the basilical vein and cured, as they say, of the king's evil.

I had one of yours by Mr. Jacob Boeue, and I much thank you for the account you please to give me of what I sent you by his conveyance. Holland may now be proud, for there is a younger commonwealth in Christendom than herself. No more now but that I always rest, sir, your most humble servitor,

J. H.

Fleet, 20 of March 1648.

VOLUME FOUR

TO SIR JAMES CROFTS, KNIGHT, AT HIS HOUSE NEAR LEMSTER⁴⁰

SIR,

Epistles, or (according to the word in use) Familiar Letters, may be called the

³⁶ Snuff.

³⁷ The Battle of the Frogs and the Mice, one of the Homeric poems.

³⁸ The Battle of the Cats and the Mice, by Theodorus Prodromus, a Byzantine poet of the twelfth century.

³⁹ The execution of Charles I, January 30, 1648/9.

⁴⁰ Now Leominster, Herefordshire.

larum bells of love; I hope this will prove so to you, and have power to awaken you out of that silence wherein you have slept so long; yet I would not have this larum make any harsh obstreperous sound, but gently summon you to our former correspondence; your returns to me shall be more than larum bells, they shall be like silver trumpets to rouse up my spirits, and make me take pen in hand to meet you more than half way in the old field of friendship.

It is recorded of Galen, one of nature's cabinet clerks, that when he slept his siesta (as the Spaniard calls it), or afternoon sleep, to avoid excess that way, he used to sit in such a posture that having a gold ball in his hand, and a copper vessel underneath, as soon as his senses were shut, and the phantasy began to work, the ball would fall down, the noise whereof would awake him, and draw the spring-lock back again to set the outward sense at liberty. I have seen in Italy a finger-ring which in the boss thereof had a watch, and there was such a trick of art in it that it might be so wound up that it would make a small pin to prick him who wore it at such an hour he pleased in the night. Let the pen between us have the virtue of that pin: but

the pen hath a thousand virtues more. You know that *anser*, *apis*, *vitulus*, the goose, the bee, and the calf, do rule the world, the one affording parchment, the other two sealing-wax and the quills to write withal. You know also, how the gagging of geese did once preserve the Capitol from being surprised by my countryman Brennus, which was the first foreign force that Rome felt. But the goose quill doth daily greater things; it conserves empires (and the feathers of it get kingdoms; witness what exploits the English performed by it in France), the quill being the chiefest instrument of intelligence, and the ambassador's prime tool. Nay, the quill is the usefulest thing which preserves that noble virtue, friendship, who else would perish among men for want of practice.

I shall make no more sallies out of London this summer, therefore your letters may be sure where to find me. Matters are still involved here in a strange confusion, but the stars may let down milder influences; therefore cheer up, and reprieve yourself against better times, for the world would be irksome unto me if you were out of it: hap what will, you shall be sure to find me your ready and real servant,

J. H.

JOHN EARLE

(1600?-1665)

Bishop Earle is one of the best-loved of seventeenth-century authors, and even in his own day when "civil dudgeon" fomented so many bitter hatreds "and men fell out they knew not why," he yet managed to keep the friendship and affection of all who knew him. Clarendon's tribute to him is unique: "He was amongst the few excellent men who never had, and never could have, an enemy." Earle's remarkable faculty for understanding all sorts and conditions of men, which is the mainspring of his *Microcosmography*, accounts, of course, for the general esteem in which he was held. It is significant that he was a friend of both the great diarists of the century, Pepys and Evelyn, men as diverse in character and habit as the time afforded.

Earle was born in Yorkshire, came to Oxford at eighteen, and proceeded M.A. there in 1624. His popularity at Oxford was very great. During and immediately following his undergraduate days at Oxford he composed his little book, *Microcosmography*, which was published anonymously in 1628, after having circulated and become known in manuscript. It is surely the most thorough and mature work ever written by an inexperienced student. The book passed through at least three editions in its first year, and some ten editions appeared before the author's death. It was not until 1732 that Earle, as author of the book, was mentioned in the preface.

In 1631 Earle was made proctor of the university, and shortly after became chaplain to the Earl of Pembroke, then Chancellor of Oxford, who also presented him with the living of Bishopston in Wiltshire. It was not long until Pembroke, who was also Lord Chamberlain to the King's Household, presented the brilliant young clergyman to the king, and then followed his appointment as tutor to the Prince of Wales, later Charles II. Earle remained one of the king's most intimate friends through all his vicissitudes. Fortune was kind to him, and he rose apace in the church. He was appointed to the chancellorship of Salisbury Cathedral, and was elected one of the Assembly of Divines at Westminster in 1643, but on account of his strong royalist sympathies and his keen sense of honor he refused to accept. During the civil disturbances, Earle, like so many other Anglican clergymen, was deprived of all his livings, and dwelt in retirement during the greater part of the interregnum. It was Earle who, at Charles II's own request, translated into Latin the famous *Eikon Basilike* in 1649. When Charles fled to Rouen shortly after his father's execution, Earle was there to receive him upon his arrival. He became Charles's personal chaplain, and served him and his interests in various matters while on the Continent. After the Restoration Earle was among the first and the few to be rewarded for his faithfulness during the exile. He was appointed Dean of Westminster, and was one of the commission which revised the Book of Common Prayer in 1662. Other honors followed. He was consecrated Bishop of Worcester in the same year, and translated to Salisbury in the year following. Charles II was a shrewd judge of men and character, and that he admired and respected the character of Earle is a tribute to both men.

Earle's counsels of moderation were heard constantly in the struggles with the Non-Conformists during these years, and his perpetual kindness of heart and good sense were testified to by Richard Baxter and other Non-Conformist leaders. His opposition to the Conventicle and the Five-Mile Acts was as vigorous as it was unavailing. During the Plague of 1665 he retired with the king and the court to Oxford, and while there was stricken. He died in University College, and was buried in Merton College Chapel.

His *Microcosmography* is the most thoughtful and the most thorough of all the English character-books. Earle is a psychologist and a philosopher, and his "anatomy" of human nature is just and unflinching. It is for him not enough to describe a man as benevolent, or miserly, or stupid, or weak, but rather, with King Lear, he is concerned with finding out "what cause there is in nature that makes these hard hearts" and the other differences between man and man, as well as the results and effects of them. The characters here

reprinted show his peculiar manner of combining the typical with the individual, the universal with the particular. Earle never gives the impression of hating or despising his subjects. As a portrayer of character, he anticipates his later office of bishop and overseer of men's souls. Like Chaucer's good parson, he can "snibben sharply for the nones," but also, when occasion requires, he can follow St. Paul's counsel and suffer fools gladly. He is always the university man, and there is, consequently and naturally, a plethora of "campus characters" and collegiate types in the little book. He writes wittily and understandingly of both the peculiar virtues and the particular foibles of students and scholars and hangers-on about the university. He is enough of an Elizabethan to love puns and plays upon words, but less than any other of the character-writers of the century has he sacrificed truth to epigram or just observation to witty conceit.

FROM MICROCOSMOGRAPHY, OR A PIECE OF THE WORLD
DISCOVERED IN ESSAYS AND CHARACTERS

(Text: first complete edition, 1633)

A CHILD

Is a man in a small letter, yet the best copy of Adam before he tasted of Eve or the apple; and he is happy whose small practice in the world can only write his character. He is nature's fresh picture newly drawn in oil, which time, and much handling, dims and defaces. His soul is yet a white paper unscribbled with observations of the world, wherewith, at length, it becomes a blurred note-book. He is purely happy, because he knows no evil, nor hath made means by sin to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures evils to come, by foreseeing them. He kisses and loves all, and, when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on his beater. Nature and his parents alike dandle him, and tice him on with a bait of sugar to a draught of worm-wood. He plays yet, like a young 'prentice the first day, and is not come to his task of melancholy. All the language he speaks yet is tears, and they serve him well enough to express his necessity. His hardest labor is his tongue, as if he were loth to use so deceitful an organ; and he is best company with it when he can but prattle. We laugh at his foolish sports, but his game is our earnest; and his drums, rattles, and hobby-horses, but the emblems and mocking of man's business. His father hath writ

him as his own little story, wherein he reads those days of his life that he cannot remember, and sighs to see what innocence he has out-lived. The older he grows, he is a stair lower from God; and, like his first father, much worse in his breeches.¹ He is the Christian's example, and the old man's relapse; the one imitates his pureness, and the other falls into his simplicity. Could he put off his body with his little coat, he had got eternity without a burden, and exchanged but one heaven for another.

A YOUNG RAW PREACHER

Is a bird not yet fledged, that hath hopped out of his nest to be chirping on a hedge, and will be straggling abroad at what peril soever. His backwardness in the university hath set him thus forward; for had he not truanted there, he had not been so hasty a divine. His small standing and time hath made him a proficient only in boldness, out of which, and his table-book, he is furnished for a preacher. His collections of study are the notes of sermons, which, taken up at St. Mary's,² he utters in the country: and if he write brachygraphy,³ his stock is so much the better. His writing is more than his reading, for he reads only what he gets without book. Thus accomplished he comes down to his friends, and his first salutation is grace

¹ A pun on Genesis 3:7, which, in the Geneva Bible, states that Adam and Eve, after their first disobedience, "made themselves breeches."

² St. Mary's Church, Oxford, in which public sermons are preached before the members of the university.

³ Shorthand-writing.

and peace out of the pulpit. His prayer is conceited, and no man remembers his college more at large. The pace of his sermon is a full career, and he runs wildly over hill and dale, till the clock stops him. The labor of it is chiefly in his lungs; and the only thing he has made in it himself is the faces. He takes on against the Pope without mercy, and has a jest still in lavender for Bellarmine: ⁴ yet he preaches heresy, if it comes in his way, though with a mind, I must needs say, very orthodox. His action is all passion, and his speech interjections. He has an excellent faculty in bemoaning the people, and spits with a very good grace. His style is compounded of twenty several men's, only his body imitates someone extraordinary. He will not draw his handkercher out of his place, nor blow his nose without discretion. His commendation is, that he never looks upon book; and indeed he was never used to it. He preaches but once a year, though twice on Sunday; for the stuff is still the same, only the dressing a little altered: he has more tricks with a sermon than a tailor with an old cloak, to turn it, and piece it, and at last quite disguise it with a new preface. If he have waded further in his profession, and would show reading of his own, his authors are postils,⁵ and his School-divinity a catechism. His fashion and demure habit gets him in with some town-precisian, and makes him a guest on Friday nights. You shall know him by his narrow velvet cape, and serge-facing; and his ruff, next his hair, the shortest thing about him. The companion of his walk is some zealous tradesman, whom he astonisheth with strange points, which they both understand alike. His friends and much painfulness may prefer him to thirty pounds a year, and this means to a chambermaid; with whom we leave him now in the bonds of wedlock: next Sunday you shall have him again.

A MERE ALDERMAN

He is venerable in his gown, more in his beard, wherewith he sets not forth so much his own, as the face of a city. You must

look on him as one of the town gates, and consider him not as a body, but a corporation. His eminency above others hath made him a man of worship, for he had never been preferred, but that he was worth thousands. He oversees the commonwealth as his shop, and it is an argument of his policy, that he has thriven by his craft. He is a rigorous magistrate in his ward; yet his scale of justice is suspected, lest it be like the balances in his warehouse. A ponderous man he is, and substantial, for his weight is commonly extraordinary, and in his preferment nothing rises so much as his belly. His head is of no great depth, yet well furnished; and when it is in conjunction with his brethren, may bring forth a city apothegm, or some such sage matter. He is one that will not hastily run into error, for he treads with great deliberation, and his judgment consists much in his pace. His discourse is commonly the annals of his mayoralty, and what good government there was in the days of his gold chain; though the door-posts were the only things that suffered reformation. He seems most sincerely religious, especially on solemn days; for he comes often to church to make a show and is a part of the choir hangings. He is the highest stair of his profession, and an example to his trade, what in time they may come to. He makes very much of his authority, but more of his satin doublet, which, though of good years, bears its age very well, and looks fresh every Sunday: but his scarlet gown is a monument, and lasts from generation to generation.

AN ANTIQUARY

He is a man strangely thrifty of time past, and an enemy indeed to his maw, whence he fetches out many things when they are now all rotten and stinking. He is one that hath that unnatural disease to be enamored of old age and wrinkles, and loves all things (as Dutchmen do cheese), the better for being moldy and worm-eaten. He is of our religion, because we say it is most ancient; and yet a broken statue would almost make him an idolater. A great

⁴ Robert Bellarmine, 1542-1621, Jesuit, and one of the ablest controversialists of his day.

⁵ Annotations of Scriptural passages.

admirer he is of the rust of old monuments, and reads only those characters where time hath eaten out the letters. He will go you forty miles to see a saint's well or a ruined abbey; and if there be a cross or stone foot-stool in the way, he'll be considering it so long, till he forget his journey. His estate consists much in shekels, and Roman coins; and he hath more pictures of Cæsar than James or Elizabeth. Beggars cozen him with musty things which they have raked from dunghills, and he preserves their rags for precious relics. He loves no library but where there are more spiders' volumes than authors', and looks with great admiration on the antique work of cobwebs. Printed books he contemns, as a novelty of this latter age, but a manuscript he pores over everlastingly, especially if the cover be all moth-eaten, and the dust make a parenthesis between every syllable. He would give all the books in his study (which are rarities all) for one of the old Roman bindings, or six lines of Tully in his own hand. His chamber is hung commonly with strange beasts' skins, and is a kind of charnel-house of bones extraordinary; and his discourse upon them, if you will hear him, shall last longer. His very attire is that which is the eldest out of fashion and you may pick a criticism out of his breeches. He never looks upon himself till he is gray-haired, and then he is pleased with his own antiquity. His grave does not fright him, for he has been used to sepulchres, and he likes death the better, because it gathers him to his fathers.

A TAVERN

Is a degree, or (if you will) a pair of stairs above an alehouse, where men are drunk with more credit and apology. If the vintner's nose be at door, it is a sign sufficient, but the absence of this is supplied by the ivy-bush: the rooms are ill breathed like the drinkers that have been washed well over night, and are smelt-to fasting next morning; not furnished with beds apt to be defiled, but more necessary implements, stools, table, and a chamber-pot. It is a broacher of more news than

hogsheads, and more jests than news, which are sucked up here by some spongy brain, and from thence squeezed into a comedy. Men come here to make merry, but indeed make a noise, and this music above is answered with the clinking below. The drawers are the civilest people in it, men of good bringing up, and howsoever we esteem of them, none can boast more justly of their high calling. 'Tis the best theatre of natures, where they are truly acted, not played, and the business is in the rest of the world up and down, to wit, from the bottom of the cellar to the great chamber. A melancholy man would find here matter to work upon, to see heads as brittle as glasses, and often broken; men come hither to quarrel, and come hither to be made friends: and if Plutarch will lend me his simile, it is even Telephus⁶ his sword that makes wounds and cures them. It is the common consumption of the afternoon, and the murderer or maker-away of a rainy day. It is the torrid zone that scorches the face, and tobacco the gun-powder that blows it up. Much harm would be done, if the charitable vintner had not water ready for these flames. A house of sin you may call it, but not a house of darkness, for the candles are never out; and it is like those countries far in the North, where it is as clear at midnight as at mid-day. After a long sitting, it becomes like a street in a dashing shower, where the spouts are flushing above, and the conduits running below, while the jordans like swelling rivers overflow their banks. To give you the total reckoning of it; it is the busy man's recreation, the idle man's business, the melancholy man's sanctuary, the stranger's welcome, the inns-a-court man's entertainment, the scholar's kindness, and the citizen's courtesy. It is the study of sparkling wits, and a cup of sherry their book, where we leave them.

A YOUNG MAN

He is now out of nature's protection, though not yet able to guide himself; but left loose to the world and fortune, from which the weakness of his childhood preserved him; and now his strength exposes

⁶ The son of Hercules and Auge, who was wounded by Achilles, and was healed by the rust of Achilles' spear.

him. He is, indeed, just of age to be miserable, yet in his own conceit first begins to be happy; and he is happier in this imagination, and his misery not felt is less. He sees yet but the outside of the world and men, and conceives them, according to their appearing, glister, and out of this ignorance believes them. He pursues all vanities for happiness, and enjoys them best in this fancy. His reason serves not to curb but understand his appetite, and prosecute the motions thereof with a more eager earnestness. Himself is his own temptation, and needs not Satan, and the world will come hereafter. He leaves repentance for gray hairs, and performs it in being covetous. He is mingled with the vices of the age as the fashion and custom, with which he longs to be acquainted, and sins to better his understanding. He conceives his youth as the season of his lust, and the hour wherein he ought to be bad; and because he would not lose his time, spends it. He distastes religion as a sad thing, and is six years elder for a thought of heaven. He scorns and fears, and yet hopes for old age, but dare not imagine it with wrinkles. He loves and hates with the same inflammation, and when the heat is over is cool alike to friends and enemies. His friendship is seldom so steadfast but that lust, drink, or anger may overturn it. He offers you his blood today in kindness, and is ready to take yours tomorrow. He does seldom anything which he wishes not to do again, and is only wise after a misfortune. He suffers much for his knowledge, and a great deal of folly it makes him a wise man. He is free from many vices, by being not grown to the performance, and is only more virtuous out of weakness. Every action is his danger, and every man his ambush. He is a ship without pilot or tackling, and only good fortune may steer him. If he scape this age, he has scaped a tempest, and may live to be a man.

AN UPSTART KNIGHT

Is a holiday clown, and differs only in the stuff of his clothes, not the stuff of himself. [His honor was somewhat preposterous,] ⁷ for he bare the king's sword before he had

arms to wield it; yet being once laid o'er the shoulder with a knighthood, he finds the herald his friend. His father was a man of good stock, though but a tanner or usurer; he purchased the land, and his son the title. He has doffed off the name of a country fellow, but the look not so easy, and his face bears still a relish of churn-milk. He is guarded with more gold lace than all the gentlemen of the country, yet his body makes his clothes still out of fashion. His house-keeping is seen much in the distinct families of dogs, and serving-men attendant on their kennels, and the deepness of their throats is the depth of his discourse. A hawk he esteems the true burden of nobility, and is exceeding ambitious to seem delighted in the sport, and have his fist gloved with his jesses.⁸ A justice of peace he is to domineer in his parish, and do his neighbor wrong with more right. He will be drunk with his hunters for company, and stain his gentility with droppings of ale. He is fearful of being sheriff of the shire by instinct, and dreads the size-week as much as the prisoner. In sum, he's but a clod of his own earth, or his land is the dunghill and he the cock that crows over it: and commonly his race is quickly run, and his children's children, though they scape hanging, return to the place from whence they came.

A GALLANT

Is one that was born and shaped for his clothes; and, if Adam had not fallen, had lived to no purpose. He gratulates therefore the first sin and fig-leaves that were an occasion of bravery. His first care is his dress, the next his body, and in the uniting of these two lies his soul and its faculties. He observes London trulier than the terms, and his business is the street, the stage, the court, and those places where a proper man is best shown. If he be qualified in gaming extraordinary, he is so much the more gentle and complete, and he learns the best oaths for the purpose. These are a great part of his discourse, and he is as curious in their newness as the fashion. His other talk is ladies and such pretty things, or some jest at a play. His pick-tooth bears a

⁷ First edition, 1628.

⁸ The straps of leather fastened to the hawk's legs, by which she is held on the fist.

great part in his discourse, so does his body, the upper parts whereof are as starched as his linen, and perchance use the same laundress. He has learned to ruffle his face from his boot, and takes great delight in his walk to hear his spurs jingle. Though his life pass somewhat slidingly, yet he seems very careful of the time, for he is still drawing his watch out of his pocket, and spends part of his hours in numbering them. He is one never serious but with his tailor, when he is in conspiracy for the next device. He is furnished with his jests, as some wanderer with sermons, some three for all congregations, one especially against the scholar, a man to him much ridiculous, whom he knows by no other definition but silly fellow in black. He is a kind of walking mercer's shop, and shows you one stuff today and another tomorrow; an ornament to the rooms he comes in as the fair bed and hangings be; and is merely ratable accordingly, fifty or an hundred pounds as his suit is. His main ambition is to get a knighthood, and then an old lady; which if he be happy in, he fills the stage and a coach so much longer. Otherwise, himself and his clothes grow stale together, and he is buried commonly ere he dies in the gaol, or the country.

A CONSTABLE

Is a viceroy in the street, and no man stands more upon't that he is the king's officer. His jurisdiction extends to the next stocks, where he has commission for the heels only, and sets the rest of the body at liberty. He is a scarecrow to that alehouse where he drinks not his morning's draught, and apprehends a drunkard for not standing in the king's name. Beggars fear him more than the justice, and as much as the whipstock, whom he delivers over to his subordinate magistrates, the Bridewell-man and the beadle. He is a great stickler in the tumults of double jugs, and ventures his head by his place, which is broke many times to keep whole the peace. He is never so much in his majesty as in his night-watch, where he sits in his chair of state, a shop-stall, and environed with a guard of

halberts, examines all passengers. He is a very careful man in his office, but if he stay up after midnight you shall take him napping.

A DOWNRIGHT SCHOLAR

Is one that has much learning in the ore, unwrought and untried, which time and experience fashions and refines. He is good metal in the inside, though rough and unscoured without, and therefore hated of the courtier, that is quite contrary. The time has got a vein of making him ridiculous, and men laugh at him by tradition, and no unlucky absurdity but is put upon his profession, and done like a scholar. But his fault is only this, that his mind is somewhat too much taken up with his mind, and his thoughts not laden with any carriage besides. He has not put on the quaint garb of the age, which is now a man's *imprimis* and *all the item*.⁹ He has not humbled his meditations to the industry of compliment, nor afflicted his brain in an elaborate leg. His body is not set upon nice pins, to be turning and flexible for every motion, but his scrape is homely and his nod worse. He cannot kiss his hand and cry, Madam, nor talk idle enough to bear her company. His smacking of a gentlewoman is somewhat too savory, and he mistakes her nose for her lips. A very woodcock would puzzle him in carving, and he wants the logic of a capon. He has not the glib faculty of sliding over a tale, but his words come squeamishly out of his mouth, and the laughter commonly before the jest. He names this word college too often, and his discourse beats too much on the university. The perplexity of mannerliness will not let him feed, and he is sharp set at an argument when he should cut his meat. He is discarded for a gamester at all games but one and thirty, and at tables he reaches not beyond doublets. His fingers are not long and drawn out to handle a fiddle, but his fist is clunched with the habit of disputing. He ascends a horse somewhat sinisterly, though not on the left side, and they both go jogging in grief together. He is exceedingly censured by the inns-a-court

⁹ All in all.

men for that heinous vice, being out of fashion. He cannot speak to a dog in his own dialect, and understands Greek better than the language of a falconer. He has been used to a dark room, and dark clothes, and his eyes dazzle at a satin suit. The hermitage of his study has made him somewhat uncouth in the world, and men make him worse by staring on him. Thus is he silly and ridiculous, and it continues with him for some quarter of a year out of the university. But practise him a little in men, and brush him o'er with good company, and he shall out-balance those glisters, as far as a solid substance does a feather, or gold, gold-lace.

A PLAIN COUNTRY FELLOW

Is one that manures his ground well, but lets himself lie fallow and untilled. He has reason enough to do his business, and not enough to be idle or melancholy. He seems to have the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar, for his conversation is among beasts, and his talons none of the shortest, only he eats not grass, because he loves not sallets. His hand guides the plow, and the plow his thoughts, and his ditch and land-mark is the very mound of his meditations. He expostulates with his oxen very understandingly, and speaks Gee and Ree better than English. His mind is not much distracted with objects, but if a good fat cow come in his way, he stands dumb and astonished, and though his haste be never so great, will fix here half an hour's contemplation. His habitation is some poor thatched roof, distinguished from his barn by the loop-holes that let out smoke, which the rain had long since washed through, but for the double ceiling of bacon on the inside, which has hung there from his grandsire's time, and is yet to make rashers for posterity. His dinner is his other work, for he sweats at it as much as at his labor; he is a terrible fastener on a piece of beef, and you may hope to stave the guard off sooner. His religion is a part of his copyhold, which he takes from his landlord, and refers it wholly to his discretion. Yet if he give him leave he is a good Christian to his power, that is,

comes to church in his best clothes, and sits there with his neighbors, where he is capable only of two prayers, for rain, and fair weather. He apprehends God's blessings only in a good year, or a fat pasture, and never praises him but on good ground. Sunday he esteems a day to make merry in, and thinks a bag-pipe as essential to it as evening-prayer, where he walks very solemnly after service with his hands coupled behind him, and censures¹⁰ the dancing of his parish. His compliment with his neighbor is a good thump on the back, and his salutation commonly some blunt curse. He thinks nothing to be vices but pride and ill-husbandry, from which he will gravely dissuade the youth, and has some thrifty hob-nail proverbs to clout his discourse. He is a niggard all the week, except only market-day, where, if his corn sell well, he thinks he may be drunk with a good conscience. His feet never stink so unbecomingly as when he trots after a lawyer in Westminster-hall, and even cleaves the ground with hard scraping in beseeching his worship to take his money. He is sensible of no calamity but the burning of a stack of corn or the overflowing of a meadow, and thinks Noah's Flood the greatest plague that ever was, not because it drowned the world, but spoiled the grass. For death he is never troubled, and if he get in but his harvest before, let it come when it will, he cares not.

A PLAYER

He knows the right use of the world, wherein he comes to play a part and so away. His life is not idle, for it is all action, and no man need be more wary in his doings, for the eyes of all men are upon him. His profession has in it a kind of contradiction, for none is more disliked, and yet none more applauded; and he has this misfortune of some scholar, too much wit makes him a fool. He is like our painting gentlewomen, seldom in his own face, seldom in his clothes; and he pleases the better he counterfeits, except only when he is disguised with straw for gold-lace. He does not only personate on the stage,

but sometimes in the street, for he is masked still in the habit of a gentleman. His parts find him oaths and good words, which he keeps for his use and discourse, and makes show with them of a fashionable companion. He is tragical on the stage, but rampant in the tiring-house,¹¹ and swears oaths there which he never conned. The waiting-women spectators are over ears in love with him, and ladies send for him to act in their chambers. Your inns-of-court men were undone but for him, he is their chief guest and employment, and the sole business that makes them afternoon's-men. The poet only is his tyrant, and he is bound to make his friend's friend drunk at his charge. Shrove-Tuesday he fears as much as the bawds, and Lent¹² is more damage to him than the butcher. He was never so much discredited as in one act,¹³ and that was of Parliament, which gives hostlers privilege before him, for which he abhors it more than a corrupt judge. But to give him his due, one well-furnished actor has enough in him for five common gentlemen, and, if he have a good body, for six; and for resolution he shall challenge any Cato, for it has been his practice to die bravely.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN OF THE UNIVERSITY

Is one that comes there to wear a gown, and to say hereafter, he has been at the university. His father sent him thither because he heard there were the best fencing and dancing schools; from these he has his education, from his tutor the oversight. The first element of his knowledge is to be shown the colleges, and initiated in a tavern by the way, which hereafter he will learn of himself. The two marks of his seniority is the bare velvet of his gown, and his proficiency at tennis, where when he can once play a set, he is a freshman no more. His study has commonly handsome shelves, his books neat silk strings, which

he shows to his father's man, and is loth to untie or take down for fear of misplacing. Upon foul days for recreation he retires thither, and looks over the pretty book his tutor reads to him, which is commonly some short history, or a piece of Euphormio;¹⁴ for which his tutor gives him money to spend next day. His main loitering is at the library, where he studies arms and books of honor, and turns a gentleman critic in pedigrees. Of all things he endures not to be mistaken for a scholar, and hates a black suit though it be made of satin. His companion is ordinarily some stale fellow, that has been notorious for an ingle to gold hatbands,¹⁵ whom he admires at first, afterwards scorns. If he have spirit or wit he may light of better company, and may learn some flashes of wit, which may do him knight's service in the country hereafter. But he is now gone to the inns-of-court, where he studies to forget what he learned before, his acquaintance and the fashion.

A POT-POET

Is the dregs of wit, yet mingled with good drink may have some relish. His inspirations are more real than others, for they do but feign a God, but he has his by him. His verse runs like the tap, and his invention, as the barrel, ebbs and flows at the mercy of the spigot. In thin drink he aspires not above a ballad, but a cup of sack inflames him, and sets his muse and nose afire together. The press is his mint, and stamps him now and then a sixpence or two in reward of the baser coin of his pamphlet. His works would scarce sell for three half-pence, though they are given oft for three shillings, but for the pretty title that allures the country gentleman; for which the printer maintains him in ale a fortnight. His verses are, like his clothes, miserable *centos*¹⁶ and patches, yet their pace is not altogether so hobbling as an almanack's. The death of a great man or the burning

11 The dressing-room.

12 The theatres were not permitted to be open during Lent in the reign of James I.

13 There was an act passed in Elizabeth's reign which treated as vagabonds all actors not attached to some nobleman.

14 Euphormio Lusinius, pen-name of John Barclay, 1582-1621, author of the *Argenis*.

15 An ingle to gold hatbands; i.e., a crony of noblemen at the university, who wore gold tassels on their caps.

16 A *cento* is a work made up of quotations from other authors.

of a house furnish him with an argument, and the nine muses are out straight¹⁷ in mourning gowns, and Melpomene cries Fire! fire! His other poems are but briefs in rhyme, and like the poor Greeks collections to redeem from captivity. He is a man now much employed in commendations of our navy, and a bitter inveigher against the Spaniard. His frequentest works go out in single sheets, and are chanted from market to market to a vile tune and a worse throat; whilst the poor country wench melts like her butter to hear them. And these are the stories of some men of Tyburn, or a strange monster out of Germany; or, sitting in a bawdy-house, he writes God's judgments. He drops away at last in some obscure painted cloth,¹⁸ to which himself made the verses, and his life, like a can too full, spills upon the bench. He leaves twenty shillings on the score, which my hostess loses.

A CONTEMPLATIVE MAN

Is a scholar in this great university the world; and the same his book and study. He cloisters not his meditations in the narrow darkness of a room, but sends them abroad with his eyes, and his brain travels with his feet. He looks upon man from a high tower, and sees him trulier at this distance in his infirmities and poorness. He scorns to mix himself in men's actions, as he would to act upon a stage; but sits aloft on the scaffold a censuring spectator. He will not lose his time by being busy, nor make so poor a use of the world as to hug and embrace it. Nature admits him as a partaker of her sports, and asks his approbation as it were of her own works and variety. He comes not in company, because he would not be solitary, but finds discourse enough with himself, and his own thoughts are his excellent playfellows. He looks not upon a thing as a yawning stranger at novelties, but his search is more mysterious and inward, and he spells heaven out of earth. He knits his observations together, and makes a ladder of them all to climb to God. He is free from

vice, because he has no occasion to employ it, and is above those ends that make men wicked. He has learnt all can here be taught him, and comes now to heaven to see more.

A VULGAR-SPIRITED MAN

Is one of the herd of the world. One that follows merely the common cry, and makes it louder by one. A man that loves none but who are publicly affected, and he will not be wiser than the rest of the town. That never owns a friend after an ill name, or some general imputation, though he knows it most unworthy. That opposes to reason, "thus men say," and "thus most do," and "thus the world goes," and thinks this enough to poise the other. That worships men in place, and those only; and thinks all a great man speaks, oracles. Much taken with my lord's jest, and repeats you it all to a syllable. One that justifies nothing out of fashion, nor any opinion out of the applauded way. That thinks certainly all Spaniards and Jesuits very villains, and is still cursing the Pope and Spinola.¹⁹ One that thinks the gravest cassock the best scholar and the best clothes the finest man. That is taken only with broad and obscene wit, and hisses anything too deep for him. That cries Chaucer for his money above all our English poets, because the voice has gone so, and he has read none. That is much ravished with such a nobleman's courtesy, and would venture his life for him, because he put off his hat. One that is foremost still to kiss the king's hand, and cries "God bless his Majesty!" loudest. That rails on all men condemned and out of favor, and the first that says "Away with the traitors!"—yet struck with much ruth at executions, and for pity to see a man die, could kill the hangman. That comes to London to see it, and the pretty things in it, and, the chief cause of his journey, the bears. That measures the happiness of the kingdom by the cheapness of corn, and conceives no harm of state but ill trading. Within this compass, too, come those that are too much wedged into the

¹⁷ Straightway.

¹⁸ Tapestry; cf. I Henry IV, IV. ii. 27, "slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth."

¹⁹ Ambrose Spinola, 1569-1630, a general under Philip III of Spain.

world, and have no lifting thoughts above those things; that call to thrive well, to do well; and preferment only the grace of God. That aim all studies at this mark, and show you poor scholars as an example to take heed by. That think the prison and want, a judgment for some sin; and never like well hereafter of a jail-bird. That know no other content but wealth, bravery, and the town-pleasures; that think all else but idle speculation, and the philosophers mad-men. In short, men that are carried away with all outwardnesses, shows, appearances, the stream, the people; for there is no man of worth but has a piece of singularity, and scorns something.

A PLODDING STUDENT

Is a kind of alchymist or persecutor of nature, that would change the dull lead of his brain into finer metal, with success many times as unprosperous, or at least not quitting the cost, to wit, of his own oil and candles. He has a strange forced appetite to learning, and to achieve it brings nothing but patience and a body. His study is not great but continual, and consists much in the sitting up till after midnight in a rug-gown and night-cap, to the vanquishing perhaps of some six lines; yet what he has, he has perfect, for he reads it so long to understand it till he gets it without book. He may with much industry make a breach into logic, and arrive at some ability in an argument; but for politer studies he dare not skirmish with them, and for poetry accounts it impregnable. His invention is no more than the finding out of his papers, and his few gleanings there; and his disposition of them is as just as the book-binder's, a setting or gluing of them together. He is a great discomforter of young students, by telling them what travail it has cost him, and how often his brain turned at philosophy, and makes others fear studying as a cause of duncery. He is a man much given to apothegms, which serve him for wit, and seldom breaks any jest but which belonged to some Lacedæmonian or Roman in Lycosthenes.²⁰ He is

like a dull carrier's horse, that will go a whole week together, but never out of a foot-pace; and he that sets forth on the Saturday shall overtake him.

PAUL'S WALK ²¹

Is the land's epitome, or you may call it the lesser Isle of Great Britain. It is more than this, the whole world's map, which you may here discern in its perfectest motion, justling and turning. It is a heap of stones and men, with a vast confusion of languages; and were the steeple not sanctified, nothing liker Babel. The noise in it is like that of bees, a strange humming or buzz mixed of walking tongues and feet: it is a kind of still roar or loud whisper. It is the great exchange of all discourse, and no business whatsoever but is here stirring and a-foot. It is the synod of all pates politic, jointed and laid together in most serious posture, and they are not half so busy at the Parliament. It is the antic ²² of tails to tails, and backs to backs, and for vizards you need go no further than faces. It is the market of young lecturers, whom you may cheapen here at all rates and sizes. It is the general mint of all famous lies, which are here like the legends of popery, first coined and stamped in the church. All inventions are emptied here, and not few pockets. The best sign of a temple in it is, that it is the thieves' sanctuary, which rob more safely in the crowd than a wilderness, whilst every searcher is a bush to hide them. It is the other expense of the day, after plays, tavern, and a bawdy-house; and men have still some oaths left to swear here. The visitants are all men without exceptions, but the principal inhabitants and possessors are stale knights and captains out of service; men of long rapiers and breeches, which after all turn merchants here and traffic for news. Some make it a preface to their dinner, and travel for a stomach; but thriftier men make it their ordinary, and board here very cheap. Of all such places it is least haunted with hobgoblins, for if a ghost would walk more, he could not.

²⁰ The nom-de-plume of Conrad Wolfhart, German scholar, 1518-1561.

²¹ St. Paul's Cathedral was, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, a general gathering-place for merchants and business men, and a public parade, especially about noon. ²² Grotesque dance, mummary.

A PRETENDER TO LEARNING

Is one that would make all others more fools than himself, for though he know nothing, he would not have the world know so much. He conceits nothing in learning but the opinion, which he seeks to purchase without it, though he might with less labor cure his ignorance than hide it. He is indeed a kind of scholar-mountebank, and his art our delusion. He is tricked out in all the accoutrements of learning, and at the first encounter none passes better. He is oftener in his study than at his book, and you cannot pleasure him better than to deprehend him: yet he hears you not till the third knock, and then comes out very angry, as interrupted. You find him in his slippers and a pen in his ear, in which formality he was asleep. His table is spread wide with some classic folio, which is as constant to it as the carpet, and hath laid open in the same page this half year. His candle is always a longer sitter-up than himself, and the boast of his window at midnight. He walks much alone in the posture of meditation, and has a book still before his face in the fields. His pocket is seldom without a Greek Testament or Hebrew Bible, which he opens only in the church, and that when some stander-by looks over. He has sentences for company, some scatterings of Seneca and Tacitus, which are good upon all occasions. If he read anything in the morning, it comes up all at dinner; and as long as that lasts, the discourse is his. He is a great plagiary of tavern wit, and comes to sermons only that he may talk of Austin.²³ His parcels are the mere scrapings from company, yet he complains at parting what time he has lost. He is wondrously capricious to seem a judgment, and listens with a sour attention to what he understands not. He talks much of Scaliger,²⁴ and Casaubon,²⁵ and the Jesuits, and prefers some unheard of Dutch names before them all. He has verses to bring in upon these and these hints, and it

shall go hard but he will wind in his opportunity. He is critical in a language he cannot construe, and speaks seldom under Arminius²⁶ in divinity. His business and retirement and caller-away is his study, and he protests no delight to it comparable. He is a great nomenclator²⁷ of authors, which he has read in general in the catalogue, and in particular in the title, and goes seldom so far as the dedication. He never talks of anything but learning, and learns all from talking. Three encounters with the same men pump him, and then he only puts in or gravely says nothing. He has taken pains to be an ass, though not to be a scholar, and is at length discovered and laughed at.

A BLUNT MAN

Is one whose wit is better pointed than his behavior, and that coarse and unpolished, not out of ignorance so much as humor. He is a great enemy to the fine gentleman, and these things of compliment, and hates ceremony in conversation, as the Puritan in religion. He distinguishes not betwixt fair and double dealing, and suspects all smoothness for the dress of knavery. He starts at the encounter of a salutation as an assault, and beseeches you in choler to forbear your courtesy. He loves not anything in discourse that comes before the purpose, and is always suspicious of a preface. Himself falls rudely still on his matter without any circumstance, except he use an old proverb for an introduction. He swears old, out-of-date, innocent oaths, as, By the mass! By our lady! and such like, and though there be lords present, he cries, My masters! He is exceedingly in love with his humor, which makes him always profess and proclaim it, and you must take what he says patiently, "because he is a plain man." His nature is his excuse still, and other men's tyrant; for he must speak his mind, and that is his worst, and craves your pardon most in-

²³ St. Augustine.

²⁴ Julius Caesar Scaliger, 1484-1558, Italian Latin poet and philologist, or his son, Joseph Scaliger, 1540-1609, the famous scholar of Leyden.

²⁵ Isaac Casaubon, 1559-1614, French scholar, and first editor and translator of the *Characters of Theophrastus*.

²⁶ Jacobus Arminius, Dutch theologian, 1560-1609, the great opponent of Calvinism.

²⁷ A Roman slave whose function was to announce the names of the guests to the host.

juriously for not pardoning you. His jests best become him, because they come from him rudely and unaffected; and he has the luck commonly to have them famous. He is one that will do more than he will speak, and yet speak more than he will hear; for though he love to touch others, he is touchy himself, and seldom to his own abuses replies but with his fists. He is as squeazy ²⁸ of his commendations as his courtesy, and his good word is like an eulogy in a satire. He is generally better favored than he favors, as being commonly well expounded in his bitterness, and no man speaks trea-

²⁸ Niggardly.

son more securely. He chides great men with most boldness, and is counted for it an honest fellow. He is grumbling much in the behalf of the commonwealth, and is in prison oft for it with credit. He is generally honest, but more generally thought so, and his downrightness credits him, as a man not well bended and crookened ²⁹ to the times. In conclusion, he is not easily bad in whom this quality is nature, but the counterfeit is most dangerous, since he is disguised in a humor that professes not to disguise.

²⁹ "Crook-kneed."

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

(1605-1682)

The terms "unique" and "peculiar" may with more justice be applied to Sir Thomas Browne than to almost any other writer of his century. Certainly he and the author of *The Anatomy of Melancholy* together make a pair which, for their "touch of strangeness" and the rare flavor of their prose, it would be difficult for any other age or any other country to equal. Sir Thomas's life embraces the greater part of one of the most important and crucial centuries of English history, but from his own writings we know almost as little of the stirring events that were taking place about him as we should know of contemporary events in Campania from the song the Sirens sang. The early part of his life was spent in a manner which would have prepared him for the most distinguished and widespread services—he was educated at Winchester School, and at Oxford, afterward travelling through Ireland, France, and Italy, pursuing his medical studies at Montpellier, at Padua, and at Leyden—and yet he settled down in the market town of Norwich for nearly fifty years of the quiet practice of medicine, and the study of his own symptoms physical, mental, spiritual, and metaphysical. His first book, *Religio Medici*, was published in 1642, the very year of the outbreak of civil war, and during all the years in which the people of England were working out their own salvation and guaranteeing their liberties at the cost of their lives, Sir Thomas was peacefully carrying on his studies and investigations in all sorts of odd corners of human thought and speculation. In 1646, at one of the most critical periods in the struggle between the king and Parliament, he was publishing his *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, that strange study of "vulgar errors," and inquiring into the habits of unicorns and earwigs and glow-worms, and of the musical note of the swan before its death. In the year that Cromwell died came, not a treatise on the life and work of the great Protector, but a discourse on the sepulchral urns of some long-forgotten mortals who had died a thousand years before. A dead dog was inherently more interesting to him than a live lion. And the garden of Cyrus was to him of more moment than Whitehall or Westminster, or, it would seem, than all England itself.

Sir Thomas's interest in unusual happenings and strange phenomena of every sort was so great that one can but wonder at the curious detachment that caused him to overlook the strange new deeds which were being done round about him, with a king losing his head, and an ancient kingdom changing its government, and a new heaven and a new earth coming into being. But it was not in his nature to keep on the main road, or to see what others could not possibly have overlooked. He preferred always to take some bypath, to lose himself among the hedgerows of thought and speculation. If he found himself by accident pursuing the beaten path of the broad highway, he would deliberately turn into some obscure lane. "I love," he exclaimed, "to lose myself in a mystery, to pursue my reason to an *O Altitudo!*" It was the odd chance, the strange coincidence, the curious exception to the rule, rather than immutable laws and hard facts, that fascinated him. That a man should die upon his birthday, should finish his race upon the anniversary of the day on which he began to run it, for instance, was to Sir Thomas a circumstance which for interest would outweigh all other considerations of his passing,—except, perhaps, the unpresageable fate of his bones once they were committed to the earth. Sir Thomas died (let us hope that he was aware of it!) upon his own seventy-seventh birthday; and that his skull should have been exhumed more than a century later, and measured and discoursed and philosophized upon, would have afforded him, could he have known of it, another thrilling aspect of mortality.

While his contemporaries, therefore, were making practical discoveries and bringing about positive results in the realms of science, politics, and philosophy, he made magnificent meditations on the eternal futility of things, the brevity of human life, and the phenomena of mortality. While the country went down to Jericho and fell among thieves, Browne, like the Levite in the parable, passed by on the other side. The physician William Harvey discov-

ered the circulation of the blood during this period, and gave the world his great *De Motu Cordis*, but the physician Thomas Browne was composing "A Dialogue Between Two Twins in the Womb Concerning the World They Were to Come Into." It was a time when the successors of Galileo were recharting the heavens and laying the foundations of a new astronomy, but Browne's contribution to the new science of cosmology was only the fantastic "Dialogue Between an Inhabitant of the Earth and of the Moon." In scientific matters he was constantly halting between two opinions. He held to the old, and yet yearned for the new. He neither could nor would separate theology from science. With his right hand he held fast to tradition and the *verba magistrorum*, and with his left he grasped the principles of free inquiry and experimentation. While Sir Isaac Newton was evolving new laws of motion for planets and establishing a new theory of light, Sir Thomas Browne was living in and philosophizing about a world in which such things as planets and their inhabitants, their motions, hemispheres and equinoxes, and time and light, are all shadows, not substantial things. To what delightful relativity he reduces them all! "The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic which scarce stands one moment." "The sun itself is but the dark simulacrum, and light but the shadow of God." Such sublime detachment disarms criticism.

After all, both Sir Thomas and ourselves would have been the losers if he had done as all his contemporaries were doing. There are chroniclers enough and to spare for all the important events of the century, and they inform us sufficiently as to

"Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out."

English literature is the richer because Sir Thomas, like King Lear, took upon himself the mystery of things, as if he were God's spy; and the solemn and majestic prose in which he embalmed his meditations and fancies is the greatest legacy he could have left us.

HYDRIOTAPHIA; URN-BURIAL, OR A DISCOURSE OF THE SEPULCHRAL URNS LATELY FOUND IN NORFOLK

(Text: fifth edition, 1686)

TO MY
WORTHY AND HONORED FRIEND
THOMAS LE GROS
OF CROSTWICK, ESQUIRE

When the funeral pyre was out, and the last valediction over, men took a lasting adieu of their interred friends, little expecting the curiosity of future ages should comment upon their ashes; and, having no old experience of the duration of their relics, held no opinion of such after-considerations.

But who knows the fate of his bones, or how often he is to be buried? Who hath the oracle of his ashes, or whether they are to be scattered? The relics of many lie like the ruins of Pompeys, in all parts of the earth; and when they arrive at your hands,

these may seem to have wandered far, who, in a direct and meridian travel,¹ have but few miles of known earth between yourself and the pole.

That the bones of Theseus should be seen again in Athens was not beyond conjecture and hopeful expectation: but that these should arise so opportunely to serve yourself was an hit of fate, and honor beyond prediction.

We cannot but wish these urns might have the effect of theatrical vessels and great Hippodrome urns² in Rome, to resound the acclamations and honor due unto you. But these are sad and sepulchral pitchers, which have no joyful voices; silently expressing old mortality, the ruins of forgotten times, and can only speak with life, how long in this corruptible frame some parts may be uncorrupted; yet able

NOTE. — Marginal comments by Sir Thomas Browne are marked [B.]

¹ Little directly but sea between your house and Greenland. [B.]

² The great urns in the Hippodrome at Rome, conceived to resound the voices of people at their shows. [B.]

to outlast bones long unborn, and noblest pile amongst us.

We present not these as any strange sight or spectacle unknown to your eyes, who have beheld the best of urns and noblest variety of ashes; who are yourself no slender master of antiquities, and can daily command the view of so many imperial faces; which raiseth your thoughts unto old things and consideration of times before you, when even living men were antiquities; when the living might exceed the dead, and to depart this world could not be properly said to go unto the greater number. And so run up your thoughts upon the Ancient of Days, the antiquary's truest object, unto whom the eldest parcels are young, and earth itself an infant, and without Egyptian³ account makes but small noise in thousands.

We were hinted by the occasion, not caught the opportunity to write of old things, or intrude upon the antiquary. We are coldly drawn unto discourses of antiquities, who have scarce time before us to comprehend new things, or make out learned novelties. But seeing they arose, as they lay almost in silence among us, at least in short account suddenly passed over, we were very unwilling they should die again, and be buried twice among us.

Besides, to preserve the living, and make the dead to live, to keep men out of their urns, and discourse of human fragments in them, is not impertinent unto our profession, whose study is life and death, who daily behold examples of mortality, and of all men least need artificial mementos, or coffins by our bedside, to mind us of our graves.

'Tis time to observe occurrences, and let nothing remarkable escape us: the supinity of elder days hath left so much in silence, or time hath so martyred the records, that the most industrious heads do find no easy work to erect a new *Britannia*.

'Tis opportune to look back upon old times, and contemplate our forefathers. Great examples grow thin, and to be fetched from the passed world. Simplicity flies away, and iniquity comes at long strides

upon us. We have enough to do to make up ourselves from present and passed times, and the whole stage of things scarce serveth for our instruction. A complete piece of virtue must be made from the *centos* of all ages, as all the beauties of Greece could make but one handsome Venus.

When the bones of King Arthur were digged up,⁴ the old race might think they beheld therein some originals of themselves; unto these of our urns none here can pretend relation, and can only behold the relics of those persons, who, in their life giving the laws unto their predecessors, after long obscurity, now lie at their mercies. But, remembering the early civility they brought upon these countries, and forgetting long-passed mischiefs, we mercifully preserve their bones, and piss not upon their ashes.

In the offer of these antiquities we drive not at ancient families, so long outlasted by them. We are far from erecting your worth upon the pillars of your forefathers, whose merits you illustrate. We honor your old virtues, conformable unto times before you, which are the noblest armory. And, having long experience of your friendly conversation, void of empty formality, full of freedom, constant and generous honesty, I look upon you as a gem of the old rock, and must profess myself even to urn and ashes,

Your ever faithful Friend
and Servant,
THOMAS BROWNE

Norwich, May 1 [1658].

HYDRIOTAPHIA; URN-BURIAL

CHAPTER I

In the deep discovery of the subterranean world, a shallow part would satisfy some enquirers; who, if two or three yards were open about the surface, would not care to rake the bowels of Potosi,⁵ and regions towards the centre. Nature hath furnished one part of the earth, and man another. The treasures of time lie high, in urns, coins, and monuments, scarce be-

³ Which makes the world so many years old. [R.]

⁴ In the time of Henry the Second. — *Camden*. [B.]

⁵ The rich mountain of Peru. [B.]

low the roots of some vegetables. Time hath endless rarities, and shows of all varieties; which reveals old things in heaven, makes new discoveries in earth, and even earth itself a discovery. That great antiquity America lay buried for thousands of years, and a large part of the earth is still in the urn unto us.

Though, if Adam were made out of an extract of the earth, all parts might challenge a restitution, yet few have returned their bones far lower than they might receive them; not affecting the graves of giants, under hilly and heavy coverings, but content with less than their own depth, have wished their bones might lie soft, and the earth be light upon them. Even such as hope to rise again would not be content with central interment, or so desperately to place their relics as to lie beyond discovery, and in no way to be seen again; which happy contrivance hath made communication with our forefathers, and left unto our view some parts which they never beheld themselves.

Though earth hath engrossed the name, yet water hath proved the smartest grave; which in forty days swallowed almost mankind, and the living creation; fishes not wholly escaping, except the salt ocean were handsomely contempered by a mixture of the fresh element.

Many have taken voluminous pains to determine the state of the soul upon disunion; but men have been most phantastical in the singular contrivances of their corporal dissolution: whilst the soberest nations have rested in two ways, of simple inhumation and burning.

That carnal interment or burying was of the elder date, the old examples of Abraham and the patriarchs are sufficient to illustrate; and were without competition, if it could be made out that Adam was buried near Damascus, or Mount Calvary, according to some tradition. God himself, that buried but one, was pleased to make choice of this way, collectible from Scripture expression, and the hot contest between Satan and the archangel, about discovering the body of Moses. But the practice of burning was also of great antiquity,

and of no slender extent. For (not to derive the same from Hercules) noble descriptions there are hereof in the Grecian funerals of Homer, in the formal obsequies of Patroclus and Achilles; and somewhat elder in the Theban war, and solemn combustion of Meneceus, and Archemorus, contemporary unto Jair the eighth judge of Israel. Confirmable also among the Trojans, from the funeral pyre of Hector, burnt before the gates of Troy: and the burning of Penthesilea the Amazonian queen: and long continuance of that practice, in the inward countries of Asia; while as low as the reign of Julian, we find that the king of Chionia burnt the body of his son, and interred the ashes in a silver urn.

The same practice extended also far west; and, besides Herulians, Getes, and Thracians, was in use with most of the Celtæ, Sarmatians, Germans, Gauls, Danes, Swedes, Norwegians; not to omit some use thereof among the Carthaginians and Americans. Of great antiquity among the Romans than most opinion, or Pliny seems to allow: for (beside the old Table Laws of burning or burying within the city, of making the funeral fire with planed wood, or quenching the fire with wine) Manlius, the consul, burnt the body of his son: Numa, by a special clause in his will, was not burnt but buried; and Remus was solemnly burnt, according to the description of Ovid.

Cornelius Sylla was not the first whose body was burned in Rome, but of the Cornelian family; which, being indifferently, not frequently used before, from that time spread, and became the prevalent practice. Not totally pursued in the highest run of cremation; for when even crows were funerally burnt, Poppæa the wife of Nero found a peculiar grave interment. Now as all customs were founded upon some bottom of reason, so there wanted not grounds for this; according to several apprehensions of the most rational dissolution. Some being of the opinion of Thales, that water was the original of all things, thought it most equal to submit unto the principle of putrefaction, and conclude in a moist relement.⁶ Others conceived it most natural

⁶ Dissolution.

to end in fire, as due unto the master principle in the composition, according to the doctrine of Heraclitus; and therefore heaped up large piles, more actively to waft them toward that element, whereby they also declined a visible degeneration into worms, and left a lasting parcel of their composition.

Some apprehended a purifying virtue in fire, refining the grosser commixture, and firing out the ethereal particles so deeply immersed in it. And such as by tradition or rational conjecture held any hint of the final pyre of all things, or that this element at last must be too hard for all the rest, might conceive most naturally of the fiery dissolution. Others pretending no natural grounds, politicly declined the malice of enemies upon their buried bodies. Which consideration led Sylla unto this practice; who having thus served the body of Marius, could not but fear a retaliation upon his own; entertained after in the civil wars, and revengeful contentions of Rome.

But, as many nations embraced, and many left it indifferent, so others too much affected, or strictly declined this practice. The Indian Brachmans seemed too great friends unto fire, who burnt themselves alive, and thought it the noblest way to end their days in fire; according to the expression of the Indian, burning himself at Athens,⁷ in his last words upon the pyre unto the amazed spectators, "Thus I make myself immortal."

But the Chaldeans, the great idolaters of fire, abhorred the burning of their carcasses, as a pollution of that deity. The Persian Magi declined it upon the like scruple, and being only solicitous about their bones, exposed their flesh to the prey of birds and dogs. And the Parsees now in India, which expose their bodies unto vultures, and endure not so much as *feretra* or biers of wood, the proper fuel of fire, are led on with such niceties. But whether the ancient Germans, who burned their dead, held any such fear to pollute their deity of Herthus, or the Earth, we have no authentic conjecture.

The Egyptians were afraid of fire, not

as a deity, but a devouring element, mercilessly consuming their bodies, and leaving too little of them; and therefore by precious embalmments, depositure in dry earths, or handsome inclosure in glasses, contrived the notabest ways of integral conservation. And from such Egyptian scruples, imbibed by Pythagoras, it may be conjectured that Numa and the Pythagorical sect first waived the fiery solution.

The Scythians, who swore by wind and sword, that is, by life and death, were so far from burning their bodies that they declined all interment, and made their graves in the air: and the Ichthyophagi, or fish-eating nations about Egypt, affected the sea for their graves; thereby declining visible corruption, and restoring the debt of their bodies. Whereas the old heroes, in Homer, dreaded nothing more than water or drowning; probably upon the old opinion of the fiery substance of the soul, only extinguishable by that element; and therefore the poet emphatically implieth the total destruction in this kind of death, which happened to Ajax Oileus.

The old Balearians had a peculiar mode, for they used great urns and much wood, but no fire in their burials, while they bruised the flesh and bones of the dead, crowded them into urns, and laid heaps of wood upon them. And the Chinese, without cremation or urnal interment of their bodies, make use of trees and much burning, while they plant a pine-tree by their grave, and burn great numbers of printed draughts of slaves and horses over it, civilly content with their companies in effigy, which barbarous nations exact unto reality.

Christians abhorred this way of obsequies, and though they sticked not to give their bodies to be burned in their lives, detested that mode after death; affecting rather a depositure than absumption, and properly submitting unto the sentence of God, to return not unto ashes but unto dust again, conformable unto the practice of the patriarchs, the interment of our Savior, of Peter, Paul, and the ancient martyrs. And so far at last declining promiscuous interment with Pagans that some have

⁷ And therefore the inscription of his tomb was made accordingly. [B.]

suffered ecclesiastical censures for making no scruple thereof.

The Mussulman believers will never admit this fiery resolution. For they hold a present trial from their black and white angels in the grave; which they must have made so hollow that they may rise upon their knees.

The Jewish nation, though they entertained the old way of inhumation, yet sometimes admitted this practice. For the men of Jabesh burnt the body of Saul; and by no prohibited practice, to avoid contagion or pollution, in time of pestilence, burnt the bodies of their friends.⁸ And when they burnt not their dead bodies, yet sometimes used great burnings near and about them, deducible from the expressions concerning Jehoram, Zedechias, and the sumptuous pyre of Asa. And were so little averse from Pagan burning that the Jews, lamenting the death of Cæsar, their friend and revenger on Pompey, frequented the place where his body was burnt for many nights together. And as they raised noble monuments and mausoleums for their own nation,⁹ so they were not scrupulous in erecting some for others, according to the practice of Daniel, who left that lasting sepulchral pile in Ecabata for the Median and Persian kings.

But even in times of subjection and hottest use, they conformed not unto the Roman practice of burning; whereby the prophecy was secured concerning the body of Christ, that it should not see corruption, or a bone should not be broken; which we believe was also providentially prevented from the soldier's spear and nails that passed by the little bones both in his hands and feet; not of ordinary contrivance, that it should not corrupt on the cross, according to the laws of Roman crucifixion; or an hair of his head perish, though observable in Jewish customs, to cut the hairs of malefactors.

Nor in their long cohabitation with Egyptians crept into a custom of their exact embalming, wherein deeply slashing the muscles, and taking out the brains and entrails, they had broken the subject of so

entire a resurrection, nor fully answered the types of Enoch, Elijah, or Jonah, which yet to prevent or restore, was of equal facility unto that rising power, able to break the fasciations¹⁰ and bands of death, to get clear out of the cerecloth, and an hundred pounds of ointment, and out of the sepulchre before the stone was rolled from it.

But though they embraced not this practice of burning, yet entertained they many ceremonies agreeable unto Greek and Roman obsequies. And he that observeth their funeral feasts, their lamentations at the grave, their music, and weeping mourners, how they closed the eyes of their friends, how they washed, anointed, and kissed the dead, may easily conclude these were not mere Pagan civilities. But whether that mournful burthen, and treble calling out after Absalom,¹¹ had any reference unto the last conclamation and triple valediction used by other nations we hold but a wavering conjecture.

Civilians make sepulture but of the law of nations, others do naturally found it and discover it also in animals. They that are so thick-skinned as still to credit the story of the Phœnix, may say something for animal burning. More serious conjectures find some examples of sepulture in elephants, cranes, the sepulchral cells of pismires, and practice of bees, — which civil society carrieth out their dead, and hath exequies, if not interments.

CHAPTER II

The solemnities, ceremonies, rites of their cremation or interment, so solemnly delivered by authors, we shall not disparage our reader to repeat. Only the last and lasting part in their urns, collected bones and ashes, we cannot wholly omit, or decline that subject, which occasion lately presented in some discovered among us.

In a field of Old Walsingham, not many months past, were digged up between forty and fifty urns, deposited in a dry and sandy soil, not a yard deep, nor far from one

⁸ Amos 8:10. [B.]

⁹ As that magnificent sepulchral monument erected by Simon, I Maccabees 13. [B.]

¹⁰ Bandages.

¹¹ II Samuel 18:33.

another. Not all strictly of one figure, but most answering these described: some containing two pounds of bones, distinguishable in skulls, ribs, jaws, thigh bones, and teeth, with fresh impressions of their combustion; besides the extraneous substances, like pieces of small boxes, or combs handsomely wrought, handles of small brass instruments, brazen nippers, and in one some kind of opal.

Near the same plot of ground, for about six yards' compass, were digged up coals and incinerated substances, which begat conjecture that this was the *ustrina* or place of burning their bodies, or some sacrificing place unto the *manes*, which was properly below the surface of the ground, as the *aræ* and altars unto the gods and heroes above it.

That these were the urns of Romans, from the common custom and place where they were found, is no obscure conjecture, not far from a Roman garrison, and but five miles from Brancaster, set down by ancient record under the name of Brannodunum. And where the adjoining town, containing seven parishes, in no very different sound, but Saxon termination, still retains the name of Burnham, which being an early station, it is not improbable the neighbor parts were filled with habitations, either of Romans themselves, or Britons Romanized, which observed the Roman customs.

Nor is it improbable that the Romans early possessed this country. For though we meet not with such strict particulars of these parts before the new institution of Constantine and military charge of the count of the Saxon shore, and that about the Saxon invasions, the Dalmatian horsemen were in the garrison of Brancaster; yet in the time of Claudius, Vespasian, and Severus, we find no less than three legions dispersed through the province of Britain. And as high as the reign of Claudius a great overthrow was given unto the Iceni, by the Roman lieutenant Ostorius. Not long after, the country was so molested that, in hope of a better state, Prasutagus be-

queathed his kingdom unto Nero and his daughters; and Boadicea, his queen, fought the last decisive battle with Paulinus. After which time, and conquest of Agricola, the lieutenant of Vespasian, probable it is, they wholly possessed this country, ordering it into garrisons or habitations best suitable with their securities; and so some Roman habitations not improbable in these parts, as high as the time of Vespasian, where the Saxons after seated, in whose thin-filled maps we yet find the name of Walsingham. Now if the Iceni were but Gammadims, Anconians, or men that lived in an angle, wedge, or elbow of Britain, according to the original etymology, this country will challenge the emphatical appellation, as most properly making the elbow or *iken* of Icenia.

That Britain was notably populous is undeniable, from that expression of Cæsar.¹² That the Romans themselves were early in no small numbers, seventy thousand, with their associates, slain by Boadicea, affords a sure account. And though not many Roman habitations are now known, yet some, by old works, rampiers, coins, and urns, do testify their possessions. Some urns have been found at Castor, some also about Southereak, and, not many years past, no less than ten in a field at Buxton, not near any recorded garrison. Nor is it strange to find Roman coins of copper and silver among us; of Vespasian, Trajan, Adrian, Commodus, Antoninus, Severus, etc.; but the greater number of Dioclesian, Constantine, Constans, Valens, with many of Victorinus, Posthumius, Tetricus, and the thirty Tyrants in the reign of Gallienus; and some as high as Adrianus have been found about Thetford, or Sitomagus, mentioned in the Itinerary of Antoninus, as the way from Venta or Castor unto London. But the most frequent discovery is made at the two Castors by Norwich and Yarmouth, at Burghcastle, and Brancaster.

Besides the Norman, Saxon, and Danish pieces of Cuthred, Canutus, William, Matilda,¹³ and others, some British coins of gold have been dispersedly found, and no

¹² "*Hominum infinita multitudo est, creberrimaque* Gallico v. 12. [B.]

¹³ A piece of Maud, the Empress, said to be found in Buckenham Castle, with this inscription, "*Elle n'a elle.*" [B.]

edificia fere Gallicis consimilia." — Cæs., *De Bello*

small number of silver pieces near Norwich, with a rude head upon the obverse, and an ill-formed horse on the reverse, with inscriptions *Ic. Duro. T.*; whether implying Icenii, Durotriges, Tascia, or Trinobantes, we leave to higher conjecture. Vulgar chronology will have Norwich Castle as old as Julius Cæsar; but his distance from these parts, and its Gothic form of structure, abridgeth such antiquity. The British coins afford conjecture of early habitation in these parts, though the city of Norwich arose from the ruins of Venta; and though, perhaps, not without some habitation before was enlarged, builded, and nominated by the Saxons. In what bulk or populosity it stood in the old East-Angle monarchy tradition and history are silent. Considerable it was in the Danish eruptions, when Sueno burnt Thetford and Norwich, and Ulfketel, the governor thereof, was able to make some resistance, and after endeavored to burn the Danish navy.

How the Romans left so many coins in countries of their conquests seems of hard resolution, except we consider how they buried them under ground when, upon barbarous invasions, they were fain to desert their habitations in most part of their empire, and the strictness of their laws forbidding to transfer them to any other uses: wherein the Spartans were singular, who, to make their copper money useless, contempered it with vinegar. That the Britons left any, some wonder, since their money was iron and iron rings before Cæsar; and those of after-stamp by permission, and but small in bulk and bigness. That so few of the Saxons remain, because, overcome by succeeding conquerors upon the place, their coins, by degrees, passed into other stamps and the marks of after-ages.

Than the time of these urns deposited, or precise antiquity of these relics, nothing of more uncertainty; for since the lieutenant of Claudius seems to have made the first progress into these parts, since Boadicea was overthrown by the forces of Nero, and Agricola put a full end to these conquests, it is not probable the country was fully garrisoned or planned before; and, therefore, however these urns might be of later date, not likely of higher antiquity.

And the succeeding emperors desisted not from their conquests in these and other parts, as testified by history and medal-inscription yet extant: the province of Britain, in so divided a distance from Rome, beholding the faces of many imperial persons, and in large account, no fewer than Cæsar, Claudius, Britannicus, Vespasian, Titus, Adrian, Severus, Commodus, Geta, and Caracalla.

A great obscurity herein, because no medal or emperor's coin enclosed, which might denote the date of their interments; observable in many urns, and found in those of Spitalfields, by London, which contained the coins of Claudius, Vespasian, Commodus, Antoninus, attended with lacrymatories, lamps, bottles of liquor, and other appurtenances of affectionate superstition, which in these rural interments were wanting.

Some uncertainty there is from the period or term of burning, or the cessation of that practice. Macrobius affirmeth it was disused in his days; but most agree, though without authentic record, that it ceased with the Antonini,—most safely to be understood after the reign of those emperors which resumed the name of Antoninus, extending unto Heliogabalus. Not strictly after Marcus; for about fifty years later, we find the magnificent burning and consecration of Severus; and, if we so fix this period or cessation, these urns will challenge above thirteen hundred years.

But whether this practice was only then left by emperors and great persons, or generally about Rome, and not in other provinces, we hold no authentic account; for after Tertullian, in the days of Minucius, it was obviously objected upon Christians, that they condemned the practice of burning. And we find a passage in Sidonius, which asserteth that practice in France unto a lower account. And, perhaps, not fully disused till Christianity fully established, which gave the final extinction to these sepulchral bonfires.

Whether they were the bones of men, or women, or children, no authentic decision from ancient custom in distinct places of burial. Although not improbably conjectured that the double sepulture or burying-

place of Abraham ¹⁴ had in it such intention. But from exility ¹⁵ of bones, thinness of skulls, smallness of teeth, ribs, and thigh bones, not improbable that many thereof were persons of minor age, or women. Confirmable also from things contained in them. In most were found substances resembling combs, plates like boxes, fastened with iron pins, and handsomely overwrought like the necks or bridges of musical instruments; long brass plates overwrought like the handles of neat implements; brazen nippers to pull away hair; and in one a kind of opal yet maintaining a bluish color.

Now that they accustomed to burn or bury with them things wherein they excelled, delighted, or which were dear unto them, either as farewells unto all pleasure, or vain apprehension that they might use them in the other world, is testified by all antiquity, observable from the gem or beryl ring upon the finger of Cynthia, the mistress of Propertius, when after her funeral pyre her ghost appeared unto him; and notably illustrated from the contents of that Roman urn preserved by Cardinal Farnese, wherein besides great numbers of gems with heads of gods and goddesses, were found an ape of agate, a grasshopper, an elephant of amber, a crystal ball, three glasses, two spoons, and six nuts of crystal; and beyond the content of urns, in the monument of Childerick the First, and fourth king from Pharamond, casually discovered three years past at Tournay, restoring unto the world much gold richly adorning his sword, two hundred rubies, many hundred imperial coins, three hundred golden bees, the bones and horse-shoes of his horse interred with him, according to the barbarous magnificence of those days in their sepulchral obsequies. Although, if we steer by the conjecture of many and Septuagint expression, some trace thereof may be found even with the ancient Hebrews, not only from the sepulchral treasure of David, but the circumcision knives which Joshua also buried.

Some men, considering the contents of these urns, lasting pieces and toys included in them, and the custom of burning with many other nations, might somewhat doubt whether all urns found among us were

properly Roman relics, or some not belonging unto our British, Saxon, or Danish forefathers.

In the form of burial among the ancient Britons, the large discourses of Cæsar, Tacitus, and Strabo are silent. For the discovery whereof, with other particulars, we much deplore the loss of that letter which Cicero expected or received from his brother Quintus, as a resolution of British customs; or the account which might have been made by Scribonius Largus, the physician, accompanying the Emperor Claudius, who might have also discovered that frugal bit of the old Britons, which in the bigness of a bean could satisfy their thirst and hunger.

But that the Druids and ruling priests used to burn and bury is expressed by Pomponius; that Bellinus, the brother of Brennus, and king of Britons, was burnt, is acknowledged by Polydorus, as also by Amandus Zierexensis in *Historia*, and Pinda in his *Universa Historia* (Spanish). That they held that practice in Gallia, Cæsar expressly delivereth. Whether the Britons (probably descended from them, of like religion, language, and manners) did not sometimes make use of burning, or whether at least such as were after civilized unto the Roman life and manners conformed not unto this practice, we have no historical assertion or denial. But since, from the account of Tacitus, the Romans early wrought so much civility upon the British stock that they brought them to build temples, to wear the gown, and study the Roman laws and language, that they conformed also unto their religious rites and customs in burials seems no improbable conjecture.

That burning the dead was used in Sarmatia is affirmed by Gaguinus; that the Sueons and Gothlanders used to burn their princes and great persons is delivered by Saxo and Olaus; that this was the old German practice is also asserted by Tacitus. And though we are bare in historical particulars of such obsequies in this island, or that the Saxons, Jutes, and Angles burnt their dead, yet came they from parts where 'twas of ancient practice; the Germans using it, from whom they were descended.

¹⁴ Genesis 23.

¹⁵ Thinness, weakness.

And even in Jutland and Sleswick in Anglia Cymbrica, urns with bones were found not many years before us.

But the Danish and northern nations have raised an era or point of compute from their custom of burning their dead: some deriving it from Unguinus, some from Frotho the Great, who ordained by law that princes and chief commanders should be committed unto the fire, though the common sort had the common grave interment. So Starkatterus, that old hero, was burnt, and Ringo royally burnt the body of Harold the king slain by him.

What time this custom generally expired in that nation, we discern no assured period; whether it ceased before Christianity, or upon their conversion, by Ansgarius the Gaul, in the time of Ludovicus Pius the son of Charles the Great, according to good computes, or whether it might not be used by some persons, while for an hundred and eighty years Paganism and Christianity were promiscuously embraced among them, there is no assured conclusion. About which times the Danes were busy in England, and particularly infested this country; where many castles and strongholds were built by them, or against them, and great number of names and families still derived from them. But since this custom was probably disused before their invasion or conquest, and the Romans confessedly practised the same since their possession of this island, the most assured account will fall upon the Romans, or Britons Romanized.

However, certain it is that urns conceived of no Roman original are often digged up both in Norway and Denmark, handsomely described, and graphically represented by the learned physician Wormius. And in some parts of Denmark in no ordinary number, as stands delivered by authors exactly describing those countries. And they contained not only bones, but many other substances in them, as knives, pieces of iron, brass, and wood, and one of Norway a brass gilded jew's-harp.

Nor were they confused or careless in disposing the noblest sort, while they placed large stones in circle about the urns or bodies which they interred: somewhat an-

swerable unto the monument of Rollrich stones in England, or sepulchral monument probably erected by Rollo, who after conquered Normandy; where 'tis not improbable somewhat might be discovered. Meanwhile to what nation or person belonged that large urn found at Ashbury, containing mighty bones and a buckler; what those large urns found at Little Massingham; or why the Anglesea urns are placed with their mouths downward, remains yet undiscovered.

CHAPTER III

Plastered and whited sepulchres were anciently affected in cadaverous and corrupted burials; and the rigid Jews were wont to garnish the sepulchres of the righteous.¹⁶ Ulysses, in Hecuba, cared not how meanly he lived so he might find a noble tomb after death.¹⁷ Great princes affected great monuments; and the fair and larger urns contained no vulgar ashes, which makes that disparity in those which time discovereth among us. The present urns were not of one capacity, the largest containing above a gallon, some not much above half that measure; nor all of one figure, wherein there is no strict conformity in the same or different countries; observable from those represented by Casalius, Bosio, and others, though all found in Italy; while many have handles, ears, and long necks, but most imitate a circular figure, in a spherical and round composure; whether from any mystery, best duration or capacity, were but a conjecture. But the common form with necks was a proper figure, making our last bed like our first; nor much unlike the urns of our nativity while we lay in the nether part of the earth,¹⁸ and inward vault of our microcosm. Many urns are red, these but of a black color, somewhat smooth, and dully sounding, which begat some doubt whether they were burnt, or only baked in oven or sun, according to the ancient way, in many bricks, tiles, pots, and testaceous works; and, as the word *testa* is properly to be taken, when occurring without addition and chiefly intended by Pliny, when he commendeth

¹⁶ Matthew 23:29.

¹⁷ Euripides, Hecuba v. 317.

¹⁸ Psalm 63. [B.]

bricks and tiles of two years old, and to make them in the spring. Nor only these concealed pieces, but the open magnificence of antiquity, ran much in the artifice of clay. Hereof the house of Mausolus was built, thus old Jupiter stood in the Capitol, and the *statua* of Hercules, made in the reign of Tarquinius Priscus, was extant in Pliny's days. And such as declined burning or funeral urns affected coffins of clay, according to the mode of Pythagoras, and way preferred by Varro. But the spirit of great ones was above these circumscriptions, affecting copper, silver, gold, and porphyry urns, wherein Severus lay, after a serious view and sentence on that which should contain him. Some of these urns were thought to have been silvered over, from sparklings in several pots, with small tinsel parcels; uncertain whether from the earth, or the first mixture in them.

Among these urns we could obtain no good account of their coverings; only one seemed arched over with some kind of brick-work. Of those found at Buxton, some were covered with flints, some, in other parts, with tiles; those at Yarmouth Caster were closed with Roman bricks, and some have proper earthen covers adapted and fitted to them. But in the Homerial urn of Patroclus, whatever was the solid tegument, we find the immediate covering to be a purple piece of silk: and such as had no covers might have the earth closely pressed into them, after which disposure were probably some of these, wherein we found the bones and ashes half mortared unto the sand and sides of the urn, and some long roots of quich, or dog's-grass, wreathed about the bones.

No lamps, included liquors, lacrymatories, or tear bottles, attended these rural urns, either as sacred unto the *manes*, or passionate expressions of their surviving friends. While with rich flames, and hired tears, they solemnized their obsequies, and in the most lamented monuments made one part of their inscriptions.¹⁹ Some find sepulchral vessels containing liquors, which time hath incassated into jellies. For, besides these

lacrymatories, notable lamps, with vessels of oils, and aromatical liquors, attended noble ossuaries; and some yet retaining a vinosity and spirit in them, which, if any have tasted, they have far exceeded the palates of antiquity. Liquors not to be computed by years of annual magistrates, but by great conjunctions and the fatal periods of kingdoms.²⁰ The draughts of consulary date were but crude unto these, and Opimian wine²¹ but in the must unto them.

In sundry graves and sepulchres we meet with rings, coins, and chalices. Ancient frugality was so severe that they allowed no gold to attend the corpse but only that which served to fasten their teeth. Whether the opaline stone in this urn were burnt upon the finger of the dead, or cast into the fire by some affectionate friend, it will consist with either custom. But other incinerable substances were found so fresh that they could feel no singe from fire. These, upon view, were judged to be wood; but, sinking in water, and tried by the fire, we found them to be bone or ivory. In their hardness and yellow color they most resembled box, which, in old expressions, found the epithet of eternal, and perhaps in such conservatories might have passed uncorrupted.

That bay leaves were found green in the tomb of St. Humbert, after an hundred and fifty years, was looked upon as miraculous. Remarkable it was unto old spectators that the cypress of the temple of Diana lasted so many hundred years. The wood of the ark, and olive-rod of Aaron, were older at the captivity; but the cypress of the ark of Noah was the greatest vegetable antiquity, if Josephus were not deceived by some fragments of it in his days: to omit the moor logs and fir trees found underground in many parts of England; the undated ruins of winds, floods, or earthquakes, and which in Flanders still show from what quarter they fell, as generally lying in a northeast position.

But though we found not these pieces to be wood, according to first apprehensions, yet we missed not altogether of some woody

¹⁹ "*Cum lacrymis posuere.*" [B.]

²⁰ About five hundred years. — Plato. [B.]

²¹ *Vinum Opimianum annorum centum.* — Petronius. [B.]

substance; for the bones were not so clearly picked but some coals were found amongst them; a way to make wood perpetual, and a fit associate for metal, whereon was laid the foundation of the great Ephesian temple, and which were made the lasting tests of old boundaries and landmarks. Whilst we look on these, we admire not observations of coals found fresh after four hundred years. In a long-deserted habitation even egg-shells have been found fresh, not tending to corruption.

In the monument of King Childerick the iron relics were found all rusty and crumbling into pieces; but our little iron pins, which fastened the ivory works, held well together, and lost not their magnetical quality, though wanting a tenacious moisture for the firmer union of parts; although it be hardly drawn into fusion, yet that metal soon submitteth unto rust and dissolution. In the brazen pieces we admired not the duration, but the freedom from rust, and ill savor, upon the hardest attrition; but now exposed unto the piercing atoms of air, in the space of a few months, they begin to spot and betray their green entrails. We conceive not these urns to have descended thus naked as they appear, or to have entered their graves without the old habit of flowers. The urn of Philopœmen was so laden with flowers and ribbons that it afforded no sight of itself. The rigid Lycurgus allowed olive and myrtle. The Athenians might fairly except against the practice of Democritus to be buried up in honey, as fearing to embezzle a great commodity of their country, and the best of that kind in Europe. But Plato seemed too frugally politic, who allowed no larger monument than would contain four heroic verses, and designed the most barren ground for sepulture: though we cannot commend the goodness of that sepulchral ground which was set at no higher rate than the mean salary of Judas. Though the earth had confounded the ashes of these ossuaries, yet the bones were so smartly burnt that some thin plates of brass were found half melted

among them. Whereby we apprehend they were not of the meanest carcases, perfunctorily fired, as sometimes in military, and commonly in pestilence, burnings; or after the manner of abject corpses, huddled forth and carelessly burned, without the Esquiline Port at Rome; which was an affront continued upon Tiberius, while they but half burnt his body, and in the amphitheatre, according to the custom in notable malefactors; whereas Nero seemed not so much to fear his death as that his head should be cut off and his body not burnt entire.

Some, finding many fragments of skulls in these urns, suspected a mixture of bones; in none we searched was there cause of such conjecture, though sometimes they declined not that practice. — The ashes of Domitian were mingled with those of Julia; of Achilles with those of Patroclus. All urns contained not single ashes; without confused burnings they affectionately compounded their bones; passionately endeavoring to continue their living unions. And when distance of death denied such conjunctions, unsatisfied affections conceived some satisfaction to be neighbors in the grave, to lie urn by urn, and touch but in their names. And many were so curious to continue their living relations that they contrived large and family urns, wherein the ashes of their nearest friends and kindred might successively be received, at least some parcels thereof, while their collateral memorials lay in minor vessels about them.

Antiquity held too light thoughts from objects of mortality, while some drew provocatives of mirth from anatomies,²² and jugglers showed tricks with skeletons; when fiddlers made not so pleasant mirth as fencers, and men could sit with quiet stomachs, while hanging was played before them.²³ Old considerations made few mementos by skulls and bones upon their monuments. In the Egyptian obelisks and hieroglyphical figures it is not easy to meet with bones. The sepulchral lamps speak nothing less than sepulture, and in their

22 "*Sic erimus cuncti*," etc. *Ergo dum vivimus vivamus*. [B.]

23 *Ἀρχόμενοι παίζειν*. A barbarous pastime at feasts [among the Thracians] when men stood upon a rolling globe, with their necks in a rope, and a knife in their hands, ready to cut it when the stone was rolled away; wherein if they failed, they lost their lives, to the laughter of their spectators. — Athenæus. [B.]

literal draughts prove often obscene and antic pieces. Where we find *D. M.*²⁴ it is obvious to meet with sacrificing *pateras* and vessels of libation upon old sepulchral monuments. In the Jewish hypogæum and subterranean cell at Rome, was little observable beside the variety of lamps and frequent draughts of the holy candlestick. In authentic draughts of Anthony and Jerome we meet with thigh bones and death's-heads; but the cemeterial cells of ancient Christians and martyrs were filled with draughts of Scripture stories; not declining the flourishes of cypress, palms, and olive, and the mystical figures of peacocks, doves, and cocks; but iterately affecting the portraits of Enoch, Lazarus, Jonas, and the vision of Ezekiel, as hopeful draughts, and hinting imagery of the resurrection, which is the life of the grave, and sweetens our habitations in the land of moles and pismires.

Gentile inscriptions precisely delivered the extent of men's lives, seldom the manner of their deaths, which history itself so often leaves obscure in the records of memorable persons. There is scarce any philosopher but dies twice or thrice in Laërtius; nor almost any life without two or three deaths in Plutarch; which makes the tragical ends of noble persons more favorably resented by compassionate readers who find some relief in the election of such differences.

The certainty of death is attended with uncertainties, in time, manner, places. The variety of monuments hath often obscured true graves; and cenotaphs confounded sepulchres. For beside their real tombs, many have found honorary and empty sepulchres. The variety of Homer's monuments made him of various countries. Euripides had his tomb in [Attica], but his sepulture in Macedonia. And Severus found his real sepulchre in Rome, but his empty grave in Gallia.

He that lay in a golden urn²⁵ eminently above the earth was not like to find the quiet of his bones. Many of these urns were broke by a vulgar discoverer in hope of enclosed treasure. The ashes of Marcellus

were lost above ground, upon the like account. Where profit hath prompted, no age hath wanted such miners; for which the most barbarous explorers²⁶ found the most civil rhetoric: — "Gold once out of the earth is no more due unto it,"²⁷ what was unreasonably committed to the ground is reasonably resumed from it; — let monuments and rich fabrics, not riches, adorn men's ashes; — the commerce of the living is not to be transferred unto the dead; — it is not injustice to take that which none complains to lose, and no man is wronged where no man is possessor."

What virtue yet sleeps in this *terra damnata* and aged cinders, were petty magic to experiment. These crumbling relics and long fired particles superannuate such expectations; bones, hairs, nails, and teeth of the dead, were the treasures of old sorcerers. In vain we revive such practices; present superstition too visibly perpetuates the folly of our forefathers, wherein unto old observation this island was so complete that it might have instructed Persia.

Plato's historian of the other world lies twelve days incorrupted, while his soul was viewing the large stations of the dead. How to keep the corpse seven days from corruption by anointing and washing, without exenteration, were an hazardable piece of art, in our choicest practice. How they made distinct separation of bones and ashes from fiery admixture, hath found no historical solution; though they seemed to make a distinct collection, and overlooked not Pyrrhus his toe.²⁸ Some provision they might make by fictile vessels, coverings, tiles, or flat stones, upon and about the body (and in the same field, not far from these urns, many stones were found under ground), as also by careful separation of extraneous matter, composing and raking up the burnt bones with forks, observable in that notable lamp of Galvanus. Marlianus, who had the sight of the *vas ustrinum* or vessel wherein they burnt the dead, found in the Esquiline field at Rome, might have afforded clearer solution. But their insatisfaction herein begat that remark-

²⁴ " *Dūs manibus.*" [B.]

²⁵ Trajanus. — Dion. [B.]

²⁶ Pillagers.

²⁷ A saying frequently quoted during the recent excavations at the tomb of Tutankhamen in Egypt.

²⁸ Which could not be burnt. [B.]

able invention in the funeral pyres of some princes, by incombustible sheets made with a texture of asbestos, incremable²⁹ flax, or salamander's wool, which preserved their bones and ashes incommixed.

How the bulk of a man should sink into so few pounds of bones and ashes may seem strange unto any who considers not its constitution, and how slender a mass will remain upon an open and urging fire of the carnal composition. Even bones themselves, reduced into ashes, do abate a notable proportion. And consisting much of a volatile salt, when that is fired out, make a light kind of cinders. Although their bulk be disproportionate to their weight, when the heavy principle of salt is fired out, and the earth almost only remaineth; observable in sawdust,³⁰ which makes more ashes than oak, and discovers the common fraud of selling ashes by measure, and not by ponderation.³¹

Some bones make best skeletons,³² some bodies quick and speediest ashes. Who would expect a quick flame from hydropical Heraclitus? The poisoned soldier when his belly brake, put out two pyres in Plutarch.³³ But in the plague of Athens,³⁴ one private pyre served two or three intruders; and the Saracens burnt in large heaps by the king of Castile, showed how little fuel sufficeth. Though the funeral pyre of Patroclus took up an hundred foot, a piece of an old boat burnt Pompey; and if the burthen of Isaac were sufficient for an holocaust, a man may carry his own pyre.

From animals are drawn good burning lights, and good medicines against burning. Though the seminal humor seems of a contrary nature to fire, yet the body completed proves a combustible lump, wherein fire finds flame even from bones, and some fuel almost from all parts; though the metropolis of humidity³⁵ seems least disposed unto it, which might render the skulls of these

urns less burned than other bones. But all flies or sinks before fire almost in all bodies; when the common ligament is dissolved, the attenuable parts ascend, the rest subside in coal, calx, or ashes.

To burn the bones of the king of Edom for lime³⁶ seems no irrational ferity,³⁷ but to drink of the ashes of dead relations,³⁸ a passionate prodigality. He that hath the ashes of his friend hath an everlasting treasure; where fire taketh leave, corruption slowly enters. In bones well burnt, fire makes a wall against itself; experimented in cupels,³⁹ and tests of metals, which consist of such ingredients. What the sun compoundeth, fire analyzeth, not transmuteth. That devouring agent leaves almost always a morsel for the earth, whereof all things are but a colony; and which, if time permits, the mother element will have in their primitive mass again.

He that looks for urns and old sepulchral relics must not seek them in the ruins of temples, where no religion anciently placed them. These were found in a field, according to ancient custom, in noble or private burial; the old practice of the Canaanites, the family of Abraham, and the burying-place of Joshua, in the borders of his possessions; and also agreeable unto Roman practice to bury by highways, whereby their monuments were under eye; — memorials of themselves, and mementos of mortality unto living passengers; whom the epitaphs of great ones were fain to beg to stay and look upon them, — a language though sometimes used, not so proper in church inscriptions.⁴⁰ The sensible rhetoric of the dead, to exemplarity of good life, first admitted the bones of pious men and martyrs within church walls, which in succeeding ages crept into promiscuous practice; while Constantine was peculiarly favored to be admitted into the church

²⁹ Incombustible.

³⁰ Willow.

³¹ Weighing.

³² Old bones, according to Lyserus. Those of young persons not tall nor fat, according to Columbus. [B.]

³³ *Vita Græc.* [B.]

³⁴ Thucydides [ii. 52]. [B.]

³⁵ The brain. Hippocrates. [B.]

³⁶ Amos 2:1. [B.]

³⁷ Barbarity.

³⁸ As Artemisia of her husband Mausolus. [B.]

³⁹ Refining glasses used in the melting down of gold and silver with lead.

⁴⁰ "*Siste viator*," [B.]

porch, and the first thus buried in England was in the days of Cuthred.

Christians dispute how their bodies should lie in the grave. In urnal interment they clearly escaped this controversy. Though we decline the religious consideration, yet in cemeterial and narrower burying-places, to avoid confusion and cross-position, a certain posture were to be admitted: which even Pagan civility observed. The Persians lay north and south; the Megarians and Phœnicians placed their heads to the east; the Athenians, some think, towards the west, which Christians still retain. And Beda⁴¹ will have it to be the posture of our Savior. That he was crucified with his face toward the west, we will not contend with tradition and probable account; but we applaud not the hand of the painter, in exalting his cross so high above those on either side: since hereof we find no authentic account in history, and even the crosses found by Helena⁴² pretend no such distinction from longitude or dimension.

To be gnawed out of our graves, to have our skulls made drinking-bowls, and our bones turned into pipes, to delight and sport our enemies, are tragical abominations escaped in burning burials.

Urnal interments and burnt relics lie not in fear of worms, or to be an heritage for serpents. In carnal sepulture, corruptions seem peculiar unto parts; and some speak of snakes out of the spinal marrow. But while we suppose common worms in graves, 'tis not easy to find any there; few in churchyards above a foot deep, fewer or none in churches though in fresh-decayed bodies. Teeth, bones, and hair, give the most lasting defiance to corruption. In an hydropical body, ten years buried in the churchyard, we met with a fat concretion,

where the nitre of the earth, and the salt and lixivious⁴³ liquor of the body, had coagulated large lumps of fat into the consistence of the hardest Castile soap, whereof part remaineth with us. After a battle with the Persians, the Roman corpses decayed in few days, while the Persian bodies remained dry and uncorrupted. Bodies in the same ground do not uniformly dissolve, nor bones equally molder; whereof in the opprobrious disease, we expect no long duration. The body of the Marquis of Dorset seemed sound and handsomely cereclothed, that after seventy-eight years was found uncorrupted. Common tombs preserve not beyond powder; a firmer consistence and compage⁴⁴ of parts might be expected from arefaction,⁴⁵ deep burial or charcoal. The greatest antiquities of mortal bodies may remain in putrefied bones, whereof, though we take not in the pillar of Lot's wife, or metamorphosis of Ortelius,⁴⁶ some may be older than pyramids, in the putrefied relics of the general inundation. When Alexander opened the tomb of Cyrus, the remaining bones discovered his proportion, whereof urnal fragments afford but a bad conjecture, and have this disadvantage of grave interments, that they leave us ignorant of most personal discoveries. For since bones afford not only rectitude and stability but figure unto the body, it is no impossible physiognomy to conjecture at fleshy appendencies, and after what shape the muscles and carnous parts might hang in their full consistencies. A full-spread *caricola*⁴⁷ shows a well-shaped horse behind; handsome formed skulls give some analogy to fleshy resemblance. A critical view of bones makes a good distinction of sexes. Even color is not beyond conjecture, since it is hard to be deceived in the distinction of negroes' skulls.⁴⁸ Dante's⁴⁹ characters

⁴¹ The Venerable Bede, celebrated English monk and writer, died 735.

⁴² St. Helena, died c. 328, mother of Constantine the Great, and traditional discoverer of the True Cross.

⁴³ Impregnated with alkaline salts.

⁴⁴ Coherence.

⁴⁵ Drying.

⁴⁶ That part of the skeleton of a horse which is made by the haunch-bones. [B.]

⁴⁷ For their extraordinary thickness. [B.]

⁴⁸ The poet Dante, in his view of Purgatory, found gluttons so meagre, and extenuated, that he conceited them to have been in the siege of Jerusalem, and that it was easy to have discovered *Homo* or *Omo* in their faces: M being made by the two lines of their cheeks, arching over the eye-brows to the nose, and their sunk eyes making O O which makes up *Omo*.

"Parèn l'occhie anella senza gemme:
Chì nel viso degli uomini legge OMO,
Bene avria quivì conosciuto l'emme." —

[*Purgat.* xxiii. 31.] [B.]

are to be found in skulls as well as faces. Hercules is not only known by his foot. Other parts make out their proportions and inferences upon whole or parts. And since the dimensions of the head measure the whole body, and the figure thereof gives conjecture of the principal faculties, physiognomy outlives ourselves, and ends not in our graves.⁵⁰

Severe contemplators, observing these lasting relics, may think them good monuments of persons past, little advantage to future beings; and, considering that power which subdueth all things unto itself, that can resume the scattered atoms, or identify out of anything, conceive it superfluous to expect a resurrection out of relics: but the soul subsisting, other matter, clothed with due accidents, may salve⁵¹ the individuality. Yet the saints, we observe, arose from graves and monuments about the holy city. Some think the ancient patriarchs so earnestly desired to lay their bones in Canaan, as hoping to make a part of that resurrection; and, though thirty miles from Mount Calvary, at least to lie in that region which should produce the first fruits of the dead. And if, according to learned conjecture, the bodies of men shall rise where their greatest relics remain, many are not like to err in the topography of their resurrection, though their bones or bodies be after translated by angels into the field of Ezekiel's vision, or as some will order it, into the valley of judgment, or Jehosaphat.

CHAPTER IV

Christians have handsomely glossed the deformity of death by careful consideration of the body and civil rites which take off brutal terminations: and though they conceived all reparable by a resurrection, cast not off all care of interment. And since the

ashes of sacrifices burnt upon the altar of God were carefully carried out by the priests, and deposited in a clean field; since they acknowledge their bodies to be the lodging of Christ, and temples of the Holy Ghost, they devolved not all upon the sufficiency of soul-existence; and therefore with long services and full solemnities, concluded their last exequies, wherein to all distinctions the Greek devotion seems most pathetically ceremonious.

Christian invention hath chiefly driven at rites, which speak hopes of another life, and hints of a resurrection. And if the ancient Gentiles held not the immortality of their better part, and some subsistence after death, in several rites, customs, actions, and expressions, they contradicted their own opinions: wherein Democritus went high, even to the thought of a resurrection, as scoffingly recorded by Pliny.⁵² What can be more express than the expression of Phocylides?⁵³ Or who would expect from Lucretius⁵⁴ a sentence of Ecclesiastes? Before Plato could speak, the soul had wings in Homer, which fell not, but flew out of the body into the mansions of the dead; who also observed that handsome distinction of Demas and Soma, for the body conjoined to the soul, and body separated from it. Lucian spoke much truth in jest, when he said that part of Hercules which proceeded from Alcmena perished, that from Jupiter remained immortal. Thus Socrates⁵⁵ was content that his friends should bury his body, so they would not think they buried Socrates; and, regarding only his immortal part, was indifferent to be burnt or buried. From such considerations, Diogenes might condemn sepulture, and, being satisfied that the soul could not perish, grow careless of corporal interment. The Stoics, who thought the souls of wise men had their habitation about the moon, might make slight account of

⁵⁰ This sentence of Sir Thomas's is peculiarly interesting in view of the fact that his own skull was carefully measured in 1894, and the measurements added to his biography, to give what conjecture they might of his "principal faculties."

⁵¹ Solve, explain.

⁵² Pliny, Book vii, ch. 58.

⁵³ Καὶ τάχα δ' ἐκ γαίης ἐλπίζομεν ἐς φάος ἐλθεῖν

Λείψαν, ἀποικοιμένον, et deinceps.

[v. 104 in Bergk's Anthol. Lyrica.] [B.]

⁵⁴ "Cedit enim retro de terra quod fuit ante

In terras," &c. — Lucret. [ii. 998; Eccles. xii. 7]. [B.]

⁵⁵ Cf. Plato, Phædo.

subterranean deposition; whereas the Pythagorean and transcorporating philosophers, who were to be often buried, held great care of their interment. And the Platonics rejected not a due care of the grave, though they put their ashes to unreasonable expectations, in their tedious term of return and long set revolution.

Men have lost their reason in nothing so much as their religion, wherein stones and clouts make martyrs; and, since the religion of one seems madness unto another, to afford an account or rational of old rites requires no rigid reader. That they kindled the pyre adversely, or turning their face from it, was an handsome symbol of unwilling ministration. That they washed their bones with wine and milk; that the mother wrapped them in linen, and dried them in her bosom, the first fostering part and place of their nourishment; that they opened their eyes towards heaven before they kindled the fire, as the place of their hopes or original, were no improper ceremonies. Their last valediction,⁵⁶ thrice uttered by the attendants, was also very solemn, and somewhat answered by Christians, who thought it too little if they threw not the earth thrice upon the interred body. That, in strewing their tombs, the Romans affected the rose; the Greeks amaranthus and myrtle: that the funeral pyre consisted of sweet fuel, cypress, fir, larix, yew, and trees perpetually verdant, lay silent expressions of their surviving hopes. Wherein Christians, who deck their coffins with bays, have found a more elegant emblem; for that it, seeming dead, will restore itself from the root, and its dry and exsiccous leaves resume their verdure again; which, if we mistake not, we have also observed in furze. Whether the planting of yew in churchyards hold not its original from ancient funeral rites, or as an emblem of resurrection, from its perpetual verdure, may also admit conjecture.

They made use of music to excite or quiet the affections of their friends, according to different harmonies. But the secret and symbolical hint was the harmonical nature of the soul; which, delivered from the

body, went again to enjoy the primitive harmony of heaven, from whence it first descended; which, according to its progress traced by antiquity, came down by Cancer, and ascended by Capricornus.

They burnt not children before their teeth appeared, as apprehending their bodies too tender a morsel for fire, and that their gristly bones would scarce leave separable relics after the pyral combustion. That they kindled not fire in their houses for some days after was a strict memorial of the late afflicting fire. And mourning without hope, they had an happy fraud against excessive lamentation, by a common opinion that deep sorrows disturb their ghosts.⁵⁷

That they buried their dead on their backs, or in a supine position, seems agreeable unto profound sleep, and common posture of dying; contrary to the most natural way of birth; nor unlike our pendulous posture, in the doubtful state of the womb. Diogenes was singular, who preferred a prone situation in the grave; and some Christians⁵⁸ like neither, who decline the figure of rest, and make choice of an erect posture.

That they carried them out of the world with their feet forward, not inconsonant unto reason, as contrary unto the native posture of man, and his production first into it; and also agreeable unto their opinions, while they bid adieu unto the world, not to look again upon it; whereas Mahometans, who think to return to a delightful life again, are carried forth with their heads forward, and looking toward their houses.

They closed their eyes, as parts which first die, or first discover the sad effects of death. But their iterated clamations to excite their dying or dead friends, or revoke them unto life again, was a vanity of affection; as not presumably ignorant of the critical tests of death, by apposition of feathers, glasses, and reflection of figures, which dead eyes represent not: which, however not strictly verifiable in fresh and warm cadavers, could hardly elude the test in corpses of four or five days.⁵⁹

⁵⁶ "Vale, vale, nos te ordine quo natura permittit sequamur." [B.]

⁵⁷ "Tu manes ne lœde meos." [B.]

⁵⁸ Russians, etc. [B.]

⁵⁹ At least by some difference from living eyes. [B.]

That they sucked in the last breath of their expiring friends, was surely a practice of no medical institution, but a loose opinion that the soul passed out that way, and a fondness of affection, from some Pythagorical foundation, that the spirit of one body passed into another, which they wished might be their own.

That they poured oil upon the pyre was a tolerable practice, while the intention rested in facilitating the ascension. But to place good omens in the quick and speedy burning, to sacrifice unto the winds for a dispatch in this office, was a low form of superstition.

The archimime, or jester, attending the funeral train, and imitating the speeches, gesture, and manners of the deceased, was too light for such solemnities, contradicting their funeral orations and doleful rites of the grave.

That they buried a piece of money with them as a fee of the Elysian ferryman, was a practice full of folly. But the ancient custom of placing coins in considerable urns, and the present practice of burying medals in the noble foundations of Europe, are laudable ways of historical discoveries, in actions, persons, chronologies; and posterity will applaud them.

We examine not the old laws of sepulture, exempting certain persons from burial or burning. But hereby we apprehend that these were not the bones of persons planet-struck or burnt with fire from heaven; no relics of traitors to their country, self-killers, or sacrilegious malefactors; persons in old apprehension unworthy of the earth; condemned unto the Tartarus of hell, and bottomless pit of Plato, from whence there was no redemption.

Nor were only many customs questionable in order to their obsequies, but also sundry practices, fictions, and conceptions, discordant or obscure, of their state and future beings. Whether unto eight or ten bodies of men to add one of a woman, as being more inflammable, and unctuously constituted for the better pyral combustion, were any rational practice; or whether the complaint of Periander's wife be tolerable, that wanting her funeral burning, she suffered intolerable cold in hell, according to

the constitution of the infernal house of Plato, wherein cold makes a great part of their tortures, it cannot pass without some question.

Why the female ghosts appear unto Ulysses, before the heroes and masculine spirits, — why the Psyche or soul of Tiresias is of the masculine gender, who, being blind on earth, sees more than all the rest in hell; why the funeral suppers consisted of eggs, beans, smallage, and lettuce, since the dead are made to eat asphodels about the Elysian meadows, — why, since there is no sacrifice acceptable, nor any propitiation for the covenant of the grave, men set up the deity of Morta, and fruitlessly adored divinities without ears, it cannot escape some doubt.

The dead seem all alive in the human Hades of Homer, yet cannot well speak, prophesy, or know the living, except they drink blood, wherein is the life of man. And therefore the souls of Penelope's paramours, conducted by Mercury, chirped like bats, and those which followed Hercules, made a noise but like a flock of birds.

The departed spirits know things past and to come; yet are ignorant of things present. Agamemnon foretells what should happen unto Ulysses; yet ignorantly enquires what is become of his own son. The ghosts are afraid of swords in Homer; yet Sibylla tells Æneas in Virgil, the thin habit of spirits was beyond the force of weapons. The spirits put off their malice with their bodies, and Cæsar and Pompey accord in Latin hell; yet Ajax, in Homer, endures not a conference with Ulysses: and Deiphobus appears all mangled in Virgil's ghosts, yet we meet with perfect shadows among the wounded ghosts of Homer.

Since Charon in Lucian applauds his condition among the dead, whether it be handsomely said of Achilles, that living contemner of death, that he had rather be a plowman's servant than emperor of the dead? How Hercules his soul is in hell, and yet in heaven; and Julius his soul is a star, yet seen by Æneas in hell? — except the ghosts were but images and shadows of the soul, received in higher mansions, according to the ancient division of body, soul, and image, or *simulacrum* of them both.

The particulars of future beings must needs be dark unto ancient theories, which Christian philosophy yet determines but in a cloud of opinions. A dialogue between two infants in the womb concerning the state of this world, might handsomely illustrate our ignorance of the next, whereof methinks we yet discourse in Plato's den, and are but embryon philosophers.

Pythagoras escapes in the fabulous hell of Dante,⁶⁰ among that swarm of philosophers, wherein whilst we meet with Plato and Socrates, Cato is to be found in no lower place than purgatory. Among all the set, Epicurus is most considerable, whom men make honest without an Elysium, who contemned life without encouragement of immortality, and making nothing after death, yet made nothing of the king of terrors.

Were the happiness of the next world as closely apprehended as the felicity of this, it was a martyrdom to live; and unto such as consider none hereafter, it must be more than death to die, which makes us amazed at those audacities that durst be nothing and return into their chaos again. Certainly such spirits as could contemn death, when they expected no better being after, would have scorned to live, had they known any. And therefore we applaud not the judgment of Machiavel, that Christianity makes men cowards, or that with the confidence of but half-dying, the despised virtues of patience and humility have abased the spirits of men, which Pagan principles exalted; but rather regulated the wildness of audacities, in the attempts, grounds, and eternal sequels of death; wherein men of the boldest spirits are often prodigiously temerarious. Nor can we extenuate the valor of ancient martyrs, who contemned death in the uncomfortable scene of their lives, and in their decrepit martyrdoms did probably lose not many months of their days, or parted with life when it was scarce worth the living. For (besides that long time past holds no consideration unto a slender time to come) they had no small disadvantage from the constitution of old age, which naturally makes men fearful; complexionally superannuated from the

bold and courageous thoughts of youth and fervent years. But the contempt of death from corporal animosity promoteth not our felicity. They may sit in the orchestra, and noblest seats of heaven, who have held up shaking hands in the fire, and humanly contended for glory.

Meanwhile Epicurus lies deep in Dante's hell, wherein we meet with tombs enclosing souls which denied their immortalities. But whether the virtuous heathen, who lived better than he spake, or erring in the principles of himself, yet lived above philosophers of more specious maxims, lie so deep as he is placed, at least so low as not to rise against Christians, who believing or knowing that truth, have lastingly denied it in their practice and conversation — were a query too sad to insist on.

But all or most apprehensions rested in opinions of some future being, which, ignorantly or coldly believed, begat those perverted conceptions, ceremonies, sayings, which Christians pity or laugh at. Happy are they which live not in that disadvantage of time, when men could say little for futurity, but from reason: whereby the noblest minds fell often upon doubtful deaths, and melancholy dissolutions. With these hopes, Socrates warmed his doubtful spirits against that cold potion; and Cato, before he durst give the fatal stroke, spent part of the night in reading the Immortality⁶¹ of Plato, thereby confirming his wavering hand unto the animosity of that attempt.

It is the heaviest stone that melancholy can throw at a man to tell him he is at the end of his nature; or that there is no further state to come, unto which this seems progressional, and otherwise made in vain. Without this accomplishment, the natural expectation and desire of such a state were but a fallacy in nature; unsatisfied considerations would quarrel the justice of their constitutions, and rest content that Adam had fallen lower; whereby, by knowing no other original, and deeper ignorance of themselves, they might have enjoyed the happiness of inferior creatures, who in tranquillity possess their constitutions, as having not the apprehension to de-

60 *Del Inferno*, canto 4. [B.]

61 *Plato's Phædo*.

plore their own natures; and, being framed below the circumference of these hopes, or cognition of better being, the wisdom of God hath necessitated their contentment: but the superior ingredient and obscured part of ourselves, whereto all present felicities afford no resting contentment, will be able at last to tell us, we are more than our present selves, and evacuate such hopes in the fruition of their own accomplishments.

CHAPTER V

Now since these dead bones have already out-lasted the living ones of Methuselah, and in a yard underground, and thin walls of clay, out-worn all the strong and specious buildings above it, and quietly rested under the drums and trappings of three conquests: what prince can promise such diuturnity unto his relics, or might not gladly say,

*"Sic ego componi versus in ossa velim?"*⁶²

Time, which antiquates antiquities, and hath an art to make dust of all things, hath yet spared these minor monuments.

In vain we hope to be known by open and visible conservatories, when to be unknown was the means of their continuation, and obscurity their protection. If they died by violent hands, and were thrust into their urns, these bones become considerable, and some old philosophers would honor them, whose souls they conceived most pure, which were thus snatched from their bodies, and to retain a stronger propension unto them; whereas they weariedly left a languishing corpse, and with faint desires of reunion. If they fell by long and aged decay, yet wrapped up in the bundle of time, they fall into indistinction, and make but one blot with infants. If we begin to die when we live, and long life be but a prolongation of death, our life is a sad composition; we live with death, and die not in a moment. How many pulses made up the life of Methuse-

lah, were work for Archimedes: common counters sum up the life of Moses his man.⁶³ Our days become considerable, like petty sums, by minute accumulations; where numerous fractions make up but small round numbers; and our days of a span long make not one little finger.⁶⁴

If the nearness of our last necessity brought a nearer conformity into it, there were a happiness in hoary hairs, and no calamity in half-senses. But the long habit of living indisposeth us for dying; when avarice makes us the sport of death, when even David grew politicly cruel, and Solomon could hardly be said to be the wisest of men. But many are too early old, and before the date of age. Adversity stretcheth our days, misery makes Alcmena's nights,⁶⁵ and time hath no wings unto it. But the most tedious being is that which can unwish itself, content to be nothing, or never to have been, which was beyond the malcontent of Job, who cursed not the day of his life, but his nativity; content to have so far been as to have a title to future being, although he had lived here but in an hidden state of life, and as it were an abortion.

What song the Sirens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions,⁶⁶ are not beyond all conjecture. What time the persons of these ossuaries entered the famous nations of the dead, and slept with princes and counsellors, might admit a wide solution. But who were the proprietaries of these bones, or what bodies these ashes made up, were a question above antiquarism; not to be resolved by man, nor easily perhaps by spirits, except we consult the provincial guardians, or tutelary observators. Had they made as good provision for their names as they have done for their relics, they had not so grossly erred in the art of perpetuation. But to subsist in bones, and be but pyramidally extant, is a fallacy in duration. Vain ashes which in the oblivion of names, persons, times, and sexes,

⁶² Tibullus [iii. 2. 26]. [B.]

⁶³ Psalm 90:10.

⁶⁴ According to the ancient arithmetic of the hand, wherein the little finger of the right hand contracted, signified an hundred. — Pierius in *Hieroglyph.* [B.]

⁶⁵ One night as long as three. [B.]

⁶⁶ The puzzling questions of Tiberius unto grammarians. — Marcel. Donatus in Suet. [Tiberius lxx.] [B.]

have found unto themselves a fruitless continuation, and only arise unto late posterity, as emblems of mortal vanities, antidotes against pride, vainglory, and madding vices. Pagan vainglories, which thought the world might last for ever, had encouragement for ambition; and, finding no Atropos unto the immortality of their names, were never damp't with the necessity of oblivion. Even old ambitions had the advantage of ours, in the attempts of their vainglories, who, acting early and before the probable meridian of time, have by this time found great accomplishment of their designs, whereby the ancient heroes have already out-lasted their monuments and mechanical preservations. But in this latter scene of time, we cannot expect such mummies unto our memories, when ambition may fear the prophecy of Elias,⁶⁷ and Charles the Fifth can never hope to live within two Methuselahs of Hector.⁶⁸

And therefore, restless unquiet for the diuturnity of our memories unto present considerations seems a vanity almost out of date, and superannuated piece of folly. We cannot hope to live so long in our names as some have done in their persons. One face of Janus holds no proportion unto the other. 'Tis too late to be ambitious. The great mutations of the world are acted, or time may be too short for our designs. To extend our memories by monuments, whose death we daily pray for, and whose duration we cannot hope, without injury to our expectations in the advent of the last day, were a contradiction to our beliefs. We whose generations are ordained in this setting part of time are providentially taken off from such imaginations; and, being necessitated to eye the remaining particle of futurity, are naturally constituted unto thoughts of the next world, and cannot excusably decline the consideration of that duration, which maketh pyramids pillars of snow, and all that's past a moment.

Circles and right lines limit and close

all bodies, and the mortal right-lined circle⁶⁹ must conclude and shut up all. There is no antidote against the opium of time, which temporally considereth all things: our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors. Grave-stones tell truth scarce forty years.⁷⁰ Generations pass while some trees stand, and old families last not three oaks. To be read by bare inscriptions like many in Gruter,⁷¹ to hope for eternity by enigmatical epithets or first letters of our names, to be studied by antiquaries, who we were, and have new names given us like many of the mummies,⁷² are cold consolations unto the students of perpetuity, even by everlasting languages.

To be content that times to come should only know there was such a man, not caring whether they knew more of him, was a frigid ambition in Cardan; disparaging his horoscopol inclination and judgment of himself. Who cares to subsist like Hippocrates' patients, or Achilles' horses in Homer, under naked nominations, without deserts and noble acts, which are the balsam of our memories, the *entelechia* and soul of our subsistencies? To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name than Herodias with one. And who had not rather have been the good thief than Pilate?

But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana, he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations, and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon. Who knows whether the best of men be

⁶⁷ That the world may last but six thousand years. [B.]

⁶⁸ Hector's fame lasting above two lives of Methuselah, before that famous prince was extant. [B.]

⁶⁹ Θ The character of death. [Mart. *Ep.* vii. 37.] [B.]

⁷⁰ Old ones being taken up, and other bodies laid under them. [B.]

⁷¹ *Gruteri Inscriptiones Antiquæ*. [B.]

⁷² Which men show in several countries, giving them what names they please; and unto some the names of the old Egyptian kings, out of Herodotus. [B.]

known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? Without the favor of the everlasting register, the first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methuselah's long life had been his only chronicle.

Oblivion is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story,⁷³ and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic, which scarce stands one moment. And since death must be the *Lucina* of life, and even Pagans⁷⁴ could doubt whether thus to live were to die; since our longest sun sets at right descensions, and makes but winter arches, and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness, and have our light in ashes;⁷⁵ since the brother of death⁷⁶ daily haunts us with dying mementos, and time that grows old in itself bids us hope no long duration; — diuturnity is a dream and folly of expectation.

Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings; we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities; miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us, which notwithstanding is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days, and, our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency

with a transmigration of their souls, — a good way to continue our memories, while having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings, and enjoying the fame of their passed selves, make accumulation of glory unto their last durations. Others, rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being, and make one particle of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original again. Egyptian ingenuity was not unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies, to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly. The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyzes or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams.

In vain do individuals hope for immortality, or any patent from oblivion, in preservations below the moon; men have been deceived even in their flatteries above the sun, and studied conceits to perpetuate their names in heaven. The various cosmography of that part hath already varied the names of contrived constellation; Nimrod is lost in Orion, and Osiris in the Dog-star. While we look for incorruption in the heavens, we find they are but like the earth; — durable in their main bodies, alterable in their parts; whereof, beside comets and new stars, perspectives⁷⁷ begin to tell tales, and the spots that wander about the sun, with Phaeton's favor, would make clear conviction.

There is nothing strictly immortal but immortality. Whatever hath no beginning may be confident of no end; all others have a dependent being and within the reach of destruction; which is the peculiar of that necessary Essence that cannot destroy itself; and the highest strain of omnipotency, to be so powerfully constituted as not to suffer even from the power of itself. But the sufficiency of

⁷³ Used in a numerical, not a temporal sense. [B.]

⁷⁴ Euripides. [B.]

⁷⁵ According to the custom of the Jews, who place a lighted wax candle in a pot of ashes by the corpse. — Lec. [B.]

⁷⁶ Sleep and Death are in Greek mythology the children of Night.

⁷⁷ Telescopes.

Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death makes a folly of posthumous memory. God who can only destroy our souls, and hath assured our resurrection, either of our bodies or names hath directly promised no duration. Wherein there is so much of chance that the boldest expectants have found unhappy frustration; and to hold long subsistence seems but a scape in oblivion. But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing natiivities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature.

Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us. A small fire sufficient for life, great flames seemed too little after death, while men vainly affected precious pyres, and to burn like Sardanapalus; but the wisdom of funeral laws found the folly of prodigal blazes, and reduced undoing fires unto the rule of sober obsequies, wherein few could be so mean as not to provide wood, pitch, a mourner, and an urn.

Five languages secured not the epitaph of Gordianus.⁷⁸ The man of God⁷⁹ lives longer without a tomb than any by one, invisibly interred by angels, and adjudged to obscurity, though not without some marks directing human discovery. Enoch and Elias, without either tomb or burial, in an anomalous state of being, are the great examples of perpetuity, in their long and living memory, in strict account being still on this side death, and having a late part yet to act upon this stage of earth. If in the decretory term of the world we shall not all die but be changed, according to received translation, the last day will make but few graves; at least quick resurrections will anticipate lasting sepulchres. Some graves will be opened before they be quite closed, and Lazarus be no wonder. When many that feared to die shall groan that they can die but once, the dismal state is the second and living death, when life puts despair on the damned; when men

shall wish the coverings of mountains,⁸⁰ not of monuments, and annihilations shall be courted.

While some have studied monuments, others have studiously declined them, and some have been so vainly boisterous that they durst not acknowledge their graves; wherein Alaricus seems most subtle, who had a river turned to hide his bones at the bottom. Even Sylla, that thought himself safe in his urn, could not prevent revenging tongues, and stones thrown at his monument. Happy are they whom privacy makes innocent, who deal so with men in this world that they are not afraid to meet them in the next; who, when they die, make no commotion among the dead, and are not touched with that poetical taunt of Isaiah.⁸¹

Pyramids, arches, obelisks, were but the irregularities of vainglory, and wild enormities of ancient magnanimity. But the most magnanimous resolution rests in the Christian religion, which trampleth upon pride, and sits on the neck of ambition, humbly pursuing that infallible perpetuity unto which all others must diminish their diameters, and be poorly seen in angles of contingency.⁸²

Pious spirits who passed their days in raptures of futurity made little more of this world than the world that was before it, while they lay obscure in the chaos of preordination, and night of their forebeings. And if any have been so happy as truly to understand Christian annihilation, ecstasies, exolution, liquefaction, transformation, the kiss of the spouse, gustation of God, and ingress into the divine shadow, they have already had an handsome anticipation of heaven; the glory of the world is surely over, and the earth in ashes unto them.

To subsist in lasting monuments, to live in their productions, to exist in their names and predicament of chimæras, was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their Elysiums. But all this is nothing in the metaphysics of true belief.

⁷⁸ In Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Egyptian, Arabic, defaced by Licinius the emperor. [B.]

⁷⁹ Moses; cf. Deuteronomy 34.

⁸⁰ Cf. Luke 23:30 and Rev. 6:16.

⁸¹ Isaiah 14:16 ff. [B.]

⁸² *Angulus contingentia*, the least of angles. [B.]

To live indeed is to be again ourselves,
 which being not only an hope, but an
 evidence in noble believers, 'tis all one to
 lie in St. Innocents'⁸³ churchyard, as in
 the sands of Egypt. Ready to be anything,

in the ecstasy of being ever, and as content
 with six foot as the *moles* of Adrianus.⁸⁴

"— *Tabesne cadavera solvat,*
An rogos, haud refert."—Lucan [*Phars.* vii.
 809].⁸⁵

⁸³ In Paris, where bodies soon consume. [B.]

⁸⁴ A stately mausoleum or sepulchral pile, built by Adrianus in Rome, where now standeth the castle of St. Angelo. [B.]

⁸⁵ "Whether putrefaction or the funeral pile destroys the carcasses, it matters little."

THOMAS FULLER

(1608-1661)

Fuller was probably the best-loved of all the authors of his day, and three hundred years later it is still difficult to resist his genial spirit and perpetual good nature. Professor Craik avers that "he was one of the greatest and truest wits that ever lived; that no man ever made so many jokes, good, bad, or indifferent; and that there is probably neither an ill-natured nor a profane witticism to be found in all he has written." Fuller was born in the same year as Milton, and was at Cambridge during Milton's undergraduate days there. Whether the two knew each other is an interesting conjecture. Their lots, after they left the university, were cast in quite different places. Fuller became as ardent a Royalist and churchman as Milton was a Cromwellian and Puritan. After Fuller's brilliant career at the university he took holy orders, and obtained in time the lectureship of the Savoy in the Strand. It was here that he first made a name for himself as one of the great English preachers. We have a contemporary description of his ministry which is interesting: "He gave such general satisfaction, became so famous, and was thronged with such distant congregations, that those of his own cure were in a manner excommunicated from their own church, unless their timeous diligence kept place with their devotions. . . . He had in his narrow chapel two audiences, one without the pale, and another within; the windows of that little church and the sextonry so crowded as if bees had swarmed to his mellifluous discourse."

And small wonder. For never were sermons so humanly interesting, so enlivened with anecdotes and witty and humorous illustrations. The common people and sinners heard him gladly, for like Chaucer's good parson, and like their common Master,

"He was to sinful man not despitous,
Ne of his speche daungerous ne digne."

"Is there no way," he once asked, "to bring home a wandering sheep but by worrying him to death?" No subject was too dignified or sublime to prevent Fuller from joking about it. The titles of his various sermons and books are always redolent of his quaint humor. His first poem is entitled, "David's Heinous Sin, Hearty Repentance, and Heavy Punishment." Among his amazingly diverse works are *Abel Redivivus*, a book of biographies of eminent divines, in the preface to which he jokingly refers to himself as "my meanness"; *A Pisgah-Sight of Palestine*; *Good Thoughts in Bad Times*; *Good Thoughts in Worse Times*; *Mixt Contemplations in Better Times*; and *Triana, or a Threefold Romanza of Mariana, Paduana, and Sabina*.

Upon the outbreak of the Civil War, Fuller became chaplain to Charles I at Oxford. Having previously been ejected from his living by the Parliamentary party because of his inability to go against his conscience, he now incurred blame from the Royalists for lack of enthusiasm for the king's cause, thus, like many another advocate of moderation and tolerance, incurring the disfavor of extremists on both sides. At the Restoration, however, he was appointed to St. Bride's, Fleet Street, and became chaplain to Charles II. He died the year following the Restoration.

Fuller is the prime anecdote-monger of the seventeenth century, and a capital storyteller. From the point of view of artistry, all his works suffer from his incorrigible habit of lugging in anecdotes and witticisms without regard to their relevancy. But none of his books is the less readable on this account. He was a true antiquarian, and strolled through the lanes and byways of seventeenth-century England, talking with the country people and gathering odd bits of information about old customs and people and places. His two greatest works, the *History of the Worthies of England* and the *Church History of Britain*, abound in anecdote and gossip, and contain invaluable information of curiously diverse kinds. His *Holy War* and *The Holy State and the Profane State* are in the same vein. The latter is interesting as one of

the great English character-books. The reader will detect in Fuller's essays many echoes of Bacon, for whose genius and achievements Fuller had the greatest respect.

Having recorded innumerable anecdotes of other persons, Fuller is himself the subject of many delightful stories. His memory is almost the most prodigious recorded in English history. It was said of him that he could repeat five hundred strange words after hearing them twice, and he told Mr. Pepys that "he did lately to four eminently great scholars dictate together in Latin upon different subjects of their proposing faster than they were able to write, till they were tired." (Pepys's Diary, January 22, 1661.) He could walk from Temple Bar to Cheapside and name in order the signs on both sides of the street, backwards or forwards. "He was a walking-library," says another contemporary of him, "but sometimes required turning over to attain the contents." An acquaintance once described him as a stout man walking down the street with a big book under one arm and his little wife under the other, looking for an invitation to dinner.

Fuller is one of our earliest "writers of books by profession," and he confesses that he hoped in publishing his books "to get some honest profit for himself." It is to be regretted that all his works are at present out of print, and many of them quite unobtainable, but whenever a modern reader does find himself browsing in any of Fuller's dusty old tomes he is invariably moved to echo Dryden's summary of Chaucer, "Here is God's plenty!"

FROM THE HOLY STATE AND THE PROFANE STATE

(Text: first edition, 1642)

THE ELDER BROTHER

Is one who made haste to come into the world, to bring his parents the first news of male posterity; and is well rewarded for his tidings. His composition is then accounted the most precious when made of the loss of a double virginity.

1. He is thankful for the advantage God gave him at the starting in the race into this world. When twins have been even matched, one hath gained the goal but by his length. St. Augustine saith, that "it is every man's bounden duty solemnly to celebrate his birthday." If so, elder brothers may best afford good cheer on the festival.

2. He counts not his inheritance a writ of ease to free him from industry, as if only the younger brothers came into the world to work, the elder to compliment. These are the tops of their houses indeed; like cotlofts, highest and emptiest. Rather, he laboreth to furnish himself with all gentle accomplishment, being best able to go to the cost of learning. He need not fear to be served as Ulric Fugger was (chief of the noble family of the Fuggers in Augsburg), who was disinherited of a great patrimony, only for his studiousness, and expensiveness in buying costly manuscripts.

3. He doth not so remember he is an heir that he forgets he is a son. Wherefore, his carriage to his parents is always respectful. It may chance that his father may be kept in a charitable prison, whereof his son hath the keys; the old man being only tenant for life, and the lands entailed on our young gentleman. In such a case, when it is in his power, if necessity requires, he enlargeth his father to such a reasonable proportion of liberty as may not be injurious to himself.

4. He rather desires his father's life than his living. This was one of the principal reasons (but God knows how true) why Philip II, King of Spain, caused, in the year 1568, Charles, his eldest son, to be executed for plotting his father's death, as was pretended. And a wit¹ in such difficult toys accommodated the numeral letters in Ovid's verse to the year wherein the prince suffered.

1568

FILIUs ante DIeM patrIos InqVIrIt In
annos.

1568

Before the tIME, the oVer-hasty son
Seeks forth hoVV near the father's LIfe Is
Done.

¹ Opmerus was the author thereof: Famianus Strada *De Bello Belgico*, lib. 7, page 432. [Fuller.]

But if they had no better evidence against him but this poetical synchronism, we might well count him a martyr.

5. His father's deeds and grants he ratifies and confirms. If a stitch be fallen in a lease, he will not widen it into a hole by cavilling, till the whole strength of the grant run out thereat; or take advantage of the default of the clerk in writing, where the deed appears really done, and on a valuable consideration: he counts himself bound in honor to perform what, by marks and signs, he plainly understands his father meant, though he spake it not.

6. He reflecteth his lustre to grace and credit his younger brethren. Thus Scipio Africanus, after his great victories against the Carthaginians, and conquering of Hannibal, was content to serve as a lieutenant² in the wars of Asia, under Lucius Scipio, his younger brother.

7. He relieveth his distressed kindred, yet so as he continues them in their calling. Otherwise, they would all make his house their hospital, his kindred their calling. When one, being a husbandman, challenged kindred of Robert Grosthead, Bishop of Lincoln, and thereupon requested favor of him to bestow an office on him, "Cousin," quoth the bishop, "if your cart be broken, I'll mend it; if your plow be old, I'll give you a new one, and seed to sow your land. But a husbandman I found you, and a husbandman I'll leave you." It is better to ease poor kindred in their profession than to ease them from their profession.

8. He is careful to support the credit and dignity of his family, neither wasting his paternal estate by his unthriftiness, nor marring it by parcelling his ancient manors and demesnes amongst his younger children, whom he provides for by annuities, pensions, moneys, leases, and purchased lands. He remembers how, when our King Alfred divided the river of Lea (which parts Hertfordshire and Essex) into three streams, it became so shallow that boats could not row where formerly ships did ride. Thus the ancient family of the Woodfords (which had long continued in Leicestershire, and elsewhere in England, in great

account, estate, and livelihood) is at this day quite extinct. For when Sir Thomas Woodford, in the reign of King Henry VI, made almost an even partition of his means betwixt his five grandchildren, the house in short space utterly decayed; not any part of his lands now in the tenure³ or name of any of his male line, some whereof lived to be brought to a low ebb of fortune. Yet, on the other side, to leave all to the eldest, and make no provision for the rest of their children, is against all rules of religion, forgetting their Christian name to remember their surname.

THE GOOD SCHOOLMASTER

There is scarce any profession in the commonwealth more necessary which is so slightly performed. The reasons whereof I conceive to be these: First, young scholars make this calling their refuge, yea, perchance, before they have taken any degree in the university, commence schoolmasters in the country, as if nothing else were required to set up this profession but only a rod and a ferula. Secondly, others who are able use it only as a passage to better preferment, to patch the rents in their present fortune till they can provide a new one, and betake themselves to some more gainful calling. Thirdly, they are disheartened from doing their best with the miserable reward which in some places they receive, being masters to the children and slaves to their parents. Fourthly, being grown rich, they grow negligent, and scorn to touch the school but by the proxy of an usher. But see how well our schoolmaster behaves himself.

1. His genius inclines him with delight to his profession. Some men had as lief be schoolboys as schoolmasters, to be tied to the school as Cooper's Dictionary and Scapula's Lexicon are chained to the desk therein; and though great scholars, and skilful in other arts, are bunglers in this: but God of his goodness hath fitted several men for several callings, that the necessity of church and state, in all conditions, may be provided for. So that he who beholds the

² Plutarch, in the Life of Scipio. [Fuller.]

³ Burton, in his description of Leicestershire, page 264. [Fuller.]

fabric thereof may say, God hewed out this stone, and appointed it to lie in this very place, for it would fit none other so well, and here it doth most excellent. And thus God moldeth some for a schoolmaster's life, undertaking it with desire and delight, and discharging it with dexterity and happy success.

2. He studies his scholars' natures as carefully as they their books; and ranks their dispositions into several forms. And though it may seem difficult for him in a great school to descend to all particulars, yet experienced schoolmasters may quickly make a grammar of boys' natures, and reduce them all, saving some few exceptions, to these general rules:

(a) Those that are ingenious and industrious. The conjunction of two such planets in a youth presage much good unto him. To such a lad a frown may be a whipping, and a whipping a death; yea, where their master whips them once, shame whips them all the week after. Such natures he useth with all gentleness.

(b) Those that are ingenious and idle. These think, with the hare in the fable, that, running with snails (so they count the rest of their schoolfellows), they shall come soon enough to the post, though sleeping a good while before their starting. Oh, a good rod would finely take them napping!

(c) Those that are dull and diligent. Wines, the stronger they be, the more lees they have when they are new. Many boys are muddy-headed till they be clarified with age, and such afterwards prove the best. Bristol diamonds are both bright and squared and pointed by nature, and yet are soft and worthless; whereas orient ones in India are rough and rugged naturally. Hard, rugged, and dull natures of youth acquit themselves afterwards the jewels of the country, and therefore their dullness at first is to be borne with, if they be diligent. That schoolmaster deserves to be beaten himself who beats nature in a boy for a fault. And I question whether all the whipping in the world can make their parts, which are naturally sluggish, rise one minute before the hour nature hath appointed.

(d) Those that are invincibly dull and

negligent also. Correction may reform the latter, not amend the former. All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which hath no steel in it. Such boys he consigneth over to other professions. Shipwrights and boatmakers will choose those crooked pieces of timber which other carpenters refuse. Those may make excellent merchants and mechanics who will not serve for scholars.

3. He is able, diligent, and methodical in his teaching; not leading them rather in a circle than forwards. He minces his precepts for children to swallow, hanging clogs on the nimbleness of his own soul, that his scholars may go along with him.

4. He is and will be known to be an absolute monarch in his school. If cockering mothers proffer him money to purchase their sons an exemption from his rod (to live as it were in a peculiar, out of their master's jurisdiction), with disdain he refuseth it, and scorns the late custom, in some places, of commuting whipping into money, and ransoming boys from the rod at a set price. If he hath a stubborn youth, correction-proof, he debaseth not his authority by contesting with him, but fairly, if he can, puts him away before his obstinacy hath affected others.

5. He is moderate in inflicting deserved correction. Many a schoolmaster better answereth the name παιδοτρίβης than παιδαγωγός rather tearing his scholars' flesh with whipping than giving them good education. No wonder if his scholars hate the muses, being presented unto them in the shapes of fiends and furies. Junius complains *de insolenti carnificina*⁴ of his schoolmaster, by whom *conscindebatur flagris septies aut octies in dies singulos*.⁵ Yea, hear the lamentable verses of poor Tusser, in his own Life:

From Paul's I went, to Eton sent,
To learn straightways the Latin phrase,
Where fifty-three stripes given to me
At once I had.

For fault but small, or none at all,
It came to pass thus beat I was;
See, Udal,⁶ see the mercy of thee
To me, poor lad.

⁴ Harsh brutality.

⁵ He was scourged seven or eight times a day.

⁶ Nicholas Udal [or Udall], schoolmaster of Eton in the reign of King Henry VIII. [Fuller.]

Such an Orbilius⁷ mars more scholars than he makes: their tyranny hath caused many tongues to stammer, which spake plain by nature, and whose stuttering at first was nothing else but fears quavering on their speech at their master's presence; and whose mauling them about their heads hath dulled those who in quickness exceeded their master.

6. He makes his school free to him who sues to him *in forma pauperis*. And surely learning is the greatest alms that can be given. But he is a beast who because the poor scholar cannot pay him wages, pays the scholar in his whipping. Rather are diligent lads to be encouraged with all excitements to learning. This minds me of what I have heard concerning Mr. Bust, that worthy late schoolmaster of Eton, who would never suffer any wandering begging scholar, such as justly the statute hath ranked in the forefront of rogues, to come into his school, but would thrust him out with earnestness (however privately charitable unto him) lest his schoolboys should be disheartened from their books, by seeing some scholars, after their studying in the university, preferred to beggary.

7. He spoils not a good school to make thereof a bad college, therein to teach his scholars logic. For besides that logic may have an action of trespass against grammar for encroaching on her liberties, syllogisms are solecisms taught in the school, and oftentimes they are forced afterwards in the university to unlearn the fumbling skill they had before.

8. Out of his school he is no whit pedantical in carriage or discourse; contenting himself to be rich in Latin, though he doth not jingle with it in every company wherein he comes.

To conclude, let this amongst other motives make schoolmasters careful in their place, that the eminencies of their scholars have commended the memories of their schoolmasters to posterity, who otherwise in obscurity had altogether been forgotten. Who had ever heard of R. Bond in Lancashire, but for the breeding of learned Asham his scholar; or of Hartgrave in

Brundley school, in the same county, but because he was the first to teach worthy Dr. Whitaker? Nor do I honor the memory of Mulcaster for anything so much as for his scholar, that gulf of learning, Bishop Andrews. This made the Athenians, the day before the great feast of Theseus their founder, to sacrifice a ram to the memory of Conidas his schoolmaster that first instructed him.⁸

THE GOOD MERCHANT

Is one who by his trading claspeth the island to the continent, and one country to another; an excellent gardener, who makes England bear wine, and oil, and spices; yea, herein goes beyond nature, in causing that *omnis fert omnia tellus*. He wrongs neither himself nor the commonwealth, nor private chapmen⁹ which buy commodities of him. As for his behavior towards the commonwealth, it far surpasses my skill to give any rules thereof; only this I know, that to export things of necessity, and to bring in foreign needless toys, makes a rich merchant, and a poor kingdom. For the state loseth her radical moisture, and gets little better than sweat in exchange, except the necessities which are exported be exceeding plentiful; which then, though necessary in their own nature, become superfluous through their abundance. We will content ourselves to give some general advertisements concerning his behavior towards his chapmen, whom he uses well in the quantity, quality, and price of the commodities he sells them.

1. He wrongs not the buyer in number, weight, or measure. These are the landmarks of all trading, which must not be removed; for such cozenage were worse than open felony. First, because they rob a man of his purse, and never bid him stand. Secondly, because highway thieves defy, but these pretend justice. Thirdly, as much as lies in their power, they endeavor to make God accessory to their cozenage, deceiving by pretending his weights. For God is the principal clerk of the market. "All the weights of the bag are his work."¹⁰

⁷ Horace's teacher, whom he stigmatizes for the severe floggings which he gave his pupils.

⁸ Plutarch, in *vita Thesei*. [Fuller.]

⁹ Pedlars.

¹⁰ Proverbs 16: 11. [Fuller.]

2. He never warrants any ware for good but what is so indeed. Otherwise he is a thief, and may be a murderer, if selling such things as are applied inwardly. Besides, in such a case he counts himself guilty if he selleth such wares as are bad, though without his knowledge, if avouching them for good; because he may, professeth, and is bound to be master in his own mystery,¹¹ and therefore in conscience must recompense the buyer's loss, except he gives him an item to buy it at his own adventure.

3. He either tells the faults in his ware, or abates proportionably in the price he demands; for then the low value shows the viciousness of it. Yet commonly when merchants depart with their commodities, we hear (as in funeral orations) all the virtues but none of the faults thereof.

4. He never demands out of distance of the price he intends to take; if not always within the touch, yet within the reach of what he means to sell for. Now we must know there be four several prices of vendible things. First, the price of the market, which ebbs and flows according to the plenty or scarcity of coin, commodities, and chapmen. Secondly, the price of friendship, which perchance is more giving than selling, and therefore not so proper at this time. Thirdly, the price of fancy, as twenty pounds or more for a dog or hawk, when no such inherent worth can naturally be in them, but by the buyer's and seller's fancy reflecting on them. Yet I believe the money may be lawfully taken. First, because the seller sometimes on those terms is as loth to forego it as the buyer is willing to have it. And I know no standard herein whereby men's affections may be measured. Secondly, it being a matter of pleasure, and men able and willing, let them pay for it, *volenti non fit injuria*. Lastly, there is the price of the cozenage, which our merchant from his heart detests and abhors.

5. He makes not advantage of his chapman's ignorance, chiefly if referring himself to his honesty, where the seller's conscience is all the buyer's skill, who makes him both seller and judge, so that he doth not so much ask as order what he must pay. When one told old Bishop Latimer that the

cutler had cozened him, in making him pay twopence for a knife not (in those days) worth a penny, "No," quoth Latimer, "he cozened not me but his own conscience." On the other side St. Augustine tells us¹² of a seller, who out of ignorance asked for a book far less than it was worth, and the buyer (conceive himself to be the man if you please) of his own accord gave him the full value thereof.

6. He makes not the buyer pay the shot for his prodigality; as when the merchant through his own ignorance or ill husbandry hath bought dear, he will not bring in his unnecessary expenses on the buyer's score; and in such a case he is bound to sell cheaper than he bought.

7. Selling by retail, he may justify the taking of greater gain; because of his care, pains, and cost of fetching those wares from the fountain, and in parcelling and dividing them. Yet because retailers trade commonly with those who have least skill what they buy, and commonly sell to the poorer sort of people, they must be careful not to grate on their necessity.

But how long shall I be retailing out rules to this merchant? It would employ a casuist an apprenticeship of years; take our Savior's wholesale rule, "Whatsoever ye would have men do unto you, do you unto them; for this is the law and the prophets."¹³

THE GOOD YEOMAN

Is a gentleman in ore, whom the next age may see refined; and is the wax capable of a gentle impression, when the prince shall stamp it. Wise Solon (who accounted Tellus the Athenian the most happy man, for living privately on his own lands) would surely have pronounced the English yeomanry a fortunate condition, living in the temperate zone betwixt greatness and want; an estate of people almost peculiar to England. France and Italy are like a die which hath no points between cinque and ace—nobility and peasantry. Their walls, though high, must needs be hollow, wanting filling-stones. Indeed Germany hath her boors, like our yeomen; but, by a tyrannical appro-

¹¹ Trade.

¹² *Lib. 13 de Trinitate*, c. 3. [Fuller.]

¹³ Matthew 7:12.

priation of nobility to some few ancient families, their yeomen are excluded from ever rising higher to clarify their bloods. In England, the temple of honor is bolted against none who have passed through the temple of virtue; nor is a capacity to be genteel denied to our yeoman who thus behaves himself.

1. He wears russet clothes, but makes golden payment, having tin in his buttons, and silver in his pocket. If he chance to appear in clothes above his rank, it is to grace some great man with his service, and then he blusheth at his own bravery. Otherwise he is the surest landmark, whence foreigners may take aim of the ancient English customs; the gentry more floating after foreign fashions.

2. In his house he is bountiful both to strangers and poor people. Some hold when hospitality died in England she gave her last groan amongst the yeomen of Kent. And still at our yeoman's table you shall have as many joints as dishes; no meat disguised with strange sauces; no stragglings joint of a sheep in the midst of a pasture of grass, beset with salads on every side, but solid substantial food; no servitors (more nimble with their hands than the guests with their teeth) take away meat, before stomachs¹⁴ are taken away. Here you have that which in itself is good, made better by the store of it, and best by the welcome to it.

3. He hath a great stroke in making a knight of the shire. Good reason, for he makes a whole line in the subsidy book, where whatsoever he is rated he pays without any regret, not caring how much his purse is let blood, so it be done by the advice of the physicians of the state.

4. He seldom goes far abroad, and his credit stretcheth further than his travel. He goes not to London, but *se defendendo*, to save himself of a fine, being returned of a jury; where seeing the king once, he prays for him ever afterwards.

5. In his own country he is a main man in juries, where, if the judge please to open his eyes in matter of law, he needs not to be led by the nose in matters of fact. He is very observant of the judge's *item*, when

it follows the truths *imprimis*; otherwise (though not mutinous in a jury) he cares not whom he displeaseth so he pleaseth his own conscience.

6. He improveth his land to a double value by his good husbandry. Some grounds that wept with water, or frowned with thorns, by draining the one, and clearing the other, he makes both to laugh and sing with corn. By marl and limestone burnt he bettereth his ground, and his industry worketh miracles, by turning stones into bread. Conquest and good husbandry both enlarge the king's dominions; the one by the sword, making the acres more in number; the other by the plow, making the same acres more in value. Solomon saith, "The king himself is maintained by husbandry." Pythis,¹⁵ a king, having discovered rich mines in his kingdom, employed all his people in digging of them, whence tilling was wholly neglected, insomuch as a great famine ensued. His queen, sensible of the calamities of the country, invited the king her husband to dinner, as he came home hungry from overseeing his workmen in the mines. She so contrived it that the bread and meat were most artificially made of gold; and the king was much delighted with the conceit thereof, till at last he called for real meat to satisfy his hunger. "Nay," said the queen, "if you employ all your subjects in your mines, you must expect to feed upon gold, for nothing else can your kingdom afford."

7. In time of famine he is the Joseph of the country, and keeps the poor from starving. Then he tameth his stacks of corn, which not his covetousness but providence hath reserved for time of need, and to his poor neighbors abateth somewhat of the high price of the market. The neighbor gentry court him for his acquaintance, which he either modestly waiveth, or thankfully accepteth, but no way greedily desireth. He insults not on the ruins of a decayed gentleman, but pities and relieves him; and as he is called Goodman, he desires to answer to the name, and to be so indeed.

8. In war, though he serveth on foot, he is ever mounted on an high spirit; as being a slave to none, and a subject only

¹⁴ Appetites.

¹⁵ Plutarch, *de Virtute Mulierum, exemplo ultimo*. [Fuller.]

to his own prince. Innocence and independence make a brave spirit; whereas otherwise one must ask his leave to be valiant on whom he depends. Therefore if a state run up all to noblemen and gentlemen, so that the husbandmen be only mere laborers or cottagers (which one¹⁶ calls but housed beggars), it may have good cavalry, but never good bands of foot; so that their armies will be like those birds called *Apodes*, without feet, always only flying on their wings of horse. Wherefore to make good infantry, it requireth men bred, not in a servile or indigent fashion, but in some free and plentiful manner. Wisely therefore did that knowing prince, King Henry the Seventh, provide laws for the increase of his yeomanry, that his kingdom should not be like to coppice-woods, where the staddles¹⁷ being left too thick, all runs to bushes and briars, and there's little clean underwood. For enacting that houses used to husbandry should be kept up with a competent proportion of land, he did secretly sow Hydra's teeth, whereupon (according to the poet's fiction)¹⁸ should rise up armed men for the service of this kingdom.

OF APPAREL

Clothes are for necessity; warm clothes for health, cleanly for decency, lasting for thrift, and rich for magnificence. Now there may be a fault in their number, if too various; making, if too vain; matter, if too costly; and mind of the wearer, if he takes pride therein. We come therefore to some general directions.

1. It's a chargeable vanity to be constantly clothed above one's purse or place. I say constantly; for perchance sometimes it may be dispensed with. A great man, who himself was very plain in apparel, checked a gentleman for being over fine, who modestly answered, "Your Lordship hath better clothes at home, and I have worse." But sure no plea can be made when this luxury is grown to be ordinary. It was an arrogant act of Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, who, when King John had given his courtiers rich liveries, to ape the

lion, gave his servants the like, wherewith the king was not a little offended. But what shall we say to the riot of our age, wherein (as peacocks are more gay than the eagle himself) subjects are grown braver than their sovereign?

2. 'Tis beneath a wise man always to wear clothes beneath men of his rank. True, there is a state sometimes in decent plainness. When a wealthy lord at a great solemnity had the plainest apparel, "Oh," said one, "if you had marked it well his suit had the richest pockets." Yet it argues no wisdom, in clothes always to stoop beneath his condition. When Antisthenes saw Socrates in a torn coat, he showed a hole thereof to the people; "and lo," quoth he, "through this I see Socrates his pride."

3. He shows a light gravity who loves to be an exception from a general fashion. For the received custom in the place where we live is the most competent judge of decency; from which we must not appeal to our own opinion. When the French courtiers mourning for their King Henry the Second had worn cloth a whole year, all silks became so vile in every man's eyes that, if any was seen to wear them, he was presently accounted a mechanic or country fellow.

4. It's a folly for one Proteus-like never to appear twice in one shape. Had some of our gallants been with the Israelites in the wilderness, when for forty years their clothes waxed not old, they would have been vexed, though their clothes were whole, to have been so long in one fashion. Yet here I must confess I understand not what is reported of Fulgentius, that he used the same garment winter and summer, and never altered his clothes, *etiam in sacris peragendis*.

5. He that is proud of the rustling of his silks, like a madman laughs at the rattling of his fetters. For indeed, clothes ought to be our remembrancers of our lost innocency. Besides, why should any brag of what's but borrowed? Should the estridge snatch off the gallant's feather, the beaver his hat, the goat his gloves, the sheep his

¹⁶ Bacon's Henry VII, page 74. [Fuller.] See Bacon's essay Of the True Greatness of Kingdoms.

¹⁷ Young trees which are left standing.

¹⁸ See Ovid's *Metamorphoses* vii, 121.

suit, the silkworm his stockings, and neat his shoes (to strip him no further than modesty will give leave), he would be left in a cold condition. And yet 'tis more pardonable to be proud, even of cleanly rags, than (as many are) of affected slovenness. The one is proud of a molehill, the other of a dunghill.

To conclude, sumptuary laws in this land to reduce apparel to a set standard of price and fashion, according to the several states of men, have long been wished, but are little to be hoped for. Some think private men's superfluity is a necessary evil in a state, the floating of fashions affording a standing maintenance to many thousands which otherwise would be at a loss for a livelihood, men maintaining more by their pride than by their charity.

OF BUILDING

He that alters an old house is tied as a translator to the original, and is confined to the fancy of the first builder. Such a man were unwise to pluck down good old building, to erect, perchance, worse new. But those that raise a new house from the ground are blameworthy if they make it not handsome, seeing to them method and confusion are both at a rate. In building we must respect situation, contrivance, receipt, strength, and beauty. Of situation:

1. Chiefly choose a wholesome air. For air is a dish one feeds on every minute, and therefore it need be good. Wherefore great men, who may build where they please, as poor men where they can, if herein they prefer their profit above their health, I refer them to their physicians to make them pay for it accordingly.

2. Wood and water are two staple commodities where they may be had. The former I confess hath made so much iron that it must now be bought with the more silver, and grows daily dearer.¹⁹ But 'tis as well pleasant as profitable to see a house cased with trees, like that of Anchises in Troy.

"—*Quanquam secreta parentis
Anchisæ domus arboribusque oblecta
recessit.*"²⁰

The worst is, where a place is bald of wood, no art can make it a periwig. As for water, begin with Pindar's beginning, *ἄριστον μὲν ὕδωρ*.²¹ The fort of Gogmagog Hills nigh Cambridge is counted impregnable but for want of water, the mischief of many houses where servants must bring the well on their shoulders.

3. Next, a pleasant prospect is to be respected. A medley view, such as of water and land at Greenwich, best entertains the eyes, refreshing the wearied beholder with exchange of objects. Yet I know a more profitable prospect, where the owner can only see his own land round about.

4. A fair entrance with an easy ascent gives a great grace to a building: where the hall is a preferment out of the court, the parlor out of the hall; not, as in some old buildings, where the doors are so low pigmies must stoop, and the rooms so high that giants may stand upright. But now we are come to contrivance.

5. Let not thy common rooms be several, nor thy several rooms be common. The hall, which is a Pandocheum,²² ought to lie open, and so ought passages and stairs, provided that the whole house be not spent in paths; chambers and closets are to be private and retired.

6. Light, God's eldest daughter, is a principal beauty in a building: yet it shines not alike from all parts of heaven. An east window welcomes the infant beams of the sun, before they are of strength to do any harm, and is offensive to none but a slug-gard. A south window in summer is a chimney with a fire in it, and needs the screen of a curtain. In a west window in summer time towards night, the sun grows low, and over-familiar, with more light than delight. A north window is best for butteries and cellars, where the beer will be sour for the sun's smiling on it. Thor-ough-lights are best for rooms of entertain-

¹⁹ Referring to the deforestation of England through the great use of wood as fuel in smelting the ore.

²⁰ "Though my father Anchises' palace was retired in the privacy of embosoming trees." — Virgil, *Æneid*, II, 299.

²¹ Water is the best. — *Olympian Odes*, I, 1.

²² Literally, an inn; a reception-room.

ment, and windows on one side for dormitories. As for receipt,

7. A house had better be too little for a day than too great for a year. And 'tis easier borrowing of thy neighbor a brace of chambers for a night than a bag of money for a twelvemonth. It is vain, therefore, to proportion the receipt to an extraordinary occasion, as those who by overbuilding their houses have dilapidated their lands, and their states have been pressed to death under the weight of their house. As for strength,

8. Country houses must be substantives, able to stand of themselves: not like city buildings supported by their neighbors on either side. By strength we mean such as may resist weather and time, not invasion, castles being out of date in this peaceable age. As for the making of moats round about, it is questionable whether the fogs be not more unhealthful than the fish brings profit, or the water defence. Beauty remains behind as the last to be regarded, because houses are made to be lived in, not looked on.²³

9. Let not the front look asquint on a stranger, but accost him right at his entrance. Uniformity also much pleaseth the eye; and 'tis observed that freestone, like a fair complexion, soonest waxeth old, whilst brick keeps her beauty longest.

10. Let the office-houses observe the due distance from the mansion-house. Those are too familiar which presume to be of the same pile with it. The same may be said of stables and barns; without which a house is like a city without out-works, it can never hold out long.

11. Gardens also are to attend in their place. When God (Gen. 2:9) planted a garden eastward, he made to grow out of the ground every tree pleasant to the sight, and good for food. Sure he knew better what was proper to a garden than those who now-a-days therein only feed the eyes, and starve both taste and smell.

To conclude, in building rather believe any man than an artificer in his own art for matter of charges; not that they cannot, but will not be faithful. Should they tell thee all the cost at the first, it would blast a

young builder in the budding, and therefore they soothe thee up till it hath cost thee something to confute them. The spirit of building first possessed people after the Flood, which then caused the confusion of languages, and since of the estate of many a man.

OF MEMORY

It is the treasure house of the mind, wherein the monuments thereof are kept and preserved. Plato makes it the mother of the muses. Aristotle sets it one degree further, making experience the mother of arts, memory the parent of experience. Philosophers place it in the rear of the head; and it seems the mine of memory lies there, because there naturally men dig for it, scratching it when they are at a loss. This again is twofold; one, the simple retention of things; the other, a regaining them when forgotten.

1. Brute creatures equal if not excel men in a bare retentive memory. Through how many labyrinths of woods, without other clue of thread than natural instinct, doth the hunted hare return to her mace? How doth the little bee, flying into several meadows and gardens, sipping of many cups, yet never intoxicated, through an ocean (as I may say) of air, steadily steer herself home, without help of card or compass. But these cannot play an aftergame, and recover what they have forgotten, which is done by the mediation of discourse.

2. Artificial memory is rather a trick than an art, and more for the gain of the teacher than profit of the learners. Like the tossing of a pike, which is no part of the postures and motions thereof, and is rather for ostentation than use, to show the strength and nimbleness of the arm, and is often used by wandering soldiers as an introduction to beg. Understand it of the artificial rules which at this day are delivered by memory-mountebanks; for sure an art thereof may be made (wherein as yet the world is defective) and that no more destructive to natural memory than spectacles are to eyes, which girls in Holland wear from 12 years of age. But till

²³ Cf. Bacon's essay *Of Building*.

this be found out, let us observe these plain rules.

3. First, soundly infix in thy mind what thou desirest to remember. What wonder is it if agitation of business jog that out of thy head which was there rather tacked than fastened? Whereas those notions which get in by *violenta possessio* will abide there till *ejectio firma*, sickness or extreme age, dispossess them. It is best knocking in the nail overnight, and clinching it the next morning.

4. Overburden not thy memory to make so faithful a servant a slave. Remember Atlas was weary. Have as much reason as a camel, to rise when thou hast thy full load. Memory, like a purse, if it be over full that it cannot shut, all will drop out of it. Take heed of a gluttonous curiosity to feed on many things, lest the greediness of the appetite of thy memory spoil the digestion thereof. Beza's²⁴ case was peculiar and memorable; being above fourscore years of age he perfectly could say by heart any Greek chapter in St. Paul's Epistles, or anything else which he had learnt long before, but forgot whatsoever was newly told him; his memory like an inn retaining old guests, but having no room to entertain new.

5. Spoil not thy memory with thine own jealousy, nor make it bad by suspecting it. How canst thou find that true which thou wilt not trust? St. Augustine tells us of his friend Simplicius, who being asked, could tell all Virgil's verses backward and forward, and yet the same party vowed to God, that he knew not that he could do it till they did try him. Sure there is concealed strength in men's memories, which they take no notice of.

6. Marshal thy notions into a handsome method. One will carry twice more weight trussed and packed up in bundles than when it lies untowardly flapping and hanging about his shoulders. Things orderly fardled²⁵ up under heads are most portable.

7. Adventure not all thy learning in one

bottom, but divide it betwixt thy memory and thy notebooks. He that with bias carries all his learning about him in his head will utterly be beggared and bankrupt, if a violent disease, a merciless thief, should rob and strip him. I know some have a commonplace against commonplace books, and yet perchance will privately make use of what publicly they declaim against. A commonplace book contains many notions in garrison, whence the owner may draw out an army into the field on competent warning.

8. Moderate diet and good air preserve memory; but what air is best I dare not define, when such great ones differ. Some say a pure and subtle air is best, another commends a thick and foggy air. For the Pisans sited in the fens and marsh of Arnus have excellent memories, as if the foggy air were a cap for their heads.

9. Thankfulness to God, for it continues the memory; whereas some proud people have been visited with such oblivion that they have forgotten their own names. Staupitius, tutor to Luther, and a godly man, in a vain ostentation of his memory repeated Christ's genealogy (Matt. 1) by heart in his sermon; but being out about the captivity of Babylon, "I see," saith he, "God resisteth the proud," and so betook himself to his book. Abuse not thy memory to be sin's register, nor make advantage thereof for wickedness. Excellently Augustine, *Quidam vero pessimi memoria sunt mirabili, qui tanto peiores sunt, quanto minus possunt, quæ male cogitant, oblivisci*.²⁶

OF FANCY

It is an inward sense of the soul, for a while retaining and examining things brought in thither by the common sense. It is the most boundless and restless faculty of the soul: for whilst the understanding and the will are kept as it were in *libera custodia* to their objects of *verum et bonum*, the fancy is free from all engagements: it digs without spade, sails without

²⁴ Théodore Beza (Fr. de Bèze), French reformer and Calvinistic theologian (1519-1605).

²⁵ Bundled.

²⁶ Certain wicked men, in sooth, are remarkable for their memory, and are all the worse for being unable to forget the wicked things that they think upon. (*De Civitate Dei*, vii. 3.)

ship, flies without wings, builds without charges, fights without bloodshed, in a moment striding from the centre to the circumference of the world, by a kind of omnipotency creating and annihilating things in an instant; and things divorced in nature are married in fancy as in a lawless place. It is also most restless: whilst the senses are bound, and reason in a manner asleep, fancy, like a sentinel, walks the round, ever working, never wearied. The chief diseases of the fancy are, either that they are too wild and high soaring, or else too low and grovelling, or else too desultory and over-voluble. Of the first,

1. If thy fancy be but a little too rank, age itself will correct it. To lift too high is no fault in a young horse, because with travelling he will mend it for his own ease. Thus lofty fancies in young men will come down to themselves, and in process of time the overplus will shrink to be but even measure. But if this will not do it, then observe these rules.

2. Take part always with thy judgment against thy fancy in anything wherein they shall dissent. If thou suspectest thy conceits too luxuriant, herein account thy suspicion a legal conviction, and damn whatsoever thou doubtst of. Warily Tully: *Bene monent, qui vetant quicquam facere, de quo dubitas, æquum sit an iniquum.*²⁷

3. Take the advice of a faithful friend, and submit thy inventions to his censure. When thou pennest an oration, let him have the power of *index expurgatorius*, to expunge what he pleaseth; and do not thou, like a fond mother, cry if the child of thy brain be corrected for playing the wanton. Mark the arguments and reasons of his alterations; why *that* phrase least proper, *this* passage more cautious and advised; and after a while thou shalt perform the place in thine own person, and not go out of thyself for a censurer. If thy fancy be too low and humble,

4. Let thy judgment be king, but not tyrant over it, to condemn harmless, yea, commendable, conceits. Some for fear their orations should giggle, will not let them smile. Give it also liberty to rove, for it will not be extravagant. There is no danger

that weak folks, if they walk abroad, will straggle far, as wanting strength.

5. Acquaint thyself with reading poets, for there fancy is in her throne; and in time, the sparks of the author's wit will catch hold on the reader, and inflame him with love, liking, and desire of imitation. I confess there is more required to teach one to write than to see a copy: however, there is a secret force of fascination in reading poems to raise and provoke fancy. If thy fancy be over-voluble, then

6. Whip this vagrant home to the first object whereon it should be settled. Indeed, nimbleness is the perfection of this faculty, but levity the bane of it. Great is the difference between a swift horse and a skittish, that will stand on no ground. Such is the ubiquitary fancy, which will keep long residence on no one subject, but is so courteous to strangers that it ever welcomes that conceit most which comes last; and new species supplant the old ones, before seriously considered. If this be the fault of thy fancy, I say whip it home to the first object whereon it should be settled. This do as often as occasion requires, and by degrees the fugitive servant will learn to abide by his work without running away.

7. Acquaint thyself by degrees with hard and knotty studies, as School-divinity, which will clog thy over-nimble fancy. True, at the first it will be as welcome to thee as a prison, and their very solutions will seem knots unto thee. But take not too much at once, lest thy brain turn edge. Taste it first as a potion for physic, and by degrees thou shalt drink it as beer for thirst: practice will make it pleasant. Mathematics are also good for this purpose. If beginning to try a conclusion, thou must make an end, lest thou lovest thy pains that are past, and must proceed seriously and exactly. I meddle not with those bedlam-fancies, all whose conceits are antiques, but leave them for the physician to purge with hellebore.

8. To clothe low-creeping matter with high-flown language is not fine fancy, but flat foolery. It rather loads than raises a wren, to fasten the feathers of an estridge to her wings. Some men's speeches are like

²⁷ They counsel well who tell you not to do anything of whose propriety you are in doubt. — *De Officiis*, I. 9.

the high mountains in Ireland, having a dirty bog in the top of them: the very ridge of them in high words having nothing of worth, but what rather stalls than delights the auditor.

9. Fine fancies in manufactures invent engines rather pretty than useful; and commonly one trade is too narrow for them. They are better to project new ways than to prosecute old, and are rather skilful in many mysteries than thriving in one. They affect not voluminous inventions, wherein many years must constantly be spent to perfect them, except there be in them variety of pleasant employment.

10. Imagination, the work of the fancy, hath produced real effects. Many serious and sad examples hereof may be produced: I will only insist on a merry one. A gentleman having led a company of children beyond their usual journey, they began to be weary, and jointly cried to him to carry them; which, because of their multitude, he could not do, but told them he would provide them horses to ride on. Then cutting little wands out of the hedge as nags for them, and a great stake as a gelding for himself, thus mounted, fancy put metal into their legs, and they came cheerfully home.

11. Fancy runs most furiously when a guilty conscience drives it. One that owed much money, and had many creditors, as he walked London streets in the evening, a tenter-hook caught his cloak. "At whose suit?" said he, conceiving some bailiff had arrested him. Thus guilty consciences are afraid where no fear is, and count every creature they meet a sergeant sent from God to punish them.

OF BOOKS

Solomon saith truly, "Of making many books there is no end,"²⁸ so insatiable is the thirst of men therein: as also endless is the desire of many in buying and reading them. But we come to our rules.

1. It is a vanity to persuade the world one hath much learning, by getting a great library. As soon shall I believe everyone is valiant that hath a well furnished armory.

²⁸ Ecclesiastes 12:12.

I guess good housekeeping by the smoking, not the number of the tunnels, as knowing that many of them, built merely for uniformity, are without chimneys, and more without fires. Once a dunce void of learning but full of books flouted a libraryless scholar with these words: "*Salve, doctor sine libris.*" But the next day the scholar coming into this jeerer's study, crowded with books: "*Salvete libri,*" saith he, "*sine doctore.*"

2. Few books, well selected, are best. Yet, as a certain fool bought all the pictures that came out, because he might have his choice, such is the vain humor of many men in gathering of books: yet when they have done all, they miss their end, it being in the editions of authors as in the fashions of clothes, when a man thinks he hath gotten the latest and newest, presently another newer comes out.

3. Some books are only cursorily to be tasted of.²⁹ Namely first, voluminous books, the task of a man's life to read them over; secondly, auxiliary books, only to be repaired to on occasions; thirdly, such as are mere pieces of formality, so that if you look on them, you look through them; and he that peeps through the casement of the index, sees as much as if he were in the house. But the laziness of those cannot be excused who perfunctorily pass over authors of consequence, and only trade in their tables and contents. These, like city-cheaters, having gotten the names of all country gentlemen, make silly people believe they have long lived in those places where they never were, and flourish with skill in those authors they never seriously studied.

4. The genius of the author is commonly discovered in the dedicatory epistle. Many place the purest grain in the mouth of the sack for chapmen to handle or buy: and from the dedication one may probably guess at the work, saving some rare and peculiar exceptions. Thus, when once a gentleman admired how so pithy, learned and witty a dedication was matched to a flat, dull, foolish book: "In truth," said another, "they may be well matched together, for I profess they are nothing akin."

5. Proportion an hour's meditation to an hour's reading of a staple author. This

²⁹ Cf. Bacon's Of Studies.

makes a man master of his learning, and dispirits the book into the scholar. The King of Sweden never filed his men above six deep in one company, because he would not have them lie in useless clusters in his army, but so that every particular soldier might be drawn out into service. Books that stand thin on the shelves, yet so as the owner of them can bring forth every one of them into use, are better than far greater libraries.

6. Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost. Arius Montanus, in printing the Hebrew Bible, commonly called the Bible of the King of Spain, much wasted himself, and was accused in the court of Rome for his good deed, and being cited thither, *Pro tantorum laborum præmio vix veniam impetravit*.³⁰ Likewise Christopher Plantin, by printing of his curious interlineary Bible, in Antwerp, through the unseasonable exactions of the king's officers, sunk and almost ruined his estate.³¹ And our worthy English knight, who set forth the golden-mouthed father in a silver print, was a loser by it.³²

7. Whereas foolish pamphlets prove most beneficial to the printers. When a French printer complained that he was utterly undone by printing a solid serious book of Rabelais concerning physick, Rabelais, to make him recompense, made that his jesting scurrilous work, which repaid the

printer's loss with advantage. Such books the world swarms too much with. When one had set out with a witless pamphlet, writing *finis* at the end thereof, another wittily wrote beneath it,

—Nay, there thou liest, my friend.
In writing foolish books there is no end.

And surely such scurrilous scandalous papers do more than conceivable mischief. First, their lusciousness puts many palates out of taste, that they can never after relish any solid and wholesome writers; secondly, they cast dirt on the faces of many innocent persons, which dried on by continuance of time can never after be washed off; thirdly, the pamphlets of this age may pass for records with the next, because publicly uncontrolled, and what we laugh at, our children may believe: fourthly, grant the things true they jeer at, yet this music is unlawful in any Christian church, to play upon the sins and miseries of others, the fitter object of the elegies than the satires of all truly religious.

But what do I speaking against multiplicity of books in this age, who trespass in this nature myself? What was a learned man's compliment, may serve for my confession and conclusion: "*Multi mei similes hoc morbo laborant, ut cum scribere nescient tamen a scribendo temperare non possint.*"³³

FROM THE CHURCH HISTORY OF BRITAIN

(Text: first edition, 1655)

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

(Book IV, Century 14)

We may couple with him¹ his contemporary, Geoffrey Chaucer, born (some say) in Berkshire, others in Oxfordshire, most and truest in London. If the Grecian Homer had seven, let our English have three places

contest for his nativity. Our Homer (I say) only herein he differed:

Mæonides nullas ipse reliquit opes:
Homer himself did leave no pelf,

whereas our Chaucer left behind him a rich and worshipful estate.

His father was a vintner in London; and

³⁰ With difficulty obtained pardon as a reward of his great labor. — Thuanus, *Obitus Virorum doctorum*, anno 1598. [Fuller.]

³¹ *Idem*, in eodem oper, 1589. [Fuller.]

³² Sir Henry Savile's edition of Chrysostom in eight volumes, 1610–1613. — See Hallam's *Literature of Europe*, Part III, ch. 1.

³³ Many of my fellows are afflicted with this disease, who, though they know not how to write, are yet unable to refrain from writing. — Erasmus, Preface to the Works of Jerome, Series 3, vol. IV, p. 408. [Fuller.]

¹ John de Trevisa,

I have heard his arms quarrelled at, being argent and gules strangely contrived, and hard to be blazoned. Some more wits have made it the dashing of white and red wine (the parents of our ordinary claret) as nicking his father's profession. But were Chaucer alive, he would justify his own arms in the face of all his opposers, being not so devoted to the muses but he was also a son of Mars. He was the prince of English poets; married the daughter² of Pain Roët, king of arms in France, and sister to the wife of John of Gaunt, king of Castile.

He was a great refiner and illuminer of our English tongue (and if he left it so bad, how much worse did he find it?), witness Leland thus praising him:

*Prædicat Aligerum merito Florentia Dantem,
Italia et numeros tota Petrarche tuos.
Anglia Chaucerum veneratur nostra poetam,
Cui veneres debet patria lingua suas.*

Of Alger Dante, Florence doth justly boast,
Of Petrarch brags all the Italian coast,
England doth poet Chaucer reverence,
To whom our language owes its eloquence.

Indeed Verstegan,³ a learned antiquary, condemns him for spoiling the purity of the English tongue, by the mixture of so many French and Latin words. But he who mingles wine with water, though he destroys the nature of water, improves the quality thereof.

I find this Chaucer fined in the temple two shillings, for striking a Franciscan friar in Fleet street, and it seems his hands ever after itched to be revenged, and have his pennyworths out of them, so tickling religious orders with his tales, and yet so pinching them with his truths, that friars in reading his books know not how to dispose their faces betwixt crying and laughing. He lies buried in the south aisle of St. Peter's, Westminster, and since hath got the company of Spenser and Drayton (a pair-royal of poets) enough almost to make passengers' feet to move metrically, who go over the place where so much poetical dust is interred.

JOHN WYCLIFFE

(Book IV, Century 15)

Hitherto the corpse of John Wycliffe had quietly slept in his grave, about one-and-forty years after his death, till his body was reduced to bones, and his bones almost to dust; for though the earth in the chancel of Lutterworth in Leicestershire, where he was interred, hath not so quick a digestion with the earth of Aceldama, to consume flesh in twenty-four hours, yet such the appetite thereof, and all other English graves, [as] to leave small reversions of a body after so many years.

But now, such the spleen of the council of Constance, as they not only cursed his memory, as dying an obstinate heretic, but ordered that his bones (with this charitable caution, if it may be discerned from the bodies of other faithful people) to be taken out of the ground and thrown far off from any Christian burial.

In obedience hereunto, Richard Flemyng, Bishop of Lincoln, diocesan of Lutterworth, sent his officers (vultures with a quick sight-scent at a dead carcase) to ungrave him accordingly. To Lutterworth they come (sumner, commissary, official, chancellor, proctors, doctors, and the servants, so that the remnant of the body would not hold out a bone amongst so many hands), take what was left out of the grave, and burnt them to ashes, and cast them into Swift, a neighboring brook running hard by. Thus this brook hath conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean; and thus the ashes of Wycliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over.

I know not whether the vulgar tradition be worth remembrance, that the brook into which Wycliffe his ashes were poured never since overflowed the banks. Were this true (as some deny it), as silly is the inference of Papists attributing this to divine providence, expressing itself pleased with such severity on a heretic, as simple the collection of some Protestants making it an effect

² Chaucer's wife, according to the generally accepted theory, was Philippa, the daughter of Sir Payne Roët, a knight of Hainaut, and king of arms in Guienne in the reign of Edward III.

³ In his *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*, p. 203. [Fuller.]

of Wycliffe his sanctity. Such topical accidents are good for friend and foe, as they may be bowed to both; but in effect good

to neither, seeing no solid judgment will build where bare fancy hath laid foundation.

FROM THE HISTORY OF THE WORTHIES OF ENGLAND, ENDEAVORED BY
THOMAS FULLER, D.D.

(Text: first edition, 1662)

BERKSHIRE

WILLIAM LAUD

William Laud was born at Reading in this county, of honest parentage, bred in St. John's College in Oxford, whereof he became president: successively Bishop of St. David's, Bath and Wells, London, and at last Archbishop of Canterbury. One of low stature but high parts; piercing eyes, cheerful countenance, wherein gravity and pleasantness were well compounded; admirable in his naturals, unblamable in morals, being very strict in his conversation. Of him I have written in my "Ecclesiastical History"; though I confess it was somewhat too soon for one with safety and truth to treat of such a subject. Indeed I could instance in some kind of coarse venison, not fit for food when first killed; and therefore cunning cooks bury it for some hours in the earth, till the rankness thereof being mortified thereby, it makes most palatable meat. So the memory of some persons newly deceased are neither fit for a writer's or reader's repast, until some competent time after their interment. However, I am confident that impartial posterity, on a serious review of all passages, will allow his name to be reposed amongst the heroes of our nation, seeing such as behold his expense on St. Paul's as but a cipher, will assign his other benefactions a very valuable signification; *viz.*, his erecting and endowing an almshouse in Reading, his increasing of Oxford library with books, and St. John's College with beautiful buildings. He was beheaded January 10, 1644.

ALFRED THE GREAT

Alfred, the fourth son to King Athelwolf, was born at Wantage, a market town in this county; an excellent scholar, though he

was past twelve years of age before he knew one letter in the book. And did not he run fast, who starting so late came soon to the mark? He was a curious poet, excellent musician, a valiant and successful soldier, who fought seven battles against the Danes in one year, and at last made them his subjects by conquest, and God's servants by Christianity. He gave the first institution, or (as others will have it) the best instauration, to the University of Oxford. A prince who cannot be painted to the life without his loss, no words reaching his worth.

He divided, 1. Every natural day (as to himself) into three parts: eight hours for his devotion, eight hours for his employment, eight hours for his sleep and refec-tion. 2. His revenues into three parts: one for his expenses in war, a second for the maintenance of his court, and a third to be spent on pious uses. 3. His land into thirty-two shires, which number since is altered and increased. 4. His subjects into hundreds and tithings, consisting of ten persons, mutually pledges for their good behavior; such being accounted suspicious for their life and loyalty that could not give such security.

He left learning, where he found ignorance; justice, where he found oppression; peace, where he found distraction. And, having reigned about four and thirty years, he died, and was buried at Winchester, *anno* 901. He loved religion more than superstition, favored learned men more than lazy monks; which, perchance, was the cause that his memory is not loaden with miracles, and he not solemnly sainted with other Saxon kings who far less deserved it.

BEDFORDSHIRE

HENRY DE ESSEX

He is too well known in our English chronicles, being Baron of Raleigh in Essex,

and hereditary standard-bearer of England. It happened in the reign of this king¹ there was a fierce battle fought in Flintshire, at Coleshull, betwixt the English and Welsh, wherein this Henry de Essex, *animum et signum simul abjecit* ("betwixt traitor and coward cast away both his courage and banner together"), occasioning a great overflow of English.

But he that had the baseness to do, had the boldness to deny the doing of, so foul a fact; until he was challenged in combat by Robert de Momford, a knight, eye-witness thereof, and by him overcome in a duel; whereupon his large inheritance was confiscated to the king, and he himself, partly thrust, partly going, into a convent, hid his head in a cowl, under which, betwixt shame and sanctity, he blushed out the remainder of his life.

CHESHIRE

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

John Smith, Captain, was born in this county, as Master Arthur Smith, his kinsman and my schoolmaster, did inform me. But whether or no related unto the worshipful family of the Smiths at Hatherton, I know not.

He spent the most of his life in foreign parts. First in Hungary, under the emperor, fighting against the Turks; three of which he himself killed in single duels; and therefore was authorized by Sigismund, King of Hungary, to bear three Turks' heads, as an augmentation to his arms. Here he gave intelligence to a besieged city in the night, by significant fireworks formed in the air, in legible characters, with many strange performances, the scene whereof is laid at such a distance, they are cheaper credited than confuted.

From the Turks in Europe he passed to the pagans in America, where, towards the latter end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, such his perils, preservations, dangers, deliverances, they seem to most men above belief, to some beyond truth. Yet have we two witnesses to attest them, the prose and the pictures, both in his own

book; and it soundeth much to the diminution of his deeds that he alone is the herald to publish and proclaim them.

Two captains being at dinner, one of them fell into a large relation of his own achievements, concluding his discourse with this question to his fellow, "And pray, Sir," said he, "what service have you done?" To whom he answered, "Other men can tell that." And surely such reports from strangers carry with them the greater reputation. However, moderate men must allow Captain Smith to have been very instrumental in settling the plantation in Virginia, whereof he was governor, as also admiral of New England.

He led his old age in London, where his having a prince's mind imprisoned in a poor man's purse rendered him to the contempt of such who were not ingenuous. Yet he efforted his spirits with the remembrance and relation of what formerly he had been, and what he had done. He was buried in Sepulchre's Church choir, on the south side thereof, having a ranting epitaph inscribed in a table over him, too long to transcribe. Only we will insert the first and last verses, the rather because the one may fit Alexander's life for his valor, the other his death for his religion:

"Here lies one conquer'd that hath conquer'd
kings!

Oh, may his soul in sweet Elysium sleep."

The orthography, poetry, history and divinity in this epitaph are much alike. He died on the 21st of June, 1631.

JOHN DOD

John Dod was born at Shottliege, in this county (where his parents had a competent estate); bred in Jesus College in Cambridge, by nature a witty, by industry a learned, by grace a godly divine; successively minister of Hanwell in Oxford, Fenny-Compton in Warwick, Canons-Ashby and Fawsley in Northamptonshire, though for a time silenced in each of them.

A father (who shall pass nameless) is censured by some for his over-curiosity in

¹ Henry II, 1154-1189.

his conceit rather than comment, Matt. 5:2. "And he opened his mouth, and taught them." — "For Christ," saith he, "taught them often, when he opened not his mouth, by his example, miracles, etc." Here I am sure, accordingly, Master Dod, when "his mouth was shut" (prohibiting preaching), instructed almost as much as before, by his holy demeanor and pious discourse; a good chemist, who could extract gold out of other men's lead; and how loose soever the premises of other men's discourse, piety was always his natural and unforced conclusion inferred thereupon.

For the rest, I refer the reader to Master Samuel Clark, by whom his life is written, wherein are many remarkable passages: I say Master Samuel Clark, with whose pen mine never did or shall interfere. Indeed, as the flocks of Jacob were distanced "three days' journeys" from those of Laban,² so (to prevent voluntary or casual commixtures) our styles are set more than a month's journey asunder.

The Jewish Rabbins have a fond and a false conceit, that Methusalem, who indeed died in the very year (and his death a sad prognostic) of the deluge, had a cabin built him in the outside of Noah's ark, where he was preserved by himself. But most true it is, that good Father Dod, though he lived to see the flood of our late civil wars, made to himself a cabin in his own contented conscience; and though his clothes were wetted with the waves (when plundered), he was dry in the deluge, such his self-solace in his holy meditations. He died, being eighty-six years of age, *anno* 1645.

When thieves break in a house and steal, the owner thereof knows for the present that he is robbed, but not of what or how much, till some days after he finds out by the want of such things which were taken from him. The vicinage of Fawsley, where Mr. Dod died, knew then they were bereft of a worthy treasure, though ignorant in the particulars of their losses, till daily discovery hath by this time made them sensible thereof.

CORNWALL

KING ARTHUR

King Arthur, son of Uther Pendragon, was born in Tintagel castle in this county; and proved afterwards monarch of Great Britain. He may fitly be termed the British Hercules in three respects:

1. For his illegitimate birth, both being bastards, begotten on other men's wives, and yet their mothers honest women; de-luded, the one by a miracle, the other by art magic of Merlin, in others personating their husbands.

2. Painful life; one famous for his twelve labors, the other for his twelve victories against the Saxons; and both of them had been greater, had they been made less, and the reports of them reduced within the compass of probability.

3. Violent and woeful death; our Arthur's being as lamentable, and more honorable; not caused by feminine jealousy, but masculine treachery, being murdered by Modred, near the place where he was born:

"As though no other place on Britain's spacious earth

Were worthy of his end, but where he had his birth."³

As for his Round Table, with his knights about it, the tale whereof hath trundled so smoothly along for many ages, it never met with much belief amongst the judicious. He died about the year 542.

And now to speak of the Cornish in general. They ever have been beheld men of valor. It seemeth in the reign of the aforesaid King Arthur they ever made up his vanguard, if I can rightly understand the barbarous verses of a Cornish poet:⁴

*"Nobilis Arcturus nos primos Cornubienses
Bellum facturus vocat (ut puta Cæsaris
enses).*

*Nobis (non aliis reliquis) dat primitus
ictum."*

² Genesis 30:36.

³ Drayton's *Polyolbion*, First Song, lines 189, 190.

⁴ Michael Cornubiensis. [Fuller.]

"Brave Arthur, when he meant a field to fight,
 Us Cornish men did first of all invite.
 Only to Cornish (count them Cæsar's swords)
 He the first blow in battle still affords."

But afterwards, in the time of King Canutus, the Cornish were appointed to make up the rear of our armies. Say not they were much degraded by this transposition from head to foot, seeing the judicious, in marshalling of an army, count the strength (and therefore the credit) to consist in the rear thereof.

But it must be pitied that this people, misguided by their leaders, have so often abused their valor in rebellions, and particularly in the reign of King Henry the Seventh, at Blackheath, where they did the greatest execution with their arrows, reported to be the length of a tailor's yard, the last of that proportion which ever were seen in England. However, the Cornish have since plentifully repaid their credit, by their exemplary valor and loyalty in our late civil wars.

LONDON

EDMUND SPENSER

Edmund Spenser, born in this city, was brought up in Pembroke Hall in Cambridge, where he became an excellent scholar; but especially most happy in English poetry, as his works do declare; in which the many Chaucerisms used (for I will not say affected by him) are thought by the ignorant to be blemishes, known by the learned to be beauties, to his book, which notwithstanding had been more salable, if more conformed to our modern language.

There passeth a story commonly told and believed, that Spenser presenting his poems to Queen Elizabeth, she, highly affected therewith, commanded the Lord Cecil, her treasurer, to give him a hundred pounds; and when the treasurer (a good steward of the Queen's money) alleged that the sum was too much, "Then give him," quoth the queen, "what is reason"; to which the lord consented. But was so

busied, belike, about matters of high concernment that Spenser received no reward; whereupon he presented this petition in a small piece of paper to the queen in her progress:

"I was promis'd on a time,
 To have reason for my rhyme;
 From that time unto this season,
 I receiv'd nor rhyme nor reason."

Hereupon the queen gave strict order (not without some check to her treasurer) for the present payment of the hundred pounds she first intended unto him.

He afterwards went over into Ireland, secretary to the Lord Gray, Lord Deputy thereof; and though that his office under his lord was lucrative, yet got he no estate; but, saith my author,⁵ "*peculiari poetis fato, semper cum paupertate conflictatus est.*" So that it fared little better with him than with William Xilander the German (a most excellent linguist, antiquary, philosopher, and mathematician), who was so poor that (as Thuanus saith) he was thought, "*fami non fame scribere.*"⁶

Returning into England, he was robbed by the rebels of that little he had; and dying for grief in great want, *anno* 1598, was honorably buried nigh Chaucer in Westminster, where this distich concluded his epitaph on his monument:

"*Anglica te vivo vixit plaussitque poesis,
 Nunc moritura timet te moriente mori.*"

"Whilst thou didst live, liv'd English poetry,
 Which fears, now thou art dead, that she shall die."

Nor must we forget, that the expense of his funeral and monument was defrayed at the sole charge of Robert, first of that name, Earl of Essex.

WESTMINSTER

BENJAMIN JONSON

Benjamin Jonson was born in this city. Though I cannot, with all my industrious inquiry, find him in his cradle, I can fetch

⁵ Camden's Elizabeth, in *anno* 1598. [Fuller.]

⁶ *Fami non fame* [= *famæ*] *scribere*: to write for hunger, not for fame.

him from his long coats. When a little child, he lived in Harts-horn-lane near Charing-cross, where his mother married a brick-layer for her second husband.

He was first bred in a private school in Saint Martin's Church; then in Westminster School; witness his own epigram; ⁷

"Camden, most reverend head, to whom I
owe
All that I am in arts, all that I know;
How nothing's that to whom my country
owes
The great renown and name wherewith she
goes," etc.

He was statutably admitted into Saint John's College in Cambridge (as many years after incorporated an honorary member of Christ Church in Oxford), where he continued but few weeks for want of further maintenance, being fain to return to the trade of his father-in-law. And let them blush not that have, but those who have not, a lawful calling. He helped in the new structure of Lincoln's Inn, when, having a trowel in his hand, he had a book in his pocket.

Some gentlemen, pitying that his parts should be buried under the rubbish of so mean a calling, did by their bounty manumise ⁸ him freely to follow his own ingenious inclinations. Indeed his parts were not so ready to run of themselves as able to answer the spur; so that it may be truly said of him, that he had an elaborate wit wrought out in his own industry. He would sit silent in a learned company, and suck in (besides wine) their several humors into his observation. What was ore in others, he was able to refine to himself.

He was paramount in the dramatic part of poetry, and taught the stage an exact conformity to the laws of comedians. His comedies were above the *volge* (which are only tickled with downright obscenity), and took not so well at the first stroke as at the rebound, when beheld the second time; yea, they will endure reading, and that with due commendation, so long as either ingenuity or learning are fashionable in our nation. If his later be not so spritful and vigorous as his first pieces, all that are old

will, and all that desire to be old should, excuse him therein.

He was not very happy in his children, and most happy in those which died first, though none lived to survive him. This he bestowed as part of an epitaph on his eldest son, dying in infancy:

"Rest in soft peace; and, ask'd, say here
doth lie,
Ben Jonson his best piece of poetry." ⁹

He died *anno Domini* 1638; and was buried about the belfry, in the abbey church at Westminster.

WARWICKSHIRE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

William Shakespeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon in this county; in whom three eminent poets may seem in some sort to be compounded. 1. Martial, in the warlike sound of his surname (whence some may conjecture him of military extraction) *Hasti-vibrans*, or Shake-speare. 2. Ovid, the most natural and witty of all poets; and hence it was that Queen Elizabeth, coming into a grammar school, made this extemporary phrase,

"Persius a crab-staff, bawdy Martial,
Ovid a fine wag."

3. Plautus, who was an exact comedian, yet never any scholar, as our Shakespeare (if alive) would confess himself. Add to all these, that though his genius generally was joocular, and inclining him to festivity, yet he could (when so disposed) be solemn and serious, as appears by his tragedies; so that Heraclitus himself (I mean if secret and unseen) might afford to smile at his comedies, they were so merry; and Democritus scarce forbear to sigh at his tragedies, they were so mournful.

He was an eminent instance of the truth of that rule, "*Poeta non fit sed nascitur*" (one is not made but born a poet). Indeed his learning was very little; so that, as Cornish diamonds are not polished by any lapidary, but are pointed and smooth even as they are taken out of the earth, so

⁷ Epigram 14.

⁸ Set free.

⁹ Epigram 45.

nature itself was all the art which was used upon him.

Many were the wit-combats betwixt him and Ben Jonson; which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war; Master Jonson (like the former) was built far higher in learning; solid, but slow, in his performances. Shakespeare,

with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention. He died *anno Domini* 1616, and was buried at Stratford-upon-Avon, the town of his nativity.

JOHN MILTON

(1608-1674)

Milton's life is probably the best known in English literature, and his forceful personality is so clearly and indelibly impressed on all his works that we are acquainted with him almost more intimately than we are with many of our contemporaries, or even ourselves. He is, thus, in this respect, at the farthest remove from Shakespeare, the great enigma of our literature. The proverbial schoolboy is likely to know, whatever else in literary biography he may be ignorant of, the story of Milton's birth in Bread Street, London, and of the four distinct periods into which his life divides itself, with their accompanying pictures of the young "lady of Christ's," the sensitive poetic youth in retirement at Horton and on the grand tour in Italy, the Puritan controversialist and stern husband and father of the Cromwellian period, and the poet "old and blind, and fallen on evil days," who at long last addressed himself to the task of justifying the ways of God to man. His life is as edifying as it is familiar, presenting perhaps the best illustration in English history of the working out in mature years of a great purpose and the accomplishment of a great mission conceived in youth.

In certain respects the Milton of the *Paradise Lost* — the Milton whose soul, in Wordsworth's phrase, was like a star and dwelt apart, the painter of the vast canvases of heaven and hell with their archangelic inhabitants — is beyond the ken of the general reader. Such knowledge and such artistry are too wonderful for him. He admires and reverences, or, in some cases, reacts violently, rather than loves Milton. The term, "Miltonic," has come to imply all that is sublime, majestic, empyrean (or bigoted, prejudiced, bitter), and the ordinary man prefers, for his daily sustenance at least, something more homely and familiar. We are concerned here with the Milton of the third period, the Milton who took part in the fierce and often undignified political and religious dissensions of the century, and with the period when his poetical activities were least in evidence; when he gave himself, whether wisely or unwisely, to the service of the state, and turned his energies to pamphlets on the social and political questions of the day. Of these the chief are the *Areopagitica*, the tractates on education and divorce, the *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*, the *Eikonoklastes*, and the *Defence of the English People*.

Of the violence and bitterness of some of Milton's prose little can be said in extenuation. It is a poor excuse, however true it may be, to say that everybody else was doing the same thing. But Milton's sincerity in all his work, and the nobleness and eloquence of most of it, call for no apologies. Milton wrote his *Areopagitica* and his other prose works with his left hand, as he put it, but he is throughout them all the same Milton who penned *Lycidas* in the earlier days, and *Paradise Lost* in the later. The themes of liberty, — civil, religious, domestic — of freedom of choice and expression, independence of spirit, and abhorrence of tyranny of whatever sort, inform everything he ever wrote. The voice that speaks against the licensing of the press in *Areopagitica* is, however paradoxical, the same voice that thunders against the despotism of the Almighty in *Paradise Lost*. The hand that is there raised against the Tyrant of heaven is the hand of Satan, but the voice is at all times the voice of John Milton. The appellations of the *Areopagitica* — "States and Governors of the Commonwealth," "High Court of Parliament," "Lords and Commons of England" — are but the first drafts of those majestic terms with which Satan invokes his legions — "Princes, Potentates, Warriors, the Flower of Heaven," "O Progeny of Heaven, Imperial Thrones." And the closing sentence of his plea for the freedom of the press might almost be mistaken for the appeal of Satan to his fallen angels when he is urging them to rise and redeem themselves and scale the heights of heaven: "to redress willingly and speedily what hath been erred, and in highest authority to esteem a plain advertisement more than others have done a sumptuous bribe, is a virtue, honored Lords and Commons, answerable to your highest actions, and whereof none can participate but greatest and wisest men."

The Milton of the *Areopagitica* is not the defeated and despairing Milton of the *Paradise Lost*, but a young and vigorous Milton, thirty-six years old, still hopeful and confident, and even optimistic over the outcome. The *Areopagitica* could hardly fail to be what it has become, the greatest plea for the freedom of the press in the English language.

The *Tractate on Education* is of a piece with it. It is true, as Dr. Johnson has pointed out, that in it he is legislating for a college of young Miltons, or of young archangels if the reader will. And certainly the details of Milton's program for the education of young men would not be found suitable or practicable today. But the principle of his educational scheme is as sound and as sane as ever. His views on the young man's course of study, on his relations with other students, his pleasures and recreations, all are interesting and pertinent and important. And his aim is one with that of every intelligent and conscientious educator of the twentieth century, the developing of a young man or young woman in body, mind, and soul, so that he or she may attain the utmost happiness in life, and be of the greatest service in society, church, and civil state.

No two questions at the present time more vitally concern our interests and our welfare than those of the education of our youth and the difficult and perplexing matter of censorship and the freedom of speech and of the press. In the two works here given Milton is still living at this hour, and speaks with a voice that deserves and will repay attention.

OF EDUCATION

(Text: first edition, 1644)

TO MASTER SAMUEL HARTLIB¹

MASTER HARTLIB,

I am long since persuaded that to say or do aught worth memory and imitation, no purpose or respect² should sooner move us than simply the love of God and of mankind. Nevertheless, to write now the reforming of education, though it be one of the greatest and noblest designs that can be thought on, and for the want whereof this nation perishes, I had not yet at this time been induced but by your earnest entreaties and serious conjurements; as having my mind diverted for the present in the pursuance of some other assertions;³ the knowledge and the use of which cannot but be a great furtherance both to the enlargement of truth and honest living with much more peace. Nor should the laws of any private friendship have prevailed with me to divide thus or transpose my former thoughts; but that I see those aims, those actions which have won you with me the esteem of a person sent hither by some good providence from a far country to be the occasion and incitement of great good to

this island, and, as I hear, you have obtained the same repute with men of most approved wisdom and some of the highest authority among us, not to mention the learned correspondence which you hold in foreign parts, and the extraordinary pains and diligence which you have used in this matter both here and beyond the seas, either by the definite will of God so ruling, or the peculiar sway of nature, which also is God's working. Neither can I think, that so reputed and so valued as you are, you would, to the forfeit of your own discerning ability, impose upon me an unfit and over-ponderous argument; but that the satisfaction which you profess to have received from those incidental discourses which we have wandered into hath pressed and almost constrained you into a persuasion, that what you require from me in this point I neither ought nor can in conscience defer beyond this time both of so much need at once and so much opportunity to try what God hath determined. I will not resist, therefore, whatever it is, either of divine or human obligation, that you lay upon me; but will forthwith set down in writing,

¹ Samuel Hartlib, London merchant and philanthropist, connected with various projects for educational and social reform.

² Consideration.

³ The *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce* was published in 1643, the *Areopagitica*, in 1644.

as you request me, that voluntary idea, which hath long in silence presented itself to me, of a better education, in extent and comprehension far more large, and yet of time far shorter and of attainment far more certain than hath been yet in practice. Brief I shall endeavor to be; for that which I have to say, assuredly this nation hath extreme need should be done sooner than spoken. To tell you, therefore, what I have benefited herein among old renowned authors I shall spare; and to search what many modern Januas and Didactics,⁴ more than ever I shall read, have projected, my inclination leads me not. But if you can accept of these few observations which have flowered off, and are, as it were, the burnishing of many contemplative years altogether spent in the search of religious and civil knowledge, and such as pleased you so well in the relating, I here give you them to dispose of.

The end, then, of learning is, to repair the ruins of our first parents by regaining to know God aright, and out of that knowledge to love him, to imitate him, to be like him, as we may the nearest by possessing our souls of true virtue, which, being united to the heavenly grace of faith, makes up the highest perfection. But because our understanding cannot in this body found itself but on sensible things, nor arrive so clearly to the knowledge of God and things invisible as by orderly coming over the visible and inferior creature, the same method is necessarily to be followed in all discreet teaching. And seeing every nation affords not experience and tradition enough for all kind of learning, therefore we are chiefly taught the languages of those people who have at any time been most industrious after wisdom; so that language is but the instrument conveying to us things useful to be known.⁵ And though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet if he have not studied the solid things in them as well as the words and lexicons,

he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother-dialect only. Hence appear the many mistakes which have made learning generally so unpleasing and so unsuccessful. First, we do amiss to spend seven or eight years merely in scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek as might be learned otherwise easily and delightfully in one year. And that which casts our proficiency therein so much behind is our time lost in too oft idle vacancies given both to schools and universities; partly in a preposterous⁶ exaction, forcing the empty wits of children to compose themes, verses, and orations, which are the acts of ripest judgment, and the final work of a head filled by long reading and observing with elegant maxims and copious invention. These are not matters to be wrung from poor striplings, like blood out of the nose, or the plucking of untimely fruit; besides the ill habit which they get of wretched barbarizing against the Latin and Greek idiom with their untutored Anglicisms, odious to be read, yet not to be avoided without a well-continued and judicious conversing among pure authors, digested, which they scarce taste. Whereas, if after some preparatory grounds of speech by their certain forms got into memory they were led to the praxis hereof in some chosen short book lessoned thoroughly to them, they might then forthwith proceed to learn the substance of good things and arts in due order, which would bring the whole language quickly into their power. This I take to be the most rational and most profitable way of learning languages, and whereby we may best hope to give account to God of our youth spent herein.

And for the usual method of teaching arts,⁷ I deem it to be an old error of universities, not yet well recovered from the scholastic grossness of barbarous ages, that instead of beginning with arts most easy (and those be such as are most obvious to the sense), they present their young un-

⁴ The *Janua Linguarum Reserata*, and the *Didactica Magna* of the great German educator Comenius, which outline schemes of education not greatly dissimilar to Milton's own plan, although he seems here to disclaim any influence of Comenius.

⁵ It is notable that Milton does not commend the study of language for disciplinary purposes.

⁶ Putting first that which should naturally and logically come last.

⁷ The various branches of learning which formed the curriculum for the B.A. degree.

matriculated novices at first coming with the most intellective abstractions of logic and metaphysics; so that they having but newly left those grammatic flats and shallows where they stuck unreasonably to learn a few words with lamentable construction, and now on the sudden transported under another climate, to be tossed and turmoiled with their unballasted wits in fathomless and unquiet deeps of controversy, do, for the most part, grow into hatred and contempt of learning, mocked and deluded all this while with ragged notions and babblements, while they expected worthy and delightful knowledge; till poverty or youthful years⁸ call them importunately their several ways, and hasten them, with the sway of friends, either to an ambitious and mercenary, or ignorantly zealous divinity: some allured to the trade of law, grounding their purposes not on the prudent and heavenly contemplation of justice and equity, which was never taught them, but on the promising and pleasing thoughts of litigious terms, fat contentions, and flowing fees; others betake them to state affairs with souls so unprincipled in virtue and true generous breeding that flattery, and court-shifts, and tyrannous aphorisms appear to them the highest points of wisdom, instilling their barren hearts with a conscientious slavery, if, as I rather think, it be not feigned; others, lastly, of a more delicious and airy spirit, retire themselves, knowing no better, to the enjoyments of ease and luxury, living out their days in feast and jollity, which, indeed, is the wisest and safest course of all these, unless they were with more integrity undertaken. And these are the errors, and these are the fruits of mis-spending our prime youth at the schools and universities, as we do, either in learning mere words, or such things chiefly as were better unlearned.

I shall detain you no longer in the demonstration of what we should not do, but straight conduct you to a hillside, where I will point you out the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious

indeed at the first ascent, but also so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect and melodious sounds on every side that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming. I doubt not but ye shall have more ado to drive our dullest and laziest youth, our stocks and stubs, from the infinite desire of such a happy nurture than we have now to haul and drag our choicest and hopefullest wits to that asinine feast of sow-thistles and brambles which is commonly set before them as all the food and entertainment of their tenderest and most docible age. I call, therefore, a complete and generous education, that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war. And how all this may be done between twelve and one-and-twenty, less time than is now bestowed in pure trifling at grammar and sophistry, is to be thus ordered:—

First, to find out a spacious house and ground about it fit for an academy, and big enough to lodge a hundred and fifty persons, whereof twenty or thereabout may be attendants, all under the government of one who shall be thought of desert sufficient, and ability either to do all, or wisely to direct and oversee it done. This place should be at once both school and university, not needing a remove to any other house of scholarship, except it be some peculiar college of law or physic where they mean to be practitioners; but as for those general studies which take up all our time from Lilly⁹ to the commencing,¹⁰ as they term it, master of art, it should be absolute. After this pattern as many edifices may be converted to the use as shall be needful in every city throughout this land, which would tend much to the increase of learning and civility everywhere. This number, less or more, thus collected, to the convenience of a foot-company or interchangeably two troops of cavalry, should divide their day's work into three parts as it lies orderly—their studies, their exercise, and their diet.

For their studies: first, they should begin

⁸ The immaturity and impatience of youthful years.

⁹ I.e., Lilly's Latin Grammar, the first and most famous of all English Latin grammars. William Lilly (1468?–1522) was the first headmaster of St. Paul's School.

¹⁰ Taking the degree of.

with the chief and necessary rules of some good grammar,¹¹ either that now used, or any better; and while this is doing, their speech is to be fashioned to a distinct and clear pronunciation, as near as may be to the Italian, especially in the vowels. For we Englishmen, being far northerly, do not open our mouths in the cold air wide enough to grace a southern tongue, but are observed by all other nations to speak exceeding close and inward; so that to smatter Latin with an English mouth is as ill a hearing as law French. Next, to make them expert in the usefulest points of grammar, and withal to season them and win them early to the love of virtue and true labor, ere any flattering seducement or vain principle seize them wandering, some easy and delightful book of education should be read to them, whereof the Greeks have store, as Cebes,¹² Plutarch,¹³ and other Socratic discourses; but in Latin we have none of classic authority extant, except the two or three first books of Quintilian¹⁴ and some select pieces elsewhere. But here the main skill and groundwork was to be temper them such lectures and explanations upon every opportunity as may lead and draw them in willing obedience, inflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue, stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God and famous to all ages: that they may despise and scorn all their childish and ill-taught qualities, to delight in manly and liberal exercises; which he who hath the art and proper eloquence to catch them with, what with mild and effectual persuasions, and what with the intimation of some fear, if need be, but chiefly by his own example,

might in a short space gain them to an incredible diligence and courage, infusing into their young breasts such an ingenuous and noble ardor as would not fail to make many of them renowned and matchless men. At the same time, some other hour of the day, might be taught them the rules of arithmetic, and, soon after, the elements of geometry, even playing, as the old manner was. After evening repast till bed-time their thoughts would be best taken up in the easy grounds of religion and the story of Scripture. The next step would be the authors of agriculture, Cato,¹⁵ Varro,¹⁶ and Columella,¹⁷ for the matter is most easy; and if the language is difficult, so much the better; it is not a difficulty above their years. And here will be an occasion of inciting and enabling them hereafter to improve the tillage of their country, to recover the bad soil, and to remedy the waste that is made of good; for this was one of Hercules' praises. Ere half these authors be read (which will soon be with plying hard and daily) they cannot choose but be masters of an ordinary prose: so that it will be then seasonable for them to learn in any modern author the use of the globes and all the maps, first with the old names and then with the new; or they might then be capable to read any compendious method of natural philosophy; and, at the same time, might be entering into the Greek tongue, after the same manner as was before prescribed for the Latin; whereby the difficulties of grammar being soon overcome, all the historical physiology of Aristotle and Theophrastus¹⁸ are open before them, and, as I may say, under contribution. The like access will be to Vitruvius,¹⁹ to Seneca's "Natural Questions,"²⁰ to

¹¹ Latin grammar, of course.

¹² Cebes of Thebes, one of Socrates' disciples. His Table was one of the most popular of the moral and philosophical allegories of the day.

¹³ Plutarch's *Moralia*, rather than the famous Parallel Lives, is probably referred to here.

¹⁴ The *Institutio Oratoria* of Quintilian (35?-95 A.D.), the famous treatise on education in general and oratory in particular.

¹⁵ Cato the Censor, 234-149 B.C., author of the *De Re Rustica*, a general work on agriculture.

¹⁶ Varro, 116-27 B.C., whose *Rerum Rusticarum* comprises three of his six hundred and twenty volumes.

¹⁷ Columella, who flourished in the first century A.D., was the author of *De Re Rustica*, an encyclopædia of farming, in twelve books.

¹⁸ Theophrastus, 372-287 B.C., a pupil of Aristotle, and the most thorough botanist of the ancient world, author of the History of Plants and the Principles of Vegetable Life.

¹⁹ Vitruvius Pollio, Roman architect and engineer of the first century A.D., and author of *De Architectura*, the most influential of all works on architecture.

²⁰ Seneca's *Naturalium Questionum*, dealing with astronomy and meteorology, was a favorite mediæval textbook.

Mela,²¹ Celsus,²² Pliny,²³ or Solinus.²⁴ And having thus passed the principles of arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and geography, with a general compact of physics, they may descend in mathematics to the instrumental science of trigonometry, and from thence to fortification, architecture, enginery, or navigation. And in natural philosophy they may proceed leisurely from the history of meteors, minerals, plants, and living creatures, as far as anatomy. Then also in course might be read to them out of some not tedious writer the institution of physic;²⁵ that they may know the tempers, the humors, the seasons, and how to manage a crudity,²⁶ which he who can wisely and timely do is not only a great physician to himself and to his friends, but also may at some time or other save an army by this frugal and expenseless means only, and not let the healthy and stout bodies of young men rot away under him for want of this discipline, which is a great pity, and no less a shame to the commander. To set forward all these proceedings in nature and mathematics, what hinders but that they may procure, as oft as shall be needful, the helpful experiences of hunters, fowlers, fishermen, shepherds, gardeners, apothecaries;

and in other sciences, architects, engineers, mariners, anatomists, who, doubtless, would be ready, some for reward and some to favor such a hopeful seminary. And this would give them such a real tincture of natural knowledge as they shall never forget, but daily augment with delight. There also those poets which are now counted most hard will be both facile and pleasant, Orpheus,²⁷ Hesiod,²⁸ Theocritus,²⁹ Aratus,³⁰ Nicander,³¹ Oppian,³² Dionysius;³³ and, in Latin, Lucretius,³⁴ Manilius,³⁵ and the rural part of Virgil.³⁶

By this time years and good general precepts will have furnished them more distinctly with that act of reason which in ethics is called proairesis,³⁷ that they may with some judgment contemplate upon moral good and evil. Then will be required a special reinforcement of constant and sound indoctrinating to set them right and firm, instructing them more amply in the knowledge of virtue and the hatred of vice, while their young and pliant affections are led through all the moral works of Plato, Xenophon, Cicero, Plutarch, Laetius,³⁸ and those Locrian³⁹ remnants; but still to be reduced⁴⁰ in their nightward studies where-with they close the day's work under the

21 Pomponius Mela (first century A.D.), author of *De Chorographia*, the most famous of Latin geographical treatises.

22 A. Cornelius Celsus (first century A.D.), whose *De Medicina* is the most extensive of ancient medical studies.

23 Pliny the Elder (23-79 A.D.), whose *Historia Naturalis* in thirty-seven books supplied the Middle Ages with most of their information and misinformation on natural science and related subjects.

24 Solinus (third century A.D.), an editor and redactor of Pliny.

25 The principles of medicine.

26 Indigestion.

27 Orpheus is a mythical personage, regarded as the most celebrated of Homer's predecessors. He is the reputed author of the *Argonautica* and many other works.

28 Hesiod flourished in the eighth century B.C. He was the author of the *Theogony* and the *Works and Days*.

29 Theocritus, the pastoral poet of Syracuse, lived in the third century B.C.; author of the famous *Idyls*.

30 Aratus, who flourished in the third century B.C., is the author of the *Prognostica*, from which St. Paul quotes, Acts 17:28.

31 Nicander of the second century B.C., is the author of *Theriaca* and *Alexipharmaca*, poems on subjects dealing with natural science.

32 Oppian, who lived early in the third century A.D., was in Milton's day accredited with two Greek hexameter poems, *Halieutica*, on fishing, and *Cynegetica*, on hunting. Modern scholarship has assigned the poems to two different persons of this name.

33 Dionysius surnamed Periegetes, from his poem *Periegesis*, a description of the whole earth, in hexameters. He probably lived about A.D. 300.

34 Lucretius (96-55 B.C.) author of the famous poem *De Rerum Natura*, in which he attacks the superstitious belief in gods.

35 Manilius, who lived in the time of Augustus, was the author of an astrological poem, *Astronomica*, in five books. He was famous for his mastery of the technique of verse.

36 The *Eclogues* and the *Georgics* of Virgil are referred to.

37 The process of choosing between right and wrong.

38 Diogenes Laetius (second century A.D.), author of the *Lives of the Philosophers* in ten books; the work is still the basis of most histories of ancient philosophy.

39 Timaeus of Locri, in Italy, a Pythagorean philosopher, and reputed author of a work *On the Soul of the World*, now generally assigned to a much later author of the first century A.D.

40 Led back.

determinate sentence of David or Solomon, or the evangels and apostolic Scriptures. Being perfect in the knowledge of personal duty, they may then begin the study of economics. And either now or before this they may have easily learned at any odd hour the Italian tongue. And soon after, but with wariness and good antidote, it would be wholesome enough to let them taste some choice comedies, Greek, Latin, or Italian; those tragedies also that treat of household matters, as *Trachinæ*, *Alcestis*, and the like.⁴¹ The next remove must be to the study of politics; to know the beginning, end, and reasons of political societies, that they may not, in a dangerous fit of the commonwealth, be such poor shaken uncertain reeds, of such a tottering conscience as many of our great councillors have lately shown themselves, but steadfast pillars of the State. After this they are to dive into the grounds of law and legal justice, delivered first and with best warrant by Moses, and, as far as human prudence can be trusted, in those extolled remains of Grecian law-givers, *Lycurgus*, *Solon*, *Zaleucus*, *Charondas*;⁴² and thence to all the Roman edicts and tables, with their *Justinian*;⁴³ and so down to the Saxon and common laws of England and the statutes. Sundays also and every evening may now be understandingly spent in the highest matters of theology and church history, ancient and modern: and ere this time at a set hour the Hebrew tongue might have been gained, that the Scriptures may be now read in their own

original; whereto it would be no impossibility to add the Chaldee and the Syrian dialect.⁴⁴ When all these employments are well conquered, then will the choice histories, heroic poems, and Attic tragedies of stateliest and most regal argument, with all the famous political orations, offer themselves; which, if they were not only read, but some of them got by memory, and solemnly pronounced with right accent and grace, as might be taught, would endure them even with the spirit and vigor of *Demosthenes* or *Cicero*, *Euripides* or *Sophocles*. And now, lastly, will be the time to read with them those organic⁴⁵ arts which enable men to discourse and write perspicuously, elegantly, and according to the fitted style of lofty, mean,⁴⁶ or lowly. Logic, therefore, so much as is useful, is to be referred to this due place, with all her well-couched heads and topics, until it be time to open her contracted palm into a graceful and ornate rhetoric taught out of the rule of *Plato*, *Aristotle*, *Phalereus*,⁴⁷ *Cicero*, *Hermogenes*,⁴⁸ *Longinus*.⁴⁹ To which poetry would be made subsequent, or, indeed, rather precedent, as being less subtle and fine, but more simple, sensuous, and passionate; I mean not here the prosody of a verse, which they could not but have hit on before among the rudiments of grammar, but that sublime art which in *Aristotle's Poetics*, in *Horace*, and the Italian commentaries of *Castelvetro*,⁵⁰ *Tasso*,⁵¹ *Mazzoni*,⁵² and others, teaches what the laws are of a true epic poem, what of a dramatic,

⁴¹ The *Trachinæ* of *Sophocles* and the *Alcestis* of *Euripides* both deal with the affection, suffering, and sacrifice of faithful wives for their husbands.

⁴² *Lycurgus* (ninth century B.C.?), the lawgiver of Sparta; *Solon*, the Athenian legislator, of the seventh century B.C.; *Zaleucus*, the lawgiver of the Locrians, about B.C. 660; *Charondas*, a lawgiver of Catana and other Sicilian and Italian cities, who lived about B.C. 500.

⁴³ *Justinian* the Great, emperor of Constantinople (483-565 A.D.), codifier of the Roman law. His two collections of laws are known as the *Institutes* and the *Digest*.

⁴⁴ The Chaldee (or Aramaic) dialect was the vernacular language of Palestine in the time of Christ. The Syrian (or Syriac) dialect is commonly called Christian Aramaic. The earliest extant manuscripts of the New Testament are in Syriac.

⁴⁵ The more practical, and serving as means to an end.

⁴⁶ Medium.

⁴⁷ *Phalereus* (345-283 B.C.), one of the last of the popular orators of Athens. His only extant work, *Elocution*, is assigned to a later writer.

⁴⁸ *Hermogenes*, the celebrated Greek rhetorician, flourished in the time of *Marcus Aurelius*, A.D. 161-180. His works on rhetoric were used as manuals in schools.

⁴⁹ *Longinus* (213-273), Greek critic and philosopher, is the reputed author of the celebrated treatise *On the Sublime*, a great part of which is extant.

⁵⁰ *Ludovico Castelvetro* (1505-1571), one of the earliest and most important of Italian critics. His translation and exposition of *Aristotle's Poetics* (in Italian) was published at Vienna in 1570.

⁵¹ *Tasso's* commentaries on poets and poetry are in a six-volume work called *Discourses on Epic Poetry*.

⁵² *Jacobo Mazzoni* (1548-1598), one of the most important critics of Dante. His chief work is his *Defence of the Divine Comedy of Dante*.

what of a lyric, what decorum is, which is the grand masterpiece⁵³ to observe. This would make them soon perceive what despicable creatures our common rhymers and play-writers be; and show them what religious, what glorious and magnificent use might be made of poetry, both in divine and human things. From hence, and not till now, will be the right season of forming them to be able writers and composers in every excellent matter, when they shall be thus fraught with an universal insight into things: or whether they be to speak in parliament or council, honor and attention would be waiting on their lips. There would then appear in pulpits other visages, other gestures, and stuff otherwise wrought, than we now sit under, oft-times to as great a trial of our patience as any other that they preach to us. These are the studies wherein our noble and our gentle youth ought to bestow their time in a disciplinary way from twelve to one-and-twenty, unless they rely more upon their ancestors dead than upon themselves living. In which methodical course it is so supposed they must proceed by the steady pace of learning onward, as at convenient times for memory's sake to retire back into the middle ward, and sometimes into the rear of what they have been taught, until they have confirmed and solidly united the whole body of their perfected knowledge, like the last embattling of a Roman legion. Now will be worth the seeing what exercises and recreations may best agree and become those studies.

The course of study hitherto briefly described is, what I can guess by reading, likest to those ancient and famous schools of Pythagoras, Plato, Isocrates, Aristotle, and such others, out of which were bred such a number of renowned philosophers, orators, historians, poets, and princes all over Greece, Italy, and Asia, besides the flourishing studies of Cyrene and Alexandria. But herein it shall exceed them, and supply a defect as great as that which Plato noted in the commonwealth of Sparta. Whereas that city trained up their youth most for war, and these in their academies and Lycæum

all for the gown, this institution of breeding which I here delineate shall be equally good both for peace and war. Therefore, about an hour and a half ere they eat at noon should be allowed them for exercise, and due rest afterwards; but the time for this may be enlarged at pleasure, according as their rising in the morning shall be early. The exercise which I commend first is the exact use of their weapon,⁵⁴ to guard, and to strike safely with edge or point. This will keep them healthy, nimble, strong, and well in breath; is also the likeliest means to make them grow large and tall, and to inspire them with a gallant and fearless courage, which being tempered with seasonable lectures and precepts to make them of true fortitude and patience, will turn into a native and heroic valor, and make them hate the cowardice of doing wrong. They must be also practised in all the locks and gripes of wrestling, wherein Englishmen are wont to excel, as need may often be in fight to tug, to grapple, and to close. And this, perhaps, will be enough wherein to prove and heat their single strength. The interim of unsweating⁵⁵ themselves regularly, and convenient rest before meat, may both with profit and delight be taken up in recreating and composing their travailed spirits with the solemn and divine harmonies of music heard or learned, either whilst the skilful organist plies his grave and fancied descant in lofty fugues, or the whole symphony with artful and unimaginable touches adorn and grace the well-studied chords of some choice composer; sometimes the lute or soft organ-stop, waiting on elegant voices either to religious, martial, or civil ditties, which, if wise men and prophets be not extremely out, have a great power over dispositions and manners to smooth and make them gentle from rustic harshness and distempered passions. The like also would not be unexpedient after meat, to assist and cherish nature in her first concoction,⁵⁶ and send their minds back to study in good tune and satisfaction. Where having followed it under vigilant eyes until about two hours before supper, they are, by a sudden alarum or watch-

⁵³ The most important point.

⁵⁴ *I.e.*, fencing.

⁵⁵ Cooling off after exercise.

⁵⁶ Digestion.

word, to be called out to their military motions, under sky or covert, according to the season, as was the Roman wont; first on foot, then, as their age permits, on horseback to all the art of cavalry; that having in sport, but with much exactness and daily muster, served out the rudiments of their soldiership in all the skill of embattling, marching, encamping, fortifying, besieging, and battering, with all the helps of ancient and modern stratagems, tactics, and warlike maxims, they may, as it were out of a long war, come forth renowned and perfect commanders in the service of their country. They would not then, if they were trusted with fair and hopeful armies, suffer them for want of just and wise discipline to shed away from about them like sick feathers, though they be never so oft supplied; they would not suffer their empty and unrecrutable⁵⁷ colonels of twenty men in a company to quaff out or convey into secret hoards the wages of a delusive list⁵⁸ and miserable remnant; yet in the meanwhile to be overmastered with a score or two of drunkards, the only soldiery left about them, or else to comply with all rapines and violences. No, certainly, if they knew aught of that knowledge which belongs to good men or good governors they would not suffer these things. But to return to our own institute. Besides these constant exercises at home, there is another opportunity of gaining experience to be won from pleasure itself abroad: in those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against nature not to go out and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth. I should not, therefore, be a persuader to them of studying much then, after two or three years that they have well laid their grounds, but to ride out in companies with prudent and staid guides to all the quarters of the land, learning and observing all places of strength, all commodities⁵⁹ of building and of soil, for towns and tillage, harbors, and ports for trade. Sometimes taking sea as far as to

our navy, to learn there also what they can in the practical knowledge of sailing and sea-fight. These ways would try all their peculiar gifts of nature, and if there were any secret excellence among them, would fetch it out and give it fair opportunities to advance itself by, which could not but mightily redound to the good of this nation, and bring into fashion again those old admired virtues and excellencies with far more advantage now in this purity of Christian knowledge. Nor shall we then need the *monsieurs* of Paris to take our hopeful youth into their slight and prodigal custodies, and send them over back again transformed into mimics, apes, and kickshaws.⁶⁰ But if they desire to see other countries at three or four and twenty years of age, not to learn principles, but to enlarge experience and make wise observation, they will by that time be such as shall deserve the regard and honor of all men where they pass, and the society and friendship of those in all places who are best and most eminent. And perhaps then other nations will be glad to visit us for their breeding, or else to imitate us in their own country.

Now, lastly, for their diet there cannot be much to say, save only that it would be best in the same house; for much time else would be lost abroad, and many ill habits got; and that it should be plain, healthful, and moderate, I suppose is out of controversy.

Thus, Mr. Hartlib, you have a general view in writing, as your desire was, of that which at several times I had discoursed with you concerning the best and noblest way of education; not beginning, as some have done, from the cradle, which yet might be worth many considerations, if brevity had not been my scope. Many other circumstances also I could have mentioned, but this, to such as have the worth in them to make trial, for light and direction may be enough. Only I believe that this is not a bow for every man to shoot in⁶¹ that counts himself a teacher, but will require sinews almost equal to those which Homer

⁵⁷ Unable to obtain recruits.

⁵⁸ *I.e.*, the list of a company that existed on paper only.

⁵⁹ Suitable qualities.

⁶⁰ Fantastic persons.

⁶¹ With.

gave Ulysses; ⁶² yet I am withal persuaded that it may prove much more easy in the assay than it now seems at distance, and much more illustrious: howbeit not more difficult than I imagine, and that imagina-

tion presents me with nothing but very happy and very possible according to best wishes, if God have so decreed, and this age have spirit and capacity enough to apprehend.

AREOPAGITICA; ¹ A SPEECH OF MR. JOHN MILTON FOR THE LIBERTY OF UNLICENSED PRINTING, TO THE PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND

(Text: first edition, 1644)

They who to states ² and governors of the Commonwealth direct their speech, High Court of Parliament, or, wanting ³ such access in a private condition, write that which they foresee may advance the public good, I suppose them, as at the beginning of no mean endeavor, not a little altered ⁴ and moved inwardly in their minds: some with doubt of what will be the success, ⁵ others with fear of what will be the censure; ⁶ some with hope, others with confidence of what they have to speak. And me perhaps each of these dispositions, as the subject was whereon I entered, ⁷ may have at other times variously affected; and likely might in these foremost expressions now also disclose which of them swayed most, but that the very attempt of this address thus made, and the thought of whom it hath recourse to, hath got the power within me to a passion far more welcome than incidental to a preface. Which though I stay not to confess ere any ask, I shall be blameless, if it be no other than the joy and gratulation which it brings to all who wish and promote their country's liberty; whereof this whole discourse proposed will be a cer-

tain testimony, if not a trophy. ⁸ For this is not the liberty which we can hope, that no grievance ever should arise in the Commonwealth—that let no man in this world expect; but when complaints are freely heard, deeply considered, and speedily reformed, then is the utmost bound of civil liberty attained that wise men look for. To which if I now manifest by the very sound of this which I shall utter, that we are already in good part arrived, and yet from such a steep disadvantage of tyranny and superstition grounded into our principles as was beyond the manhood of a Roman recovery, ⁹ it will be attributed first, as is most due, to the strong assistance of God our deliverer, next to your faithful guidance and undaunted wisdom, Lords and Commons of England. Neither is it in God's esteem, the diminution of his glory, when honorable things are spoken of good men and worthy magistrates; which if I now first should begin to do, after so fair a progress of your laudable deeds, and such a long obligation upon the whole realm of your indefatigable virtues, I might be justly reckoned among the tardiest, and the un-

⁶² On the occasion of the trial of strength of Penelope's suitors; *Odyssey*, xxi.

¹ The title is taken from the *Λόγος Ἀρεοπαγιτικός* (*Areopagitic Oration*) addressed by Isocrates to the Areopagus, or Great Council, of Athens. Isocrates, a contemporary of Plato, was physically and temperamentally unfitted to speak in public, and therefore composed his orations to be read. He was, however, the most famous teacher of oratory of his day. Like Milton's, his Areopagitic oration appeals to the highest instincts of the Athenian Council, and urges its members to reconsider certain of their acts. For another famous address in connection with the Areopagus (*Mars' Hill*), see St. Paul's speech, *Acts* 17.

² Heads of states, statesmen.

³ Lacking.

⁴ Disturbed.

⁵ Outcome.

⁶ Opinion, judgment.

⁷ Milton's five pamphlets on church reform, his treatise on education, and two of his pamphlets on divorce had preceded the *Areopagitica*.

⁸ He may perhaps not win the trophy of victory in his argument for the freedom of the press, but he will have put his own feelings on record.

⁹ England's recovery from her low estate under the Stuart tyranny had surpassed even Rome's recovery from her numerous misfortunes.

willingest of them that praise ye. Nevertheless there being three principal things, without which all praising is but courtship¹⁰ and flattery, First, when that only is praised which is solidly worth praise: next when greatest likelihoods are brought that such things are truly and really in those persons to whom they are ascribed; the other, when he who praises, by showing that such his actual persuasion is of whom he writes, can demonstrate that he flatters not; the former two of these I have heretofore endeavored, rescuing the employment from him who went about to impair your merits with a trivial and malignant encomium; ¹¹ the latter ¹² as belonging chiefly to mine own acquittal, that whom I so extolled I did not flatter, hath been reserved opportunely to this occasion. For he who freely magnifies what hath been nobly done, and fears not to declare as freely what might be done better, gives ye the best covenant of his fidelity; and that his loyalest affection and his hope waits on your proceedings. His highest praising is not flattery, and his plainest advice is a kind of praising; for though I should affirm and hold by argument that it would fare better with truth, with learning, and the Commonwealth, if one of your published Orders, which I should name, were called in; yet at the same time it could not but much redound to the lustre of your mild and equal government, whenas private persons are hereby animated to think ye better pleased with public advice, than other statists¹³ have been delighted heretofore with public flattery. And men will then see what difference there is between the magnanimity of a triennial¹⁴ Parliament and that jealous haughtiness of prelates and

Cabin¹⁵ Counsellors that usurped of late, whenas they shall observe ye in the midst of your victories and successes more gently brooking written exceptions against a voted Order than other Courts, which had produced nothing worth memory but the weak ostentation of wealth, would have endured the least signified dislike at any sudden Proclamation. If I should thus far presume upon the meek demeanor of your civil and gentle greatness, Lords and Commons, as what your published Order hath directly said, that to gainsay, I might defend myself with ease, if any should accuse me of being new or insolent, did they but know how much better I find ye esteem it to imitate the old and elegant humanity of Greece than the barbaric pride of a Hunnish and Norwegian stateliness. And out of those ages, to whose polite wisdom and letters we owe that we are not yet Goths and Jutlanders, I could name him¹⁶ who from his private house wrote that discourse to the Parliament of Athens, that persuades them to change the form of democracy which was then established. Such honor was done in those days to men who professed the study of wisdom and eloquence, not only in their own country, but in other lands, that cities and signories heard them gladly, and with great respect, if they had aught in public to admonish the state. Thus did Dion Prusseus, a stranger and a private orator, counsel the Rhodians against a former edict; ¹⁷ and I abound with other like examples, which to set here would be superfluous. But if from the industry of a life wholly dedicated to studious labors, and those natural endowments haply not the worse for two and fifty degrees of northern latitude, so much must be derogated¹⁸ as to count me

¹⁰ The fawning art of the courtier.

¹¹ Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich, best known as "the first English satirist," had "impaired the merits" of Parliament in his Humble Remonstrance to the High Court of Parliament, against the anti-episcopal petition. The Humble Remonstrance started the famous Smectymnus controversy, the name Smectymnus being formed from the initials of the five writers who answered Hall's Remonstrance. The controversy grew apace with charges and countercharges, until Milton's Apology for Smectymnus finally crushed Hall.

¹² *I.e.*, the third of these.

¹³ Statesmen.

¹⁴ Parliament was required to meet at least once every three years by the Act of February 15, 1641.

¹⁵ *I.e.*, Cabinet Counsellors.

¹⁶ Isocrates.

¹⁷ Dion Prusseus, surnamed Chrysostomos (golden-mouthed) because of his eloquence; he attempted to dissuade the Rhodians from altering the names on their public statues so as to inscribe the names of the men then in power. He flourished in the first century B.C.

¹⁸ Subtracted.

not equal to any of those who had this privilege, I would obtain to be thought not so inferior, as yourselves are superior to the most of them who received their counsel: and how far you excel them, be assured, Lords and Commons, there can no greater testimony appear than when your prudent spirit acknowledges and obeys the voice of reason from what quarter soever it be heard speaking; and renders ye as willing to repeal any Act of your own setting forth as any set forth by your predecessors.

If ye be thus resolved, as it were injury to think ye were not, I know not what should withhold me from presenting ye with a fit instance wherein to show both that love of truth which ye eminently profess, and that uprightness of your judgment which is not wont to be partial to yourselves; by judging over again that Order¹⁹ which ye have ordained to regulate Printing. "That no book, pamphlet, or paper shall be henceforth printed, unless the same be first approved and licensed by such, or at least one of such as shall be thereto appointed." For that part which preserves justly every man's copy²⁰ to himself, or provides for the poor, I touch not, only wish they be not made pretences to abuse and persecute honest and painful men,²¹ who offend not in either of these particulars. But that other clause of licensing books, which we thought had died with his brother quadragesimal and matrimonial²² when the prelates expired,²³ I shall now attend with such a homily as shall lay before ye, first the inventors of it, to be those whom ye will be loth to own; next what is to be thought in general of reading, whatever sort the books be; and that this order avails nothing to the suppressing of scandalous, seditious, and libellous books, which were mainly intended to be suppressed. Last, that it will be primely to the discourage-

ment of all learning, and the stop of Truth, not only by disexercising and blunting our abilities in what we know already, but by hindering and cropping the discovery that might be yet further made both in religious and civil Wisdom.

I deny not, but that it is of greatest concernment in the Church and Commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors. For books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragon's teeth,²⁴ and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were in the eye.²⁵ Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true, no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary therefore what persecution we raise against the living labors of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom, and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not

19 Dated June 14, 1643.

20 Copyright.

21 Painstaking, laborious.

22 I.e., Lenten and marriage licenses. The former had to do with regulating the eating of fish in Lent. Milton upheld the theory that marriage was wholly a civil ceremony and contract in which the church had properly no part.

23 The prelates were deprived of their power by the bill for the Exclusion of Bishops from Parliament in 1642. Presbyterianism was substituted for Episcopacy as the established religion in 1646.

24 Jason, by Medea's direction, sowed the teeth of the Colchian dragon, whence armed men sprang up. (Ovid's *Metamorphoses* vii. 121 ff.) Similar accounts are to be found in the stories of Cadmus and of Deucalion.

25 Reason seems to be referred to as the image of God within the pupil of the eye.

in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and fifth essence,²⁶ the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life. But lest I should be condemned of introducing license, while I oppose licensing, I refuse not the pains to be so much historical as will serve to show what hath been done by ancient and famous commonwealths, against this disorder, till the very time that this project of licensing crept out of the Inquisition, was caught up by our prelates, and hath caught some of our presbyters.

In Athens, where books and wits were ever busier than in any other part of Greece, I find but only two sorts of writings which the magistrate cared to take notice of; those either blasphemous and atheistical, or libellous. Thus the books of Protagoras²⁷ were by the judges of Areopagus commanded to be burnt, and himself banished the territory for a discourse begun with his confessing not to know "whether there were gods, or whether not." And against defaming, it was agreed that none should be traduced by name, as was the manner of *Vetus Comœdia*,²⁸ whereby we may guess how they censured libelling: And this course was quick enough, as Cicero writes,²⁹ to quell both the desperate wits of other atheists, and the open way of defaming, as the event showed. Of other sects and opinions, though tending to voluptuousness, and the denying of Divine Providence, they took no heed. Therefore we do not read that either Epicurus, or that libertine school of Cyrene,³⁰ or what the Cynic impudence³¹ uttered, was ever questioned by the laws. Neither is it recorded that the writings of those old comedians were suppressed, though the acting of them were forbid; and that Plato commended the read-

ing of Aristophanes, the loosest of them all, to his royal scholar Dionysius, is commonly known, and may be excused, if holy Chrysostom,³² as is reported, nightly studied so much the same author and had the art to cleanse a scurrilous vehemence into the style of a rousing sermon. That other leading city of Greece, Lacedæmon, considering that Lycurgus their lawgiver was so addicted to elegant learning as to have been the first that brought out of Ionia the scattered works of Homer, and sent the poet Thales from Crete to prepare and mollify the Spartan surliness with his smooth songs and odes, the better to plant among them law and civility, it is to be wondered how museless and unbookish they were, minding nought but the feats of war. There needed no licensing of books among them, for they disliked all but their own laconic apothegms, and took a slight occasion to chase Archilochus³³ out of their city, perhaps for composing in a higher strain than their own soldierly ballads and roundels could reach to. Or if it were for his broad verses, they were not therein so cautious, but they were as dissolute in their promiscuous conversing; whence Euripides affirms in *Andromache*, that their women were all unchaste. Thus much may give us light after what sort [of] books were prohibited among the Greeks. The Romans also for many ages trained up only to a military roughness, resembling most of the Lacedæmonian guise, knew of learning little but what their twelve Tables, and the Pontific College with their augurs and flamins taught them in religion and law, so unacquainted with other learning, that when Carneades and Critolaus, with the Stoic Diogenes coming ambassadors to Rome,³⁴ took thereby occasion to give the city a

²⁶ An "elemental life" is an earthly, material existence, depending on the four elements; the fifth essence (*quinta essentia*) is not material, but spiritual.

²⁷ Protagoras of Abdera, 480-410 a.c., the first of the "Sophists." See Plato's dialogue, *Protagoras*. His famous discourse is entitled "About Gods."

²⁸ The old Greek comedy. For its license see Horace, *Ars Poetica*, 281 ff.

²⁹ In his *De Natura Deorum*, i. 23.

³⁰ A Greek city in West Africa. The Cyrenæic school, founded by Aristippus, about 370 a.c., held that pleasure was the *summum bonum*.

³¹ The Cynic school was founded by Antisthenes, the pupil of Socrates. Their zeal for leading a virtuous life caused them to be neglectful of ordinary social amenities, and gave rise to the charge of "impudence."

³² St. Chrysostom, Bishop of Constantinople, A.D. 347-407.

³³ An early lyric poet of Ionia, traditional inventor of the iambic measure.

³⁴ Carneades of Cyrene on a special embassy to Rome in 155 a.c. gave two lectures on Justice, in the second of which he refuted the arguments of the first. Cato resented this playing with truth and insisted that the Senate dismiss him.

taste of their philosophy, they were suspected for seducers by no less a man than Cato the Censor, who moved it in the Senate to dismiss them speedily, and to banish all such Attic babblers out of Italy. But Scipio and others of the noblest senators withstood him and his old Sabine austerity; honored and admired the men; and the censor himself at last, in his old age fell to the study of that whereof before he was so scrupulous. And yet at the same time, Nævius and Plautus, the first Latin comedians, had filled the city with all the borrowed scenes of Menander and Philemon. Then began to be considered there also what was to be done to libellous books and authors; for Nævius was quickly cast into prison for his unbridled pen, and released by the tribunes upon his recantation; we read also that libels were burnt, and the makers punished by Augustus. The like severity no doubt was used if aught were impiously written against their esteemed gods. Except in these two points, how the world went in books, the magistrate kept no reckoning. And therefore Lucretius without impeachment versifies his Epicurism to Memmius, and had the honor to be set forth the second time by Cicero, so great a father of the commonwealth; although himself disputes against that opinion in his own writings. Nor was the satirical sharpness, or naked plainness of Lucilius, or Catullus, or Flaccus,³⁵ by any order prohibited. And for matters of state, the story of Titus Livius, though it extolled that part which Pompey held, was not therefore suppressed by Octavius Cæsar of the other faction. But that Naso³⁶ was by him banished in his old age for the wanton poems of his youth, was but a mere covert of state over some secret cause; and besides, the books were neither banished nor called in. From hence³⁷ we shall meet with little else

but tyranny in the Roman empire, that we may not marvel if not so often bad as good books were silenced. I shall therefore deem to have been large enough in producing what among the ancients was punishable to write, save only which all other arguments were free to treat on.

By this time the emperors were become Christians, whose discipline in this point I do not find to have been more severe than what was formerly in practice. The books of those whom they took to be grand heretics were examined, refuted, and condemned in the general Councils; and not till then were prohibited, or burnt by authority of the emperor. As for the writings of heathen authors, unless they were plain invectives against Christianity, as those of Porphyrius and Proclus,³⁸ they met with no interdict that can be cited, till about the year 400, in a Carthaginian Council, wherein bishops themselves were forbid to read the books of Gentiles, but heresies they might read: while others long before them on the contrary scrupled more the books of heretics than of Gentiles. And that the primitive Councils and Bishops were wont only to declare what books were not commendable, passing no further, but leaving it to each one's conscience to read or to lay by, till after the year 800, is observed already by Padre Paolo,³⁹ the great unmasker of the Trentine Council. After which time⁴⁰ the Popes of Rome, engrossing what they pleased of political rule into their own hands, extended their dominion over men's eyes, as they had before over their judgments, burning and prohibiting to be read what they fancied not; yet sparing in their censures, and the books not many which they so dealt with; till Martin V by his bull not only prohibited, but was the first that excommunicated⁴¹ the reading of heretical books; for about that time Wycliffe and

³⁵ *I.e.*, Horace (Quintus Horatius Flaccus).

³⁷ From the reign of Augustus.

³⁸ Porphyrius and Proclus were Neoplatonists of the 4th and 5th centuries A.D., respectively. Both were bitter enemies of Christianity.

³⁹ Pietro Paolo Sarpi, generally known as Fra Paolo, or Paul of Venice. He wrote a History of the Council of Trent, which met at intervals from 1545 to 1563, and the decrees of which were intended to offset the Protestant Confession of Faith formulated at Augsburg. Fra Paolo defended the republic of Venice against papal interference, and was excommunicated for his trouble in 1606.

⁴⁰ *I.e.*, after A.D. 800.

⁴¹ *I.e.*, punished with excommunication. The bull referred to, dating from about 1425, did not, however, mention the readers of Wycliffe and Huss.

³⁶ The poet Ovid (Publius Ovidius Naso).

Huss growing terrible were they who first drove the Papal Court to a stricter policy of prohibiting. Which course Leo X⁴² and his successors followed, until the Council of Trent and the Spanish Inquisition engendering together brought forth or perfected those Catalogues and expurging indexes that rake through the entrails of many an old good author with a violation worse than any could be offered to his tomb. Nor did they stay in matters heretical, but any subject that was not to their palate they either condemned in a Prohibition, or had it straight into the new Purgatory of an Index. To fill up the measure of encroachment, their last invention was to ordain that no book, pamphlet, or paper should be printed (as if St. Peter had bequeathed them the keys of the press also out of Paradise) unless it were approved and licensed under the hands of two or three glutton friars. For example:

"Let the Chancellor Cini be pleased to see if in this present work be contained aught that may withstand the printing.

Vincent Rabbatta, Vicar of Florence."

"I have seen this present work, and find nothing athwart the Catholic faith and good manners: in witness whereof I have given, etc.

Nicolo Cini, Chancellor of Florence."

"Attending the precedent relation, it is allowed that this present work of Davanzati may be printed.

Vincent Rabbatta, etc."

"It may be printed, July 15.

Friar Simon Mompei d'Amelia,
Chancellor of the holy office in
Florence."

Sure they have a conceit, if he of the bottomless pit had not long since broke prison, that this quadruple exorcism would

bar him down. I fear their next design will be to get into their custody the licensing of that which they say Claudius intended, but went not through with. Vouchsafe to see another of their forms, the Roman stamp:

"Imprimatur,⁴³ If it seem good to the
reverend master of the holy Palace,
Belcastro, Vicegerent."

"Imprimatur, Friar Nicolo Rodolphi,
Master of the holy Palace."

Sometimes five Imprimaturs are seen together dialogue-wise in the piazza of one title-page, complimenting and ducking each to other with their shaven reverences, whether the author who stands by in perplexity at the foot of his epistle shall to the press or to the sponge. These are the pretty responsories, these are the dear antiphonies, that so bewitched of late our prelates and their chaplains with the goodly echo they made; and besotted us to the gay imitation of a lordly Imprimatur, one from Lambeth House,⁴⁴ another from the west end of Paul's;⁴⁵ so apishly romanizing that the word of command still was set down in Latin; as if the learned grammatical pen that wrote it would cast no ink without Latin; or perhaps, as they thought, because no vulgar tongue was worthy to express the pure conceit of an Imprimatur; but rather, as I hope, for that our English, the language of men ever famous and foremost in the achievements of liberty, will not easily find servile letters enow to spell such a dictatory presumption English. And thus ye have the inventors and the original of book-licensing ripped up and drawn as lineally as any pedigree. We have it not, that can be heard of, from any ancient state, or polity, or church, nor by any statute left us by our ancestors elder or later; nor from the modern custom of any reformed city or church abroad; but from the most anti-christian council and the

⁴² Leo the Tenth was Giovanni de' Medici, and reigned as Pope during the ascendancy of Martin Luther, 1513-1521.

⁴³ "Let it be printed."

⁴⁴ The London residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

⁴⁵ Probably the Stationers' Hall is meant. Its hostility to Milton was constantly in evidence.

most tyrannous inquisition that ever inquired. Till then books were ever as freely admitted into the world as any other birth; the issue of the brain was no more stifled than the issue of the womb: no envious Juno sat cross-legged⁴⁶ over the nativity of any man's intellectual offspring; but if it proved a monster, who denies but that it was justly burnt, or sunk into the sea. But that a book, in worse condition than a peccant soul, should be to stand before a jury ere it be born to the world, and undergo yet in darkness the judgment of Radamanth and his colleagues,⁴⁷ ere it can pass the ferry backward into light, was never heard before, till that mysterious iniquity, provoked and troubled at the first entrance of Reformation, sought out new limbos and new hells wherein they might include our books also within the number of their damned. And this was the rare morsel so officiously snatched up, and so ill-favoredly imitated by our inquisitorial⁴⁸ bishops, and the attendant minorities⁴⁹ their chaplains. That ye like not now these most certain authors of this licensing order, and that all sinister intention was far distant from your thoughts, when ye were importuned the passing it, all men who know the integrity of your actions, and how ye honor Truth, will clear ye readily.

But some will say, What though the inventors were bad, the thing for all that may be good? It may be so; yet if that thing be no such deep invention, but obvious, and easy for any man to light on, and yet best and wisest commonwealths through all ages and occasions have forborne to use it, and falsest seducers and oppressors of men were the first who took it up, and to no other purpose but to obstruct and hinder

the first approach of Reformation, I am of those who believe it will be a harder alchemy than Lullius⁵⁰ ever knew to sublimite any good use out of such an invention. Yet this only is what I request to gain from this reason, that it may be held a dangerous and suspicious fruit, as certainly it deserves, for the tree that bore it, until I can dissect one by one the properties it has. But I have first to finish, as was propounded, what is to be thought in general of reading books, whatever sort they be, and whether be more the benefit or the harm that hence proceeds.

Not to insist upon the examples of Moses, Daniel, and Paul, who were skilful in all the learning of the Egyptians, Chaldeans, and Greeks, which could not probably be without reading their books of all sorts, in Paul especially, who thought it no defilement to insert into Holy Scripture the sentences of three Greek poets, and one of them a tragedian,⁵¹ the question was notwithstanding sometimes controverted⁵² among the primitive doctors, but with great odds on that side which affirmed it both lawful and profitable, as was then evidently perceived, when Julian the Apostate⁵³ and subtlest enemy to our faith made a decree forbidding Christians the study of heathen learning: for, said he, they wound us with our own weapons, and with our own arts and sciences they overcome us. And indeed the Christians were put so to their shifts by this crafty means, and so much in danger to decline into all ignorance, that the two Apollinarii⁵⁴ were fain, as a man may say, to coin all the seven liberal sciences⁵⁵ out of the Bible, reducing it into divers forms of orations, poems, dialogues, even to the calculating of a new Christian gram-

⁴⁶ Juno, goddess of birth, sat on the threshold cross-legged, muttering evil spells, at the birth of Hercules. See Ovid, *Metamorphoses* ix.

⁴⁷ Radamanth, Minos, and Æacus are the three judges in Hades.

⁴⁸ Desirous of being inquisitors.

⁴⁹ I.e., Minorites; Franciscan friars adopted the name as a token of humility. Milton uses the term contemptuously, of course.

⁵⁰ Raymond Lully (1235-1313), born at Palma, in the island of Majorca; famous for his knowledge of alchemy, chemistry, medicine, and logic.

⁵¹ The three are: Epimenides (6th century A.D.), quoted in Titus 1:12; Aratus, in Acts 17:28; and Menander or Euripides, in I Corinthians 15:33.

⁵² Disputed.

⁵³ Julian the Apostate (A.D. 331-363), nephew of Constantine the Great, whose apostasy consisted in his return to paganism upon his accession.

⁵⁴ Father and son, of Alexandria; the son being Bishop of Alexandria.

⁵⁵ The *trivium* (grammar, logic, rhetoric), and the *quadrivium* (arithmetic, music, geometry, and astronomy).

mar. But, saith the historian Socrates,⁵⁶ the providence of God provided better than the industry of Apollinarius and his son, by taking away that illiterate law with the life of him who devised it. So great an injury they then held it to be deprived of Hellenic learning; and thought it a persecution more undermining, and secretly decaying the Church, than the open cruelty of Decius or Diocletian. And perhaps it was the same politic drift that the Devil whipped St. Jerome in a Lenten dream, for reading Cicero; or else it was a phantasm bred by the fever which had then seized him.⁵⁷ For had an angel been his discipliner, unless it were for dwelling too much upon Ciceronianisms, and had chastised the reading, not the vanity, it had been plainly partial; first to correct him for grave Cicero, and not for scurril Plautus, whom he confesses to have been reading, not long before; next to correct him only, and let so many more ancient fathers wax old in those pleasant and florid studies without the lash of such a tutoring apparition; insomuch that Basil teaches how some good use may be made of Margites, a sportful poem, not now extant, writ by Homer; and why not then of *Morgante*,⁵⁸ an Italian romance much to the same purpose. But if it be agreed we shall be tried by visions, there is a vision recorded by Eusebius,⁵⁹ far ancienter than this tale of Jerome to the nun Eustochium, and, besides, has nothing of a fever in it. Dionysius Alexandrinus was, about the year 240, a person of great name in the Church for piety and learning, who had wont to avail himself much against heretics by being conversant in their books; until a certain presbyter laid it scrupulously to his conscience, how he durst venture himself among those defiling volumes. The worthy man, loth to give offence, fell into a new debate with himself what was to be thought; when suddenly a vision sent from God (it is his own epistle that so avers it)

confirmed him in these words: Read any books whatever come to thy hands, for thou art sufficient both to judge aright, and to examine each matter. To this revelation he assented the sooner, as he confesses because it was answerable to that of the Apostle to the Thessalonians, Prove all things, hold fast that which is good. And he might have added another remarkable saying of the same author: To the pure, all things are pure; not only meats and drinks, but all kind of knowledge whether of good or evil; the knowledge cannot defile, nor consequently the books, if the will and conscience be not defiled. For books are as meats and viands are; some of good, some of evil substance; and yet God, in that unapocryphal vision, said without exception, Rise, Peter, kill and eat, leaving the choice to each man's discretion. Wholesome meats to a vitiated stomach differ little or nothing from unwholesome; and best books to a naughty mind are not unappliable to occasions of evil. Bad meats will scarce breed good nourishment in the healthiest concoction; but herein the difference is of bad books, that they to a discreet and judicious reader serve in many respects to discover, to confute, to forewarn, and to illustrate. Whereof what better witness can ye expect I should produce than one of your own now sitting in Parliament, the chief of learned men reputed in this land, Mr. Selden;⁶⁰ whose volume of natural and national laws proves, not only by great authorities brought together, but by exquisite reasons and theorems almost mathematically demonstrative, that all opinions, yea, errors, known, read, and collated, are of main service and assistance toward the speedy attainment of what is truest. I conceive, therefore, that when God did enlarge the universal diet of man's body, saving ever the rules of temperance, he then also, as before, left arbitrary the dieting and repasting of our minds; as wherein every

⁵⁶ Called Scholasticus, of the 5th century A.D., the author of the History of the Christian Church from 306 A.D. to 439 A.D.

⁵⁷ St. Jerome (c. 345-420 A.D.) in a letter to the nun, Eustochium, speaks of his illusion as arising from a fever. He ascribes the dream to the Devil, although it had to do with his being condemned in heaven to be whipped by angels for being a Ciceronian rather than a Christian.

⁵⁸ The *Morgante Maggiore*, a mock-romance by Luigi Pulci, 1431-1487, burlesquing the poetry of chivalry. It is full of broad, coarse humor.

⁵⁹ Bishop of Cesarea in the early fourth century.

⁶⁰ For an account of John Selden, see page 230.

mature man might have to exercise his own leading capacity. How great a virtue is temperance, how much of moment through the whole life of man! Yet God commits the managing so great a trust, without particular law or prescription, wholly to the demeanor of every grown man. And therefore when he himself tabled the Jews from heaven, that omer,⁶¹ which was every man's daily portion of manna, is computed to have been more than might have well sufficed the heartiest feeder thrice as many meals. For those actions which enter into a man, rather than issue out of him, and therefore defile not, God uses not to captivate under a perpetual childhood of prescription, but trusts him with the gift of reason to be his own chooser; there were but little work left for preaching if law and compulsion should grow so fast upon those things which heretofore were governed only by exhortation. Solomon informs us that much reading is a weariness to the flesh; but neither he nor other inspired author tells us that such or such reading is unlawful than what was wearisome. As for to limit us herein, it had been much more expedient to have told us what was unlawful than what was wearisome. As for the burning of those Ephesian books by St. Paul's converts, 'tis replied the books were magic, the Syriac so renders them. It was a private act, a voluntary act, and leaves us to a voluntary imitation: the men in remorse burnt those books which were their own; the magistrate by this example is not appointed: these men practised the books, another might perhaps have read them in some sort usefully. Good and evil we know in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably; and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds which were imposed upon Psyche as an

incessant labor to cull out, and sort asunder, were not more intermixed.⁶² It was from out the rind of one apple tasted, that the knowledge of good and evil, as two twins cleaving together, leaped forth into the world. And perhaps this is that doom which Adam fell into of knowing good and evil, that is to say of knowing good by evil. As therefore the state of man now is, what wisdom can there be to choose, what continuance to forbear, without the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true wayfaring Christian.⁶³ I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, we bring impurity much rather; that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary. That virtue therefore which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank virtue, not a pure; her whiteness is but an excremental⁶⁴ whiteness; which was the reason why our sage and serious poet Spenser, whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus⁶⁵ or Aquinas, describing true temperance under the person of Guion, brings him in with his palmer through the cave of Mammon, and the bower of earthly bliss, that he might see and know, and yet abstain. Since therefore the knowledge and survey of vice is in this world so necessary to the constituting of human virtue, and the scanning of error to the confirmation of truth, how can we more safely and with less danger scout into the regions of sin and falsity than by reading all manner of tractates and hearing all manner of reason?

⁶¹ See Exodus 16: 16-36.

⁶² The famous story of Cupid and Psyche is an incidental tale in *The Golden Ass* of Apuleius, Books IV-VI. Walter Pater's translation of the story is the best known.

⁶³ Milton later (in a copy of the *Areopagitica* now in the British Museum) corrected the word "wayfaring" to "warfaring."

⁶⁴ Superficial.

⁶⁵ Duns Scotus (1265-1308), the great English Franciscan Schoolman, and chief opponent of Thomas Aquinas (1225?-1274), the Seraphic Doctor, and the greatest of mediaeval metaphysicians.

And this is the benefit which may be had of books promiscuously read.

But of the harm that may result hence three kinds are usually reckoned. First, is feared the infection that may spread; but then all human learning and controversy in religious points must remove out of the world, yea, the Bible itself; for that oft-times relates blasphemy not nicely, it describes the carnal sense of wicked men not unelegantly, it brings in holiest men passionately murmuring against Providence through all the argument of Epicurus: in other great disputes it answers dubiously and darkly to the common reader: and ask a Talmudist what ails the modesty of his marginal Keri, that Moses and all the prophets cannot persuade him to pronounce the textual Chetiv.⁶⁶ For these causes we all know the Bible itself put by the Papist into the first rank of prohibited books. The ancientest fathers must be next removed, as Clement of Alexandria, and the Eusebian book of evangelic preparation, transmitting our ears through a hoard of heathenish obscenities to receive the Gospel. Who finds not that Irenæus,⁶⁷ Epiphanius,⁶⁸ Jerome, and others discover more heresies than they well confute, and that oft for heresy which is the truer opinion? Nor boots it to say for these, and all the heathen writers of greatest infection, if it must be thought so, with whom is bound up the life of human learning, that they writ in an unknown tongue, so long as we are sure those languages are known as well to the worst of men, who are both most able, and most diligent to instil the poison they suck, first into the courts of princes, acquainting them with the choicest delights, and criticisms of sin. As perhaps did that

Petronius whom Nero called his Arbiter, the master of his revels; and the notorious ribald of Arezzo,⁶⁹ dreaded and yet dear to the Italian courtiers. I name not him for posterity's sake, whom Harry the Eighth named in merriment his Vicar of Hell.⁷⁰ By which compendious way all the contagion that foreign books can infuse will find a passage to the people far easier and shorter than an Indian voyage, though it could be sailed either by the north of Cataio⁷¹ eastward, or of Canada westward, while our Spanish licensing gags the English press never so severely. But on the other side that infection which is from books of controversy in religion is more doubtful and dangerous to the learned than to the ignorant; and yet those books must be permitted untouched by the licenser. It will be hard to instance where any ignorant man hath been ever seduced by papistical book in English, unless it were commended and expounded to him by some of that clergy: and indeed all such tractates, whether false or true, are as the prophecy of Isaiah was to the eunuch, not to be understood without a guide.⁷² But of our priests and doctors how many have been corrupted by studying the comments of Jesuits and Sorbonists, and how fast they could transfuse that corruption into the people, our experience is both late and sad. It is not forgot since the acute and distinct Arminius was perverted merely by the perusing of a nameless discourse written at Delft, which at first he took in hand to confute.⁷³ Seeing, therefore, that those books, and those in great abundance which are likeliest to taint both life and doctrine, cannot be suppressed without the fall of learning, and of all ability in disputation,

⁶⁶ The original text of the Talmud (the great compilation of Jewish laws and traditions) is called the Chetiv ("written") and the marginal annotations are the Keri ("read"). The Talmud provides that "words which in the law are written obscenely must be changed to more civil words," a rule that seemed ridiculous to Milton. See his *Apology for Smectymnus*.

⁶⁷ Bishop of Lyons, A.D. 177.

⁶⁸ Bishop of Constantia, A.D. 400.

⁶⁹ Pietro Aretino (1492-1557), the "Scourge of Princes" as he called himself. He was not less famous for his obscene and lascivious writings than for his method of obtaining money from princes and great men, who supplied him with funds through fear of having his satirical shafts directed at themselves.

⁷⁰ It is not known to whom Milton refers here. Cardinal Wolsey, Thomas Cromwell, the poet Skelton, and others have been suggested. The term, "Vicar of Hell," is, of course, a travesty of the Pope's title "Vicar of Christ."

⁷¹ Cathay.

⁷² See Acts 8: 28-35.

⁷³ Arminius, the Dutch theologian, was asked to confute an anti-Calvinistic treatise, but the result of his study of it was his complete conversion to the principles of the anti-Calvinists.

and that these books of either sort are most and soonest catching to the learned, from whom to the common people whatever is heretical or dissolute may quickly be conveyed, and that evil manners are as perfectly learnt without books a thousand other ways which cannot be stopped, and evil doctrine not with books can propagate, except a teacher guide, which he might also do without writing, and so beyond prohibiting, I am not unable to unfold how this cautelous⁷⁴ enterprise of licensing can be exempted from the number of vain and impossible attempts. And he who were pleasantly disposed could not well avoid to liken it to the exploit of that gallant man who thought to pound up the crows by shutting his park gate. Besides another inconvenience, if learned men be the first receivers out of books and dispreaders both of vice and error, how shall the licensers themselves be confided in, unless we can confer upon them, or they assume to themselves above all others in the land, the grace of infallibility and uncorruptedness? And again if it be true, that a wise man, like a good refiner, can gather gold out of the drossiest volume, and that a fool will be a fool with the best book, yea, or without book; there is no reason that we should deprive a wise man of any advantage to his wisdom, while we seek to restrain from a fool that which being restrained will be no hindrance to his folly. For if there should be so much exactness always used to keep that from him which is unfit for his reading, we should in the judgment of Aristotle not only, but of Solomon⁷⁵ and of our Savior,⁷⁶ not vouchsafe him good precepts, and by consequence not willingly admit him to good books; as being certain that a wise man will make better use of an idle pamphlet than a fool will do of sacred Scripture.

'Tis next alleged we must not expose ourselves to temptations without necessity,

and next to that, not employ our time in vain things. To both these objections one answer will serve, out of the grounds already laid, that to all men such books are not temptations, nor vanities, but useful drugs and materials wherewith to temper and compose effective and strong medicines, which man's life cannot want.⁷⁷ The rest, as children and childish men, who have not the art to qualify and prepare these working minerals, well may be exhorted to forbear, but hindered forcibly they cannot be by all the licensing that Sainted Inquisition could ever yet contrive: which is what I promised to deliver next, That this order of licensing conduces nothing to the end for which it was framed and hath almost prevented me⁷⁸ by being clear already while thus much hath been explaining. See the ingenuity⁷⁹ of Truth, who, when she gets a free and willing hand, opens herself faster than the pace of method and discourse⁸⁰ can overtake her. It was the task which I began with, to show that no nation, or well instituted state, if they valued books at all, did ever use this way of licensing; and it might be answered, that this is a piece of prudence lately discovered. To which I return, that as it was a thing slight and obvious to think on, for if it had been difficult to find out, there wanted not among them long since, who suggested such a course; which they not following, leave us a pattern of their judgment that it was not the not knowing, but the not approving, which was the cause of their not using it. Plato, a man of high authority, indeed, but least of all for his commonwealth,⁸¹ in the book of his laws, which no city ever yet received, fed his fancy by making many edicts to his airy burgomasters, which they who otherwise admire him wish had been rather buried and excused in the genial cups of an Academic night-sitting.⁸² By which laws he seems to tolerate no kind of learning, but

⁷⁴ Dangerous, deceitful.

⁷⁵ "Answer a fool according to his folly," Proverbs 26: 5.

⁷⁶ "Cast not your pearls before swine," Matthew 7: 6.

⁷⁷ Be without, dispense with.

⁷⁸ Anticipated my proofs.

⁷⁹ Ingenuousness, frankness; from Latin *ingenuus*, frank.

⁸⁰ Reasoning.

⁸¹ Plato, in his Republic, describes an ideal state, which he intimates is impossible of realization.

⁸² A *symposium*, or drinking party such as Plato describes in his dialogue of that name.

by unalterable decree, consisting most of practical traditions, to the attainment whereof a library of smaller bulk than his own dialogues would be abundant. And there also enacts that no poet should be so much as read to any private man, what he had written, until the judges and law-keepers had seen it and allowed it. But that Plato meant this law peculiarly to that commonwealth which he had imagined, and to no other, is evident. Why was he not else a lawgiver himself, but a transgressor, and to be expelled by his own magistrates, but for the wanton epigrams and dialogues which he made, and his perpetual reading of Sophron Mimus,⁸³ and Aristophanes, books of grossest infamy, and also for commending the latter of them, though he were the malicious libeller of his chief friends, to be read by the tyrant Dionysius, who had little need of such trash to spend his time on? But that he knew this licensing of poems had reference and dependence to many other provisos there set down in his fancied republic, which in this world could have no place: and so neither he himself, nor any magistrate, or city ever imitated that course, which taken apart from those other collateral injunctions must needs be vain and fruitless. For if they fell upon one kind of strictness, unless their care were equal to regulate all other things of like aptness to corrupt the mind, that single endeavor they knew would be but a fond labor; to shut and fortify one gate against corruption, and be necessitated to leave others round about wide open. If we think to regulate printing, thereby to rectify manners, we must regulate all recreations and pastimes, all that is delightful to man. No music must be heard, no song be set or sung, but what is grave and Doric.⁸⁴ There must be licensing dancers, that no gesture, motion, or deportment be taught

our youth but what by their allowance shall be thought honest; for such Plato was provided of; it will ask more than the work of twenty licensers to examine all the lutes, violins, and the guitars in every house; they must not be suffered to prattle as they do, but must be licensed what they may say. And who shall silence all the airs and madrigals that whisper softness in chambers? The windows also, and the balconies must be thought on; there are shrewd⁸⁵ books with dangerous frontispieces set to sale; who shall prohibit them, shall twenty licensers? The villages also must have their visitors to inquire what lectures the bagpipe and the rebeck⁸⁶ reads even to the ballatry, and the gamut of every municipal fiddler, for these are the countryman's Arcadias, and his Monte Mayors.⁸⁷ Next, what more national corruption, for which England hears ill⁸⁸ abroad, than household gluttony: who shall be the rectors of our daily rioting? And what shall be done to inhibit the multitudes that frequent those houses where drunkenness is sold and harbored? Our garments also should be referred to the licensing of some more sober workmasters to see them cut into a less wanton garb. Who shall regulate all the mixed conversation of our youth, male and female together, as is the fashion of this country; who shall still appoint what shall be discoursed, what presumed, and no further? Lastly, who shall forbid and separate all idle resort, all evil company? These things will be, and must be; but how they shall be least hurtful, how least enticing, herein consists the grave and governing wisdom of a state. To sequester out of the world into Atlantic and Utopian⁸⁹ politics, which never can be drawn into use, will not mend our condition; but to ordain wisely as in this world of evil, in the midst whereof God hath placed us unavoidably.

⁸³ Sophron Mimus, of Syracuse, fifth century B.C., whose mimes, coarse, animated, and amusing, were Plato's favorite reading at odd moments.

⁸⁴ Of a martial character, as distinguished from the voluptuous quality of the Lydian mode, and the wild, loud tones of the Phrygian.

⁸⁵ Mischievous.

⁸⁶ The predecessor of the violin.

⁸⁷ Jorge de Montemayor (1520?-1561), Portuguese poet, author of the prose pastoral *Diana Enamorada*, written in imitation of the Italian Sanazzaro's *Arcadia*.

⁸⁸ Is ill spoken of.

⁸⁹ Referring to Plato's fabulous island of Atlantis (in his *Timæus* and *Critias*) and Sir Thomas More's Utopia.

Nor is it Plato's licensing of books will do this, which necessarily pulls along with it so many other kinds of licensing, as will make us all both ridiculous and weary, and yet frustrate; but those unwritten, or at least unconstraining laws of virtuous education, religious and civil nurture, which Plato there mentions as the bonds and ligaments of the commonwealth, the pillars and the sustainers of every written statute; these they be which will bear chief sway in such matters as these, when all licensing will be easily eluded. Impunity and remissness, for certain, are the bane of a commonwealth, but here the great art lies, to discern in what the law is to bid restraint and punishment, and in what things persuasion only is to work. If every action which is good or evil in man at ripe years were to be under pittance, and prescription, and compulsion, what were virtue but a name, what praise could be then due to well-doing, what gramercy to be sober, just, or continent? Many there be that complain of divine providence for suffering Adam to transgress; foolish tongues! when God gave him reason, he gave him freedom to choose, for reason is but choosing; he had been else a mere artificial Adam, such an Adam as he is in the motions.⁹⁰ We ourselves esteem not of that obedience, or love, or gift, which is of force. God therefore left him free, set before him a provoking⁹¹ object, ever almost in his eyes; herein consisted his merit, herein the right of his reward, the praise of his abstinence. Wherefore did he create passions within us, pleasures round about us, but that these rightly tempered are the very ingredients of virtue? They are not skilful considerers of human things who imagine to remove sin by removing the matter of sin; for, besides that it is a huge heap increasing under the very act of diminishing, though some part of it may for a time be withdrawn from some persons, it cannot from all, in such a universal thing as books are; and when this is done, yet the sin remains entire. Though ye take from a covetous man all his treasure, he has yet one jewel left,

ye cannot bereave him of his covetousness. Banish all objects of lust, shut up all youth into the severest discipline that can be exercised in any hermitage, ye cannot make them chaste that came not thither so: such great care and wisdom is required to the right managing of this point. Suppose we could expel sin by this means; look how much we thus expel of sin, so much we expel of virtue: for the matter of them both is the same; remove that, and ye remove them both alike. This justifies the high providence of God, who, though he commands us temperance, justice, continence, yet pours out before us, even to a profuseness, all desirable things, and gives us minds that can wander beyond all limit and satiety. Why should we then affect a rigor contrary to the manner of God and of nature, by abridging or scanting those means, which books freely permitted are, both to the trial of virtue, and the exercise of truth? It would be better done, to learn that the law must needs be frivolous, which goes to restrain things, uncertainly and yet equally working to good, and to evil. And were I the chooser, a dram of well doing should be preferred before many times as much the forcible hindrance of evil doing. For God sure esteems the growth and completing of one virtuous person, more than the restraint of ten vicious. And albeit whatever thing we hear or see, sitting, walking, travelling, or conversing, may be fitly called our book, and is of the same effect that writings are, yet grant the thing to be prohibited were only books, it appears that this Order hitherto is far insufficient to the end which it intends. Do we not see, not once or oftener, but weekly that continued court-libel⁹² against the Parliament and City, printed, as the wet sheets can witness, and dispersed among us, for all that licensing can do? Yet this is the prime service a man would think, wherein this Order should give proof of itself. If it were executed, you'll say. But certain, if execution be remiss or blindfold now, and in this particular, what will it be hereafter and in other books? If then the Order shall not be vain

⁹⁰ Puppet-shows.

⁹¹ Enticing.

⁹² Probably the *Mercurius Aulicus* (Court Mercury), a weekly newspaper of pronounced Royalist views.

and frustrate, behold a new labor, Lords and Commons, ye must repeal and proscribe all scandalous and unlicensed books already printed and divulged;⁹³ after ye have drawn them up into a list, that all may know which are condemned, and which not; and ordain that no foreign books be delivered out of custody, till they have been read over. This office will require the whole time of not a few overseers, and those no vulgar men. There be also books which are partly useful and excellent, partly culpable and pernicious; this work will ask as many more officials, to make expurgations, and expunctions, that the Commonwealth of Learning be not damnified.⁹⁴ In fine, when the multitude of books increase upon their hands, ye must be fain to catalogue all those printers who are found frequently offending, and forbid the importation of their whole suspected typography. In a word, that this your Order may be exact, and not deficient, ye must reform it perfectly according to the model of Trent and Seville,⁹⁵ which I know ye abhor to do. Yet though ye should condescend⁹⁶ to this, which God forbid, the Order still would be but fruitless and defective to that end whereto ye meant it. If to prevent sects and schisms, who is so unread or so uncatechized in story, that hath not heard of many sects refusing books as a hindrance, and preserving their doctrine unmingled for many ages, only by unwritten traditions? The Christian faith, for that was once a schism, is not unknown to have spread all over Asia, ere any Gospel or Epistle was seen in writing. If the amendment of manners be aimed at, look into Italy and Spain, whether those places be one scruple the better, the honester, the wiser, the chaster, since all the inquisitorial rigor that hath been executed upon books.

Another reason, whereby to make it plain that this Order will miss the end it seeks, consider by the quality which ought to be in every licenser. It cannot be denied but

that he who is made judge to sit upon the birth or death of books whether they may be wafted⁹⁷ into this world or not had need to be a man above the common measure, both studious, learned, and judicious; there may be else no mean mistakes in the censure of what is passable or not; which is also no mean injury. If he be of such worth as behooves him, there cannot be a more tedious and displeasing journey-work,⁹⁸ a greater loss of time levied upon his head, than to be made the perpetual reader of unchosen books and pamphlets, oft-times huge volumes. There is no book that is acceptable unless at certain seasons; but to be enjoined the reading of that at all times, and in a hand scarce legible, whereof three pages would not down at any time in the fairest print, is an imposition which I cannot believe how he that values time, and his own studies, or is but of a sensible⁹⁹ nostril, should be able to endure. In this one thing I crave leave of the present licensers to be pardoned for so thinking, who doubtless took this office up, looking on it through their obedience to the Parliament, whose command perhaps made all things seem easy and unlaborious to them; but that this short trial hath wearied them out already, their own expressions and excuses to them who make so many journeys to solicit their license, are testimony enough. Seeing therefore those who now possess the employment, by all evident signs wish themselves well rid of it, and that no man of worth, none that is not a plain unthrift of his own hours is ever likely to succeed them, except he mean to put himself to the salary of a press corrector, we may easily foresee what kind of licensers we are to expect hereafter, either ignorant, imperious, and remiss, or basely pecuniary. This is what I had to show, wherein this Order cannot conduce to that end, whereof it bears the intention.

I lastly proceed from the no good it can do to the manifest hurt it causes, in being

⁹³ Made public.

⁹⁴ Made to suffer injury.

⁹⁵ The Spanish Inquisition was formally instituted in Seville under Torquemada in 1481.

⁹⁶ Give consent to.

⁹⁷ Be permitted to cross the river which separates prenatal existence from this life.

⁹⁸ Day-laborer's work (French *journée*); hack-work.

⁹⁹ Sensitive.

first the greatest discouragement and affront that can be offered to learning, and to learned men.

It was the complaint and lamentation of prelates, upon every least breath of a motion to remove pluralities, and distribute more equally Church revenues, that then all learning would be for ever dashed and discouraged. But as for that opinion, I never found cause to think that the tenth part of learning stood or fell with the clergy; nor could I ever but hold it for a sordid and unworthy speech of any churchman who had a competency left him. If therefore ye be loth to dishearten heartily and discontent, not the mercenary crew of false pretenders to learning, but the free and ingenuous sort of such as evidently were born to study, and love learning for itself, not for lucre, or any other end, but the service of God and of truth, and perhaps that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those whose published labors advance the good of mankind, then know, that so far to distrust the judgment and the honesty of one who hath but a common repute in learning, and never yet offended, as not to count him fit to print his mind, without a tutor and examiner, lest he should drop a schism, or something of corruption, is the greatest displeasure and indignity to a free and knowing spirit that can be put upon him. What advantage is it to be a man over it is to be a boy at school, if we have only escaped the ferula to come under the fescue¹⁰⁰ of an Imprimatur? If serious and elaborate writings, as if they were no more than the theme of a grammar-lad under his pedagogue must not be uttered without the cursory eyes of a temporizing and extemporizing licenser? He who is not trusted with his own actions, his drift not being known to be evil, and standing to¹⁰¹ the hazard of law and penalty, has no great argument to think himself reputed in the Commonwealth wherein he was born, for other than a fool or a foreigner. When a man writes to the world,

he summons up all his reason and deliberation to assist him; he searches, meditates, is industrious, and likely consults and confers with his judicious friends; after all which done he takes himself to be informed in what he writes, as well as any that writ before him; if in this the most consummate act of his fidelity and ripeness, no years, no industry, no former proof of his abilities can bring him to that state of maturity, as not to be still mistrusted and suspected, unless he carry all his considerate diligence, all his midnight watchings, and expense of Palladian¹⁰² oil, to the hasty view of an unleisured licenser, perhaps much his younger, perhaps far his inferior in judgment, perhaps one who never knew the labor of book-writing, and if he be not repulsed, or slighted, must appear in print like a puny¹⁰³ with his guardian, and his censor's hand on the back of his title to be his bail and surety, that he is no idiot, or seducer, it cannot be but a dishonor and derogation to the author, to the book, to the privilege and dignity of learning. And what if the author shall be one so copious of fancy as to have many things well worth the adding come into his mind after licensing, while the book is yet under the press, which not seldom happens to the best and diligent writers; and that perhaps a dozen times in one book? The printer dares not go beyond his licensed copy; so often then must the author trudge to his leave-giver, that those his new insertions may be viewed; and many a jaunt will be made, ere that licenser, for it must be the same man, can either be found, or found at leisure; meanwhile either the press must stand still, which is no small damage, or the author lose his accuratest thoughts, and send the book forth worse than he had made it, which to a diligent writer is the greatest melancholy and vexation that can befall. And how can a man teach with authority, which is the life of teaching, how can he be a doctor in his book as he ought to be, or else had better be silent, whenas all he teaches, all he delivers, is but under the

¹⁰⁰ Wand, staff; the teacher's "pointer."

¹⁰¹ Facing the peril of.

¹⁰² Learned; pertaining to Pallas Athene, the goddess of wisdom.

¹⁰³ A minor (French *puis-né*, after-born).

tuition, under the correction of his patriarchal¹⁰⁴ licenser to blot or alter what precisely accords not with the hide-bound humor which he calls his judgment? When every acute reader upon the first sight of a pedantic license will be ready with these like words to ding¹⁰⁵ the book a quoit's distance from him, "I hate a pupil teacher, I endure not an instructor that comes to me under the wardship of an overseeing fist. I know nothing of the licenser, but that I have his own hand here for his arrogance; who shall warrant me his judgment?" "The State, sir," replies the stationer; but has a quick return, "The State shall be my governors, but not my critics; they may be mistaken in the choice of a licenser, as easily as this licenser may be mistaken in an author; this is some common stuff"; and he might add from Sir Francis Bacon,¹⁰⁶ that "such authorized books are but the language of the times." For though a licenser should happen to be judicious more than ordinary, which will be a great jeopardy of the next succession, yet his very office, and his commission, enjoins him to let pass nothing but what is vulgarly received already. Nay, which is more lamentable, if the work of any deceased author, though never so famous in his lifetime, and even to this day, come to their hands for license to be printed, or reprinted, if there be found in his book one sentence of a venturous edge, uttered in the height of zeal, and who knows whether it might not be the dictate of a divine spirit, yet not suiting with every low decrepit humor of their own, though it were Knox himself, the Reformer of a Kingdom, that spake it, they will not pardon him their dash:¹⁰⁷ the sense of that great man shall to all posterity be lost for the fearfulness, or the presumptuous rashness, of a perfunctory licenser. And to what an author¹⁰⁸ this violence hath been lately done, and in what book of greatest consequence to be faithfully published, I could now instance, but

shall forbear till a more convenient season. Yet if these things be not resented seriously and timely by them who have the remedy in their power, but that such iron molds¹⁰⁹ as these shall have authority to gnaw out the choicest periods of exquisite books, and to commit such a treacherous fraud against the orphan remainders of worthiest men after death, the more sorrow will belong to that hapless race of men, whose misfortune it is to have understanding. Henceforth let no man care to learn, or care to be more than worldly wise; for certainly in higher matters to be ignorant and slothful, to be a common steadfast dunce will be the only pleasant life, and only in request.

And as it is a particular disesteem of every knowing person alive, and most injurious to the written labors and monuments of the dead, so to me it seems an undervaluing and vilifying of the whole nation. I cannot set so light by all the invention, the art, the wit, the grave and solid judgment which is in England, as that it can be comprehended in any twenty capacities how good soever, much less that it should not pass except their superintendence be over it, except it be sifted and strained with their strainers, that it should be uncurrent without their manual stamp. Truth and understanding are not such wares as to be monopolized and traded in by tickets and statutes and standards. We must not think to make a staple commodity of all the knowledge in the land, to mark and license it like our broadcloth, and our wool-packs. What is it but a servitude like that imposed by the Philistines,¹¹⁰ not to be allowed the sharpening of our own axes and coulters, but we must repair from all quarters to twenty licensing forges. Had any one written and divulged erroneous things and scandalous to honest life, misusing and forfeiting the esteem had of his reason among men, if after conviction this only censure were adjudged him, that he should never

¹⁰⁴ Referring doubtless to Archbishop Laud, who was accused of desiring to be Patriarch of the Western Church.

¹⁰⁵ Hurl.

¹⁰⁶ The quotation is from Bacon's tract, *An Advertisement Touching the Controversies in the Church of England*.

¹⁰⁷ A stroke of the pen to denote erasure.

¹⁰⁸ It is not known to whom Milton refers.

¹⁰⁹ Rust.

¹¹⁰ See I Samuel 13.

henceforth write but what were first examined by an appointed officer, whose hand should be annexed to pass his credit for him, that now he might be safely read, it could not be apprehended less than a disgraceful punishment. Whence to include the whole nation, and those that never yet thus offended, under such a diffident and suspectful prohibition, may plainly be understood what a disparagement it is. So much the more, whenas debtors and delinquents may walk abroad without a keeper, but unoffensive books must not stir forth without a visible jailer in their title. Nor is it to the common people less than a reproach; for if we be so jealous ¹¹¹ over them, as that we dare not trust them with an English pamphlet, what do we but censure them for a giddy, vicious, and ungrounded people; in such a sick and weak state of faith and discretion as to be able to take nothing down but through the pipe ¹¹² of a licenser. That this is care or love of them we cannot pretend, whenas in those popish places where the laity are most hated and despised the same strictness is used over them. Wisdom we cannot call it, because it stops but one breach of license, nor that neither: whenas those corruptions which it seeks to prevent break in faster at other doors which cannot be shut.

And in conclusion it reflects to the disrepute of our ministers also, of whose labors we should hope better, and of the proficiency which their flock reaps by them, than that after all this light of the Gospel which is, and is to be, and all this continual preaching, they should still be frequented with such an unprincipled, unedified, and laic rabble as that the whiff of every new pamphlet should stagger them out of their catechism and Christian walking. This may have much reason to discourage the ministers when such a low conceit is had of all their exhortations, and the benefiting of their hearers, as that they are not thought fit to be turned loose to three sheets of paper without a licenser; that all the sermons, all the lectures preached, printed,

vented in such numbers, and such volumes, as have now well-nigh made all other books unsalable, should not be armor enough against one single Enchiridion,¹¹³ without the castle of St. Angelo of an Imprimatur.

And lest some should persuade ye, Lords and Commons, that these arguments of learned men's discouragement at this your Order are mere flourishes, and not real, I could recount what I have seen and heard in other countries, where this kind of inquisition tyrannizes; when I have sat among their learned men, for that honor I had, and been counted happy to be born in such a place of philosophic freedom as they supposed England was, while themselves did nothing but bemoan the servile condition into which learning amongst them was brought; that this was it which had damped the glory of Italian wits; that nothing had been there written now these many years but flattery and fustian. There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo,¹¹⁴ grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition, for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought. And though I knew that England then was groaning loudest under the prelatical yoke, nevertheless I took it as a pledge of future happiness, that other nations were so persuaded of her liberty. Yet was it beyond my hope that those worthies were then breathing in her air, who should be her leaders to such a deliverance as shall never be forgotten by any revolution of time that this world hath to finish. When that was once begun, it was as little in my fear, that what words of complaint I heard among learned men of other parts uttered against the Inquisition, the same I should hear by as learned men at home uttered in time of Parliament against an order of licensing; and that so generally, that when I had disclosed myself a companion of their discontent, I might say, if without envy, that he whom an honest quæstorship had endeared to the Sicilians, was not more by them importuned against Verres ¹¹⁵ than the favorable opinion which I had among

¹¹¹ Suspicious.

¹¹² The tube used to feed patients who are too weak to swallow.

¹¹³ The original means both dagger and hand-book. Milton plays on the double meaning.

¹¹⁴ Milton visited Galileo, then seventy-four years old, in 1638, during his visit to Florence.

¹¹⁵ C. Cornelius Verres, against whom Cicero directed his famous orations because of his bad government in Sicily.

many who honor ye, and are known and respected by ye, loaded me with entreaties and persuasions, that I would not despair to lay together that which just reason should bring into my mind, toward the removal of an undeserved thralldom upon learning. That this is not therefore the dis-burdening of a particular fancy, but the common grievance of all those who had prepared their minds and studies above the vulgar pitch to advance truth in others, and from others to entertain it, thus much may satisfy. And in their name I shall for neither friend nor foe conceal what the general murmur is; that if it come to inquisitioning again and licensing, and that we are so timorous of ourselves, and so suspicious of all men, as to fear each book, and the shaking of every leaf, before we know what the contents are, if some who but of late were little better than silenced from preaching shall come now to silence us from reading, except what they please, it cannot be guessed what is intended by some but a second tyranny over learning; and will soon put it out of controversy that Bishops and Presbyters are the same to us both name and thing. That those evils of Prelaty, which before from five or six and twenty sees were distributively charged upon the whole people, will now light wholly upon learning, is not obscure to us: whenas now the pastor of a small unlearned parish on the sudden shall be exalted Archbishop over a large diocese of books, and yet not remove, but keep his other cure too, a mystical pluralist. He who but of late cried down the sole ordination of every novice Bachelor of Art, and denied sole jurisdiction over the simplest parishioner, shall now at home in his private chair assume both these over worthiest and excellentest books and ablest authors that write them. This is not ye Covenants¹¹⁶ and Protestations that we have made! this is not to put down Prelaty; this is but to chop¹¹⁷ an Episcopacy; this is but to translate the Palace Metropolitan¹¹⁸ from one kind of dominion into another; this is but

an old canonical sleight of commuting our penance. To startle thus betimes at a mere unlicensed pamphlet will after a while be afraid of every conventicle, and a while after will make a conventicle of every Christian meeting. But I am certain that a State governed by the rules of justice and fortitude, or a Church built and founded upon the rock of faith and true knowledge, cannot be so pusillanimous. While things are yet not constituted in Religion that freedom of writing should be restrained by a discipline imitated from the Prelates, and learnt by them from the Inquisition to shut us up all again into the breast of a licenser, must needs give cause of doubt and discouragement to all learned and religious men. Who cannot but discern the fineness of this politic drift, and who are the contrivers; that while Bishops were to be baited down, then all Presses might be open; it was the people's birthright and privilege in time of Parliament, it was the breaking forth of light. But now the Bishops abrogated and voided out the Church, as if our Reformation sought no more but to make room for others into their seats under another name, the episcopal arts begin to bud again, the cruse of truth must run no more oil, liberty of Printing must be enthralled again under a prelatical commission of twenty, the privilege of the people nullified, and which is worse, the freedom of learning must groan again, and to her old fetters: all this the Parliament yet sitting. Although their own late arguments and defences against the Prelates might remember them that this obstructing violence meets for the most part with an event utterly opposite to the end which it drives at: instead of suppressing sects and schisms, it raises them and invests them with a reputation. "The punishing of wits enhances their authority," saith the Viscount St. Albans;¹¹⁹ "and a forbidden writing is thought to be a certain spark of truth that flies up in the faces of them who seek to tread it out." This Order therefore may prove a nursing mother to sects, but I shall easily show how it will

¹¹⁶ The Solemn League and Covenant, between England and Scotland, had been signed in 1643.

¹¹⁷ Barter, exchange.

¹¹⁸ The Archbishop of Canterbury was Metropolitan and Primate of All England.

¹¹⁹ From Bacon's tract already mentioned on page 423.

be a stepdame to Truth: and first by disabling us to the maintenance of what is known already.

Well knows he who uses to consider, that our faith and knowledge thrives by exercise, as well as our limbs and complexion.¹²⁰ Truth is compared in Scripture to a streaming fountain; if her waters flow not in a perpetual progression, they sicken into a muddy pool of conformity and tradition. A man may be a heretic in the truth; and if he believe things only because his pastor says so, or the Assembly so determines, without knowing other reason, though his belief be true, yet the very truth he holds becomes his heresy. There is not any burden that some would gladlier post off to another than the charge and care of their Religion. There be, who knows not that there be, of Protestants and professors¹²¹ who live and die in as arrant an implicit faith as any lay Papist of Loretto.¹²² A wealthy man addicted to his pleasure and to his profits, finds religion to be a traffic so entangled, and of so many piddling accounts, that of all mysteries¹²³ he cannot skill to keep a stock going upon that trade. What should he do? Fain he would have the name to be religious, fain he would bear up with his neighbors in that. What does he therefore, but resolves to give over toiling, and to find himself out some factor, to whose care and credit he may commit the whole managing of his religious affairs; some divine of note and estimation that must be. To him he adheres, resigns the whole warehouse of his religion, with all the locks and keys into his custody; and indeed makes the very person of that man his religion; esteems his associating with him a sufficient evidence and commendatory of his own party. So that a man may say his religion is now no more within himself, but is become a dividual movable,¹²⁴ and goes and comes near him, according as that good man frequents the house. He entertains him, gives him gifts, feasts him, lodges him; his religion comes

home at night, prays, is liberally supped, and sumptuously laid to sleep, rises, is saluted, and after the malmsey, or some well-spiced brewage, and better breakfasted than he whose morning appetite would have gladly fed on green figs between Bethany and Jerusalem, his Religion walks abroad at eight, and leaves his kind entertainer in the shop trading all day without his Religion.

Another sort there be, who when they hear that all things shall be ordered, all things regulated and settled, nothing written but what passes through the custom-house of certain publicans¹²⁵ that have the tonnage and poundage of all free-spoken truth, will straight give themselves up into your hands, make 'em and cut 'em out what religion ye please: there be delights, there be recreations and jolly pastimes that will fetch the day about from sun to sun, and rock the tedious year as in a delightful dream. What need they torture their heads with that which others have taken so strictly and so unalterably into their own purveying? These are the fruits which a dull ease and cessation of our knowledge will bring forth among the people. How goodly, and how to be wished were such an obedient unanimity as this, what a fine conformity would it starch us all into! Doubtless a staunch and solid piece of framework, as any January could freeze together.

Nor much better will be the consequence even among the clergy themselves: it is no new thing never heard of before for a parochial minister, who has his reward, and is at his Hercules' pillars¹²⁶ in a warm benefice, to be easily inclinable, if he have nothing else that may rouse up his studies, to finish his circuit in an English concordance and a topic folio,¹²⁷ the gatherings and savings of a sober graduateship, a harmony¹²⁸ and a catena,¹²⁹ treading the constant round of certain common doctrinal heads, attended with the uses, motives, marks, and means,

120 Temperament, bodily constitution.

121 Those who make open profession of religion.

122 Near Ancons; one of the most frequented of mediæval shrines.

123 Trades, occupations.

124 Something which may be separated from him and removed.

128 A synopsis of the four Gospels, in which all the accounts are harmonized.

129 A "chain of extracts" from the writings of the fathers arranged in sequence as a commentary on the Scriptures.

125 Collectors of taxes.

126 Ultimate limit.

127 Commonplace book.

out of which, as out of an alphabet or sol-fa,¹³⁰ by forming and transforming, joining and disjoining variously a little bookcraft, and two hours' meditation, might furnish him unspeakably to the performance of more than a weekly charge of sermoning: not to reckon up the infinite helps of interlinaries, breviaries, synopses, and other loitering gear.¹³¹ But as for the multitude of sermons ready printed and piled up, on every text that is not difficult, our London trading St. Thomas in his vestry, and add to boot St. Martin, and St. Hugh, have not within their hallowed limits more vendible ware of all sorts ready made: ¹³² so that penury he never need fear of pulpit provision, having where so plentifully to refresh his magazine. But if his rear and flanks be not impaled,¹³³ if his back door ¹³⁴ be not secured by the rigid licenser, but that a bold book may now and then issue forth, and give the assault to some of his old collections in their trenches, it will concern him then to keep waking, to stand in watch, to set good guards and sentinels about his received opinions, to walk the round and counter-round with his fellow inspectors, fearing lest any of his flock be seduced, who also then would be better instructed, better exercised and disciplined. And God send that the fear of this diligence which must then be used do not make us affect the laziness of a licensing Church.

For if we be sure we are in the right, and do not hold the truth guiltily, which becomes not, if we ourselves condemn not our own weak and frivolous teaching, and the people for an untaught and irreligious gad-ding rout, what can be more fair than when a man judicious, learned, and of a conscience, for aught we know as good as theirs that taught us what we know, shall not privily from house to house, which is more dangerous, but openly by writing publish to the world what his opinion is, what his reasons, and wherefore that which is now

thought cannot be sound? Christ urged it as wherewith to justify himself that he preached in public; ¹³⁵ yet writing is more public than preaching; and more easy to refutation, if need be, there being so many whose business and profession merely it is to be the champions of Truth; which if they neglect, what can be imputed but their sloth, or inability?

Thus much we are hindered and dis-inured ¹³⁶ by this course of licensing toward the true knowledge of what we seem to know. For how much it hurts and hinders the licensers themselves in the calling of their ministry, more than any secular employment, if they will discharge that office as they ought, so that of necessity they must neglect either the one duty or the other, I insist not, because it is a particular, but leave it to their own conscience, how they will decide it there.

There is yet behind of what I purposed to lay open, the incredible loss and detriment that this plot of licensing puts us to, more than if some enemy at sea should stop up all our havens and ports and creeks, it hinders and retards the importation of our richest merchandise, Truth: nay, it was first established and put in practice by anti-christian malice and mystery ¹³⁷ on set purpose to extinguish, if it were possible, the light of Reformation, and to settle falsehood; little differing from that policy wherewith the Turk upholds his Alcoran, by the prohibition of Printing. 'Tis not denied, but gladly confessed, we are to send our thanks and vows to Heaven, louder than most of nations for that great measure of truth which we enjoy, especially in those main points between us and the Pope, with his appurtenances the Prelates: but he who thinks we are to pitch our tent here, and have attained the utmost prospect of reformation, that the mortal glass ¹³⁸ wherein we contemplate can show us, till we come to beatific vision that man

¹³⁰ The musical scale or gamut.

¹³¹ Idle, worthless stuff.

¹³² The substance of the passage is that sermons are as numerous and as readily procurable in the neighborhoods of London churches as any other sort of ware.

¹³³ Defended by stockades.

¹³⁴ Postern.

¹³⁵ See St. John 18:19.

¹³⁶ Disaccustomed.

¹³⁷ Underhand practices.

¹³⁸ Alluding to I Corinthians 13:12, "For now we see through a glass darkly."

by this very opinion declares, that he is yet far short of Truth.

Truth indeed came once into the world with her divine Master, and was a perfect shape most glorious to look on: but when he ascended, and his Apostles after him were laid asleep, then straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who, as that story goes of the Egyptian Typhon with his conspirators, how they dealt with the good Osiris,¹³⁹ took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful¹⁴⁰ search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down gathering up limb by limb still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, Lords and Commons, nor ever shall do, till her Master's second coming; he shall bring together every joint and member, and shall mold them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection. Suffer not these licensing prohibitions to stand at every place of opportunity forbidding and disturbing them that continue seeking, that continue to do our obsequies to the torn body of our martyred saint. We boast our light; but if we look not wisely on the sun itself, it smites us into darkness. Who can discern those planets that are oft combust,¹⁴¹ and those stars of brightest magnitude that rise and set with the sun, until the opposite motion of their orbs bring them to such a place in the firmament where they may be seen evening or morning. The light which we have gained was given us, not to be ever staring on, but by it to discover onward things more remote from our knowledge. It is not the unfrocking of a priest, the unmitring of a bishop, and the removing him from off the Presbyterian shoulders that will make us a happy nation, no, if other things as great

in the Church, and in the rule of life both economical¹⁴² and political be not looked into and reformed. We have looked so long upon the blaze that Zuinglius¹⁴³ and Calvin hath beacons up to us that we are stark blind. There be who perpetually complain of schisms and sects, and make it such a calamity that any man dissents from their maxims. 'Tis their own pride and ignorance which causes the disturbing, who neither will hear with meekness, nor can convince, yet all must be suppressed which is not found in their syntagma.¹⁴⁴ They are the troublers, they are the dividers of unity, who neglect and permit not others to unite those dissevered pieces which are yet wanting to the body of Truth. To be still searching what we know not by what we know, still closing up truth to truth as we find it (for all her body is homogeneous, and proportional),¹⁴⁵ this is the golden rule in theology as well as in arithmetic, and makes up the best harmony in a Church; not the forced and outward union of cold and neutral and inwardly divided minds.

Lords and Commons of England, consider what nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors: a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit, acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to. Therefore the studies of Learning in her deepest sciences have been so ancient, and so eminent among us that writers of good antiquity and ablest judgment have been persuaded that even the school of Pythagoras and the Persian wisdom took beginning from the old philosophy of this island. And that wise and civil¹⁴⁶ Roman, Julius Agricola, who governed once here for Cæsar, preferred the natural wits of Britain before the labored studies of the French. Nor is it for nothing that the grave and frugal Transylvanian

¹³⁹ Typhon, the god of evil, was the antagonist of the good Osiris and his wife Isis. Typhon cut the body of Osiris in pieces and threw them into the Nile, whence they were collected after a prolonged search by Isis and their son, Horus.

¹⁴⁰ Sorrowful.

¹⁴¹ A planet is said to be combust when, as viewed from the earth, it is so near the sun as to be invisible.

¹⁴² Having to do with the management of private life.

¹⁴³ Zwingli (1484-1531), the Zurich reformer; Calvin (1509-1564), the Genevan reformer.

¹⁴⁴ One's own personal beliefs.

¹⁴⁵ Of the same nature throughout, and each part having a distinct proportion to each other and to the whole.

¹⁴⁶ Cultured.

sends out yearly from as far as the mountainous borders of Russia, and beyond the Hercynian wilderness,¹⁴⁷ not their youth, but their staid men, to learn our language, and our theologic arts. Yet that which is above all this, the favor and the love of Heaven, we have great argument to think in a peculiar manner propitious and propending towards us. Why else was this nation chosen before any other, that out of her as out of Sion should be proclaimed and sounded forth the first tidings and trumpet of Reformation to all Europe? And had it not been the obstinate perverseness of our prelates against the divine and admirable spirit of Wycliffe, to suppress him as a schismatic and innovator, perhaps neither the Bohemian Huss and Jerome, no, nor the name of Luther, or of Calvin had been ever known: the glory of reforming all our neighbors had been completely ours. But now, as our obdurate clergy have with violence demeaned¹⁴⁸ the matter, we are become hitherto the latest and backwardest scholars, of whom God offered to have made us the teachers. Now once again by all concurrence of signs, and by the general instinct of holy and devout men, as they daily and solemnly express their thoughts, God is decreeing to begin some new and great period in his Church, even to the reforming of Reformation itself: what does he then but reveal himself to his servants, and as his manner is, first to his Englishmen; I say as his manner is, first to us, though we mark not the method of his counsels, and are unworthy. Behold now this vast city: a city of refuge, the mansion house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with his protection; the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers waking, to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed Justice in defence of beleaguered Truth, than there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the

approaching Reformation: others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and conviction. What could a man require more from a nation so pliant and so prone to seek after knowledge? What wants there to such a towardly¹⁴⁹ and pregnant soil, but wise and faithful laborers, to make a knowing people, a nation of prophets, of sages, and of worthies? We reckon more than five months yet to harvest; there need not be five weeks; had we but eyes to lift up, the fields are white already. Where there is much desire to learn, there of necessity will be much arguing, much writing, many opinions; for opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making. Under these fantastic terrors of sect and schism, we wrong the earnest and zealous thirst after knowledge and understanding which God hath stirred up in this city. What some lament of, we rather rejoice at, should rather praise this pious forwardness among men, to reassume the ill-reputed care of their Religion into their own hands again. A little generous prudence, a little forbearance of one another, and some grain of charity might win all these diligences¹⁵⁰ to join and unite in one general and brotherly search after Truth; could we but forego this prelatical tradition of crowding free consciences and Christian liberties into canons and precepts of men. I doubt not, if some great and worthy stranger should come among us, wise to discern the mold and temper of a people, and how to govern it, observing the high hopes and aims, the diligent alacrity of our extended thoughts and reasonings in the pursuance of truth and freedom, but that he would cry out as Pyrrhus¹⁵¹ did, admiring the Roman docility and courage, "If such were my Epirots, I would not despair the greatest design that could be attempted to make a Church or Kingdom happy." Yet these are the men cried out against for schismatics and sectaries; as if, while the temple of the Lord was building, some cutting, some squaring the marble,

147 The Roman term for the forests and hills of southern and central Germany.

148 Conducted.

149 Easily cultivated.

150 Labors, exertions, anxieties.

151 Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, defeated the Romans at Heraclea in 280 B.C.

others hewing the cedars, there should be a sort ¹⁵² of irrational men who could not consider there must be many schisms and many dissections made in the quarry and in the timber ere the house of God can be built. And when every stone is laid artfully together, it cannot be united into a continuity, it can but be contiguous in this world; neither can every piece of the building be of one form; nay, rather the perfection consists in this, that out of many moderate varieties and brotherly dissimilarities that are not vastly disproportional, arises the goodly and the graceful symmetry that commends the whole pile and structure. Let us therefore be more considerate builders, more wise in spiritual architecture, when great reformation is expected. For now the time seems come, wherein Moses the great prophet may sit in heaven rejoicing to see that memorable and glorious wish of his fulfilled, when not only our seventy elders, but all the Lord's people, are become prophets.¹⁵³ No marvel then though some men, and some good men too, perhaps, but young in goodness, as Joshua then was, envy them. They fret, and out of their own weakness are in agony, lest these divisions and subdivisions will undo us. The adversary again applauds, and waits the hour; when they have branched themselves out, saith he, small enough into parties and partitions, then will be our time. Fool! he sees not the firm root, out of which we all grow, though into branches: nor will beware until he see our small divided maniples ¹⁵⁴ cutting through at every angle of his ill-united and unwieldy brigade. And that we are to hope better of all these supposed sects and schisms, and that we shall not need that solicitude honest perhaps, though overtimorous of them that vex in this behalf, but shall laugh in the end, at those malicious applauders of our differences, I have these reasons to persuade me.

First, when a city shall be as it were besieged and blocked about, her navigable river infested, inroads and incursions round, defiance and battle oft rumored to be marching up even to her walls, and suburb

trenches, that then the people, or the greater part, more than at other times, wholly taken up with the study of highest and most important matters to be reformed, should be disputing, reasoning, reading, inventing, discoursing, even to a rarity, and admiration, things not before discoursed or written of, argues first a singular goodwill, contentedness and confidence in your prudent foresight, and safe government, Lords and Commons; and from thence derives itself to a gallant bravery and well grounded contempt of their enemies, as if there were no small number of as great spirits among us, as his was, who when Rome was nigh besieged by Hannibal, being in the city, bought that piece of ground at no cheap rate, whereon Hannibal himself encamped his own regiment. Next, it is a lively and cheerful presage of our happy success and victory. For as in a body, when the blood is fresh, the spirits pure and vigorous, not only to vital, but to rational faculties, and those in the acutest, and the pertest ¹⁵⁵ operations of wit and subtlety, it argues in what good plight and constitution the body is, so when the cheerfulness of the people is so sprightly up, as that it has not only wherewith to guard well its own freedom and safety, but to spare, and to bestow upon the solidest and sublimest points of controversy and new invention, it betokens us not degenerated, nor drooping to a fatal decay, but casting off the old and wrinkled skin of corruption to outlive these pangs and wax young again, entering the glorious ways of truth and prosperous virtue destined to become great and honorable in these latter ages. Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing ¹⁵⁶ her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she

¹⁵² Set, company.

¹⁵³ See Numbers 11: 27-29.

¹⁵⁴ The Roman *manipulus* was a small company.

¹⁵⁵ Sprightliest, nimblest.

¹⁵⁶ Moulting; renewing.

means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

What would ye do then, should ye suppress all this flowery crop of knowledge and new light sprung up and yet springing daily in this city, should ye set an oligarchy of twenty engrossers¹⁵⁷ over it, to bring a famine upon our minds again, when we shall know nothing but what is measured to us by their bushel? Believe it, Lords and Commons, they who counsel ye to such a suppressing do as good as bid ye suppress yourselves; and I will soon show how. If it be desired to know the immediate cause of all this free writing and free speaking, there cannot be assigned a truer than your own mild and free and humane government; it is the liberty, Lords and Commons, which your own valorous and happy counsels have purchased us, liberty which is the nurse of all great wits; this is that which hath rarefied and enlightened our spirits like the influence of heaven; this is that which hath enfranchised, enlarged, and lifted up our apprehensions degrees above themselves. Ye cannot make us now less capable, less knowing, less eagerly pursuing of the truth, unless ye first make yourselves, that made us so, less the lovers, less the founders of our true liberty. We can grow ignorant again, brutish, formal, and slavish, as ye found us; but you then must first become that which ye cannot be, oppressive, arbitrary, and tyrannous, as they were from whom ye have tried to free us. That our hearts are now more capacious, our thoughts more erected to the search and expectation of greatest and exactest things, is the issue of your own virtue propagated in us; ye cannot suppress that unless ye reinforce an abrogated and merciless law, that fathers may dispatch at will their own children. And who shall then stick closest to ye, and excite others? not he who takes up arms for coat and conduct, and his four nobles of Danegelt.¹⁵⁸ Although I dispraise

not the defence of just immunities, yet love my peace better, if that were all.¹⁵⁹ Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties.

What would be best advised, then, if it be found so hurtful and so unequal to support opinions for the newness, or the unsuitableness to a customary acceptance, will not be my task to say; I only shall repeat what I have learned from one of your own honorable number, a right noble and pious lord, who, had he not sacrificed his life and fortunes to the Church and Commonwealth, we had not now missed and bewailed a worthy and undoubted patron of this argument. Ye know him I am sure; yet I for honor's sake, and may it be eternal to him, shall name him the Lord Brooke.¹⁶⁰ He writing of Episcopacy, and by the way treating of sects and schisms, left ye his vote, or rather now the last words of his dying charge, which I know will ever be of dear and honored regard with ye, so full of meekness and breathing charity, that next to his last testament, who bequeathed love and peace to his disciples, I cannot call to mind where I have read or heard words more mild and peaceful. He there exhorts us to hear with patience and humility those, however they be miscalled, that desire to live purely, in such a use of God's ordinances as the best guidance of their conscience gives them, and to tolerate them, though in some disconformity to ourselves. The book itself will tell us more at large, being published to the world, and dedicated to the Parliament by him who both for his life and for his death deserves that what advice he left be not laid by without perusal.

And now the time in special is by privilege to write and speak what may help to the further discussing of matters in agitation. The temple of Janus with his two controversial faces might now not un-

¹⁵⁷ Those who get a monopoly by buying up large quantities and thus command the market.

¹⁵⁸ Alluding doubtless to John Hampden's refusal to pay ship-money. Danegelt was the old land-tax levied in order to protect the country from the Danes. Charles I appealed to the precedent of Danegelt in his attempts to impose ship-money. A noble was 6s. 8d.

¹⁵⁹ If it were merely a question of being immune from paying a tax.

¹⁶⁰ Robert, son of Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, a supporter of the Parliamentary cause, and general in the Civil War. He was killed during an attack on Lichfield Cathedral, which was held by Royalist combatants, March 1, 1643. His book was *A Discourse on Episcopacy*. See Laud's Diary, March 2. 1642-3.

significantly be set open. And though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter. Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing. He who hears what praying there is for light and clearer knowledge to be sent down among us, would think of other matters to be constituted beyond the discipline of Geneva, framed and fabricked already to our hands. Yet when the new light which we beg for shines in upon us, there be who envy, and oppose, if it come not first in at their casements. What a collusion is this, whenas we are exhorted by the wise man to use diligence, to seek for wisdom as for hidden treasures early and late, that another order shall enjoin us to know nothing but by statute! When a man hath been laboring the hardest labor in the deep mines of knowledge, hath furnished out his findings in all their equipage, drawn forth his reasons as it were a battle arranged, scattered and defeated all objections in his way, calls out his adversary into the plain, offers him the advantage of wind and sun, if he please only that he may try the matter by dint of argument, for his opponents then to skulk, to lay ambushments, to keep a narrow bridge of licensing¹⁶¹ where the challenger should pass, though it be valor enough in soldiership, is but weakness and cowardice in the wars of Truth. For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty; she needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings to make her victorious, those are the shifts and the defences that error uses against her power. Give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps, for then she speaks not true, as the old Proteus¹⁶² did, who spake oracles only when he was caught and bound, but then rather she turns herself into all shapes, except her own, and perhaps tunes her

voice according to the time, as Micaiah did before Ahab,¹⁶³ until she be adured into her own likeness. Yet is it not impossible that she may have more shapes than one. What else is all that rank of things indifferent, wherein Truth may be on this side, or on the other, without being unlike herself? What but a vain shadow else is the abolition of those ordinances, that hand-writing nailed to the cross, what great purchase is this Christian liberty which Paul so often boasts of? His doctrine is that he who eats, or eats not, regards a day, or regards it not, may do either to the Lord. How many other things might be tolerated in peace, and left to conscience, had we but charity, and were it not the chief stronghold of our hypocrisy to be ever judging one another! I fear yet this iron yoke of outward conformity hath left a slavish print upon our necks; the ghost of a linen decency¹⁶⁴ yet haunts us. We stumble and are impatient at the least dividing of one visible congregation from another, though it be not in fundamentals; and through our forwardness to suppress, and our backwardness to recover any enthralled piece of truth out of the gripe of custom, we care not to keep truth separated from truth, which is the fiercest rent and disunion of all. We do not see that, while we still affect by all means a rigid external formality, we may as soon fall again into a gross conforming stupidity, a stark and dead congealment of wood, and hay, and stubble forced and frozen together, which is more to the sudden degenerating of a Church than many subdichotomies¹⁶⁵ of petty schisms. Not that I can think well of every light separation, or that all in a Church is to be expected gold and silver and precious stones: it is not possible for man to sever the wheat from the tares, the good fish from the other fry; that must be the angels' ministry at the end of mortal things. Yet if all cannot be of one mind (as who looks they should be?), this doubtless is more wholesome, more prudent, and more Chris-

¹⁶¹ The allusion is to the tales of chivalry where knights often held a bridge in such manner.

¹⁶² The old man of the sea, in Greek mythology, who, to avoid having to prophesy, assumed many different shapes, until he was finally caught and bound.

¹⁶⁴ Referring to the controversies over ecclesiastical vestments, ceremonies, etc. Milton uses the words "linen decency" sarcastically, having in mind the directions of the Prayer-book with regard to linen cloths, surplices, etc.

¹⁶³ See I Kings 22.

¹⁶⁵ Petty divisions.

tian that many be tolerated, rather than all compelled. I mean not tolerated popery, and open superstition, which, as it extirpates all religious and civil supremacies, so itself should be extirpated, provided first that all charitable and compassionate means be used to win and regain the weak and the misled: that also which is impious or evil absolutely either against faith or manners no law can possibly permit that intends not to unlaw itself: but those neighboring differences, or rather indifferences, are what I speak of, whether in some point of doctrine or of discipline, which though they may be many, yet need not interrupt the unity of Spirit, if we could but find among us the bond of peace. In the meanwhile if anyone would write, and bring this helpful hand to the slow-moving Reformation which we labor under, if Truth have spoken to him before others, or but seemed at least to speak, who hath so bejesuited us that we should trouble that man with asking license to do so worthy a deed? and not consider this, that if it come to prohibiting, there is not aught more likely to be prohibited than truth itself; whose first appearance to our eyes, bleared and dimmed with prejudice and custom, is more unsightly and unplausible than many errors, even as the person is of many a great man slight and contemptible to see to. And what do they tell us vainly of new opinions, when this very opinion of theirs, that none must be heard but whom they like, is the worst and newest opinion of all others; and is the chief cause why sects and schisms do so much abound, and true knowledge is kept at distance from us; besides yet a greater danger which is in it. For when God shakes a kingdom with strong and healthful commotions to a general reforming, 'tis not untrue that many sectaries and false teachers are then busiest in seducing; but yet more true it is, that God then raises to his own work men of rare abilities, and more than common industry, not only to look back and revise what hath been taught heretofore, but to

gain further and go on, some new enlightened steps in the discovery of truth. For such is the order of God's enlightening his Church, to dispense and deal out by degrees his beam, so as our earthly eyes may best sustain it. Neither is God appointed and confined, where and out of what place these his chosen shall be first heard to speak; for he sees not as man sees, chooses not as man chooses, lest we should devote ourselves again to set places, and assemblies, and outward callings of men; planting our faith one while in the old Convocation house,¹⁶⁶ and another while in the Chapel at Westminster; when all the faith and religion that shall be there canonized¹⁶⁷ is not sufficient without plain conviction and the charity of patient instruction to supple the least bruise of conscience, to edify the meanest Christian, who desires to walk in the spirit, and not in the letter of human trust, for all the number of voices that can be there made; no, though Harry VII himself there, with all his liege tombs about him, should lend them voices from the dead, to swell their number. And if the men be erroneous who appear to be the leading schismatics, what withholds us but our sloth, our self-will, and distrust in the right cause, that we do not give them gentle meetings and gentle dismissions, that we debate not and examine the matter thoroughly with liberal and frequent audience; if not for their sakes, yet for our own? seeing no man who hath tasted learning, but will confess the many ways of profiting by those who not contented with stale receipts are able to manage, and set forth new positions to the world. And were they but as the dust and cinders of our feet, so long as in that notion they may yet serve to polish and brighten the armory of Truth, even for that respect they were not utterly to be cast away. But if they be of those whom God hath fitted for the special use of these times with eminent and ample gifts, and those perhaps neither among the Priests, nor among the Pharisees, and we in the haste of a precipitant

¹⁶⁶ The assembly of the clergy of the Church of England had the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey for its meeting place. When Presbyterianism was made the state religion in 1643, Parliament gave to the Assembly of Divines of the Presbyterian Church the powers and privileges formerly held by Convocation, and set aside Henry VII's Chapel in Westminster Abbey for its meeting place.

¹⁶⁷ Pronounced to be orthodox.

zeal shall make no distinction, but resolve to stop their mouths, because we fear they come with new and dangerous opinions, as we commonly forejudge them ere we understand them, no less than woe to us, while thinking thus to defend the Gospel, we are found the persecutors.

There have been not a few since the beginning of this Parliament, both of the Presbytery and others, who by their unlicensed books to the contempt of an Imprimatur first broke that triple ice clung about our hearts, and taught the people to see day. I hope that none of those were the persuaders to renew upon us this bondage which they themselves have wrought so much good by condemning. But if neither the check that Moses gave to young Joshua, nor the countermand which our Savior gave to young John, who was so ready to prohibit those whom he thought unlicensed, be not enough to admonish our elders how unacceptable to God their testy mood of prohibiting is, if neither their own remembrance what evil hath abounded in the Church by this let¹⁶⁸ of licensing, and what good they themselves have begun by transgressing it, be not enough, but that they will persuade, and execute the most Dominican part of the Inquisition over us, and are already with one foot in the stirrup so active at suppressing, it would be no unequal distribution in the first place to suppress the suppressors themselves: whom the change of their condition hath puffed up, more than their late experience of harder times hath made wise.

And as for regulating the Press, let no man think to have the honor of advising ye better than yourselves have done in that Order published next before this,¹⁶⁹ "that no book be Printed, unless the Printer's and the Author's name, or at least the Printer's be registered." Those which otherwise come forth, if they be found mischievous and libellous, the fire and the executioner will be the timeliest and the most effectual remedy that man's prevention can use. For this authentic¹⁷⁰ Spanish policy of licensing books, if I have said aught,

will prove the most unlicensed book itself within a short while; and was the immediate image of a Star Chamber decree to that purpose made in those very times when that Court did the rest of those her pious works, for which she is now fallen from the stars with Lucifer. Whereby ye may guess what kind of state prudence, what love of the people, what care of Religion or good manners there was at the contriving, although with singular hypocrisy it pretended to bind books to their good behavior. And how it got the upper hand of your precedent Order so well constituted before, if we may believe those men whose profession gives them cause to inquire most, it may be doubted there was in it the fraud of some old patentees and monopolizers in the trade of bookselling; who under pretense of the poor in their Company not to be defrauded, and the just retaining of each man in his several copy, which God forbid should be gainsaid, brought divers glosing colors to the House, which were indeed but colors, and serving to no end except it be to exercise a superiority over their neighbors, men who do not therefore labor in an honest profession to which learning is indebted, that they should be made other men's vassals. Another end is thought was aimed at by some of them in procuring by petition this Order, that having power in their hands, malignant books might the easier scape abroad, as the event shows. But of these sophisms and elenchs¹⁷¹ of merchandise I skill not. This I know, that errors in a good government and in a bad are equally almost incident; for what Magistrate may not be misinformed, and much the sooner, if liberty of Printing be reduced into the power of a few? But to redress willingly and speedily what hath been erred, and in highest authority to esteem a plain advertisement¹⁷² more than others have done a sumptuous bribe, is a virtue (honored Lords and Commons) answerable to your highest actions, and whereof none can participate but greatest and wisest men.

¹⁶⁸ Hindrance.

¹⁶⁹ The order of January 29, 1641/2 is referred to.

¹⁷⁰ Peculiarly Spanish.

¹⁷¹ Fallacious arguments.

¹⁷² Notification.

EDWARD HYDE, FIRST EARL OF CLARENDON

(1607/8-1674)

It is not every son of a plain country squire that can have three queens among his immediate descendants. Edward Hyde, who came up from Wiltshire to London to make a name for himself in the practice of law, was the ancestor of three. His daughter Anne was the consort of James II on the throne of England, and her two daughters, after her brief reign, were more famous queens, Mary, of the partnership of William and Mary, and good, if obtuse, Queen Anne.

Milton does not stand as unique. Hyde is one more example of the seventeenth-century habit of combining ability in letters with ability and eminence in another field. If there were matters of political significance in the momentous 40's and 50's and 60's, he had his hand in most of them. He, more than any other man, king or nobleman, shaped the England that was to emerge as the battleground for the two parties of the eighteenth century; and if his achievements in politics were ultimately of a negative nature, if he stood for the policies that were *not* to be the dominant ones, his obstinate adherence to a policy of reaction hastened the progress of reform. The religious toleration largely achieved in the early years of the next century owes much to his intolerance; the ascendancy of Parliament, much to his determination to make the will of the chief minister supreme.

Edward Hyde was one of the statesmen whom Charles II allowed to pilot the state while he piloted the Castlemaines of his twenty-four hours of daily pleasure. Hyde had made himself known and respected to Charles's ill-starred father. After an undistinguished Oxford career that began in 1623, he had entered the Middle Temple, and he emerged to the bar in 1633. He had the secret of making friends in these younger years; and he got on quickly. From the beginning he was as interested in letters as in politics; and he numbered among his friends not only Falkland and Sheldon, but Ben Jonson, Selden, William Davenant, Charles Cotton, Edmund Waller, Earle, and Thomas Carew. He won his spurs in both Parliaments of 1640, with speeches more literary than oratorical. His first great fame was won in his presentation of the cause of the King against the House of Commons in pamphlets. Knighted for this service, Hyde became a privy councillor and Chancellor of a rather empty Exchequer during the war years. From 1646 to 1648 he followed events and policies for the eye of the King in his *History of the Rebellion*. But he laid the work aside at the end of Book Seven. He continued under Charles II his rôle of royal adviser, being made Lord Chancellor in 1658. It was during these years of royal exile that he shaped the course that really won the King back his throne. Watchful waiting and a conciliatory attitude were his wise weapons. The miracle of the complete right-about-face of 1660 was no miracle, after all. Hyde had been preparing it for nearly ten years. He had kept the easy-going Charles from accepting conditions; and he brought him back with a free hand. So there was the peerage for him in that year of universal Christmas, 1660; an earldom in 1661; and well-nigh complete control of affairs until 1667. In 1660, too, there was the chancellorship of Oxford; but Hyde had little to do in that place already purged of its Puritans; he is a cipher beside such a chancellor as Laud, though he did take some notice of the laxity of the discipline and advocated the introduction of riding, dancing, and fencing into the curriculum. It was also in 1660 that his daughter won the Duke of York for a husband as well as the father of her child. For a time, though, things had hung fire; Hyde played the irate and thoroughly despicable father and was ready to cast her off; the Queen mother hurried over from France to stop the disgrace of a marriage to a commoner and only withdrew her opposition when Cardinal Mazarin took a hand; the Bishop of Winchester questioned Anne on the paternity of her child even in the pangs of child-birth; the Duke himself acted like a complete blackguard; only the King seemed sane; Anne held nobly to her rights like a woman of spirit; and the marriage was finally publicly owned in time for Christmas. Hyde's three future queens were safe. Once

back at the helm in England, Hyde seems to have hardened into an old-fashioned conservative bent on restoring the *status quo* of the vexed 40's. He forgot all he had learned. He stood out for the supremacy of the Church, got the bishops back into the saddle everywhere. The King was for conciliating both the Roman Catholics and the Dissenters. But Parliament for a time played into my Lord Chancellor's hands and defeated the King's plan of leniency. The King's eyes were opened. And so when the Dutch War fiasco aroused the House of Commons, he naturally stood aside from this man who had grown so confident and so adamant for a world that could not be again, so opposed to new policies and new blood to suit the changing times. It was time for a new Chancellor. Clarendon saw the earth drop away under his feet. He was impeached in October, 1667. In the midst of proceedings he fled the country and was voted a traitor by Parliament. The rest was exile. In France he had opportunity to turn to the letters he had put to one side for twenty years, and he wrote his Autobiography, the *apologia* for himself and his policies and a review of the situation since 1648. In 1671 his son bringing over the unfinished MS. of his History, he put the two works together, added further notes and papers before his death in 1674. This work is the History of the Rebellion as we now have it. It was not published until 1702-4.

Clarendon's History is not so much a history as a patchwork of memoir and biography. It has many faults. It is a chronicle of constantly shifted emphasis; it lacks unity; it shows its author's profound inability to analyze the religious motif running through the troubles he had seen and shared in. The personal note everywhere militates against the worth of the work as history. The memory of the author nods. But if it is not great history, it is certainly literature. After all is said, the fact remains that the History of the Rebellion is a great work and one, like so many other seventeenth-century books, undeservedly neglected. It is full of a magnificent pageantry. It has a peculiar sort of slow grandeur, even though its style is that of a plain and sober man. And it is full of excellent brief biographies, as those of Falkland and Cromwell. If he could not analyze Puritanism, Clarendon could analyze its greatest tool. With all his prejudice against Cromwell's cause, the author could not help being fair and feeling a sort of unwilling admiration for this man greater than himself, as he could not help glowing at the exploits of the old sea bulldog, Blake.

A hard-shelled conservative, a man of "policy," a statesman who thought in the terms of personal power, a man without sentiment, who frankly analyzed his marriages for material advancement, who was ready to disown his child, who had, as one critic puts it, a "solid, deliberate admiration of himself"—Lord Clarendon was all these. But he was not without his good points. Evelyn describes him as being "of a jolly temper after the old English fashion." And Pepys, less cautious, bursts forth into the exclamatory mood: "I am mad in love with my Lord Chancellor, for he do comprehend and speak out so well and with the greatest ease and authority that ever I saw man in my life!"

FROM THE HISTORY OF THE REBELLION

(Text: Macray's edition, 1888)

UNIVERSITY PLATE FOR THE KING

It cannot be imagined how great advantage the King received by the Parliament's rejecting the King's messages for peace and their manner in doing it. All men's mouths were opened against them, the messages and answers being read in all churches; they who could not serve him in their persons contrived ways to supply him with money. Some eminent governors in the universities gave him notice that all the colleges were very plentifully supplied with plate, which would amount to a good value and lay use-

less in their treasuries, there being enough besides for their use; and there was not the least doubt but that whensoever his Majesty should think fit to require that treasure, it would all be sent to him. Of this the King had long thought, and when he was at Nottingham in that melancholic season, two gentlemen were dispatched away to Oxford and to Cambridge (two to each) with letters to the several Vice-Chancellors that they should move the heads and principals of the several colleges and halls that they would send their plate to the King, private advertisements being

first sent to some confident persons to prepare and dispose those without whose consent the service could not be performed.

This whole affair was transacted with so great secrecy and discretion that the messengers returned from the two universities in as short a time as such a journey could well be made and brought with them all or very near all ¹ their plate and a considerable sum of money, which was sent as a present to his Majesty from the several heads of colleges out of their own particular stores, some scholars coming with it and helping to procure horses and carts for the service; all which came safe to Nottingham at the time when there appeared no more expectation of a treaty and contributed much to raising the dejected spirits of the place.

DEATH AND CHARACTER OF HAMPDEN

That which would have been looked upon as a considerable recompense for a defeat could not but be thought a glorious crown of a victory, which was the death of Mr. Hampden; who, being shot into the shoulder with a brace of bullets which brake the bone, within three weeks after died with extraordinary pain, to as great a consternation of all that party as if their whole army had been defeated or cut off.

Many men observed—as upon signal turns of great affairs as this was such observations are frequently made—that the field in which the late skirmish was and upon which Mr. Hampden received his death's wound, Chalgrove Field, was the same place in which he had first executed the ordinance of the militia and engaged that county, in which his reputation was very great, in this rebellion. And it was confessed by the prisoners that were taken that day and acknowledged by all that upon the alarm that morning after their quarters were beaten up he was exceedingly solicitous to draw forces together to pursue the enemy, and being a colonel of foot, put himself among those horse as a volunteer, who were first ready, and that when the Prince made a stand all the officers were of opinion to stay till their body came up and he alone,

being second to none but the general himself in the observance and application of all men, persuaded and prevailed with them to advance; so violently did his fate carry him to pay the mulct in the place where he had committed the transgression about a year before.

He was a gentleman of a good family in Buckinghamshire and born to a fair fortune and of a most civil and affable deportment. In his entrance into the world he indulged to himself all the license in sports and exercises and company which were used by men of the most jolly conversation. Afterwards, he retired to a more reserved and melancholic society, yet preserving his own natural cheerfulness and vivacity and, above all, a flowing courtesy to all men; though they who conversed nearly with him found him growing into a dislike of the ecclesiastical government of the church, yet most believed it rather a dislike of some churchmen and of some introducements of theirs which he apprehended might disquiet the public peace. He was rather of reputation in his own country than of public discourse or fame in the kingdom before the business of ship-money. But then he grew the argument of all tongues, every man inquiring who and what he was that durst at his own charge support the liberty and property of the kingdom and rescue his country from being made a prey to the court. His carriage, throughout that agitation, was with that rare temper and modesty that they who watched him narrowly to find some advantage against his person, to make him less resolute in his cause, were compelled to give him a just testimony. And the judgment that was given against him infinitely more advanced him than the service for which it was given. When this Parliament began, being returned knight of the shire for the county where he lived, the eyes of all men were fixed on him as their *patriæ pater* and the pilot that must steer their vessel through the tempests and rocks which threatened it. And I am persuaded, his power and interest at that time was greater to do good or hurt than any man's in the kingdom or than any man

¹ Two colleges at Oxford are rather looked down on to this day because their plate dates from times prior to the Civil War.

of his rank hath had in any time. For his reputation of honesty was universal, and his affections seemed so publicly guided that no corrupt or private ends could bias them.

He was of that rare affability and temper in debate and of that seeming humility and submission of judgment as if he brought no opinions with him, but a desire of information and instruction; yet he had so subtle a way of interrogating and, under the notion of doubts, insinuating his objections that he left his opinions with those from whom he pretended to learn and receive them. And even with them who were able to preserve themselves from his infusions and discerned those opinions to be fixed in him with which they could not comply he always left the character of an ingenious and conscientious person. He was indeed a very wise man and of great parts and possessed with the most absolute spirit of popularity, that is, the most absolute faculties to govern the people, of any man I ever knew. For the first year of the Parliament he seemed rather to moderate and soften the violent and distempered humors than to inflame them. But wise and dispassioned men plainly discerned that that moderation proceeded [rather] from prudence and observation that the season was not ripe than that he approved of the moderation; and that he begat many opinions and motions the education whereof he committed to other men, so far disguising his own designs that he seemed seldom to wish more than was concluded; and in many gross conclusions which would hereafter contribute to designs not yet set on foot, when he found them sufficiently backed by majority of voices, he would withdraw himself before the question, that he might seem not to consent to so much visible unreasonableness; which produced as great a doubt in some, as it did approbation in others, of his integrity. What combination soever had been originally with the Scots for the invasion of England and what farther was entered into afterwards in favor of them and to advance any alteration in Parliament, no man doubts was at least with the privacy of this gentleman.

After he was amongst those members accused by the King of high treason, he was much altered; his nature and carriage seeming much fiercer than it did before. And without question, when he first drew his sword, he threw away the scabbard; for he passionately opposed the overture made by the King for a treaty from Nottingham and as eminently any expedients that might have produced any accommodations in this that was at Oxford and was principally relied on to prevent any infusions which might be made into the Earl of Essex towards peace, or to render them ineffectual if they were made, and was indeed much more relied on by that party than the general himself. In the first entrance into the troubles he undertook the command of a regiment of foot and performed the duty of a colonel on all occasions most punctually. He was very temperate in diet and a supreme governor over all his passions and affections and had thereby a great power over other men's. He was of an industry and vigilance not to be tired out or wearied by the most laborious and of parts not to be imposed upon by the most subtle or sharp and of a personal courage equal to his best parts; so that he was an enemy not to be wished wherever he might have been made a friend and as much to be apprehended where he was so as any man could deserve to be. And therefore his death was no less congratulated on the one party than it was condoled on the other. In a word, what was said of Cinna might well be applied to him: *Erat illi consilium ad facinus aptum; consilio autem neque lingua neque manu [s] deerat*; "he had a head to contrive and a tongue to persuade and a hand to execute any mischief." His death therefore seemed to be a great deliverance to the nation.²

CHARACTER AND DEATH OF LORD FALKLAND

He had a courage of the most clear and keen temper and so far from fear that he was not without appetite of danger; and therefore upon any occasion of action he always engaged his person in those troops which he thought, by the forwardness of

² The Battle of Chalgrove Field was fought in June, 1643.

the commanders, to be most like to be farthest engaged; and in all such encounters he had about him a strange cheerfulness and companionableness, without at all affecting the execution that was then principally to be attended, in which he took no delight, but took pains to prevent it where it was not by resistance necessary. Inso-much that at Edgehill, when the enemy was routed, he was like to have incurred great peril by interposing to save those who had thrown away their arms and against whom, it may be, others were more fierce for their having thrown them away; insomuch as a man might think he came into the field only out of curiosity to see the face of danger, and charity to prevent the shedding of blood. Yet in his natural inclination he acknowledged he was addicted to the profession of a soldier; and shortly after he came to his fortune, and before he came to age, he went into the Low Countries with a resolution of procuring command and to give himself up to it; from which he was converted by the complete inactivity of that summer; and so he returned into England and shortly after entered upon that vehement course of study we mentioned before, till the first alarm from the north; and then again he made ready for the field, and though he received some repulse in the command of a troop of horse of which he had a promise, he went a volunteer with the Earl of Essex.

From the entrance into this unnatural war his natural cheerfulness and vivacity grew clouded, and a kind of sadness and dejection of spirit stole upon him, which he had never been used to; yet being one of those who believed that one battle would end all differences and that there would be so great a victory on one side that the other would be compelled to submit to any conditions from the victor, which supposition and conclusion, generally sunk into the minds of most men, prevented the looking after many advantages that might then have been laid hold of, he resisted those indispositions *et in luctu bellum inter remedia erat*. But after the King's return from Brainford and the furious resolution of the two houses not to admit any treaty for peace, those indispositions, which had be-

fore touched him, grew into a perfect habit of uncheerfulness: and he who had been so exactly unreserved and affable to all men that his face and countenance was always present and vacant to his company and held any cloudiness and less pleasantness of the visage a kind of rudeness or incivility became, on a sudden, less communicable; and thence, very sad, pale, and exceedingly affected with the spleen. In his clothes and habit, which he had intended before always with more neatness and industry and expense than is usual to so great a mind, he was not now only incurious but too negligent; and in his reception of suitors and the necessary or casual addresses to his place so quick and sharp and severe that there wanted not some men, who were strangers to his nature and disposition, who believed him proud and imperious, from which no mortal man was ever more free.

The truth is, as he was of a most incomparable gentleness, application, and even a demissness and submission to good and worthy and entire men so he was naturally — which could not but be more evident in his place, which objected him to another conversation and intermixture than his own election had done — *adversus malos injucundus*; and was so ill a dissembler of his dislike and disinclination to ill men that it was not possible for such not to discern it. There was once in the House of Commons such a declared acceptance of the good service an eminent member had done to them and, as they said, to the whole kingdom, that it was moved, he being present, “that the speaker might in the name of the whole House give him thanks and then that every member might, as a testimony of his particular acknowledgement, stir or move his hat towards him”; the which, though not ordered, when very many did, the Lord Falkland, who believed the service itself not to be of that moment and that an honorable and generous person could not have stooped to it for any recompense, instead of moving his hat stretched both his arms out and clasped his hands together upon the crown of his hat and held it close down to his head that all men might see how odious that flattery was to him and the

very approbation of the person, though at that time most popular.

When there was any overture or hope of peace, he would be more erect and vigorous and exceedingly solicitous to press anything which he thought might promote it, and sitting among his friends, often, after a deep silence and frequent sighs, would with a shrill and sad accent ingeminate the word *peace! peace!* and would passionately profess, "that the very agony of the war and the view of the calamities and desolation the kingdom did and must endure took his sleep from him and would shortly break his heart." This made some think, or pretend to think, "that he was so much enamored on peace that he would have been glad the King should have bought it at any price"; which was a most unreasonable calumny. As if a man that was himself the most punctual and precise in every circumstance that might reflect upon conscience or honor could have wished the King to have committed a trespass against either. And yet this senseless scandal made some impression upon him, or at least he used it for an excuse of the daringness of his spirit; for at the leaguer before Gloucester, when his friends passionately reprehended him for exposing his person unnecessarily to danger—for he delighted to visit the trenches and nearest approaches and to discover what the enemy did—as being so much beside the duty of his place that it might be understood rather against it, he would say merrily, "that his office could not take away the privileges of his age and that a secretary in war might be present at the greatest secret of danger"; but withal alleged seriously, "that it concerned him to be more active in enterprises of hazard than other men, that all might see that his impatience for peace proceeded not from pusillanimity or fear to adventure his own person."

In the morning before the battle,³ as always upon action, he was very cheerful and put himself into the first rank of the Lord Byron's regiment, who was then advancing upon the enemy, who had lined the hedges on both sides with musketeers; from whence he was shot with a musket on the

lower part of the belly, and in the instant falling from his horse, his body was not found till the next morning; till when there was some hope he might have been a prisoner, though his nearest friends, who knew his temper, received small comfort from that imagination. Thus fell that incomparable young man in the four and thirtieth year of his age, having so much dispatched the true business of life that the oldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocence, and whosoever leads such a life need not care upon how short warning it be taken from him.

THE BATTLE OF NEWBURY³

It was disputed on all parts with great fierceness and courage; the enemy preserving good order and standing rather to keep the ground they were upon than to get more; by which they did not expose themselves to those disadvantages which any motion would have offered to the assailants. The King's horse, with a kind of contempt of the enemy, charged with wonderful boldness upon all grounds of inequality; and were so far too hard for the troops of the other side that they routed them in most places, till they had left the greatest part of their foot without any guard at all of horse. But then the foot behaved themselves admirably on the enemy's part and gave their scattered horse time to rally and were ready to assist and secure them upon all occasions. The London train-bands and auxiliary regiments—of whose inexperience of danger or any kind of service beyond the easy practice of their postures in the Artillery Garden men had till then too cheap an estimation—behaved themselves to wonder; and were, in truth, the preservation of that army that day. For they stood as a bulwark and rampire⁴ to defend the rest; and when their wings of horse were scattered and dispersed, kept their ground so steadily that, though Prince Rupert himself led up the choice horse to charge them and endured their storm of small shot, he could make no impression upon their stand of pikes but was

³ September 18, 1643.

⁴ Rampart.

forced to wheel about. Of so sovereign benefit and use is that readiness, order, and dexterity in the use of their arms, which hath been so much neglected.

NASEBY ⁵

It was about ten of the clock when the battle began, and the first charge was given by Prince Rupert, who with his own and his brother Prince Maurice's troop performed it with his usual vigor; and was so well seconded that he bore down all before him and was master of six pieces of the rebels' best cannon. The Lord Astley, with his foot, though against the hill, advanced upon their foot; who discharged their cannon at them, but overshot them, and so did their musketeers too. For the foot on either side hardly saw each other till they were within carbine shot, and so only gave one volley; the King's foot, according to their usual custom, falling in with their swords and the butt ends of their muskets; with which they did very notable execution, and put the enemy into great disorder and confusion. The right wing of horse and foot being thus fortunately engaged and advanced, the left wing, under Sir Marmaduke Langdale, in five bodies, advanced with equal resolution; and was encountered by Cromwell, who commanded the right wing of the enemy's horse, with seven bodies greater and more numerous than either of the other; and had, besides the odds in number, the advantage of the ground; for the King's horse were obliged to march up the hill before they could charge them. Yet they did their duty as well as the place and great inequality of numbers would enable them to do. But being flanked on both sides by the enemy's horse and pressed hard, before they could get to the top of the hill they gave back and fled farther and faster than became them. Four of the enemy's bodies, close and in good order, followed them, that they might not rally again; which they never thought of doing; and the rest charged the King's foot, who had till then so much the advantage over theirs; whilst Prince Rupert, with the right wing, pursued those horse which he had broken and defeated.

The King's reserve of horse, which was his own guards with himself in the head of them, were even ready to charge those horse who followed those of the left wing when on a sudden such a panic fear seized upon them that they all ran near a quarter of a mile without stopping; which happened upon an extraordinary accident which hath seldom fallen out and might well disturb and disorder very resolute troops, as these were, the best horse in the army. The King, as was said before, was even upon the point of charging the enemy in the head of his guards when the Earl of Carnewarthy, who rode next to him, a man never suspected for infidelity nor yet one from whom the King would have received counsel in such a case, on a sudden laid his hand on the bridle of the King's horse, and swearing two or three full-mouthed Scots' oaths—for of that nation he was—said, "Will you go upon your death in an instant!" and before his Majesty understood what he would have, turned his horse round; upon which a word ran through the troops, "that they should *march* to the right hand"; which was both from charging the enemy and assisting their own men. Upon this they all turned their horses and rode upon the spur as if they were every man to shift for himself.

It is very true that upon the more soldierly word *stand*, which was sent to run after them, many of them returned to the King, though the former unlucky word carried more from him. And by this time Prince Rupert was returned with a good body of those horse which had attended him in his prosperous charge on the right wing; but they having, as they thought, acted their parts, could never be brought to rally themselves again in order or to charge the enemy. And that difference was observed shortly from the beginning of the war in the discipline of the King's troops and of those which marched under the command of Cromwell—for it was only under him and had never been notorious under Essex or Waller—that, though the King's troops prevailed in the charge and routed those they charged, they never rallied themselves again in order nor could be brought to make a second charge again the same day. Which

was the reason that they had not an entire victory at Edgehill. Whereas Cromwell's troops, if they prevailed, or though they were beaten and routed, presently rallied again and stood in good order, till they received new orders. All that the King and Prince could do could not rally their broken troops, which stood in sufficient numbers upon the field, though they often endeavored it with the manifest hazard of their own persons. So that in the end the King was compelled to quit the field and to leave Fairfax master of all his foot, cannon, and baggage; amongst which was his own cabinet where his most secret papers were and letters between the Queen and him; of which they shortly after made that barbarous use as was agreeable to their natures and published them in print, that is, so much of them as they thought would asperse either of their Majesties and improve the prejudice they had raised against them, and concealed other parts which would have vindicated them from many particulars with which they had aspersed them.

CHARACTER OF CHARLES I

He was very fearless in his person but not enterprising, and had an excellent understanding but was not confident enough of it; which made him oftentimes change his own opinion for a worse and follow the advice of men that did not judge so well as himself. And this made him more irresolute than the conjuncture of his affairs would admit. If he had been of a rougher and more imperious nature, he would have found more respect and duty. And his not applying some severe cures to approaching evils proceeded from the lenity of his nature and the tenderness of his conscience; which in all cases of blood made him choose the softer way and not hearken to severe counsels, how reasonably soever urged. This only restrained him from pursuing his advantage in the first Scottish expedition when, humanly speaking, he might have reduced that nation to the most entire obedience that could have been wished. But no man can say he had then many who advised him to it, but the contrary, by a wonderful indisposition all his council had to fighting or any other fatigue.

He was always an immoderate lover of the Scottish nation, having not only been born there, but educated by that people and besieged by them always, having few English about him until he was king, and the major number of his servants being still of those, who he thought could never fail him. And then no man had such an ascendant over him, by the lowest and humblest insinuations, as Duke Hamilton had.

As he excelled in all other virtues so in temperance he was so strict that he abhorred all debauchery to that degree that, at a great festival solemnity where he once was, when very many of the nobility of the English and Scots were entertained, being told by one who withdrew from thence what vast draughts of wine they drank and "that there was one earl who had drunk most of the rest down and was not himself moved or altered," the King said, "that he deserved to be hanged"; and that earl coming shortly into the room where his Majesty was, in some gaiety to show how unhurt he was from that battle, the King sent one to bid him withdraw from his Majesty's presence; nor did he in some days after appear before the King.

There were so many miraculous circumstances contributed to his ruin that men might well think that heaven and earth conspired it, and that the stars designed it. Though he was from the first declension of his power so much betrayed by his own servants that there were very few who remained faithful to him, yet that treachery proceeded not from any treasonable purpose to do him any harm but from particular and personal animosities against other men. And afterwards, the terror all men were under of the Parliament and the guilt they were conscious of themselves made them watch all opportunities to make themselves gracious to those who could do them good; and so they became spies upon their master, and from one piece of knavery were hardened and confirmed to undertake another, till at last they had no hope of preservation but by the destruction of their master. And after all this, when a man might reasonably believe that less than a universal defection of three nations could not have reduced a great king to so ugly a fate, it is most certain that in

that very hour when he was thus wickedly murdered in the sight of the sun he had as great a share in the hearts and affections of his subjects in general, was as much beloved, esteemed, and longed for by the people in general of the three nations as any of his predecessors had ever been. To conclude, he was the worthiest gentleman, the best master, the best friend, the best husband, the best father, and the best Christian that the age in which he lived produced. And if he was not the greatest king, if he was without some parts and qualities which have made some kings great and happy, no other prince was ever unhappy who was possessed of half his virtues and endowments and so much without any kind of vice.

THE SPANISH TOROS ⁶

As soon as the king comes, some officers clear the whole ground from the common people so that there is no man seen upon the plain but two or three alguazils, magistrates with their small white wands. Then one of the four gates which lead into the streets is opened, at which the toreadors enter, all persons of quality richly clad, and upon the best horses in Spain, every one attended by eight or ten more lackeys, all clinquant with gold and silver lace, who carry the spears which their masters are to use against the bulls; and with this entry many of the common people break in, for which sometimes they pay very dear. The persons on horseback have all cloaks folded up upon their left shoulder, the least disorder of which, much more the letting it fall, is a very great disgrace; and in that grave order they march to the place where the king sits, and after they have made the reverences, they place themselves at a good distance from one another and expect the bull. The bulls are brought in the night before from the mountains by people used to that work, who drive them into the town, when nobody is in the streets, into a pen made for them, which hath a door which opens into that large space, the key whereof is sent to the king; which the king, when he sees everything ready, throws to an alguazil, who carries it to the officer that keeps the

door, and he causes it to be opened, when a single bull is ready to come out. When the bull enters, the common people, who sit over the door or near it, strike him or throw darts with sharp points of steel to provoke him to rage. He commonly runs with all his fury against the first man he sees on horseback, who watches him so carefully and avoids him so dexterously that, when the spectators believe him to be even between the horns of the bull, he avoids by the quick turn of his horse and with his lance strikes the bull upon a vein that runs through his pole, with which in a moment he falls down dead. But this fatal stroke can never be struck but when the bull comes so near upon the turn of the horse that his horn even touches the rider's leg and so is at such a distance that he can shorten his lance and use the full strength of his arm in the blow. And they who are the most skilful in the exercise do frequently kill the beast with such an exact stroke insomuch as in a day two or three fall in that manner; but if they miss the vein, it only gives a wound that the more enrages him. Sometimes the bull runs with so much fierceness — for if he escapes the first man, he runs upon the rest as they are in his way — that he gores the horse with his horns that his guts come out, and he falls before the rider can get from his back. Sometimes, by the strength of his neck he raises horse and man from the ground and throws both down, and then the greatest danger is another gore upon the ground. In any of these disgraces, or any other by which the rider comes to be dismounted, he is obliged in honor to take his revenge upon the bull by his sword and upon his head, towards which the standers-by assist him by running after the bull and hocking him, by which he falls upon his hinder legs; but before that execution can be done, a good bull hath his revenge upon many poor fellows. . . . It is a wonderful thing to see with what steadiness those fellows will stand a full career of the bull, and by a little quick motion upon one foot avoid him and lay a hand upon his horn, as if he guided him from him; but then the next standers-by, who have not the same activ-

⁶ This passage is not in the folio of 1702-4.

ity, commonly pay for it, and there is no day without much mischief. It is a very barbarous exercise and triumph in which so many men's lives are lost, and always ventured, but so rooted in the affections of that nation that it is not in the king's power, they say, to suppress it, though, if he disliked it enough, he might forbear to be present at it.

THE END OF MONTROSE ⁷

He [Montrose] said, "he was now again entered into the kingdom by his Majesty's command and with his authority. And what success soever it might have pleased God to have given him, he would always have obeyed any command he should have received from him." He advised them, "to consider well of the consequence before they proceeded against him and that all his actions might be examined and judged by the laws of the land or those of nations."

As soon as he had ended his discourse, he was ordered to withdraw; and, after a short space, was again brought in and told by the chancellor, "that he was on the morrow, being the one and twentieth of May, 1650, to be carried to Edinburgh Cross and there to be hanged upon a gallows thirty-foot high for the space of three hours and then to be taken down and his head to be cut off upon a scaffold and hanged on Edinburgh Tollbooth, and his legs and arms to be hanged up in other public towns of the kingdom, and his body to be buried at the place where he was to be executed, except the kirk should take off his excommunication; and then his body might be buried in the common place of burial." He desired, "that he might say somewhat to them"; but was not suffered, and so was carried back to the prison.

That he might not enjoy any ease or quiet during the short remainder of his life, their ministers came presently to insult over him with all the reproaches imaginable; pronounced his damnation; and assured him, "that the judgment he was the next day to undergo was but an easy prologue to that which he was to undergo afterward." After

many such barbarities, they offered to intercede for him to the kirk upon his repentance and to pray with him; but he too well understood the form of their common prayers in those cases to be only the most virulent and insolent imprecations against the persons of those they prayed against — "Lord, vouchsafe yet to touch the obdurate heart of this proud incorrigible sinner, this wicked, perjured, traitorous, and profane person who refuses to hearken to the voice of thy kirk," and the like charitable expressions — and therefore he desired them "to spare their pains, and to leave him to his own devotions." He told them, "that they were a miserable, deluded, and deluding people and would shortly bring that poor nation under the most insupportable servitude ever people had submitted to." He told them, "he was prouder to have his head set upon the place it was appointed to be than he could have been to have had his picture hung in the King's bedchamber; that he was so far from being troubled that his four limbs were to be hanged in four cities of the kingdom that he heartily wished that he had flesh enough to be sent to every city in Christendom as a testimony of the cause for which he suffered."

The next day they executed every part and circumstance of that barbarous sentence with all the inhumanity imaginable; and he bore it with all the courage and magnanimity, and the greatest piety, that a good Christian could manifest. He magnified the virtue, courage, and religion of the last King, exceedingly commended the justice and goodness and understanding of the present King and prayed, "that they might not betray him as they had done his father." When he had ended all he meant to say and was expecting to expire, they had yet one scene more to act of their tyranny. The hangman brought the book that had been published of his truly heroic actions whilst he had commanded in that kingdom, which book was tied in a small cord that was put about his neck. The Marquis smiled at this new instance of their malice and thanked them for it and said, "he was pleased that it should be there and was prouder of

⁷ The Marquis of Montrose, a Scottish supporter of Charles II, had been taken in an ill-starred uprising in favor of the King.

wearing it than ever he had been of the Garter"; and so renewing some devout ejaculations, he patiently endured the last act of the executioner.

DUNBAR⁸

The Scots did not intend to part with them so easily; they doubted not but to have the spoil of the whole army. And therefore they no sooner discerned that the whole army was upon their march, but they discamped and followed with their whole body all the night following and found themselves in the morning within a small distance of the enemy; for Cromwell was quickly advertised that the Scots army was dislodged and marched after him; and thereupon he made a stand and put his men in good order. The Scots found they were not upon so clear a chase as they imagined, and placed themselves again upon such a side of a hill as they believed the English would not have the courage to attack them there.

But Cromwell knew them too well to fear them upon any ground when there were no trenches or fortifications to keep him from them; and therefore he made haste to charge them on all sides upon what advantage-ground soever they stood upon. Their horse did not sustain one charge but fled and were pursued with a great execution. The foot depended so much upon their ministers, who preached and prayed and assured them of the victory till the English were upon them; and some of their preachers were knocked in the head whilst they were promising the victory. Though there was so little resistance made that Cromwell did not want twenty men by that day's service, yet the execution was very terrible upon the enemy, the whole body of the foot being upon the matter cut in pieces; no quarter was given till they were weary of killing; so that there were between five and six thousand dead upon the place; and very few but they who escaped by the heels of their horse were without terrible wounds; of which very many died shortly after; especially such of their ministers who were not killed upon the place, as very many were, had very notable

8 September, 1650.

marks about the head and the face that anybody might know that they were not hurt by chance or in the crowd but by very good will. All the cannon, ammunition, carriages, and baggage were entirely taken, and Cromwell with his victorious army marched directly to Edinborough; where he found plenty of all things which he wanted and good accommodation for the refreshing his army, which stood in need of it.

DEFEAT OF VAN TROMP⁹

Van Tromp all that night stood into the Texel; where he joined five and twenty more of their best ships; and with this addition, which made him one hundred and twenty sail, he faced the English; who kept still to the sea; and having got a little more room and the weather being a little clearer, tacked about, and were received by the Dutch with great courage and gallantry.

The battle continued very hot and bloody on both sides from six of the clock in the morning till one in the afternoon; when the Admiral of Holland, the famous Van Tromp, whilst he very signally performed the office of a brave and bold commander, was shot with a musket bullet into the heart, of which he fell dead without speaking word. And this blow killed the courage of the rest; who seeing many of their companions burned and sunk, and after having endured very hot service, before the evening fled and made all the sail they could towards the Texel; the English not being in a condition to pursue them; but found themselves obliged to retire to their own coast, both to preserve and mend their maimed and torn ships and refresh their wounded men.

This battle was the most bloody that had been yet fought, both sides rather endeavoring the destruction of their enemy's fleet than the taking their ships. On the Hollanders' part between twenty and thirty of their ships of war were fired or sunk, and above one thousand prisoners taken. The victory cost the English dear too; for four hundred common men and eight captains were slain outright and above seven hun-

9 July, 1654.

dred common men and five captains wounded. But they lost only one ship, which was burned; and two or three more, though carried home, were disabled for future service. The most sensible part of the loss to the Dutch was the death of their Admiral Van Tromp, who, in respect of his maritime experience and the frequent actions he had been engaged in, might very well be reckoned amongst the most eminent commanders at sea of that age and to whose memory his country is farther indebted than they have yet acknowledged.

BLAKE'S LAST VICTORY AND DEATH

With this resolution they stood for the Canaries, and about the middle of April¹⁰ came thither and found that the galleons were got thither before them and had placed themselves, as they thought, in safety. The smaller ships, being ten in number, lay in a semicircle moored along the shore; and the six great galleons — the fleet consisted of sixteen good ships — which could not come so near the shore lay with their broadsides toward the offing. And besides this good posture in which all the ships lay, they were covered with a strong castle well furnished with guns; and there were six or seven small forts raised in the most advantageous places of the bay, every one of them furnished with six good pieces of cannon; so that they were without the least apprehension of their want of security or imagination that any men would be so desperate as to assault them upon such apparent disadvantage.

When the English fleet came to the mouth of the Bay of Santa Cruz and the generals saw in what posture the Spaniards lay, and thought it impossible to bring off any of the galleons; however, they resolved to burn them, which was by many thought to be equally impossible, and sent Captain Stayer with a squadron of the best ships to fall upon the galleons; which he did very resolutely; whilst other frigates entertained the forts and lesser breastworks with continual broadsides to hinder their firing. And so the generals coming up with the whole fleet, after full four hours' fight, they

drove the Spaniards from their ships and possessed them; yet found that their work was not done and that it was not only impossible to carry away the ships which they had taken but that the wind that had brought them into the bay and enabled them to conquer the enemy would not serve to carry them out again; but that they lay exposed to all the cannon from the shore; which thundered upon them. However, they resolved to do what was in their power; and so, discharging their broadsides upon the forts and land, where they did great execution, they set fire to every ship, galleons and others, and burned every one of them; which they had no sooner done but the wind turned and carried the whole fleet without loss of one ship out of the bay and put them safe to sea again.

The whole action was so miraculous that all men who knew the place concluded that no sober men with what courage soever endued would ever undertake it; and they could hardly persuade themselves to believe what they had done; whilst the Spaniards comforted themselves with the belief that they were devils and not men which had destroyed them in such a manner. So much a strong resolution of bold and courageous men can bring to pass that no resistance and advantage of ground can disappoint them. And it can hardly be imagined how small loss the English sustained in this unparalleled action, no one ship being left behind and the killed and wounded not exceeding two hundred men, when the slaughter on board the [Spanish] ships and on the shore was incredible.

The fleet after this, having been long abroad, found it necessary to return home. And this was the last service performed by Blake; who sickened in his return and in the very entrance of the fleet into the Sound of Plymouth he expired. But he wanted no pomp when he was dead, Cromwell causing him to be brought up by land to London in all the state that could be; and then, according to the method of that time, to encourage his officers to be killed that they might be pompously buried, he was, with all the solemnity possible and at the charge of the public, interred in

Harry the Seventh's Chapel in the monument of the kings. . . . [He] was the first man that declined the old track and made it manifest that the science might be attained in less time than was imagined, and despised those rules which had been long in practice, to keep his ship and his men out of danger; which had been held in former times a point of great ability and circumspection, as if the principal art requisite in the captain of a ship had been to be sure to come home safe again. He was the first man who brought the ships to condemn castles on shore, which had been thought ever very formidable and were discovered by him only to make a noise and to fright those who could rarely be hurt by them. He was the first that infused that proportion of courage into the seamen by making them see by experience what mighty things they could do if they were resolved and taught them to fight in fire as well as upon water. And though he hath been very well imitated and followed, he was the first that drew the copy of naval courage and bold and resolute achievement.

DEATH AND CHARACTER OF CROMWELL

It had been observed in England that, though from the dissolution of the last Parliament all things seemed to succeed at home and abroad to his wish, and his power and greatness to be better established than ever it had been, yet Cromwell never had the same serenity of mind he had been used to, after he had refused the crown; but was out of countenance and chagrin, as if he were conscious of not having been true to himself, and much more apprehensive of danger to his person than he had used to be. Insomuch as he was not so easy of access nor so much seen abroad and seemed to be in some disorder when his eyes found any stranger in the room; upon whom they were still fixed. When he intended to go to Hampton Court, which was his principal delight and diversion, it was never known till he was in the coach which way he would go; and was still hemmed in by his guards before and behind; and the coach in which he went was always thronged as full as it could be with his servants, who were armed; and

he never returned the same way he went; and rarely lodged two nights together in one chamber but had many furnished and prepared to which his own key conveyed him and those he would have with him when he had a mind to go to bed. Which made his fears the more taken notice of and public, because he had never been accustomed to those precautions.

It is very true, he knew of many combinations to assassinate him by those who, he knew, wished the King no good. And when he had discovered the design of Syndercome, who was a very stout man and one who had been much in his favor and who had twice or thrice by wonderful and unexpected accidents been disappointed in the minute he made sure to kill him, and [had] caused him to be apprehended, his behavior was so resolute in his examination and trial as if he thought he should still be able to do it; and it was manifest that he had many more associates, who were undiscovered and as resolute as himself; and though he got him condemned to die, the fellow's carriage and words were such as if he knew well how to avoid the judgment; which made Cromwell believe that a party in the army would attempt his rescue; whereupon he gave strict charge, "that he should be carefully looked to in the Tower and three or four of the guard always with him day and night."

And at the day for his execution those troops he was most confident of were upon the Tower Hill, where the gallows were erected. But when the guard called him to arise in the morning, they found him dead in his bed; which gave trouble exceedingly to Cromwell; for besides that he hoped at his death, that to avoid the utmost rigor of it, he would have confessed many of his confederates, he now found himself under the reproach of having caused him to be poisoned, as not daring to bring him to public justice. Nor could he suppress that scandal, though it did appear upon examination that the night before, when he was going to bed in the presence of his guard, his sister came to take her leave of him; and whilst they spoke together at the bedside, he rubbed his nose with his hand, of which they then took no notice; and she going away, he

put off his clothes, and leaped into his bed, with some snuffling in his nose, and said, "this was the last bed he should ever go into"; and seemed to turn to sleep, and never in the whole night made the least noise or motion, save that he sneezed once. When the physicians and surgeons opened his head, they found he had snuffed up through his nostrils some very well prepared poison, that in an instant curdled all the blood in that region, which presently suffocated him. The man was drawn by a horse to the gallows where he should have hanged, and buried under it with a stake driven through him, as is usual in the case of self-murderers. Yet this accident perplexed Cromwell very much; and though he was without the particular discovery which he expected, he made a general discovery by it that he himself was more odious in his army than he believed he had been.

He seemed to be much afflicted at the death of his friend the Earl of Warwick, with whom he had a fast friendship, though neither their humors nor their natures were like. And the heir of that house, who had married his youngest daughter, died about the same time; so that all his relation to or confidence in that family was at an end, the other branches of it abhorring his alliance. His domestic delights were lessened every day, and he plainly discovered that his son Falconbridge's heart was set upon an interest destructive to his, and grew to hate him perfectly. But that which broke his peace was the death of his daughter Claypole, who had been always his greatest joy and who had in her sickness, which was of a nature the physicians knew not how to deal with, had several conferences with him which exceedingly perplexed him. And though nobody was near enough to hear the particulars, yet her often mentioning in the pains she endured the blood her father had spilt made people conclude that she had presented his worst actions to his consideration. And though he never made the least show of remorse for any of those actions, it is very certain that either what she said or her death affected him wonderfully.

Whatever it was, about the middle of August he was seized on by a common ter-

tian ague, from which he believed a little ease and divertisement at Hampton Court would have freed him. But the fits grew stronger, and his spirits much abated. So that he returned again to Whitehall, when his physicians began to think him in danger, though the preachers, who prayed always about him and told God Almighty what great things he had done for him and how much more need he had still of his service, declared as from God that he should recover. And he himself did not think he should die, till even the time that his spirits failed him, and then declared to them, "that he did appoint his son to succeed him, his eldest son Richard"; and so expired upon the third day of September (a day he thought always very propitious to him and on which he had triumphed for several victories), 1658; a day very memorable for the greatest storm of wind that had ever been known, for some hours before and after his death, which overthrew trees, houses, and made great wrecks at sea, and was so universal that there [were] terrible effects of it both in France and Flanders, where all people trembled at it; besides the wrecks all along the coast, many boats having been cast away in the very rivers; and within few days after, that circumstance of his death, that accompanied that storm, was known.

He was one of those men, *quos vituperare ne inimici quidem possunt nisi ut simul laudent* [whom his very enemies could not condemn without commending him at the same time]; for he could never have done half that mischief without great parts of courage and industry and judgment. And he must have had a wonderful understanding in the natures and humors of men and as great a dexterity in the applying them; who, from a private and obscure birth — though of a good family — without interest of estate, alliance or friendship, could raise himself to such a height and compound and knead such opposite and contradictory tempers, humors, and interests into a consistence that contributed to his designs, and to their own destruction; whilst himself grew insensibly powerful enough to cut off those by whom he had climbed in the instant that they projected to demolish their own

building. What Velleius Paterculus said of Cinna may very justly be said of him, *ausum eum quæ nemo auderet bonus perfecisse, quæ a nullo, nisi fortissimo, perfici possent*. [He attempted those things which no good man durst have ventured on and achieved those in which none but a valiant and great man could have succeeded.] Without doubt, no man with more wickedness ever attempted anything or brought to pass what he desired more wickedly, more in the face and contempt of religion and moral honesty; yet wickedness as great as his could never have accomplished those designs without the assistance of a great spirit, an admirable circumspection and sagacity, and a most magnanimous resolution.

When he appeared first in the Parliament, he seemed to have a person in no degree gracious, no ornament of discourse, none of those talents which use to reconcile the affections of the standers-by. Yet as he grew into place and authority, his parts seemed to be renewed, as if he had concealed faculties till he had occasion to use them; and when he was to act the part of a great man, he did it without any indecency through the want of custom.

After he was confirmed and invested Protector by the humble Petition and Advice, he consulted with very few upon any action of importance, nor communicated any enterprise he resolved upon with more than those who were to have principal parts in the execution of it; nor to them sooner than was absolutely necessary. What he once resolved, in which he was not rash, he would not be dissuaded from nor endure

any contradiction of his power and authority; but extorted obedience from them who were not willing to yield it. . . .

To reduce three nations which perfectly hated him to an entire obedience to all his dictates, to awe and govern those nations by an army that was indevoted to him and wished his ruin, was an instance of a very prodigious address. But his greatness at home was but a shadow of the glory he had abroad. It was hard to discover which feared him most, France, Spain, or the Low Countries, where his friendship was current at the value he put upon it. And as they did all sacrifice their honor and their interest to his pleasure, so there is nothing he could have demanded that either of them would have denied him. . . .

He was not a man of blood, and totally declined Machiavel's method, which prescribes, upon any alteration of a government, as a thing absolutely necessary, to cut off all the heads of those, and extirpate their families, who are friends to the old [one]. And it was confidently reported that in the council of officers it was more than once proposed, "that there might be a general massacre of all the royal party as the only expedient to secure the government," but Cromwell would never consent to it; it may be, out of too much contempt of his enemies. In a word, as he had all the wickednesses against which damnation is denounced and for which hell-fire is prepared, so he had some virtues which have caused the memory of some men in all ages to be celebrated; and he will be looked upon by posterity as a brave bad man.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

(1608/9–1641)

It would be hard to find a more complete pattern of the Caroline Cavalier than Sir John Suckling. Lovelace outdid him in the point of name, but only in that. Sir John had the face for Vandyke at his nervous best. He had family, his father being rich not only in titles but in manors. He had a university training that he never permitted to sit too heavy upon him. He could hold his own in a society as brilliant as this world has seen, the crystal and scarlet and lacework world of Ben Jonson's masques and songs, Inigo Jones's cupolas and columns, Vandyke's siennas and umbers, Henrietta Maria's exotic and ivory beauty, the wind and the strings of Lanieri and Ferabosco, the world of Chloes and Celas, a galaxy of feathers and fans, a world like thistledown and bound a-maying right up to the sounds of battle and the fall of crowns. Suckling won his spurs and had his war to shine in as a gentleman soldier under the Marquis of Hamilton, plying his blade for Gustavus and a cause that was of another planet than his before Leipzig, Guben, and Crossen. He made a big fortune fly at cards and bowling on Piccadilly green. He went to Bath to take the waters like a prince, and with a cartload of books before him. He dashed off tragedies as another would dash off songs, between the business of gaming and gallantry. He is the literary artist who never revised. He wrote the two best lyrics of all the Cavalier years:

“Out upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together!”

and

“Why so pale and wan, fond lover?”

He is the only poet who has ever complimented Shakespeare by copying him at all successfully. He gave his King one hundred horsemen that cut a twelve-thousand-pound slice out of his fortune, so bright in white and scarlet as to be blinding; and he brought them home all shining and whole when the hornets of Scotch Covenanters broke up the dress-parade of the English army on the Border. That typical careless gesture made him the butt of no end of rather heavy Roundhead mirth later. Suckling has obligingly drawn his own portrait to the life in his verses, *A Session of the Poets*:

“Suckling next was called, but did not appear,
But straight one whispered Apollo i'th'ear
That of all men living he cared not for't,
He loved not the Muses so well as his sport:

And prized black eyes, or a lucky hit
At bowls above all the trophies of wit.”

And when the evil days came, and winter, when the grasshoppers can fiddle and dance no more, when the sun of Caroline spirit gave only a feeble light in the bungling treachery of Strafford and others, this splendid trifler who could take life only as a dance, lonely, down at the heel, an exile in alien Paris, snuffed the candle with his own hands and went off the stage like a Cavalier to the last.

When one feels for Milton, outliving the years of his public usefulness, blind like his own Samson in the midst of the revels of an ungodly and alien rout, one should remember, too, though Suckling would be the last to wish of any the tribute of pity, this Cavalier on the other side of the Commonwealth. For butterflies can suffer as well as the wounded lion.

Perhaps this one Cavalier poet was a waster of fine gold; perhaps he had in him the power to become a poet of the first magnitude, had he ever been able to treat his Muse as anything but a mistress. It may be. But the world would be much the loser without his hearty and unrevised testimonies to the inconsequence of the serious, to the light attitude.

Suckling's letters reveal his character almost as well as his lyrics. He is the genius in trifles. Here is the same Devil-may-care spirit that becomes almost wholesome and certainly very attractive when it is so frankly and so wittily set forth. Here is a world of the suspended animation of the moral issue, and here is a world where lightness is the patron saint. It is the other side of the earth from George Herbert. But it is a very sunlit other side, too, and a side we need to know something about, if we are wise.

LETTERS OF SIR JOHN SUCKLING

(Texts: *Fragmenta Aurea*, 1658, *The Last Remains*, 1659)

To a cousin who still loved young girls, and when they came to be marriageable, quitted them and fell in love with fresh, at his father's request, who desired he might be persuaded out of the humor, and marry.

*Honest Charles,*¹—Were there not fools enow before in the commonwealth of lovers, but that thou must bring up a new sect? Why delighted with the first knots of roses, and when they come to blow (can satisfy the sense and do the end of their creation) dost not care for them? Is there nothing in this foolish transitory world that thou canst find out to set thy heart upon but that which has newly left off making dirt-pies and is but preparing itself for loam and a green sickness? Seriously, Charles, and without ceremony, 'tis very foolish, and to love widows is as tolerable an humor and as justifiable as thine, for beasts that have been rid off their legs are as much for a man's use as colts that are unwayed and will not go at all.—Why the Devil such young things! Before these understand what thou wouldst have, others would have granted. Thou dost not marry them neither, nor anything else. 'Sfoot, it is the story of the jackanapes and the partridges; thou starest after a beauty till it is lost to thee, and then lettest out another, and starest after that till it is gone too. Never considering that it is here as in the Thames, and that while it runs up in the middle, it runs down on the sides; while thou contempest the coming-in tide and flow of beauty, that it ebbs with thee and that thy youth goes out at the same time. After all this too, she thou now art cast upon will have much ado to

avoid being ugly. Pox on't! men will say thou wert benighted and wert glad of any inn. Well! Charles, there is another way, if you could find it out. Women are like melons, too green or too ripe are worth nothing; you must try till you find a right one. Taste all, but hark you—Charles, you shall not need to eat of all, for one is sufficient for a surfeit.

Your most humble servant.

I should have persuaded you to marriage, but to deal ingenuously, I am a little out of arguments that way at this present. 'Tis honorable, there's no question on't; but what more, in good faith, I cannot readily tell.

[*To Aglaura.*²]

My dear Dear,—Think I have kissed your letter to nothing, and now know not what to answer. Or that now I am answering, I am kissing you to nothing, and know not how to go on! For you must pardon, I must hate all I send you here, because it expresses nothing in respect of what it leaves behind with me. And oh! why should I write then? Why should I not come myself? Those tyrants, business, honor, and necessity, what have they to do with you and I? Why should we not do love's commands before theirs whose sovereignty is but usurped upon us! Shall we not smell to roses 'cause others do look on! or gather them 'cause there are prickles and something that would hinder us! Dear—I fain would—and know no hindrance but what must come from you, and why should any come! since 'tis not I but you must be

¹ Charles Suckling.

² This lady must remain unknown among the Celias and Delias and Corinnas of the time. Suckling addresses several letters to her. She has given her name to his best-known play.

sensible how much time we lose, it being long since I was not myself but *yours*.

A dissuasion from love.

Jack, — Though your disease be in the number of those that are better cured with time than precept, yet since it is lawful for every man to practise upon them that are forsaken and given over, which I take to be your state, I will adventure to prescribe to you; and of the innocence of the physic you shall not need to doubt, since I can assure you I take it daily myself.

To begin methodically, I should enjoin you to travel; for absence doth in a kind remove the cause, removing the object, and answers the physician's first recipes, vomiting and purging; but this would be too harsh, and indeed not agreeing to my way. I therefore advise you to see her as often as you can, for, besides that the rarity of visits endears them, this may bring you to surprise her and to discover little defects which, though they cure not absolutely, yet they qualify the fury of the fever. As near as you can, let it be unseasonably, when she is in sickness and disorder; for that will let you know she is mortal, and a woman, and the last would be enough to a wise man. If you could draw her to discourse of things she understands not, it would not be amiss.

Contrive yourself often into the company of the cried-up beauties; for if you read but one book, it will be no wonder if you speak or write that style; variety will breed distraction, and that will be a kind of diverting the humor.

I would not have you deny yourself the little things, for these agues are easier cured with surfeits than abstinence; rather, if you can, taste all; for that, as an old author saith, will let you see

That the thing for which we woo
Is not worth so much ado.

But since that here would be impossible, you must be content to take it where you can get it. And this for your comfort I must tell you, Jack, that mistress and woman differ no otherwise than Frontenac and ordinary grapes; which, though a man

loves never so well, yet if he surfeit of the last, he will care but little for the first.

I would have you leave that foolish humor, Jack, of saying you are not in love with her and pretending you care not for her; for smothered fires are dangerous, and malicious humors are best and safest vented and breathed out. Continue your affection to your rival still; that will secure you from one way of loving, which is in spite; and preserve your friendship with her woman; for who knows but she may help you to the remedy?

A jolly glass and right company would much conduce to the cure; for though in the Scripture (by the way, it is but Apocrypha) woman is resolved stronger than wine, yet whether it will be so or not when wit is joined to it, may prove a fresh question.

Marrying, as our friend the late ambassador hath wittily observed, would certainly cure it; but that is a kind of live pigeons laid to the soles of the feet, a last remedy, and, to say truth, worse than the disease.

But, Jack, I remember I promised you a letter, not a treaty;³ I now expect you should be just, and as I have showed you how to get out of love, so you, according to our bargain, should teach me how to get into it. I know you have but one way, and will prescribe me now to look upon Mistress Howard; but for that I must tell you aforehand that it is in love as in antipathy; the capers which will make my Lord of Dorset go from the table, another man will eat up. And, Jack, if you would make a visit to Bedlam, you shall find that there are rarely two there mad for the same thing.

Your humble servant.

[*A letter from the Border.*]

Sir, — We are now arrived at that river, about the uneven running of which my friend Master William Shakespeare makes Henry Hotspur quarrel so highly with his fellow rebels; and for his sake I have been something curious to consider the scantlet of ground that angry monsieur would have had in, but cannot find it could deserve his

choler, nor any of the other side ours, did not the King think it did. The account I shall now give you of the war will be but imperfect, since I conceive it to be in the state that part of the four and twenty hours is in which we can neither call night nor day. I should judge it dawning towards earnest, did not the Lords Covenanters' letters to our Lords here something divide me. So, Sir, you may now imagine us walking up and down the banks of the Tweed like the Tower lions in their cages,⁴ leaving the people to think what we would do if we were let loose. The enemy is not yet much visible. It may be it is the fault of the climate, which brings men as slowly forward as plants; but it gives us fears that the men of peace will draw all this to a dumb-show and so destroy a handsome opportunity which was now offered of producing glorious matter for future chronicle.

These are but conjectures, Sir. The last part of my letter I reserve for a great and known truth, which is that I am, Sir, *your most humble servant*, etc.

[*A Cavalier looks at Holland.*⁵]

*Will,*⁶ — It is reported here a-shipboard that the wind is, as women are, for the most part bad; that it altogether takes part with the water, for it crosses him continually that crosses the seas; that it is not good for a state-reserved politician to come to sea, for he is subject to lay forth his mind in very plain terms; that it is an ill gaming place, for four days together here has been very bad casting of all sides, and I think if we had tarried longer it would have been worse; that so much rope is a needless thing in a ship, for they drown here altogether, not hang; that if a wench at land, or a ship at sea, spring a leak, 'tis fit and necessary they should be pumped; that Dunkirk is the Papist's purgatory, for men are fain to pay money to be freed of it; or to speak more like a true Protestant, it is the water-hell; for if a man 'scape this, 'tis ten to one he shall be saved; that lying four nights a-shipboard is almost as bad as sitting up to lose money at threepenny

gleek, and so pray tell Mr. Brett; and thus much for sea-news.

Since my coming ashore, I find that the people of this country are a kind of infidels, not believing in the Scripture; for though it be there promised there shall never be another Deluge, yet they do fear it daily and fortify against it; that they are nature's youngest children, and so consequently have the least portion of wit and manners; or rather that they are her bastards, and so inherit none at all. And sure their ancestors, when they begot them, thought on nothing but monkeys and boars and asses and such like ill-favored creatures; for their physiognomies are so wide from the rules of proportion that I should spoil my prose to let in the description of them. In a word, they are almost as bad as those of Leicestershire; their habits are as monstrous as themselves to all strangers. But by my troth, to speak the naked truth of them, the difference betwixt the dressing of their women and ours is only this: these bombast their tails, and ours their arms. As for the country the water and the King of France beleaguer it round; sometimes the Hollander gets ground upon them; sometimes they upon him. It is so even a level that a man must have more than the quantity of a grain of mustard-seed in faith to remove a mountain here, for there is none in the country. Their own turf is their firing altogether, and it is to be feared that they will burn up their country before doomsday. The air, what with their breathing in it and its own natural corruption, is so unwholesome that a man must resolve to be at the charge of an ague once a month. The plague is here constantly — I mean excise — and in so great a manner that the whole country is sick on't. Our very farts stand us in I know not how much excise to the States before we let them. To be learned here is capital treason of them, believing that *fortuna favet fatuis*, and therefore, that they may have the better success in their wars, they choose burgo-masters and burghers as we do our mayors and aldermen, by their great bellies, little

⁴ The lions in the Tower were one of the sights of London.

⁵ This letter is folio 101, Ashm. MS. 826, Bodleian Library. First printed by W. C. Hazlitt in 1874.

⁶ This is William Davenant, friend, fellow blade, Poet Laureate-to-be.

wits, and full purses. Religion they use as a stuff cloak in summer, more for show than anything else; their *summum bonum* being altogether wealth. They wholly busy themselves about it; not a man here but would do that which Judas did for half the money. To be short, the country is stark nought, and yet too good for the inhabitants; but being our allies, I will forbear their character and rest. — *Your humble servant,*

J. Suckling

Leyden, Nov. 18, 1629.

The wine-drinkers to the water-drinkers, greeting:

Whereas by your ambassador two days since sent unto us we understand that you have lately had a plot to surprise, or to speak more properly, to take the waters, and in it have not only a little miscarried but also met with such difficulties that, unless you be speedily relieved, you are like to suffer in the adventure; we, as well out of pity to you as out of care to our state and commonwealth, knowing that women have ever been held necessary, and that nothing relisheth so well after wine, have so far taken it into our consideration that we have neglected no means, since we heard of it first, that might be for your contents or the good of the cause; and therefore to that purpose we have had divers meetings at the Bear at the Bridge-foot, and now at length have resolved to dispatch to you one of our cabinet council, Colonel Young, with some slight forces of canary and some few of sherry, which no doubt will stand you in good stead, if they do not mutiny and grow too headstrong for their commander; him Captain Puff of Barton shall follow with all expedition, with two or three regiments of claret; Monsieur de Granville, commonly called Lieutenant Strutt, shall lead up the rear of Rhenish and white. These succors thus timely sent we are confident will be sufficient to hold the enemy in play; and till we hear from you again we shall not think of a fresh supply. For the waters — though perchance

they have driven you into some extremities and divers times forced their passages through some of your best-guarded places — yet have they, if our intelligence fail us not, hitherto had the worst of it still and evermore at length plainly run away from you.

Given under our hands at the Bear, this fourth of July.

To T[homas] C[arew].⁷

Though writing be as tedious to me as no doubt reading will be to thee, yet considering that I shall drive that trade thou speakest of to the Indies and for my beads and rattles have a return of gold and pearl,⁸ I am content for thy sake and in private thus to do penance in a sheet.

Know then, dear Carew, that at eleven last night, flowing as much with love as thou hast ebbed, thy letter found me out. I read, considered, and admired, and did conclude at last that Horsley air did excel the waters of the Bath, just so much as love is a more noble disease than the pox.

No wonder if the countesses think time lost till they be there. Who would not be where such cures flow! The care thou hast of me, that I should traffic right, draws me by way of gratitude to persuade thee to bottle us some of that and send it hither to town; thy returns will be quicker than those to the Indies, nor needst thou fear a vent, since the disease is epidemical.

One thing more, who knows (wouldst thou be curious in search) but thou mayst find an air of contrary virtue about thy house, which may, as this destroys, so that create affection; if thou couldst,

The lady of Highgate then should embrace
The disease of the stomach and the word of
disgrace.⁹

Gredeline and grass-green
Shall sometimes be seen
Its arms to entwine
About the woodbine.

In honest prose thus: we would carry ourselves first and then our friends, man-

⁷ This is the Cavalier poet of the immortal lines, "Ask me no more . . ."

⁸ A commentary on the trading methods of our ancestors in the New World.

⁹ This is a nest of anagrams; the name concealed in the second line is Carew Raleigh, Suckling's friend; see note on Aubrey's Life of Raleigh.

age all the little loves at court, make more Tower work, and be the Duke of B.¹⁰ of our age, which without it, we shall never be. Think on't, therefore, and be assured that if thou joimest me in the patent with thee, in the height of all my greatness I will be thine, all but what belongs to Desdemona, which is just, as I mean to venture at thy horse-race Saturday come seven-night.

J. S.

A letter to a friend¹¹ to dissuade him from marrying a widow which he formerly had been in love with, and quitted.

At this time when no hot planet fires the blood and when the lunatics of Bedlam themselves are trusted abroad, that you should run mad, is, Sir, not so much a subject for your friends' pity as their wonder. 'Tis true, love is a natural distemper, a kind of small-pox. Everyone either hath had it or is to expect it, and the sooner the better.

Thus far you are excused. But having been well cured of a fever, to court a relapse, to make love a second time in the same place, is, not to flatter you, neither better nor worse than to fall into a quagmire by chance, and ride into it afterwards on purpose. 'Tis not love, Tom, that doth the mischief, but constancy, for love is of the nature of a burning-glass, which kept still in one place, fireth; changed often, it doth nothing, a kind of glowing coal which with shifting from hand to hand a man easily endures. But then to marry, Tom! Why, thou hadst better to live honest. Love, thou knowest, is blind. What will he do when he hath fetters on, thinkest thou!

Dost thou know what marriage is? 'Tis curing of love the dearest way, or waking a losing gamester out of a winning dream, and after a long expectation of a strange banquet, a presentation of a homely meal. Alas! Tom, love seeds when it runs up to matrimony and is good for nothing. Like some fruit-trees it must be transplanted if thou wouldst have it active and bring forth anything.

Thou now perchance hast vowed all that can be vowed to any one face and thinkest thou hast left nothing unsaid to it. Do but make love to another, and if thou art not suddenly furnished with new language and fresh oaths, I will conclude Cupid hath used thee worse than ever he did any of his train.

After all this, to marry a widow, a kind of chewed meat! What a fantastical stomach hast thou, that canst not eat of a dish till another man hath cut of it! Who would wash after another, when he might have fresh water enough for asking?

Life is sometimes a long journey. To be tied to ride upon one beast still, and that half tired to thy hand too! Think upon that, Tom!

Well, if thou must needs marry (as who can tell to what height thou hast sinned), let it be a maid and no widow. For as a modern author hath wittily resolved in this case, 'tis better, if a man must be in prison, to lie in a private room than in the hole.

An answer to the letter.

Cease to wonder, honest Jack, and give me leave to pity thee, who laborest to condemn that which thou confessest natural, and the sooner had, the better.

Thus far there needs no excuse, unless it be on thy behalf, who stylest second thoughts (which are allowed the best) a relapse and talkest of a quagmire where no man ever stuck fast and accusest constancy of mischief in what is natural and advisedly undertaken.

'Tis confessed that love changed often doth nothing; nay, 'tis nothing; for love and change are incompatible; but where it is kept fixed to its first object, though it burn not, yet it warms and cherisheth, so as it needs no transplantation or change of soil to make it fruitful; and certainly if love be natural, to marry is the best recipe for living honest.

Yes, I know what marriage is and know you know it not by terming it the dearest way of curing love. For certainly there goes more charge to the keeping of a stable full of horses than one only steed. And

¹⁰ Buckingham.

¹¹ Thomas Carew again.

much of vanity is therein besides; when, be the errand what it will, this one steed shall serve your turn as well as twenty more. Oh! if you could serve your steed so!

Marriage turns pleasing dreams to ravishing realities which outdo what fancy or expectation can frame unto themselves.

That love doth seed when it runs into matrimony is undoubted truth; how else should it increase and multiply, which is its greatest blessing!

'Tis not the want of love, nor Cupid's fault, if every day afford not new language and new ways of expressing affection. It rather may be caused through an excess of joy, which oftentimes strikes dumb.

These things considered, I will marry; nay, and to prove the second paradox false, I'll marry a widow, who is rather the chewer than the chewed. How strangely fantastical is he who will be an hour in plucking on a strait boot when he may be forthwith furnished with enough that will come on easily and do him as much credit and better service? Wine when first broached drinks not half so well as after a while drawing. Would you not think him a madman who, whilst he might fair and easily ride on the beaten roadway, should trouble himself with breaking up the gaps? A well-wayed horse will safely convey thee to thy journey's end, when an unbacked filly may by chance give thee a fall. 'Tis prince-like to marry a widow, for 'tis to have a taster.

'Tis true, life may prove a long journey; and so, believe me, it must do. A very long one too, before the beast you talk of prove tired. Think upon that, Jack!

Thus, Jack, thou seest my well-taken resolution of marrying, and that a widow, not a maid; to which I am much induced out of what Pythagoras saith, in his 2d sect., *cuniculorum*, that it is better lying in the hole than sitting in the stocks.

[*A sermon on malt.*¹²]

Certain drunkards, returning from a merry meeting at a country alehouse, by

the way overtook a preacher, who in a sermon he had lately made against drunkenness, amongst other reproofs, as the sweet-sugared fellows constructed it, had termed them malt-worms. Wherefore they agreed to take him and by violence compel him to preach them a sermon, appointing him his theme to be

MALT

Preacher:

"There is no teaching without a division. This theme cannot well be divided into many parts, because it is but one word, nor yet into syllables, as being a monosyllable. It must therefore be quartered into four letters, and those being M. A. L. T. do form the word *malt*, my theme.

These four letters represent four distinct interpretations which we divines do much use: first, M, moral; secondly A, allegorical; thirdly, L, literal; fourthly, T, tropological.

The moral is fitly placed first, if not to teach rude boisterous fellows good manners yet at least to procure your peaceable attention to the sermon; wherefore, M, Masters, A, all, L, listen, T, to the theme.

An allegory is when one thing is spoken and another thing meant. The thing here spoken is of malt, the thing meant is the oil of malt, which to the drunkards is so precious as that they account M, their meat, A, their ale, L, their liberty, T, their treasure.

Their literal sense hath ever been found suitable to the theme, confirmed by beggarly experience: M. A. L. T., much ale, little thought.

The tropological is manifested by the effect in the humor predominantly stirring up in some M, murther; in others A, adultery; in most L, loose-living; and in others some T, treachery; and consequently, M, misery, A, anguish, L, lamentation, T, tribulation.

For conclusion, I do seriously exhort all with repentance and amendment of life, and so you may escape the penalty due to such swinish livers; but I much fear that I lose my labor, my theme showing that it is

¹² This letter is on the back of fol. 102 of Ashm. MS. 826, Bodleian Library. It is here printed for the first time.

M to A, a thousand pounds to a pot of ale, if I K L one knave of fifty will ever L T, leave to love potting. Nevertheless in regard of the discharge of my dutiful love unto you, my dearly beloved brethren, I do

again and again exhort you one thing: M, mend; A, and; L, leave; T, tippling."

By this time the ale and his persuasion so wrought as they fell asleep, and the preacher closely crept away.

OWEN FELTHAM

(1609?-1668?)

No other writer of equal importance in the seventeenth century has, so far as his personal annals and general popularity are concerned, faded so completely out of the picture as Owen Feltham. The eclipse of Feltham and his *Resolves* is different from that of Thomas Traherne, for example, in that Traherne's works were not known at all to his contemporaries. whereas the *Resolves* went through some ten editions during the author's lifetime. A twelfth edition appeared in 1709, and then all interest in the author and the book seems to have ceased. Not until after a century had passed were the *Resolves* re-discovered. The first sign of recollection came with the publication in 1800 of "The Beauties of Owen Feltham, Selected from His *Resolves*," by one "J. Vine,"—one of the innumerable "daily food" books of the nineteenth century. James Cumming, who edited the next edition of the *Resolves* in 1806, presented Feltham to the world in an "improved" version, with all the air of an archæologist. Of Feltham's book he remarks in his preface, "Its value, nay, even its title, was then at the beginning of the century known but to a few persons, who were curious in knowledge of the old authors. It was sold for little more than waste paper and was easily to be procured; but a demand for it arose, and it has since become difficult to obtain a copy of it." The antiquarian interest in the *Resolves* continued, and two further editions, in 1820 and 1832, saw the light. The editor's preface in 1832 indicates the "romantic" quality of the early nineteenth century's interest in the authors of the seventeenth century; it calls special attention to "the antique words and quaint phrases which pervade the volume, and which certainly constitute one of the charms of the old writers." Feltham has since 1832 occupied a modest but permanent position in the ranks of the earlier English essayists.

Almost nothing is known of Feltham's life or of his family. The uncertainty extends even to the dates of his birth and of his death. The date of the first edition of his *Resolves* is likewise not known. He began them when he was about eighteen, and the first edition appeared probably in 1620. The earliest of the *Resolves* are noticeably shorter and more sententious than the later pieces, and Bacon's influence is noticeable throughout the book. Sometime during his early life he spent three weeks in the Low Countries, and the result was the publication in 1652 of *A Brief Character of the Low Countries*, a witty and entertaining account of the vices and virtues of their inhabitants. A collection of passable verses entitled *Lusoria* was appended to the *Resolves* in the later editions. Feltham achieved some notoriety as having been the only one in his day who could put Ben Jonson in his place, or at least the only one who dared attempt to do so. When Jonson in anger at the failure of his play, *The New Inn*, wrote his ode, "Come, leave the loathèd stage," Feltham gave him the retort courteous in his poem (*Lusoria*, xx) "Come, leave this saucy way." Feltham's admiration for Jonson is attested, however, in a poem in praise of Jonson which he contributed to *Jonsonus Virbius* after the great man's death. Feltham's status as a poet has been greatly heightened recently by Mr. Norman Ault's attribution to him (in his *Seventeenth-Century Lyrics*) of the celebrated poem beginning, "When, dearest I but think on thee," which had for some three hundred years been credited to Sir John Suckling. That Feltham's best poem should for so long have been attributed to another is further proof of the extent to which he was forgotten, since the seventeenth-century editor in publishing the poem (*Lusoria*, xxxii) states clearly, and a bit sarcastically, that "this ensuing copy the late printer hath been pleased to honor by mistaking it among those of the most ingenious and too early lost Sir John Suckling."

The most certain fact about Feltham's life and interests is his strong attachment to the Royalist cause, an adherence marked more by ardor than by discretion. It was Feltham who wrote (*Lusoria*, xl) "An Epitaph to the Eternal Memory of Charles the First, . . . In-

humanely Murdered by a Perfidious Party of His Prevalent Subjects, January 30, 1648," in which occurs the famous line,

"Here Charles the First and Christ the Second lies."

But it is as Feltham of the Resolves that he is best known. The Resolves furnish probably the best example of the moral essay of the seventeenth century. The author's method and style savor rather of Sir Thomas Browne than of Bacon, and are lacking in the vigor and condensation of Bacon's essays. The most charming thing about Feltham is the spirit in which he wrote his essays. When he was taxed with having omitted references to his authorities for certain statements, he replied, "I do not profess myself a scholar, and for a gentleman I hold it a little pedantical." He informs his reader that his Resolves "were not written so much to please others as to gratify himself. . . . They were written to the middle sort of people, . . . to give the world some account how he spent his vacant hours, and that . . . they might everywhere be as boundaries to hold him within the limits of prudence, honor, and virtue." The present-day reader of the Resolves will not be disinclined to believe that their author, except when writing of his royal and martyred master, kept well within the boundaries which he set for himself.

FROM RESOLVES; DIVINE, MORAL, AND POLITICAL

(Text: second edition, 1628)

THE FIRST CENTURY¹

OF PURITANS

I find many that are called Puritans;² yet few or none that will own the name. Whereof the reason sure is this, that 'tis for the most part held a name of infamy, and is so new, that it hath scarcely yet obtained a definition; nor is it an appellation derived from one man's name, whose tenents we may find digested into a volume; whereby we do much err in the application. It imports a kind of excellency above another, which man (being conscious of his own frail bendings) is ashamed to assume to himself. So that I believe there are men which would be Puritans, but indeed not any that are. One will have him one that lives religiously, and will not revel it in a shoreless excess. Another, him that separates from our divine assemblies. Another, him that in some tenents only is peculiar. Another, him that will not swear. Absolutely to define him, is a work, I think, of difficulty; some I know that rejoice at the name; but sure they be such as least understand it. As he is more generally in these times taken, I suppose

we may call him a Church-rebel, or one that would exclude order, that his brain might rule. To decline offences, to be careful and conscionable in our several actions, is a purity that every man ought to labor for, which we may well do without a sullen segregation from all society. If there be any privileges, they are surely granted to the children of the king, which are those that are the children of heaven. If mirth and recreations be lawful, sure such a one may lawfully use it. If wine were given to cheer the heart, why should I fear to use it for that end? Surely, the merry soul is freer from intended mischief than the thoughtful man. A bounded mirth is a patent, adding time and happiness to the crazed life of man. Yet if Laertius reports him rightly, Plato deserves a censure for allowing drunkenness at festivals; because, says he, as then, the gods themselves reach wines to present men. God delights in nothing more than in a cheerful heart, careful to perform him service. What parent is it that rejoiceth not to see his child pleasant, in the limits of a filial duty? I know, we read of Christ's

¹ This "first century" of essays in all the later editions of Feltham's Resolves is entitled the "second century" in the second edition, the text of which is here followed. The original edition (1620?) contained only the one hundred essays which comprise the "second century" of all editions after the second.

² The term "Puritan" began to be applied about 1566 to those members of the Church of England who, not satisfied with the reforms that had been effected, wished a still "purer" church, and withdrew from its authority.

weeping, not of his laughter: yet we see, he graceth a feast with his first miracle, and that a feast of joy; and can we think that such a meeting could pass without the noise of laughter? What a lump of quickened care is the melancholic man! Change anger into mirth, and the precept will hold good still: Be merry but sin not. As there be many that in their life assume too great a liberty, so I believe there are some that abridge themselves of what they might lawfully use. Ignorance is an ill steward, to provide for either soul or body. A man that submits to reverent order, that sometimes unbends himself in a moderate relaxation, and in all, labors to approve himself in the serenity of a healthful conscience, such a Puritan I will love immutably. But when a man, in things but ceremonial, shall spurn at the grave authority of the Church, and out of a needless nicety be a thief to himself of those benefits which God hath allowed him, or out of a blind and uncharitable pride, censure and scorn others as reprobates, or out of obstinacy fill the world with brawls about undeterminable tenets, I shall think him one of those whose opinion hath fevered his zeal to madness and distraction. I have more faith in one Solomon, than in a thousand Dutch parlors of such opinionists. "Behold then; what I have seen good! — That it is comely to eat, and to drink, and to take pleasure in all his labor wherein he travaileth under the sun, the whole number of the days of his life, which God giveth him. For this is his portion. Nay, there is no profit to man, but that he eat, and drink, and delight his soul with the profit of his labor."³ For, he that saw other things but *vanity*, saw this also, that it was the hand of God. Methinks the reading of Ecclesiastes should make a Puritan undress his brain, and lay off all those fanatic toys that jingle about his understanding. For my own part, I think the world hath not better men than some that suffer under that name; nor withal, more *scelestique* villains. For when they are once elated with that pride, they so condemn others, that they infringe the laws of all human society.

OF REPREHENSION

To reprehend well, is both the hardest, and most necessary part of friendship. Who is it that will either not merit a check or endure one? Yet wherein can a friend more unfold his love, than in preventing dangers before their birth, or in reducing a man to safety which is travelling in the way to ruin? I grant, the manner of the application may turn the benefit into an injury; and then it both strengtheneth error and wounds the giver. Correction is never in vain. Vice is a miry deepness; if thou strivest to help one out and dost not, thy stirring him sinks him in the further. Fury is the madder for his chain. When thou chidest thy wandering friend, do it secretly, in season, in love—not in the ear of a popular convention. For many times, the presence of a multitude makes a man take up an unjust defence, rather than fall in a just shame. Diseased eyes endure not an unmasked sun, nor does the wound but rankle more which is fanned by the public air. Nor can I much blame a man, though he shuns to make the vulgar his confessor; for they are the most uncharitable tell-tales that the burthened earth doth suffer. They understand nothing but the dregs of actions, and with spattering those abroad, they besmear a deserving fame. A man had better be convinced in private, than be made guilty by a proclamation. Open rebukes are for magistrates and courts of justice, for stelled chambers, and for scarlets in the thronged hall. Private are for friends; where all the witnesses of the offender's blushes are blind, and deaf, and dumb. We should do by them as Joseph thought to have done by Mary, seek to cover blemishes with secrecy. Public reproof is like striking of a deer in the herd, it not only wounds him to the loss of inhabling blood, but betrays him to the hound, his enemy, and makes him, by his fellows, be pushed out of company. Even concealment of a fault argues some charity to the delinquent, and when we tell him of it in secret, it shows we wish he should amend, before the world comes to know his amiss. Next, it ought to be in season, neither when the brain is misted with arising fumes, nor

³ Ecclesiastes 2:24; 8:5.

when the mind is madded with unreined passions. Certainly, he is drunk himself that profanes reason so as to urge it to a drunken man. Nature unloosed in a flying speed cannot come off with a sudden stop.

*Quis matrem, nisi mentis inops, in funere nati
Flere vetat? non hoc ulla monenda loco est.*

He's mad, that dries a mother's eyes full tide
At her son's grave. There, 'tis no time to
chide,

was the opinion of the smoothest poet. To admonish a man in the height of his passion is to call a soldier to counsel in the midst, in the heat of a battle. Let the combat slack, and then thou mayst expect a hearing. All passions are like rapid torrents: they swell the more for meeting with a dam in their violence. He that will hear nothing in the rage and roar of his anger will, after a pause, inquire of you. Seem you to forget him and he will the sooner remember himself. For it often falls out that the end of passion is the beginning of repentance. Then will it be easy to draw back a retiring man, as a boat is rowed with less labor, when it hath both a wind and tide to drive it. A word seasonably given, like a rudder, sometimes steers a man quite into another course. When the Macedonian Philip was capering in the view of his captives, says Demades, "Since fortune has made you like Agamemnon, why will you show yourself like Thersites?"⁴ And this changed him to another man. A blow bestowed in the striking time is better than ten delivered unseasonably. There are some nicks in time, which whosoever finds, may promise to himself success. As in all things, so in this; especially if he do it as he ought, in love. It is not good to be too tetrical and virulent. Kind words make rough actions plausible. The bitterness of reprehension is in-sweetened with the pleasingness of compellations. If ever flattery might be lawful here is a cause that would give it admission. To be plain, argues honesty; but to be pleasing, argues discretion. Sores are not to be anguished with a rustic pressure, but gently stroked with a laded hand. Physicians fire not their eyes at patients, but

calmly minister to their diseases. Let it be so done, as the offender may see affection without arrogancy. Who blows out candles with too strong a breath does but make them stink, and blows them light again. To avoid this, it was ordained among the Lacedemonians that every transgressor should be, as it were, his own beadle; for his punishment was to compass an altar, singing an invective made against himself. It is not consonant that a member so unboned as the tongue is, should smart it with an iron lash. Every man that adviseth assumes, as it were, a transcendancy over the other; which if it be not allayed with protestations and some self-including terms, grows hateful: that even the reprehension is many times the greater fault of the two. It will be good therefore, not to make the complaint our own, but to lay it upon some others, that not knowing his grounded virtues, will, according to this, be apt to judge of all his actions. Nor can he be a competent judge of another's crime that is guilty of the like himself. 'Tis unworthily done, to condemn that in others which we would not have but pardoned in ourselves. When Diogenes fell in the school of the Stoics, he answers his deriders with this question: "Why do you laugh at me for falling backward, when you yourselves do retrograde your lives?" He is not fit to cure a dimmed sight that looks upon another with a beamed eye. Freed, we may free others. And if we please them with praising some of their virtues, they will with much more ease be brought to know their vices. Shame will not let them be angry with them, that so equally deal both the rod and laurel. If he be much our superior, 'tis good to do it sometimes in parables, as Nathan did to David.⁵ So let him by collection give himself the censure. If he be an equal, let it appear affection, and the truth of friendship urging it. If he be our inferior, let it seem our care and desire to benefit him. Towards all, I would be sure to show humility and love. Though I find a little bluster for the present, I am confident I shall meet with thanks afterward, — and in my absence, his reverent report following me. If not, the best way to lose a friend is by seeking, by

⁴ Diodorus Siculus, xvi, 87.

⁵ See II Samuel 12.

my love, to save him. 'Tis best for others that they hate me for vice; but if I must be hated, 'tis best for myself, that they hate me for my goodness. For then am I mine own antidote against all the poison they can spit upon me.

OF THE WORSHIP OF ADMIRATION

Whatsoever is rare and passionate carries the soul to the thought of eternity; and, by contemplation, gives it some glimpses of more absolute perfection than here 'tis capable of. When I see the royalty of a state show, at some unwonted solemnity, my thoughts present me something more royal than this. When I see the most enchanting beauties that earth can show me, I yet think, there is something far more glorious; methinks I see a kind of higher perfection, peeping through the frailty of a face. When I hear the ravishing strains of a sweet-tuned voice, married to the warbles of the artful instrument, I apprehend by this a higher diapason; and do almost believe I hear a little deity whispering, through the pory substance of the tongue. But this I can but grope after. I can neither find nor say what it is. When I read a rarely sententious man, I admire him to my own impatiency. I cannot read some parts of Seneca above two leaves together. He raises my soul to a contemplation, which sets me a-thinking on more than I can imagine. So I am forced to cast him by, and subside to an admiration. Such effects works poetry, when it looks to towering virtues. It gives up a man to raptures, and irradiates the soul with such high apprehensions that all the glories which this world hath hereby appear contemptible; of which the soft-souled Ovid gives a touch when he complains the want.

*Impetus ille sacer, qui vatum pectora nutrit,
Qui prius in nobis esse solebat abest.*

That sacred vigor which had wont, alone,
To flame the poet's noble breast, is gone.

But this is when these excellencies incline to gravity and seriousness. For otherwise, light airs turns us into spriteful actions,

which breathe away in a loose laughter, not leaving half that impression behind them, which serious considerations do. As if mirth were the excellency for the body, and meditation for the soul. As if one were for the contentment of this life: and the other eyeing to that of the life to come. All endeavors aspire to eminency; all eminencies do beget an admiration. And this makes me believe that contemplative admiration is a large part of the worship of the Deity. 'Tis an adoration purely of the spirit; a more sublime bowing of the soul to the Godhead. And this is it, which that Homer of philosophers avowed, could bring a man to perfect happiness, if to his contemplation he joined a constant imitation of God, in justice, wisdom, holiness. Nothing can carry us so near to God and Heaven as this. The mind can walk beyond the sight of the eye; and (though in a cloud) can lift us into Heaven, while we live. Meditation is the soul's perspective glass, whereby in her long remove, she discerneth God, as if he were nearer hand. I persuade no man to make it his whole life's business. We have bodies, as well as souls. And even this world, while we are in it, ought somewhat to be cared for. As those states are likely to flourish where execution follows sound advisements, so is man, when contemplation is seconded by action. Contemplation generates, action propagates. Without the first, the latter is defective. Without the last, the first is but abortive and embrious. Saint Bernard compares contemplation to Rachel, which was the more fair; but action to Leah, which was the more fruitful. I will neither always be busy and doing, nor ever shut up in nothing but thoughts. Yet that which some would call idleness, I will call the sweetest part of my life; and that is my thinking. Surely, God made so many varieties in his creatures, as well for the inward soul as the outward senses; though he made them primarily for his own free-will and glory. He was a monk of an honest age, that being asked how he could endure that life without the pleasure of books, answered: The nature of the creatures was his library; wherein when he pleased, he could muse upon God's deep oracles.

OF PREACHING

The excess which is in the defect of preaching has made the pulpit slighted; I mean the much bad oratory we find it guilty of. 'Tis a wonder to me how men can preach so little and so long; so long a time, and so little matter; as if they thought to please by the inculcation of their vain tautologies. I see no reason that so high a princess as divinity is should be presented to the people in the sordid rags of the tongue; nor that he which speaks from the Father of Languages should deliver his embassy in an ill one. A man can never speak too well, where he speaks not too obscure. Long and distended clauses are both tedious to the ear, and difficult for their retaining. A sentence well couched takes both the sense and the understanding. I love not those cart-rope speeches that are longer than the memory of man to fathom. I see not but that divinity, put into apt significants, might ravish as well as poetry. The weighty lines men find upon the stage, I am persuaded have been the lures to draw away the pulpit's followers. We complain of drowsiness at a sermon, when a play of doubled length leads us on still with alacrity. But the fault is not all in ourselves. If we saw divinity acted, the gesture and variety would as much invigilate. But it is too high to be personated by humanity. The stage feeds both the ear and the eye; and through this latter sense the soul drinks deeper draughts. Things acted possess us more, and are, too, more retainable than the passable tones of the tongue. Besides here we meet with more compassed language, the *dulcia sermonis* molded into curious phrase; though 'tis to be lamented such wits are not set to the right tune, and consorted to divinity, who without doubt well decked, will cast a far more radiant lustre than those obscene scurrilities that the stage presents us with, though o'e'd and spangled in their gaudiest tire. At a sermon well dressed, what under-stander can have a motion to sleep? Divinity well ordered casts forth a bait, which angles the soul into the ear; and how can that close, when such a guest sits in it? They are sermons but of baser metal, which lead

the eyes to slumber. And should we hear a continued oration upon such a subject as the stage treats on, in such words as we hear some sermons, I am confident it would not only be far more tedious, but nauseous and contemptful. The most advantage they have of other places is in their good lives and actions. For 'tis certain, Cicero and Roscius are most complete when they both make but one man. He answered well, that after often asking, said still that action was the chiefest part of an orator. Surely, the oration is most powerful where the tongue is diffusive and speaks in a native decency even in every limb. A good orator should pierce the ear, allure the eye, and invade the mind of his hearer. And this is Seneca's opinion. Fit words are better than fine ones. I like not those that are injudiciously made, but such as be expressively significant, that lead the mind to something, beside the naked term. And he that speaks thus must not look to speak thus every day. A combed oration will cost both sweat and the rubbing of the brain. And combed I wish it, not frizzled, nor curled. Divinity should not lascivate. Unworm-wooded jests I like well, but they are fitter for the tavern than the majesty of a temple. Christ taught the people with authority. Gravity becomes the pulpit. Demosthenes confessed he became an orator by spending more oil than wine. This is too fluid an element to beget substantials. Wit procured by wine is, for the most part, like the sparklings in the cup when 'tis filling; they brisk it for a moment, but die immediately. I admire the valor of some men, that, before their studies, dare ascend the pulpit, and do there take more pains than they have done in their library. But having done this I wonder not that they there spend sometimes three hours but to weary the people into sleep. And this makes some such fugitive divines that, like cowards, they run away from their texts. Words are not all, nor matter is not all, nor gesture; yet together they are. 'Tis much moving in an orator when the soul seems to speak as well as the tongue. Saint Augustine says, Tully was admired more for his tongue than his mind; Aristotle, more for his mind than his tongue; but Plato for both. And

surely nothing decks an oration more than a judgment able well to conceive and utter. I know God hath chosen by weak things to confound the wise; yet I see not but in all times a washed language hath much prevailed. And even the Scriptures (though I know not the Hebrew) yet I believe they are penned in a tongue of deep expressions; wherein, almost every word hath a metaphorical sense, which does illustrate by some allusion. How political is Moses in his Pentateuch! How philosophical Job! How massy and sententious is Solomon in his Proverbs! How quaint and flamingly amorous in the Canticles! How grave and solemn in his Ecclesiastes! that in the world there is not such another dissection of the world as it. How were the Jews astonished at Christ's doctrine! How eloquent a pleader is Paul at the bar; in disputation how subtle! And he that reads the Fathers shall find them as if written with a crisped pen. Nor is it such a fault as some would make it, now and then to let a philosopher or a poet come in and wait and give a trencher at this banquet. Saint Paul is precedent for it. I wish no man to be too dark and full of shadow. There is a way to be pleasingly plain, and some have found it. Nor wish I any man to a total neglect of his hearers. Some stomachs rise at sweet meats. He prodigals a mine of excellency, that lavishes a terse oration to an aproned auditory. Mercury himself may move his tongue in vain, if he has none to hear him but a non-intelligent. They that speak to children assume a pretty lisp. Birds are caught by the counterfeit of their own shrill notes. There is a magic in the tongue can charm the wild man's motions. Eloquence is a bridle wherewith a wise man rides the monster of the world, the people. He that hears has only those affections that thy tongue will give him.

Thou mayst give smiles or tears, which joys do blot;
Or wrath to judges, which themselves have not.

You may see it in Lucan's words:

*Flet, si flere jubes, gaudet, gaudere coactus;
Et te dante, capit iudex quam non habet
iram.*

I grieve that anything so excellent as divinity is should fall into a sluttish handling. Sure, though other interposures do eclipse here, yet this is a principal. I never yet knew a good tongue that wanted ears to hear it. I will honor her in her plain trim; but I will wish to meet her in her graceful jewels; not that they give addition to her goodness, but that she is more persuasive in working out the soul it meets with. When I meet with worth which I cannot over-love, I can well endure that art, which is a means to heighten liking. Confections that are cordial are not the worse but the better for being gilded.

THAT NO MAN CAN BE GOOD TO ALL

I never yet knew any man so bad but some have thought him honest, and afforded him love. Nor ever any so good, but some have thought him vile, and hated him. Few are so stigmatical as that they are not honest to some. And few again are so just as that they seem not to some unequal; either the ignorance, the envy, or the partiality of those that judge do constitute a various man. Nor can a man in himself always appear alike to all. In some, nature hath invested a disparity. In some, report hath foreblinded judgment. And in some, accident is the cause of disposing us to love or hate. Or, if not these, the variation of the body's humors. Or, perhaps, not any of these. The soul is often led by secret motions, and loves, she knows not why. There are impulsive privacies which urge us to a liking, even against the parliamentary acts of the two houses—reason and common sense. As if there were some hidden beauty of a more magnetic force than all that the eye can see. And this, too, more powerful at one time than another. Undiscovered influences please us now with what we would sometimes condemn. I have come to the same man, that hath now welcomed me with a free expression of love and courtesies, and another time hath left me unsaluted at all. Yet, knowing him well, I have been certain of his sound affection, and have found this not an intended neglect, but an indisposedness, or a mind seriously busied within. Occasion reins the motions

of the stirring mind. Like men that walk in their sleep, we are led about, we neither know whither nor how. I know there is a generation that do thus out of pride; and in strangers, I confess, I know not how to distinguish. For there is no disposition but hath a vanished vizard, as well as an unpencilled face. Some people cozen the world, are bad, and are not thought so. In some the world is cozened, believing them ill when they are not. Unless it hath been some few of a family, I have known the whole molehill of pismires (the world) in an error. For, though report once vented, like a stone cast into a pond, begets circle upon circle till it meets with the bank that bounds it, yet fame often plays the cur, and opens when she springs no game. Censures will not hold out weight, that have life only from the spongy cells of the common brain. Why should I definitively censure any man whom I know but superficially? as if I were a God, to see the inward soul. Nature, art, report, may all fail; yea, oftentimes probabilities. There is no certainty to discover man by, but time and conversation. Every man may be said in some sort to have two souls: one, the internal mind, the other, even the outward air of the face and body's gesture. And how infinitely in some shall they differ! I have known a wise look hide a fool within, and a merry face inhold a discontented soul. Cleanthes⁶ might well have failed in his judgment, had not accident have helped him to the obscured truth. He would undertake to read the mind in the body. Some, to try his skill, brought him a luxurious fellow that in his youth had been exposed to toil; seeing his face tanned and his hands leathured with a hardened skin, he was at a stand. Whereupon departing, the man sneezed, and Cleanthes says, Now I know the man, he is effeminate.⁷ For great laborers rarely sneeze. Judgment is apt to err, when it passeth upon things we know not. Every man keeps his mind, if he lists, in a labyrinth. The heart of man, to man, is a room inscrutable, into which nature has made no certain window, but as himself

shall please to open. One man shows himself to me; to another he is shut up. No man can either like all or be liked of all. God doth not please all. Nay, I think it may stand with divinity, as men are, to say he cannot. Man is infinitely more impotent. I will speak of every man as I find. If I hear he hath been ill to others, I will beware him, but not condemn him till I hear his own apology.

*Qui statuit aliquid, parte inaudita altera,
Æquum licet statuerit haud æquus est.⁸*

Who judgment gives, and will but one side hear,
Though he judge right, is no good justicer.

The nature of many men is abstruse and not to be espied at an instant. And without knowing this, I know nothing that may warrant my sentence. As I will not too far believe reports from others, so I will never censure any man whom I know not internally; nor ever those, but sparing, and with modesty.

OF WOMEN

Some are so uncharitable as to think all women bad; and others are so credulous as they believe they all are good. Sure, though every man speaks as he finds, there is reason to direct our opinion, without experience of the whole sex; which, in a strict examination, makes more for their honor than most men have acknowledged. At first, she was created his equal; only the difference was in the sex; otherwise they both were man. If we argue from the text that male and female made man, so the man being put first was worthier, I answer, so the evening and morning was the first day; yet few will think the night the better. That man is made her governor, and so above her, I believe rather the punishment of her sin, than the prerogative of his worth. Had they both stood, it may be thought, she had never been in that subjection; for then had it been no curse, but a continuance of her former estate, which had nothing but blessedness in it. Peter Martyr,

⁶ A Stoic philosopher of Assos in Troas, and successor to Zeno, c. B.C. 300. Cicero called him "father of the Stoics."

⁷ Diogenes Laertius, vii, ch. 5.

⁸ Seneca, *Medea*, 199.

indeed, is of opinion that man before the Fall had priority; but Chrysostom, he says, does doubt it. All will grant her body more admirable, more beautiful than man's; fuller of curiosities and noble Nature's wonders; both for conception, and fostering the producted birth. And can we think God would put a worser soul into a better body? When man was created, 'tis said, God made man; but when woman, 'tis said, God builded her; as if he had then been about a frame of rarer rooms, and more exact composition. And, without doubt, in her body she is much more wonderful, and by this we may think so in her mind. Philosophy tells us though the soul be not caused by the body, yet in the general it follows the temperament of it; so the comeliest outsides are naturally (for the most part) more virtuous within. If place can be any privilege, we shall find her built in Paradise, when man was made without it. 'Tis certain they are by constitution colder than the boiling man; so by this more temperate; 'tis heat that transports man to immoderation and fury; 'tis that which hurries him to a savage and libidinous violence. Women are naturally the more modest; and modesty is the seat and dwelling place of virtue. Whence proceed the most abhorred villainies, but from a masculine unblushing impudence? What a deal of sweetness do we find in a mild disposition! When a woman grows bold and daring, we dislike her, and say, she is too like a man; yet in ourselves we magnify what we condemn in her. Is not this injustice? Every man is so much the better by how much he comes nearer to God. Man in nothing is more like him than in being merciful. Yet woman is far more merciful than man; it being a sex wherein pity and compassion have dispersed far brighter rays. God is said to be love; and I am sure everywhere woman is spoken of for transcending in that quality. It was never found but in two men only,⁹ that their love exceeded that of the feminine sex; and if you observe them you shall find they were both of melting dispositions. I know when they prove bad, they are a sort of the vilest creatures, yet still the same reason gives it; for, *optima corrupta*

passima, the best things corrupted become the worst. They are things whose souls are of a more ductible temper than the harder metal of man; so may be made both better and worse. The representations of Sophocles and Euripides may be both true; and for the tongue-vice, talkativeness, I see not but at meetings men may very well vie words with them. 'Tis true, they are not of so tumultuous a spirit, so not so fit for great actions: Natural heat does more actuate the stirring genius of man. Their easy natures make them somewhat more unresolute; whereby men have argued them of fear and inconstancy. But men have always held the parliament, and have enacted their own wills, without ever hearing them speak; and then, how easy is it to conclude them guilty! Besides, education makes more difference between men and them than Nature; and all their aspersions are less noble for that they are only from their enemies, men. Diogenes snarled bitterly when, walking with another, he spied two women talking, and said, "See, the viper and the asp are changing poison." The poet was conceited that said, after they were made ill, that God made them fearful, that man might rule them; otherwise they had been past dealing with. Catullus his conclusion was too general, to collect a deceit in all women, because he was not confident of his own.

*Nulli se dicit mulier mea nubere malle
Quam mihi; non si se Jupiter ipse petat.
Dicit: sed mulier Cupido quod dicit amanti,
In vento et rapida scribere oportet aqua.*

My mistress swears, she'd leave all men for me:

Yea, though that Jove himself should suitor be.

She says it: but what women swear to kind Loves, may be writ in rapid streams and wind.

I am resolved to honor virtue, in what sex soever I find it. And I think, in the general, I shall find it more in women than men, though weaker and more infirmly guarded. I believe they are better, and may be wrought to be worse. Neither shall the faults of many make me uncharitable to

⁹ David and Jonathan; see II Samuel 1:26.

all; nor the goodness of some make me credulous of the rest. Though hitherto, I confess, I have not found more sweet and constant goodness in man than I have found in woman; and yet of these, I have not found a number.

OF APPREHENSION IN WRONGS

We make ourselves more injuries than are offered us; they many times pass for wrongs in our own thoughts that were never meant so by the heart of him that speaketh. The apprehension of wrong hurts more than the sharpest part of the wrong done. So, by falsely making of ourselves patients of wrong, we become the true and first actors. It is not good, in matters of discourtesy, to dive into a man's mind beyond his own comment, nor to stir upon a doubtful indignity without it, unless we have proofs that carry weight and conviction with them. Words do sometimes fly from the tongue that the heart did neither hatch nor harbor. While we think to revenge an injury, we many times begin one, and after that, repent our misconceptions. In things that may have a double sense, 'tis good to think the better was intended; so shall we still both keep our friends and quietness. If it be a wrong that is apparent, yet it is sometimes better to dissemble it than play the wasp and strive to return a sting. A wise man's glory is in passing by an offence, and this was Solomon's philosophy. A fool struck Cato in the bath, and when he was sorry for it, Cato had forgot it; for, says Seneca, *Melius putavit non agnoscere, quam ignoscere*.¹⁰ He would not come so near revenge, as to acknowledge that he had been wronged. Light injuries are made none by a not regarding; which with a pursuing revenge, grow both to height and burthen. It stands not with the discretion of a generous spirit to return a punishment for every abuse. Some are such, as they require nothing but contempt to kill them. The cudgel is not of use when the beast but only barks. Though much sufferance be a stupidity, yet a little is of good esteem. We hear of many that are disturbed with a light of-

fence, and we condemn them for it, because that which we call remedy slides into disease, and makes that live to mischief us, which else would die with giving life to safety. Yet, I know not what self-partiality makes us think ourselves behindhand if we offer not repayment in the same coin we received it. Of which, if they may stand for reasons, I think I may give you two. One is the sudden apprehension of the mind, which will endure anything with more patience than a disgrace, as if by the secret spirits of the air it conveyed a stab to the ethereal soul. Another is, because living among many, we would justify ourselves, to avoid their contempt; and these being most such as are not able to judge, we rather satisfy them by external actions than rely upon a judicious verdict, which gives us in for nobler by condemning it. Howsoever we may prize the revengeful man for spirit, yet without doubt it is princely to disdain a wrong, who, when ambassadors have offered undecencies, use not to chide, but to deny them audience, as if silence were the way-royal to reject a wrong. He enjoys a brave composedness that seats himself above the flight of the injurious claw. Nor does he by this show his weakness, but his wisdom. For, *Qui leviter sæviunt, sapiunt magis*.¹¹ The wisest rage the least. I love the man that is modestly valiant, that stirs not till he must needs, and then to purpose. A continued patience I commend not; 'tis different from what is goodness. For though God bears much, yet he will not bear always.

OF THE WASTE AND CHANGE OF TIME

I look upon the lavish expenses of former ages with pity and admiration,¹² that those things men built for the honor of their name (as they thought) are either eaten up by the steely teeth of Time, or else, rest as monuments but of their pride and luxury. Great works undertaken for ostentation miss of their end, and turn to the author's shame; if not, the transitions of Time wear out the engraved names, and they last not much longer than Caligula's bridge¹³ over

¹⁰ *De Ira*, ii, 32.

¹¹ Plautus, *Bacchides*, 374.

¹² *I.e.*, wonder.

¹³ Caligula, third Roman Emperor, built a bridge of boats between Baie and Puteoli, a distance of three miles, in imitation of the feat of Xerxes, and erected houses upon them.

the Baiæ. What is become of the Mausoleum, or the ship-bestriding Colossus? Where is Marcus Scaurus' theatre? the bituminated walls of Babylon? and how little rests of the Egyptian Pyramids? and of these how diverse does report give in their builders, some ascribing them to one, some to another? Who would not pity the toils of virtue, when he shall find greater honor inscribed to loose Phryne¹⁴ than to victorious Alexander? who, when he had razed the walls of Thebes, she offered to re-edify them, with condition this sentence might but on them be enlettered: "Alexander pulled them down, but Phryne did rebuild them!" From whence some have jested it unto a quarrel for fame betwixt a whore and a thief. Doubtless no fortification can hold against the cruel devastations of Time. I could never yet find any estate exempted from this mutability. Nay, those which we would have thought had been held up with the strongest pillars of continuance have yet suffered the extremest changes. The houses of the dead, and the urned bones, have sometimes met with rude hands, that have scattered them. Who would have thought when Scanderbeg¹⁵ was laid in his tomb, that the Turks should after rifle it, and wear his bones for jewels? Change is the great Lord of the World; Time is his agent, that brings in all things, to suffer his unstayed dominion.

—*Ille tot regum parens,
Caret sepulchro Priamus, et flamma indiget,
Ardente Troia*—

He that had a prince each son,
Now finds no grave, and Troy in flames,
He wants his funeral one.

We are so far from leaving anything certain to posterity that we cannot be sure to enjoy what we have, while we live. We live sometimes to see more changes in ourselves than we could expect could happen to our lasting offspring. As if none were ignorant of the fate the poet asks:

*Divitis audita est cui non opulencia Cræsi?
Nempe tamen vitam, captus ab hoste tulit,
Ille, Syracusa modo formidatus in urbe,
Vix humili duram repulit arte famem.*

¹⁴ A famous courtesan of antiquity.

¹⁵ Iskander (Alexander) Beg or Bey, the Turkish name and title of George Castrioti (1404-1467), a patriot of Albania who defeated the Turks in many battles, and checked their advance on Europe.

Who has not heard of Cræsus' heaps of gold,
Yet knows his foe did him a prisoner hold?
He that once aw'd Sicilia's proud extent,
By a poor art could famine scarce prevent.

We all put into the world, as men put money into a lottery. Some lose all, and get nothing. Some with nothing, get infinite prize; which, perhaps, venturing again with hope of increase, they lose with grief, that they did not rest contented. There is nothing that we can confidently call our own; or that we can surely say we shall either do or avoid. We have no power over the present; much less over the future, when we shall be absent or dissolved. And, indeed, if we consider the world aright, we shall find some reason for these continual mutations. If everyone had power to transmit the certain possession of all his acquisitions to his own succeeders, there would be nothing left for the noble deeds of new aspirers to purchase; which would quickly betray the world to an incommunicable dullness, and utterly discourage the generous designs of the stirring and more elementary spirit. As things now are, every man thinks something may fall to his share; and since it must crown some endeavors, he imagines, why not his? Thus by the various treads of men, every action comes to be done, which is requisite for the world's maintaining. But since nothing here below is certain, I will never purchase anything with too great a hazard. 'Tis ambition, not wisdom, that makes princes hazard their whole estates for an honor merely titular. If I find that lost, which I thought to have kept, I will comfort myself with this: that I knew the world was changeable; and that as God can take away a less good, so he can, if he please, confer me a greater.

OF IDLENESS

The idle man is the barrenest piece of earth in the orb. There is no creature that hath life, but is busied in some action for the benefit of the restless world. Even the most venomous and most ravenous things that are, have their commodities as well as their annoyances; and they are ever en-

gaged in some action which profiteth the world, and continues them in their nature's courses. Even the vegetables, wherein calm nature dwells, have their turns and times in fructifying; they leaf, they flower, they seed. Nay, creatures quite inanimate are (some) the most laborious in their motion. With what a cheerly face the golden sun chariots through the rounding sky! How perpetual is the maiden moon, in her just and horned mutations! The fire, how restless is his quick and catching flames! in the air, what transitions! and how fluctuous are the salted waves! Nor is the teeming earth weary, after so many thousand years' productions! All which may tutor the couch-stretched man, and raise the modest red to showing through his unwashed face. Idleness is the most corrupting fly that can blow in any human mind. That ignorance is the most miserable which knows not what to do. The idle man is like the dumb jack in a virginal; while all the other dance out a winning music, this, like a member out of joint, sullens the whole body with an ill disturbing laziness. I do not wonder to see some of our gentry grown well-near the lowdest men of our land, since they are, most of them, so muffled in a non-employment. 'Tis action that does keep the soul both sweet and sound; while lying still does rot it to an ordured noisomeness. Augustine imputes Esau's loss of the blessing partly to his slothfulness, that had rather receive meat than seek it. Surely, exercise is the fattening food of the soul, without which she grows lank and thinly parted. That the followers of great men are so much debauched, I believe to be want of employment; for the soul, impatient of an absolute recess, preys upon the lewder actions. 'Tis true, men learn to do ill by doing what is next to it, nothing. I believe Solomon meant the field of the sluggard, as well for the emblem of his mind, as the certain index of his outward state. As the one is overgrown with thorns and briars, so is the other with vices and enormities. If any wonder how Egistus¹⁶ grew adulterate, the exit of

the verse will tell him — *Desidiosus erat*. When one would brag the blessings of the Roman state, that since Carthage was razed, and Greece subjected, they might now be happy, as having nothing to fear, says the best Scipio: "We now are most in danger; for while we want business, and have no foe to awe us, we are ready to drown in the mud of vice and slothfulness." How bright does the soul grow with use and negotiation! With what proportioned sweetness does that family flourish, where but one laborious guide steereth in an ordered course! When Cleanthes had labored and gotten some coin, he shows it his companions, and tells them that he now, if he will, can nourish another Cleanthes. Believe it, industry is never wholly unfruitful. If it bring not joy with the incoming profit, it will yet banish mischief from thy busied gates. There is a kind of good angel waiting upon diligence, that ever carries a laurel in his hand to crown her. Fortune, they said of old, should not be prayed unto but with hands in motion. The bosomed fist beckons the approach of poverty, and leaves besides the noble head unguarded; but the lifted arm does frighten want, and is ever a shield to that noble director. How unworthy was that man of the world, that never did aught but only lived and died! Though Epaminondas¹⁷ was severe, he was yet exemplary, when he found a soldier sleeping in his watch, and ran him through with his sword, as if he would bring the two brothers, Death and Sleep, to a meeting; and when he was blamed for that as cruelty, he says, he did but leave him as he found him, dead. It is none of the meanest happiness to have a mind that loves a virtuous exercise; 'tis daily rising to blessedness and contentation. They are idle divines that are not heavened in their lives above the unstudious man. Everyone shall smell of that he is busied in; as those that stir among perfumes and spices shall, when they are gone, have still a grateful odor with them; so, they that turn the leaves of the worthy writer cannot but retain a smack of their long-lived author.

¹⁶ Ægisthus, the seducer of Clytemnestra and murderer of Agamemnon. See the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, and the *Electra* of Sophocles.

¹⁷ The great Theban general who delivered Thebes from the yoke of Sparta in his battle with the Lacedæmonians at Leuctra, 371 B.C.

They converse with virtue's soul, which he that writ, did spread upon his lasting paper. Every good line adds sinew to the virtuous mind; and withal heals that vice which would be springing in it. That I have liberty to do anything, I account it from the favoring Heavens. That I have a mind sometimes inclining to use that liberty well, I think I may without ostentation be thankful for it, as a bounty of the Deity. Sure, I should be miserable, if I did not love this business in my vacancy. I am glad of that leisure which gives me leisure to employ myself. If I should not grow better for it, yet this benefit, I am sure, would accrue, I should both keep myself from worse, and not have time to entertain the Devil in.

AGAINST COMPULSION

As nothing prevaieth more than courtesy, so compulsion often is the way to lose. Too much importunity does but teach men how to deny. The more *we* desire to gain, the more do others desire that *they* may not lose. Nature is ever jealous of her own supremacy, and when she sees that others would under-tread it, she calls in all her powers for resistance. Certainly, they work by a wrong engine that seek to gain their ends by constraint. Cross two lovers, and you knit but their affection stronger. You may stroke the lion into a bondage, but you shall sooner hew him to pieces than beat him into a chain. The fox may praise the crow's meat from her bill, but cannot with his swiftness overtake her wing. Easy nature and free liberty will steal a man into a winy excess, when urged healths do but show him the way to refuse. The noblest weapon wherewith man can conquer is love and gentlest courtesy. How many have lost their hopes while they have sought to ravish with too rude a hand? Nature is more apt to be led by the soft motions of the musical tongue than the rustic threshings of a striking arm. Love of life and jollities will draw a man to more than the fear of death and torments. No doubt, nature meant Cæsar for a conqueror, when she gave him both such courage and such courtesy; both which put Marius into a muse. They which durst

speak to him (he said), were ignorant of his greatness; and they which durst not, were so of his goodness. They are men the best composed, that can be resolute and remiss. For, as fearful natures are wrought upon by the sternness of a rough comportment, so the valiant are not gained on but by gentle affability and a show of pleasing liberty. Little fishes are twitched up with the violence of a sudden pull, when the like action cracks the line whereon a great one hangs. I have known denials that had never been given but for the earnestness of the requester. They teach the petitioned to be suspicious, and suspicion teaches him to hold and fortify. He that comes with "you must have me," is like to prove but a fruitless wooer. Urge a grant to some men, and they are inexorable; seem careless, and they will force the thing upon you. Augustus got a friend of Cinna by giving him a second life, whereas his death could at best but have removed an enemy. Hear but his exiled poet.

Flectitur obsequio curvatus ab arbore ramus:

Franges, si vires experiere tuas.

Obsequio tranantur aquæ, nec vincere possis

Flumina, si contra quam rapit unda nates.

Obsequium tigresque domat, tumidosque leones:

*Rustica paulatim taurus aratra subit.*¹⁸

The trees' crookt branches, gently bent, grow right,

When as the hand's full vigor breaks them quite.

He safely swims, that waves along the flood,
While crossing streams is neither safe nor good.

Tigers and lions, mildness keeps in awe:

And, gently us'd, bulls yok'd, in plows will draw.

Certainly, the fair way is the best, though it be something the further about. It is less ill for a journey to be long than dangerous. To vex other men, I will think is but to tutor them how they should again vex me. I will never wish to purchase aught unequally: what is got against reason, is for the most part won by the meeting of a fool and knave. If aught be sought with reason, that may come with kindness; for then

reason in their own bosoms will become a pleader for me; but I will be content to lose a little rather than be drawn to obtain by violence; the trouble and the hazard we avoid, may very well sweeten or out-weigh a slender loss. Constraint is for extremities, when all ways else shall fail. But in the general, fairness has preferment. If you grant, the other may supply the desire; yet this does the like and purchaseth love, when that only leaves a loathsome hate behind it.

OF DREAMS

Dreams are notable means of discovering our own inclinations. The wise man learns to know himself as well by the night's black mantle as the searching beams of day. In sleep we have the naked and natural thoughts of our souls; outward objects interpose not, either to shuffle in occasional cogitations, or hale out the included fancy. The mind is then shut up in the borough of the body; none of the *Cinque Ports* of the *Isle of Man* are then open, to in-let any strange disturbers. Surely, how we fall to vice or rise to virtue we may by observation find in our dreams. It was the wise Zeno that said, he could collect a man by his dreams,¹⁹ for then the soul, stated in a deep repose, bewrayed her true affections, which, in the busy day, she would either not show or not note. It was a custom among the Indians, when their kings went to their sleep, to pray, with piping acclamations, that they might have happy dreams; and withal consult well for their subjects' benefit, as if the night had been a time wherein they might grow good and wise. And certainly, the wise man is the wiser for his sleeping, if he can order well in the day what the eyeless night presenteth him. Every dream is not to be counted of; nor yet are all to be cast away with contempt. I would neither be a Stoic, superstitious in all, nor yet an Epicure, considerate of none. If the physician may by them judge of the disease of the body, I see not but the divine may do so concerning the soul. I doubt not but the genius of the soul is waking and motive even in the fastest closures of the

imprisoning eyelids. But to presage from these thoughts of sleep is a wisdom that I would not reach to. The best use we can make of dreams is observation, and by that, our own correction or encouragement. For 'tis not doubtful but that the mind is working in the dullest depth of sleep. I am confirmed by Claudian.

*Omnia quæ sensu voluntur vota diurno,
Tempore nocturno reddit amica quies.
Venator, defessa toro cum membra reponit,
Mens tamen ad sylvas, et sua lustra redit.
Judicibus lites, aurigæ somnia currus,
Vanaque nocturnis meta cavetur equis.
Furto gaudet amans; permutat navita
merces:
Et vigil elapsas quærit avarus opes.
Blandaue largitur frustra sitientibus ægris,
Irriguus gelido pocula fonte sopor.
Me quoque Musarum studium, sub nocte
silenti,
Artibus assiduâ, sollicitare solet.²⁰*

Day thoughts, transwined from th' industrious breast,
All seem re-acted in the night's dumb rest.
When the tired huntsman his repose begins,
Then flies his mind to woods and wild beast dens.
Judges dream cases: champions seem to run,
With their night coursers, the vain bounds to shun.
Love hinds his rapes.—The merchant traffic minds.
The miser thinks he some lost treasure finds.
And to the thirsty sick, some potion cold,
Stiff flattering sleep inanely seems to hold.
Yea, and in the age of silent rest, even I,
Troubled with art's deep musings, nightly lie.

Dreams do sometimes call us to a recognition of our inclinations, which print the deeper in so undisturbed times. I could wish men to give them their consideration but not to allow them their trust, though sometimes 'tis easy to pick out a profitable moral. Antiquity had them in much more reverence and did oft account them prophecies, as is easily found in the sacred volume; and among the heathen nothing was more frequent. Astyages had two, of his daughter Mandana, the vine and her urine.²¹ Cal-

¹⁹ Plutarch, How a man may be aware of his progress in virtue, ch. 12.

²¹ Herodotus, i, 107-8.

²⁰ Panegyricus de sexto Consulatus Honorii Augusti, 1 ff.

phurnia of her Cæsar,²² Hecuba of Paris, and almost every prince among them had his fate showed in interpreted dreams. Galen²³ tells of one that dreamed his thigh was turned to stone, when soon after it was struck with a dead palsy. The aptness of the humors to the like effects might suggest something to the mind, then apt to receive. So that I doubt not but either to preserve health or amend the life, dreams may, to a wise observer, be of special benefit. I would neither depend upon any to incur a prejudice, nor yet cast them all away in a prodigal neglect and scorn. I find it of one that having long been troubled with the paining spleen, that he dreamt if he opened a certain vein between two of his fingers, he should be cured; which he, awaked, did and mended. But indeed, I would rather believe this, than be drawn to practise after it. These plain predictions are more rare, foretellings used to be lapped in more obscure folds; and now that art is lost, Christianity hath settled us to less inquisition; 'tis for a Roman soothsayer to read those darker spirits of the night, and tell that still dictator, his dream of copulation with his mother signified his subjecting the world to himself. 'Tis now so out of use that I think it not to be recovered. And were it not for the power of the Gospel in crying down the vains of men, it would appear a wonder how a science so pleasing to humanity should fall so quite to ruin.

OF POETS AND POETRY

Surely he was a little wanton with his leisure that first invented poetry. 'Tis but a play which makes words dance in the evenness of a cadency; yet without doubt, being a harmony, it is nearer the mind than prose, for that itself is a harmony in height. But the words being rather the drossy part, conceit I take to be the principal. And here, though it digresseth from truth, it flies above her, making her more rare by giving curious raiment to her nakedness. The name the Grecians gave the men that wrote thus, showed how much they honored it; they

called them Makers. And had some of them had power to put their conceits in act, how near would they have come to deity! And for the virtues of men, they rest not on the bare demeanor, but slide into imagination; so proposing things above us, they kindle the reader to wonder and imitation. And certainly, poets that write thus Plato never meant to banish. His own practice shows he excluded not all. He was content to hear Antimachus recite his poem, when all the herd had left him;²⁴ and he himself wrote both tragedies and other pieces. Perhaps he found them a little too busy with his gods; and he being the first that made philosophy divine and rational, was modest in his own beginnings. Another name they had of honor, too, and that was *Vates*. Nor know I how to distinguish between the prophets and poets of Israel. What is Jeremiah's Lamentation, but a kind of Sapphic elegy? David's Psalms are not only poems but songs, snatches and raptures of a flaming spirit. And this indeed I observe to the honor of poets; I never found them covetous or scrapingly base. The Jews had not two such kings in all their catalogue as Solomon and his father, poets both. There is a largeness in their souls beyond the narrowness of other men; and why may we not then think this may embrace more both of heaven and God? I cannot but conjecture this to be the reason that they, most of them, are poor; they find their minds so solaced with their own flights that they neglect the study of growing rich; and this, I confess again, I think, turns them to vice and unmanly courses. Besides, they are for the most part mighty lovers of their palates, and this is known an impoverisher. Antigonius, in the tented field, found Antagoras cooking of a conger himself.²⁵ And they all are friends to the grape and liquor, though I think many, more out of a ductile nature and their love to pleasant company, than their affection to the juice alone. They are all of free natures, and are the truest definition of that philosopher's man, which gives him *animal risibile*. Their grossest fault is that you may conclude them sensual, yet

²² Plutarch, Life of Cæsar, ch. 63.

²³ Galen (A.D. 104-193), the greatest of ancient writers on medicine.

²⁴ Plutarch, Life of Lysander, ch. 18.

²⁵ Erasmus, *Apotheegms* (Ed. Leyden, 1547), p. 359.

this does not touch them all. Ingenious for the most part they are. I know there be some rhyming fools; but what have they to do with poetry? When Sallust would tell us that Sempronius's wit was not ill, says he, *Potuit versus facere, et jocum movere*:²⁶ She could make a verse and break a jest. Something there is in it more than ordinary in that it is all in such measured language as may be marred by reading. I laugh heartily at Philoxenus his jest, who passing by, and hearing some masons missensing his lines (with their ignorant sawing of them) falls to breaking their bricks amain; they ask the cause, and he replies, they spoil his work, and he theirs.²⁷ Certainly, a worthy poet is so far from being a fool that there is some wit required in him that shall be able to read him well, and without the true accent, numbered poetry does lose of the gloss. It was a speech becoming an able poet of our own, when a lord read his verses crookedly, and he beseeched his lordship not to murder him in his own lines. He that speaks false Latin, breaks Priscian's head: but he that repeats a verse ill, puts Homer out of joint. One thing commends it beyond oratory, it ever complieth to the sharpest judgments. He is the best orator that pleaseth all, even the crowd and clowns. But poetry would be poor that they should all approve of. If the learned and judicious like it, let the throng bray. These, when 'tis best, will like it the least. So they condemn what they understand not, and the neglected poet falls by want. Calpurnius makes one complain the misfortune,

*Frangere, puer, calamos, et inanes desere Musas:
Et potius glandes, rubicundaque collige corna.
Duc ad mulctra greges, et lac venale per urbem
Non tacitus porta: Quid enim tibi fistula reddet,
Quo tutere famem? certe, mea carmina nemo
Præter ab his scopulis ventosa remurmurat
Echo.*²⁸

Boy, break thy pipes, leave, leave thy fruitless muse:

Rather the mast, and blood-red cornel choose.
Go lead thy flocks to milking; sell and cry
Milk through the city: what can learning buy,

To keep back hunger? None my verses mind,
But Echo, babbling from these rocks and wind.

Two things are commonly blamed in poetry; nay, you take away that, if them; and these are lies and flattery. But I have told them in the worst words; for 'tis only to the shallow insight that they appear thus. Truth may dwell more clearly in an allegory or a moralled fable than in a bare narration. And for flattery, no man will take poetry literal; since in commendations, it rather shows what men should be, than what they are. If this were not, it would appear uncomely. But we all know, hyperboles in poetry do bear a decency, nay, a grace along with them. The greatest danger that I find in it is, that it wantons the blood and imagination, as carrying a man in too high a delight. To prevent these, let the wise poet strive to be modest in his lines. First, that he dash not the gods; next, that he injure not chastity, nor corrupt the ear with lasciviousness. When these are declined, I think a grave poem the deepest kind of writing. It wings the soul up higher than the slackened pace of prose. Flashes that do follow the cup, I fear me, are too sprightly to be solid; they run smartly upon the loose for a distance or two, but then being foul, they give in and tire. I confess I love the sober Muse and fasting; from the other, matter cannot come so clear but that it will be misted with the fumes of wine. Long poetry some cannot be friends withal; and indeed, it palls upon the reading. The wittiest poets have been all short and changing soon their subject, as Horace, Martial, Juvenal, Seneca and the two comedians. Poetry should be rather like a coranto, short and nimble-lofty, than a dull lesson of a day long. Nor can it be but deadish, if distended; for when 'tis right, it centres conceit, and takes but the spirit of things, and therefore foolish poesy is of all writing the most ridiculous. When a goose dances and a fool versifies, there is sport alike. He is twice an ass, that is a rhyming one. He is something the less unwise, that is unwise but in prose. If the subject be history or contexted fable, then I

²⁶ *Bellum Catilinæ*, ch. 25.

²⁷ Erasmus, *Apotheosis*, p. 678.

²⁸ Calpurnius Siculus, *Eclogue IV*, 23.

hold it better put in prose or blanks; for ordinary discourse never shows so well in metre as in the strain it may seem to be spoken in; the commendation is, to do it to the life, nor is this any other than poetry in prose. Surely, though the world think not so, he is happy to himself that can play the poet. He shall vent his passions by his pen, and ease his heart of their weight; and he shall often raise himself a joy in his raptures, which no man can perceive but he. Sure Ovid found a pleasure in it, even when he wrote his *Tristia*. It gently delivers the mind of distempers, and works the thoughts to a sweetness in their searching conceit. I would not love it for a profession, and I would not want it for a recreation. I can make myself harmless, nay, amending mirth with it, while I should, perhaps, be trying of a worser pastime. And this I believe in it further, unless conversation corrupts his easiness, it lifts a man to nobleness, and is never in any rightly, but it makes him of a royal and capacious soul.

THE SECOND CENTURY

A RULE IN READING AUTHORS

Some men read authors as our gentlemen use flowers, only for delight and smell, to please their fancy and refine their tongue. Others, like the bee, extract only the honey, the wholesome precepts, and this alone they bear away, leaving the rest, as little worth,

of small value. In reading I will care for both, though for the last most; the one serves to instruct the mind, the other fits her to tell what she hath learned. Pity it is they should be divided. He that hath worth in him, and cannot express it, is a chest, keeping a rich jewel, and the key lost. Concealing goodness is vice. Virtue is better by being communicated. A good style with wholesome matter is a fair woman with a virtuous soul, which attracts the eyes of all. The good man thinks chastely and loves her beauty for her virtue, which he still thinks more fair for dwelling in so fair an outside. The vicious man hath lustful thoughts, and he would for her beauty fain destroy her virtue; but coming to solicit his purpose, finds such divine lectures from her angel's tongue, and those delivered with so sweet a pleasing modesty, that he thinks virtue is dissecting her soul to him, to ravish man with a beauty which he dreamed not of. So he could now curse himself for desiring that lewdly, which he hath learned since only to admire and reverence. Thus he goes away better, that came with an intent to be worse. Quaint phrases on a good subject are baits to make an ill man virtuous; how many vile men seeking these have found themselves convertites! I may refine my speech without harm; but I will endeavor more to reform my life. 'Tis a good grace both of oratory or the pen to speak or write proper; but that is the best work, where the Graces and the Muses meet.

JEREMY TAYLOR

(1613-1667)

It is a curious commentary on the changes and chances of popular taste that Bishop Taylor, who was in some ways the greatest prose-writer of the seventeenth century, is read less today than any other great author of his time. To former generations of readers he was "the Chrysostom of the English pulpit," "the Shakespeare of English prose," and "the Spenser of Divinity." Today he and his eloquent works have, to use his own phrase, "fallen into the portion of weeds and outworn faces." One does not have to seek long for the cause of this great decline in popular favor. His works deal almost entirely with theology and death, and it would be difficult to find two qualities more characteristic of the present generation than its distaste for theology and its freedom from the obsession of mortality. Even Emerson was moved to say of him,

"His words are music in my ear,
I see his cowlèd portrait dear;
And yet, for all his faith could see,
I would not the good bishop be."

The modern reader is familiar with neither Taylor's cowlèd portrait nor his musical words, and the good bishop goes unread.

When one examines the life of Taylor, one is struck with both the similarities and the dissimilarities between him and his great contemporary, Milton. They were at Cambridge at the same time, Taylor being a sizar at Caius College while Milton was in Christ's College. Both were noted for their youthful good looks, the one acquiring the epithet of "the lady of Christ's," and the other attracting attention by his "youthful beauty and pleasant air." But the lives of the two youths developed on very divergent lines. Milton's rebellion against his parents' plan for him to enter the church need not be dwelt on here. Taylor's eloquence and courtly grace attracted the attention of Archbishop Laud, one of Milton's favorite enemies, who obtained for Taylor a fellowship in All Souls' College, Oxford, made him his chaplain, and installed him in the rectory at Uppingham. At the age of twenty-six he married a lady of whom nothing is now known except that her name was Phœbe Langdale. Three years later came the Civil War, and Taylor, an ardent Royalist, joined the king's forces, while Milton was girding up his loins to aid the Parliamentary party against the king. Taylor was made prisoner in Wales, and after his release he opened a school, as Milton had done upon his return from his Italian tour. In 1655 Taylor was married again, to Joanna Bridges, who is said to have been a natural daughter of Charles I. The rest of his life was spent principally in Ireland, where he was for some time minister in the church at Lisburn. He was in London in 1660, and was one of the signers of the requisition of the Loyalists to Charles II for his return to the throne. Soon after the Restoration he was elevated to the see of Down and Connor, and later to that of Dromore. He died at Lisburn in 1667.

Taylor's prose, and especially his *Holy Dying*, does not deserve the neglect which it has latterly incurred. His style is so rich and luxuriant, so magnificent with heaped-up phrases, beautiful in themselves and majestic in mass, that the lugubriousness of his subject-matter does not offend. And the most remarkable quality of his writing — especially of the *Holy Dying* — is its freshness and charm, even though the subject be the dust and ashes of mortality. He has all the Elizabethan love of the English countryside, and though he would have his readers walk through it as through a vale of tears and not as an abiding-place, nevertheless he often defeats his own purpose in calling their attention to the beauties of it. He shows us now "a lark rising from his bed of grass," now "the useful bee, laden with a blessing and the dew of heaven." Sorrow may endure for a night, but even Taylor is conscious of the joy that cometh in the morning, when "the courtiers of the sun wait upon him in his chambers

of the east as, approaching towards the gates of the morning, he first opens a little eye of heaven, and sends away the spirits of darkness, and gives light to a cock, and calls up the lark to matins." There are scores of such charming passages for one who is not frightened by such a title as *The Rule and Exercises of Holy Dying*.

Taylor's preoccupation with the subject of death is easily understood when one considers the troublous state of the land during the Civil War, with its consequent mortality, and the fact that within a very short space of time Taylor saw his royal master beheaded, the death of his patron's wife, the loss of his own wife, and several other deaths in his family. Taylor is thought to have been much with Charles I during his last days, and it has been asserted that the title, *Eikon Basilike*, was suggested by him. This is curiously interesting, if true, in view of Milton's reply to it, the famous *Eikonoklastes*.

The *Rule and Exercises of Holy Living* and its companion volume, the *Holy Dying*, represent the first manuals of private devotion in English since the Reformation. The Church of England had produced chiefly polemical treatises, sermons, and religious verse, but not until Taylor was there produced a devotional work of this nature. He was the author of some thirty more works, notable among them being his *Liberty of Prophesying*. This may properly be called the first work on religious toleration by an English divine. His views expressed therein are refreshingly broad and tolerant for any age, and for the seventeenth century nothing less than remarkable. He suggests a union of Christian churches on the basis of the Apostles' Creed alone, and dares to assert that a good life is the best type of orthodoxy.

The good bishop and his flock have long since practised their art of holy dying, but his great book, though the general public may consider it moribund, still has charm for the student of literature, and, for those who have ears to hear, the solemn music and the consolation of a requiem mass.

FROM THE RULE AND EXERCISES OF HOLY DYING

(Text: seventh edition as revised by Rev. C. P. Eden, 1847)

CHAPTER I

A GENERAL PREPARATION TOWARDS A HOLY AND BLESSED DEATH, BY WAY OF CONSIDERATION

SECTION I

Consideration of the vanity and shortness of man's life

A man is a bubble, said the Greek proverb;¹ which Lucian² represents with advantages and its proper circumstances, to this purpose; saying, that all the world is a storm, and men rise up in their several generations, like bubbles descending a *Jove pluvio*, from God and the dew of heaven, from a tear and drop of man, from nature and providence: and some of these instantly sink into the deluge of their first parent, and are hidden in a sheet of water, having had no other business in the world but to be born that they might be able to die:

others float up and down two or three turns, and suddenly disappear, and give their place to others: and they that live longest upon the face of the waters, are in perpetual motion, restless and uneasy; and, being crushed with the great drop of a cloud, sink into flatness and a froth; the change not being great, it being hardly possible it should be more a nothing than it was before. So is every man: he is born in vanity and sin; he comes into the world like morning mushrooms, soon thrusting up their heads into the air, and conversing with their kindred of the same production, and as soon they turn into dust and forgetfulness: some of them without any other interest in the affairs of the world but that they made their parents a little glad, and very sorrowful: others ride longer in the storm; it may be until seven years of vanity be expired, and then peradventure the sun shines hot upon their heads, and they fall

NOTE. — The numerous classical, patristic, and other references in the margin, with which Taylor illustrated his observations, have in most cases been omitted, as having no intimate connection with the text of his work.

¹ Πομφόλυξ ὁ ἄνθρωπος.

² Charon, iii. 19.

into the shades below, into the cover of death and darkness of the grave to hide them. But if the bubble stands the shock of a bigger drop, and outlives the chances of a child, of a careless nurse, of drowning in a pail of water, of being overlaid by a sleepy servant, or such little accidents, then the young man dances like a bubble, empty and gay, and shines like a dove's neck, or the image of a rainbow, which hath no substance, and whose very imagery and colors are fantastical; and so he dances out the gaiety of his youth, and is all the while in a storm, and endures only because he is not knocked on the head by a drop of bigger rain, or crushed by the pressure of a load of indigested meat, or quenched by the disorder of an ill-placed humor: and to preserve a man alive in the midst of so many chances and hostilities, is as great a miracle as to create him; to preserve him from rushing into nothing, and at first to draw him up from nothing, were equally the issues of an almighty power. And therefore the wise men of the world have contended who shall best fit man's condition with words signifying his vanity and short abode. Homer³ calls a man "a leaf," the smallest, the weakest piece of a short-lived, unsteady plant: Pindar⁴ calls him "the dream of a shadow:" another, "the dream of the shadow of smoke:" but St. James spake by a more excellent spirit, saying, "our life is but a vapor" (James 4: 14, *ἀτμός*), *viz.*, drawn from the earth by a celestial influence; made of smoke, or the lighter parts of water, tossed with every wind, moved by the motion of a superior body, without virtue in itself, lifted up on high or left below, according as it pleases the sun its foster-father. But it is lighter yet; it is but "appearing" (*φαινόμενη*); a fantastic vapor, an apparition, nothing real: it is not so much as a mist, not the matter of a shower, nor substantial enough to make a cloud; but it is like Cassiopeia's chair, or Pelops' shoulder, or the circles of heaven, *φαινόμενα*, than which you cannot have a word that can signify a verier nothing. And yet the expression is one degree more made diminutive: a "vapor," and "fantastical," or a "mere appearance," and this but for

³ *Iliad*, vi. 146.

a little while neither (*πρὸς ὄλεθρον*); the very dream, the phantasm disappears in a small time, "like the shadow that departeth"; or "like a tale that is told"; or "as a dream when one awaketh." A man is so vain, so unfixed, so perishing a creature, that he cannot long last in the scene of fancy: a man goes off, and is forgotten, like the dream of a distracted person. The sum of all is this: that thou art a man, than whom there is not in the world any greater instance of heights and declensions, of lights and shadows, of misery and folly, of laughter and tears, of groans and death.

And because this consideration is of great usefulness and great necessity to many purposes of wisdom and the spirit, all the succession of time, all the changes in nature, all the varieties of light and darkness, the thousand thousands of accidents in the world, and every contingency to every man, and to every creature, doth preach our funeral sermon, and calls us to look and see how the old sexton Time throws up the earth, and digs a grave where we must lay our sins or our sorrows, and sow our bodies, till they rise again in a fair or in an intolerable eternity. Every revolution which the sun makes about the world, divides between life and death; and death possesses both those portions by the next morrow; and we are dead to all those months which we have already lived, and we shall never live them over again: and still God makes little periods of our age. First we change our world, when we come from the womb to feel the warmth of the sun. Then we sleep and enter into the image of death, in which state we are unconcerned in all the changes of the world: and if our mothers or our nurses die, or a wild boar destroy our vineyards, or our king be sick, we regard it not, but during that state are as disinterest as if our eyes were closed with the clay that weeps in the bowels of the earth. At the end of seven years our teeth fall and die before us, representing a formal prologue to the tragedy; and still every seven years it is odds but we shall finish the last scene: and when nature, or chance, or vice, takes our body in pieces, weakening some parts and loosing others, we taste the grave and the solemnities of

⁴ *Pyth.* viii. 135.

our own funerals, first in those parts that ministered to vice, and next in them that served for ornament, and in a short time even they that served for necessity become useless, and entangled like the wheels of a broken clock. Baldness is but a dressing to our funerals, the proper ornament of mourning, and of a person entered very far into the regions and possession of death: and we have many more of the same signification; gray hairs, rotten teeth, dim eyes, trembling joints, short breath, stiff limbs, wrinkled skin, short memory, decayed appetite. Every day's necessity calls for a reparation of that portion which death fed on all night, when we lay in his lap, and slept in his outer chambers. The very spirits of a man prey upon the daily portion of bread and flesh, and every meal is a rescue from one death, and lays up for another; and while we think a thought, we die; and the clock strikes, and reckons on our portion of eternity: we form our words with the breath of our nostrils, we have the less to live upon for every word we speak.

Thus nature calls us to meditate of death by those things which are the instruments of acting it: and God by all the variety of his providence makes us see death everywhere, in all variety of circumstances, and dressed up for all the fancies and the expectation of every single person. Nature hath given us one harvest every year, but death hath two, and the spring and the autumn send throngs of men and women to charnel-houses; and all the summer long men are recovering from their evils of the spring, till the dog-days come, and then the Sirian star makes the summer deadly; and the fruits of autumn are laid up for all the year's provision, and the man that gathers them eats and surfeits, and dies and needs them not, and himself is laid up for eternity; and he that escapes till winter only stays for another opportunity which the distempers of that quarter minister to him with great variety. Thus death reigns in all the portions of our time; the autumn with its fruits provides disorders for us, and the winter's cold turns them into sharp diseases, and the spring brings flowers to strew our hearse, and the summer gives green turf

and brambles to bind upon our graves. Calentures and surfeit, cold and agues, are the four quarters of the year, and all minister to death; and you can go no whither but you tread upon a dead man's bones.

The wild fellow in Petronius⁵ that escaped upon a broken table from the furies of a shipwreck, as he was sunning himself upon the rocky shore espied a man rolled upon his floating bed of waves, ballasted with sand in the folds of his garment, and carried by his civil enemy, the sea, towards the shore to find a grave: and it cast him into some sad thoughts; that peradventure this man's wife in some part of the continent, safe and warm, looks next month for the good man's return; or, it may be, his son knows nothing of the tempest; or his father thinks of that affectionate kiss, which still is warm upon the good old man's cheek, ever since he took a kind farewell; and he weeps with joy to think how blessed he shall be when his beloved boy returns into the circle of his father's arms. These are the thoughts of mortals, this is the end and sum of all their designs: a dark night and an ill guide, a boisterous sea and a broken cable, a hard rock and a rough wind, dashed in pieces the fortune of a whole family, and they that shall weep loudest for the accident are not yet entered into the storm, and yet have suffered shipwreck. Then looking upon the carcase, he knew it, and found it to be the master of the ship, who the day before cast up the accounts of his patrimony and his trade, and named the day when he thought to be at home: see how the man swims who was so angry two days since; his passions are becalmed with the storm, his accounts cast up, his cares at an end, his voyage done, and his gains are the strange events of death, which whether they be good or evil, the men that are alive seldom trouble themselves concerning the interest of the dead.

But seas alone do not break our vessel in pieces: everywhere we may be shipwrecked. A valiant general, when he is to reap the harvest of his crowns and triumphs, fights unprosperously; or falls into a fever with joy and wine, and changes his laurel into cypress, his triumphal chariot to a

hearse, dying the night before he was appointed to perish in the drunkenness of his festival joys. It was a sad arrest of the loosenesses and wilder feasts of the French court, when their King Henry the Second was killed really by the sportive image of a fight. And many brides have died under the hands of paranymphs⁶ and maidens, dressing them for uneasy joy, the new and undiscerned chains of marriage, according to the saying of Bensirah, the wise Jew, "the bride went into her chamber, and knew not what should befall her there." Some have been paying their vows, and giving thanks for a prosperous return to their own house, and the roof hath descended upon their heads, and turned their loud religion into the deeper silence of a grave. And how many teeming mothers have rejoiced over their swelling wombs, and pleased themselves in becoming the channels of blessing to a family, and the midwife hath quickly bound their heads and feet, and carried them forth to burial! Or else the birthday of an heir hath seen the coffin of the father brought into the house, and the divided mother hath been forced to travail twice, with a painful birth, and a sadder death.

There is no state, no accident, no circumstance of our life, but it hath been soured by some sad instance of a dying friend: a friendly meeting often ends in some sad mischance, and makes an eternal parting: and when the poet *Æschylus* was sitting under the walls of his house, an eagle hovering over his bald head mistook it for a stone, and let fall his oyster, hoping there to break the shell, but pierced the poor man's skull.

Death meets us everywhere, and is procured by every instrument and in all chances, and enters in at many doors; by violence and secret influence, by the aspect of a star and the stink of a mist, by the emissions of a cloud and the meeting of a vapor, by the fall of a chariot and the stumbling at a stone, by a full meal or an empty stomach, by watching at the wine or by watching at prayers, by the sun or the moon, by a heat or a cold, by sleepless nights

or sleeping days, by water frozen into the hardness and sharpness of a dagger, or water thawed into the floods of a river, by a hair⁷ or a raisin,⁸ by violent motion or sitting still, by severity or dissolution, by God's mercy or God's anger; by everything in providence and everything in manners, by everything in nature and everything in chance;

— *eripitur persona, manet res*;⁹

we take pains to heap up things useful to our life, and get our death in the purchase; and the person is snatched away, and the goods remain. And all this is the law and constitution of nature; it is a punishment to our sins, the unalterable event of providence, and the decree of heaven: the chains that confine us to this condition are strong as destiny, and immutable as the eternal laws of God.

I have conversed with some men who rejoiced in the death or calamity of others, and accounted it as a judgment upon them for being on the other side, and against them in the contention: but within the revolution of a few months, the same man met with a more uneasy and unhandsome death: which when I saw, I wept, and was afraid; for I knew that it must be so with all men; for we also shall die, and end our quarrels and contentions by passing to a final sentence.

SECTION II

The consideration reduced to practice

It will be very material to our best and noblest purposes if we represent this scene of change and sorrow a little more dressed up in circumstances, for so we shall be more apt to practise those rules the doctrine of which is consequent to this consideration. It is a mighty change that is made by the death of every person, and it is visible to us who are alive. Reckon but from the sprightfulness of youth, and the fair cheeks and full eyes of childhood, from the vigorousness and strong flexure of the joints of five-and-twenty to the hollowness

⁶ Bridesmaids.

⁷ *Fabius Prætor* (*Pliny's Historia Naturalis*, vii. 5).

⁸ *Anacreon, ibid.*

⁹ *Lucretius, De Rerum Natura*, iii. 58.

and dead paleness, to the loathsomeness and horror of a three days' burial, and we shall perceive the distance to be very great and very strange. But so have I seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven as a lamb's fleece; but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age; it bowed the head, and broke its stalk, and at night having lost some of its leaves and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and outworn faces. The same is the portion of every man and every woman, the heritage of worms and serpents, rottenness and cold dishonor, and our beauty so changed, that our acquaintance quickly knew us not; and that change mingled with so much horror, or else meets so with our fears and weak discourings, that they who six hours ago tended upon us either with charitable or ambitious services, cannot without some regret stay in the room alone where the body lies stripped of its life and honor. I have read of a fair young German gentleman who, living, often refused to be pictured, but put off the importunity of his friends' desire by giving way that after a few days' burial they might send a painter to his vault, and if they saw cause for it, draw the image of his death unto the life: they did so, and found his face half eaten, and his midriff and backbone full of serpents; and so he stands pictured among his armed ancestors. So does the fairest beauty change, and it will be as bad with you and me; and then what servants shall we have to wait upon us in the grave? what friends to visit us? what officious people to cleanse away the moist and unwholesome cloud reflected upon our faces from the sides of the weeping vaults, which are the longest weepers for our funeral?

This discourse will be useful if we consider and practise by the following rules and considerations respectively.

1. All the rich and all the covetous men in the world will perceive, and all the world will perceive for them, that it is but an ill recompense for all their cares, that by this time all that shall be left will be this, that

the neighbors shall say, "He died a rich man"; and yet his wealth will not profit him in the grave, but hugely swell the sad accounts of doomsday. And he that kills the Lord's people with unjust or ambitious wars for an unrewarding interest shall have this character, that he threw away all the days of his life, that one year might be reckoned with his name, and computed by his reign, or consulship; and many men by great labors and affronts, many indignities and crimes, labor only for a pompous epitaph and a loud title upon their marble; whilst those into whose possessions their heirs or kindred are entered, are forgotten, and lie unregarded as their ashes, and without concernment or relation, as the turf upon the face of their grave. A man may read a sermon, the best and most passionate that ever man preached, if he shall but enter into the sepulchres of kings. In the same Escorial where the Spanish princes live in greatness and power, and decree war or peace, they have wisely placed a cemetery where their ashes and their glory shall sleep till time shall be no more; and where our kings have been crowned, their ancestors lay interred, and they must walk over their grandsire's head to take his crown. There is an acre sown with royal seed, the copy of the greatest change, from rich to naked, from ceiled roofs to arched coffins, from living like gods to die like men. There is enough to cool the flames of lust, to abate the heights of pride, to appease the itch of covetous desires, to sully and dash out the dissembling colors of a lustful, artificial, and imaginary beauty. There the warlike and the peaceful, the fortunate and the miserable, the beloved and the despised princes mingle their dust, and pay down their symbol of mortality, and tell all the world, that when we die our ashes shall be equal to kings', and our accounts easier, and our pains or our crowns shall be less. To my apprehension it is a sad record, which is left by Athenæus concerning Ninus, the great Assyrian monarch, whose life and death is summed up in these words: "Ninus, the Assyrian, had an ocean of gold, and other riches more than the sand in the Caspian sea; he never saw the stars, and perhaps he never desired it; he never stirred up the holy fire among the Magi,

nor touched his god with the sacred rod according to the laws; he never offered sacrifice, nor worshipped the deity, nor administered justice, nor spake to his people, nor numbered them; but he was most valiant to eat and drink, and having mingled his wines he threw the rest upon the stones. This man is dead: behold his sepulchre; and now hear where Ninus is. Sometimes I was Ninus, and drew the breath of a living man; but now am nothing but clay. I have nothing, but what I did eat, and what I served to myself in lust, that was and is all my portion. The wealth with which I was esteemed blessed, my enemies meeting together shall bear away, as the mad Thyades carry a raw goat. I am gone to hell; and when I went thither, I neither carried gold, nor horse, nor silver chariot. I that wore a mitre, am now a little heap of dust." I know not anything that can better represent the evil condition of a wicked man, or a changing greatness. From the greatest secular dignity to dust and ashes his nature bears him, and from thence to hell his sins carry him, and there he shall be for ever under the dominion of chains and devils, wrath and an intolerable calamity. This is the reward of an unsanctified condition, and a greatness ill gotten or ill administered.

2. Let no man extend his thoughts or let his hopes wander towards future and far-distant events and accidental contingencies. This day is mine and yours, but ye know not what shall be on the morrow; and every morning creeps out of a dark cloud, leaving behind it an ignorance and silence deep as midnight, and undiscerned as are the phantasms that make a chrisom-child to smile: so that we cannot discern what comes hereafter, unless we had a light from heaven brighter than the vision of an angel, even the spirit of prophecy. Without revelation we cannot tell whether we shall eat tomorrow, or whether a squinzy¹⁰ shall choke us: and it is written in the unrevealed folds of divine predestination that many who are this day alive shall tomorrow be laid upon the cold earth, and the women shall weep over their shroud, and dress them for their funeral. St. James in his epistle notes the folly of some men his contemporaries, who

were so impatient of the event of tomorrow, or the accidents of next year, or the good or evils of old age, that they would consult astrologers and witches, oracles and devils, what should befall them the next calends: what should be the event of such a voyage, what God had written in his book concerning the success of battles, the election of emperors, the heirs of families, the price of merchandise, the return of the Tyrian fleet, the rate of Sidonian carpets; and as they were taught by the crafty and lying demons, so they would expect the issue; and oftentimes by disposing their affairs in order towards such events, really did produce some little accidents according to their expectation; and that made them trust the oracles in greater things, and in all. Against this he opposes his counsel, that we should not search after forbidden records, much less by uncertain significations; for whatsoever is disposed to happen by the order of natural causes or civil counsels, may be rescinded by a peculiar decree of providence, or be prevented by the death of the interested persons; who, while their hopes are full, and their causes conjoined, and the work brought forward, and the sickle put into the harvest, and the first-fruits offered and ready to be eaten, even then if they put forth their hand to an event that stands but at the door, at that door their body may be carried forth to burial, before the expectation shall enter into fruition. When Richilda, the widow of Albert Earl of Ebersberg, had feasted the emperor Henry the Third and petitioned in behalf of her nephew Welfo for some lands formerly possessed by the earl her husband, just as the emperor held out his hand to signify his consent, the chamber floor suddenly fell under them, and Richilda falling upon the edge of a bathing vessel was bruised to death, and stayed not to see her nephew sleep in those lands which the emperor was reaching forth to her, and placed at the door of restitution.

3. As our hopes must be confined, so must our designs: let us not project long designs, crafty plots, and diggings so deep that the intrigues of a design shall never be unfolded till our grandchildren have forgotten our virtues or our vices. The work

¹⁰ A severe form of tonsillitis.

of our soul is cut short, facile, sweet, and plain, and fitted to the small portions of our shorter life; and as we must not trouble our inquiry, so neither must we intricate our labor and purposes with what we shall never enjoy. This rule does not forbid us to plant orchards which shall feed our nephews with their fruit; for by such provisions they do something towards an imaginary immortality, and do charity to their relatives: but such projects are reproved which discompose our present duty by long and future designs; such which by casting our labors to events at distance make us less to remember our death standing at the door. It is fit for a man to work for his day's wages, or to contrive for the hire of a week, or to lay a train to make provisions for such a time as is within our eye, and in our duty, and within the usual periods of man's life; for whatsoever is made necessary is also made prudent: but while we plot and busy ourselves in the toils of an ambitious war, or the levies of a great estate, night enters in upon us, and tells all the world how like fools we lived, and how deceived and miserably we died. Seneca¹¹ tells of Senecio Cornelius, a man crafty in getting, and tenacious in holding a great estate, and one who was as diligent in the care of his body as of his money, curious of his health, as of his possessions, that he all day long attended upon his sick and dying friend; but when he went away, was quickly comforted, supped merrily, went to bed cheerfully, and on a sudden being surprised by a squinzy, scarce drew his breath until the morning, but by that time died, being snatched from the torrent of his fortune, and the swelling tide of wealth, and a likely hope bigger than the necessities of ten men. This accident was much noted then in Rome, because it happened in so great a fortune, and in the midst of wealthy designs; and presently it made wise men to consider, how imprudent a person he is who disposes of ten years to come, when he is not lord of tomorrow.

4. Though we must not look so far off and pry abroad, yet we must be busy near

at hand; we must with all arts of the spirit seize upon the present, because it passes from us while we speak, and because in it all our certainty does consist. We must take our waters as out of a torrent and sudden shower, which will quickly cease dropping from above, and quickly cease running in our channels here below; this instant will never return again, and yet it may be this instant will declare or secure the fortune of a whole eternity. The old Greeks and Romans taught us the prudence of this rule, but Christianity teaches us the religion of it. They so seized upon the present that they would lose nothing of the day's pleasure. "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we shall die"; that was their philosophy; and at their solemn feasts they would talk of death to heighten the present drinking, and that they might warm their veins with a fuller chalice, as knowing the drink that was poured upon their graves would be cold and without relish. "Break the beds, drink your wine, crown your heads with roses, and besmear your curled locks with nard; for God bids you to remember death": so the epigrammatist speaks the sense of their drunken principles.¹² Something towards this signification is that of Solomon, "there is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labor; for that is his portion; for who shall bring him to see that which shall be after him?" (Eccles. 2:24; 3:22.) But although he concludes all this to be vanity, yet because it was the best thing that was then commonly known that they should seize upon the present with a temperate use of permitted pleasures,¹³ I had reason to say, that Christianity taught us to turn this into religion. For he that by a present and a constant holiness secures the present, and makes it useful to his noblest purposes, he turns his condition into his best advantage, by making his unavoidable fate become his necessary religion.

To the purpose of this rule is that collect of Tuscan hieroglyphics which we have from Gabriel Simeon: "Our life is very short, beauty is a cozenage, money is false

¹¹ Epistles, ci.

¹² Martial, Epigrams II. 59.

¹³ *Amici, dum vivimus, vivamus.* (Gruter, *Inscriptiones*, DCIX. 3).

and fugitive; empire is odious, and hated by them that have it not, and uneasy to them that have; victory is always uncertain, and peace most commonly is but a fraudulent bargain; old age is miserable, death is the period, and is a happy one if it be not soured by the sins of our life: but nothing continues but the effects of that wisdom which employs the present time in the acts of a holy religion and a peaceable conscience." For they make us to live even beyond our funerals, embalmed in the spices and odors of a good name, and entombed in the grave of the holy Jesus, where we shall be dressed for a blessed resurrection to the state of angels and beatified spirits.

5. Since we stay not here, being people but of a day's abode, and our age is like that of a fly and contemporary with a gourd, we must look somewhere else for an abiding city, a place in another country to fix our house in, whose walls and foundation is God, where we must find rest, or else be restless for ever. For whatsoever ease we can have or fancy here is shortly to be changed into sadness or tediousness: it goes away too soon, like the periods of our life: or stays too long, like the sorrows of a sinner: its own weariness, or a contrary disturbance, is its load; or it is eased by its revolution into vanity and forgetfulness; and where either there is sorrow or an end of joy, there can be no true felicity: which because it must be had by some instrument and in some period of our duration, we must carry up our affections to the mansions prepared for us above, where eternity is the measure, felicity is the state, angels are the company, the Lamb is the light, and God is the portion and inheritance.

SECTION III

Rules and spiritual arts of lengthening our days, and to take off the objection of a short life

1. In the accounts of a man's life, we do not reckon that portion of days in which we are shut up in the prison of the womb; we tell our years from the day of our birth:

and the same reason that makes our reckoning to stay so long, says also that then it begins too soon. For then we are beholden to others to make the account for us; for we know not of a long time whether we be alive or no, having but some little approaches and symptoms of a life. To feed, and sleep, and move a little, and imperfectly, is the state of an unborn child; and when he is born, he does no more for a good while; and what is it that shall make him to be esteemed to live the life of a man? and when shall that account begin? For we should be loth to have the accounts of our age taken by the measures of a beast: and fools and distracted persons are reckoned as civilly dead; they are no parts of the commonwealth, not subject to laws, but secured by them in charity, and kept from violence as a man keeps his ox: and a third part of our life is spent, before we enter into a higher order, into the state of a man.

2. Neither must we think that the life of a man begins when he can feed himself, or walk alone, when he can fight, or beget his like; for so he is contemporary with a camel or a cow; but he is first a man when he comes to a certain, steady use of reason, according to his proportion: and when that is, all the world of men cannot tell precisely. Some are called at age at fourteen; some at one-and-twenty; some, never; but all men, late enough; for the life of a man comes upon him slowly and insensibly. But as when the sun approaches towards the gates of the morning, he first opens a little eye of heaven, and sends away the spirits of darkness, and gives light to a cock, and calls up the lark to matins, and by and by gilds the fringes of a cloud, and peeps over the eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns, like those which decked the brows of Moses when he was forced to wear a veil because himself had seen the face of God;¹⁴ and still while a man tells the story, the sun gets up higher, till he shows a fair face and a full light, and then he shines one whole day, under a cloud often, and sometimes weeping great and little showers, and sets quickly: so is a man's reason and his life. He first begins to perceive himself to see or taste, making little reflections upon

¹⁴ Exodus 34: 29-35.

his actions of sense, and can discourse of flies and dogs, shells and play, horses and liberty: but when he is strong enough to enter into arts and little institutions, he is at first entertained with trifles and impertinent things, not because he needs them, but because his understanding is no bigger, and little images of things are laid before him, like a cock-boat to a whale, only to play withal: but before a man comes to be wise, he is half dead with gouts and consumptions, with catarrhs and aches, with sore eyes and a worn-out body. So that if we must not reckon the life of a man but by the accounts of his reason, he is long before his soul be dressed; and he is not to be called a man without a wise and an adorned soul, a soul at least furnished with what is necessary towards his well-being: but by that time his soul is thus furnished, his body is decayed; and then you can hardly reckon him to be alive, when his body is possessed by so many degrees of death.

3. But there is yet another arrest. At first he wants strength of body, and then he wants the use of reason: and when that is come, it is ten to one but he stops by the impediments of vice, and wants the strengths of the spirit; and we know that body and soul and spirit are the constituent parts of every Christian man. And now let us consider what that thing is which we call years of discretion. The young man is past his tutors, and arrived at the bondage of a captive spirit; he is run from discipline, and is let loose to passion; the man by this time hath wit enough to choose his vice, to act his lust, to court his mistress, to talk confidently, and ignorantly, and perpetually, to despise his betters, to deny nothing to his appetite, to do things that when he is indeed a man he must for ever be ashamed of: for this is all the discretion that most men show in the first stage of their manhood; they can discern good from evil; and they prove their skill by leaving all that is good, and wallowing in the evils of folly and an unbridled appetite. And by this time the young man hath contracted vicious habits, and is a beast in manners, and therefore it will not be fitting to reckon the beginning of his life; he is a fool in his

understanding, and that is a sad death; and he is dead in trespasses and sins, and that is a sadder: so that he hath no life but a natural, the life of a beast or a tree; in all other capacities he is dead; he neither hath the intellectual nor the spiritual life, neither the life of a man nor of a Christian; and this sad truth lasts too long. For old age seizes upon most men while they still retain the minds of boys and vicious youth, doing actions from principles of great folly, and a mighty ignorance, admiring things useless and hurtful, and filling up all the dimensions of their abode with businesses of empty affairs, being at leisure to attend no virtue: they cannot pray, because they are busy, and because they are passionate; they cannot communicate, because they have quarrels and intrigues of perplexed causes, complicated hostilities, and things of the world, and therefore they cannot attend to the things of God: little considering that they must find a time to die in; when death comes, they must be at leisure for that. Such men are like sailors loosing from a port, and tossed immediately with a perpetual tempest lasting till their cordage crack, and either they sink, or return back again to the same place; they did not make a voyage, though they were long at sea. The business and impertinent affairs of most men steal all their time, and they are restless in a foolish motion: but this is not the progress of a man; he is no farther advanced in the course of a life, though he reckon many years; for still his soul is childish, and trifling like an untaught boy.

If the parts of this sad complaint find their remedy, we have by the same instruments also cured the evils and the vanity of a short life. Therefore,

1. Be infinitely curious you do not set back your life in the accounts of God by the intermingling of criminal actions, or the contracting vicious habits. There are some vices which carry a sword in their hand, and cut a man off before his time. There is a sword of the Lord, and there is a sword of the Devil. Every vice of our own managing in the matter of carnality, of lust or rage, ambition or revenge, is a sword of Satan put into the hands of a man: these are the destroy-

ing angels; sin is the Apollyon, the destroyer that is gone out, not from the Lord, but from the tempter; and we hug the poison, and twist willingly with the vipers, till they bring us into the regions of an irrecoverable sorrow. We use to reckon persons as good as dead if they have lost their limbs and their teeth, and are confined to a hospital, and converse with none but surgeons and physicians, mourners and divines, those *pol-linctores*, the dressers of bodies and souls to funeral: but it is worse when the soul, the principle of life, is employed wholly in the offices of death; and that man was worse than dead of whom Seneca tells, that, being a rich fool, when he was lifted up from the baths and set into a soft couch, asked his slaves, *An ego jam sedeo*, "do I now sit?" The beast was so drowned in sensuality and the death of his soul, that whether he did sit or no, he was to believe another. Idleness and every vice is as much of death as a long disease is, or the expense of ten years; and "she that lives in pleasures is dead while she liveth," saith the apostle;¹⁵ and it is the style of the Spirit concerning wicked persons, "they are dead in trespasses and sins."¹⁶ For as every sensual pleasure and every day of idleness and useless living lops off a little branch from our short life, so every deadly sin and every habitual vice does quite destroy us; but innocence leaves us in our natural portions and perfect period; we lose nothing of our life if we lose nothing of our soul's health; and therefore he that would live a full age, must avoid a sin, as he would decline the regions of death and the dishonors of the grave.

2. If we would have our life lengthened, let us begin betimes to live in the accounts of reason and sober counsels, of religion and the spirit, and then we shall have no reason to complain that our abode on earth is so short: many men find it long enough, and indeed it is so to all senses. But when we spend in waste what God hath given us in plenty, when we sacrifice our youth to folly, our manhood to lust and rage, our old age to covetousness and irreligion, not beginning to live till we are to die, designing that time to virtue which indeed is infirm

¹⁵ 1 Timothy 5:6.

to everything and profitable to nothing; then we make our lives short, and lust runs away with all the vigorous and healthful part of it, and pride and animosity steal the manly portion, and craftiness and interest possess old age: *velut ex pleno et abundanti perdimus*, we spend as if we had too much time, and knew not what to do with it: we fear everything, like weak and silly mortals; and desire strangely and greedily, as if we were immortal: we complain our life is short, and yet we throw away much of it, and are weary of many of its parts; we complain the day is long, and the night is long, and we want company, and seek out arts to drive the time away, and then weep because it is gone too soon. But so the treasure of the capitol is but a small estate, when Cæsar comes to finger it, and to pay with it all his legions; and the revenue of all Egypt and the eastern provinces was but a little sum, when they were to support the luxury of Mark Antony, and feed the riot of Cleopatra; but a thousand crowns is a vast proportion to be spent in the cottage of a frugal person, or to feed a hermit. Just so is our life: it is too short to serve the ambition of a haughty prince or an usurping rebel; too little time to purchase great wealth, to satisfy the pride of a vain-glorious fool, to trample upon all the enemies of our just or unjust interest; but for the obtaining virtue, for the purchase of sobriety and modesty, for the actions of religion, God gave us time sufficient, if we make the "outgoings of the morning and evening," that is, our infancy and old age, to be taken into the computations of a man. Which we may see in the following particulars.

1. If, our childhood being first consecrated by a forward baptism, it be seconded by a holy education and a complying obedience; if our youth be chaste and temperate, modest and industrious, proceeding through a prudent and sober manhood to a religious old age; then we have lived our whole duration, and shall never die, but be changed, in a just time, to the preparations of a better and an immortal life.

2. If, besides the ordinary returns of our prayers and periodical and festival solemn-

¹⁶ Ephesians 2:1.

ties, and our seldom communions, we would allow to religion and the studies of wisdom those great shares that are trifled away upon vain sorrow, foolish mirth, troublesome ambition, busy covetousness, watchful lust, and impertinent amours, and balls and revellings and banquets, all that which was spent viciously, and all that time that lay fallow and without employment, our life would quickly amount to a great sum. Tostatus Abulensis was a very painful person, and a great clerk, and in the days of his manhood he wrote so many books, and they not ill ones, that the world computed a sheet for every day of his life; I suppose they meant, after he came to the use of reason and the state of a man; and John Scotus¹⁷ died about the two-and-thirtieth year of his age; and yet besides his public disputations, his daily lectures of divinity in public and private, the books that he wrote, being lately collected and printed at Lyons, do equal the number of volumes of any two the most voluminous fathers of the Latin church. Every man is not enabled to such employments, but every man is called and enabled to the works of a sober and religious life; and there are many saints of God that can reckon as many volumes of religion and mountains of piety, as those others did of good books. St. Ambrose (and I think, from his example, St. Augustine) divided every day into three "tertias" of employment: eight hours he spent in the necessities of nature and recreation; eight hours in charity and doing assistance to others, dispatching their businesses, reconciling their enmities, reproving their vices, correcting their errors, instructing their ignorances, transacting the affairs of his dioceses; and the other eight hours he spent in study and prayer. If we were thus minute and curious in the spending our time, it is impossible but our life would seem very long. For so have I seen an amorous person tell the minutes of his absence from his fancied joy, and while he told the sands of his hour-glass, or the throbs and little beatings of his watch, by dividing an hour into so many members, he spun out its length

by number, and so translated a day into the tediousness of a month. And if we tell our days by canonical hours of prayer, our weeks by a constant revolution of fasting days or days of special devotion, and over all these draw a black cypress, a veil of penitential sorrow and severe mortification, we shall soon answer the calumny and objection of a short life. He that governs the day and divides the hours, hastens from the eyes and observation of a merry sinner; but loves to stand still, and behold and tell the sighs, and number the groans and sadly delicious accents of a grieved penitent. It is a vast work that any man may do if he never be idle; and it is a huge way that a man may go in virtue, if he never goes out of his way by a vicious habit or a great crime: and he that perpetually reads good books, if his parts be answerable, will have a huge stock of knowledge. It is so in all things else. Strive not to forget your time, and suffer none of it to pass undiscerned; and then measure your life, and tell me how you find the measure of its abode. However, the time we live is worth the money we pay for it, and therefore it is not to be thrown away.

3. When vicious men are dying, and scared with the affrighting truths of an evil conscience, they would give all the world for a year, for a month: nay, we read of some that called out with amazement, *inducias usque ad mane*, "truce but till the morning": and if that year or some few months were given, those men think they could do miracles in it. And let us awhile suppose what Dives would have done, if he had been loosed from the pains of hell, and permitted to live on earth one year. Would all the pleasures of the world have kept him one hour from the temple? would he not perpetually have been under the hands of priests, or at the feet of the doctors, or by Moses' chair, or attending as near the altar as he could get, or relieving poor Lazarus, or praying to God, and crucifying all his sin? I have read of a melancholy person who saw hell but in a dream or vision, and the amazement was such that

¹⁷ Joannes Duns Scotus (1265?-1308?), the famous Doctor Subtilis, born at Dunse, Scotland. He was the founder of the scholastic system known as Scotism, and chief opponent of the system known as Thomism, founded by Thomas Aquinas.

he would have chosen ten times to die rather than feel again so much of that horror; and such a person cannot be fancied but that he would spend a year in such holiness, that the religion of a few months would equal the devotion of many years even of a good man. Let us but compute the proportions. If we should spend all our years of reason so as such a person would spend that one, can it be thought that life would be short and trifling in which he had performed such a religion, served God with so much holiness, mortified sin with so great a labor, purchased virtue at such a rate and so rare an industry? It must needs be that such a man must die when he ought to die, and be like ripe and pleasant fruit falling from a fair tree, and gathered into baskets for the planter's use. He that hath done all his business, and is begotten to a glorious hope by the seed of an immortal spirit, can never die too soon, nor live too long.

Xerxes wept sadly, when he saw his army of two million three hundred thousand men, because he considered that within a hundred years all the youth of that army should be dust and ashes: and yet as Seneca¹⁸ well observes of him, he was the man that should bring them to their graves; and he consumed all that army in two years, for whom he feared and wept the death after a hundred. Just so we do all. We complain that within thirty or forty years, a little more, or a great deal less, we shall descend again into the bowels of our mother, and that our life is too short for any great employment; and yet we throw away five-and-thirty years of our forty, and the remaining five we divide between art and nature, civility and customs, necessity and convenience, prudent counsels and religion: but the portion of the last is little and contemptible, and yet that little is all that we can prudently account of our lives. We bring that fate and that death near us, of whose approach we are so sadly apprehensive.

4. In taking the accounts of your life, do not reckon by great distances, and by the periods of pleasure, or the satisfaction of your hopes, or the stating your desires; but let every intermedial day and hour pass

with observation. He that reckons he hath lived but so many harvests, thinks they come not often enough, and that they go away too soon: some lose the day with longing for the night, and the night in waiting for the day. Hope and fantastic expectations spend much of our lives: and while with passion we look for a coronation, or the death of an enemy, or a day of joy, passing from fancy to possession without any intermedial notices, we throw away a precious year, and use it but as the burden of our time, fit to be pared off and thrown away, that we may come at those little pleasures which first steal our hearts, and then steal our life.

5. A strict course of piety is the way to prolong our lives in the natural sense, and to add good portions to the number of our years: and sin is sometimes by natural causality, very often by the anger of God and the divine judgment, a cause of sudden and untimely death. Concerning which I shall add nothing to what I have somewhere else¹⁹ said of this article, but only the observation of Epiphanius; that for three thousand three hundred and thirty-two years, even to the twentieth age, there was not one example of a son that died before his father; but the course of nature was kept, that he who was first born in the descending line did first die (I speak of natural death, and therefore Abel cannot be opposed to this observation), till that Terah the father of Abraham taught the people a new religion, to make images of clay and worship them; and concerning him it was first remarked, that "Haran died before his father Terah in the land of his nativity"; God by an unheard-of judgment and a rare accident punishing his newly invented crime by the untimely death of his son.

6. But if I shall describe a living man, a man that hath life that distinguishes him from a fool or a bird, that which gives him a capacity next to angels, we shall find that even a good man lives not long, because it is long before he is born to this life, and longer yet before he hath a man's growth. "He that can look upon death, and see its face with the same countenance with which

¹⁸ *De Brevitate Vitæ*, i. 16.

¹⁹ *Life of Christ*, Part III, Disc. 14.

he hears its story; that can endure all the labors of his life with his soul supporting his body; that can equally despise riches when he hath them and when he hath them not; that is not sadder if they lie in his neighbor's trunks, nor more brag if they shine round about his own walls; he that is neither moved with good fortune coming to him nor going from him; that can look upon another man's lands evenly and pleasedly as if they were his own, and yet look upon his own, and use them too, just as if they were another man's; that neither spends his goods prodigally and like a fool, nor yet keeps them avariciously and like a wretch; that weighs not benefits by weight and number, but by the mind and circumstances of him that gives them; that never thinks his charity expensive if a worthy person be the receiver; he that does nothing for opinion sake, but everything for conscience, being as curious of his thoughts as of his actings in markets and theatres, and is as much in awe of himself as of a whole assembly; he that knows God looks on, and contrives his secret affairs as in the presence of God and his holy angels; that eats and drinks because he needs it, not that he may serve a lust or load his belly; he that is bountiful and cheerful to his friends, and charitable and apt to forgive his enemies; that loves his country, and obeys his prince, and desires and endeavors nothing more than that he may do honor to God"; this person may reckon his life to be the life of a man, and compute his months, not by the course of the sun, but the zodiac and circle of his virtues; because these are such things which fools and children and birds and beasts cannot have; these are therefore the actions of life, because they are the seeds of immortality. That day in which we have done some excellent thing we may as truly reckon to be added to our life as were the fifteen years to the days of Hezekiah.²⁰

SECTION IV

Consideration of the miseries of man's life

As our life is very short, so it is very miserable; and therefore it is well it is

short. God, in pity to mankind, lest his burden should be insupportable and his nature an intolerable load, hath reduced our state of misery to an abbreviature; and the greater our misery is, the less while it is like to last; the sorrows of a man's spirit being like ponderous weights, which by the greatness of their burden make a swifter motion, and descend into the grave to rest and ease our wearied limbs; for then only we shall sleep quietly, when those fetters are knocked off, which not only bound our souls in prison, but also ate the flesh till the very bones opened the secret garments of their cartilages, discovering their nakedness and sorrow.

1. Here is no place to sit down in, but you must rise as soon as you are set, for we have gnats in our chambers, and worms in our gardens, and spiders and flies in the palaces of the greatest kings. How few men in the world are prosperous! What an infinite number of slaves and beggars, of persecuted and oppressed people, fill all corners of the earth with groans, and heaven itself with weeping prayers and sad remembrances! How many provinces and kingdoms are afflicted by a violent war, or made desolate by popular diseases! Some whole countries are remarked with fatal evils, or periodical sicknesses. Grand Cairo in Egypt feels the plague every three years returning like a quartan ague, and destroying many thousands of persons. All the inhabitants of Arabia the desert are in continual fear of being buried in huge heaps of sand, and therefore dwell in tents and ambulatory houses, or retire to unfruitful mountains, to prolong an uneasy and wilder life. And all the countries round about the Adriatic Sea feel such violent convulsions by tempests and intolerable earthquakes, that sometimes whole cities find a tomb, and every man sinks with his own house made ready to become his monument, and his bed is crushed into the disorders of a grave. Was not all the world drowned at one deluge and breach of the divine anger; and shall not all the world again be destroyed by fire?²¹ Are there not many thousands that die every night, and that groan and weep sadly every day? But what

²⁰ Isaiah 38:7, 8.

²¹ Taylor's reference is to the prophecy in the Sibylline Oracles, III.

shall we think of that great evil which for the sins of men God hath suffered to possess the greatest part of mankind? Most of the men that are now alive, or that have been living for many ages, are Jews, Heathens, or Turks; and God was pleased to suffer a base epileptic person, a villain and a vicious, to set up a religion which hath filled all the nearer parts of Asia, and much of Africa, and some part of Europe; so that the greatest number of men and women born in so many kingdoms and provinces are infallibly made Mahometans, strangers and enemies to Christ by whom alone we can be saved: this consideration is extremely sad, when we remember how universal and how great an evil it is, that so many millions of sons and daughters are born to enter into the possession of devils to eternal ages. These evils are miseries of great parts of mankind, and we cannot easily consider more particularly the evils which happen to us, being the inseparable affections or incidents to the whole nature of man.

2. We find that all the women in the world are either born for barrenness, or the pains of childbirth, and yet this is one of our greatest blessings; but such indeed are the blessings of this world, we cannot be well with nor without many things. Perfumes make our heads ache, roses prick our fingers, and in our very blood, where our life dwells, is the scene under which nature acts many sharp fevers and heavy sicknesses. It were too sad if I should tell how many persons are afflicted with evil spirits, with spectres and illusions of the night; and that huge multitudes of men and women live upon man's flesh; nay, worse yet, upon the sins of men, upon the sins of their sons and of their daughters, and they pay their souls down for the bread they eat, buying this day's meal with the price of the last night's sin.

3. Or if you please in charity to visit a hospital, which is indeed a map of the whole world, there you shall see the effects of Adam's sin, and the ruins of human nature; bodies laid up in heaps like the bones of a destroyed town, *homines precarii spiritus et male hærentis*, men whose souls seem to be borrowed, and are kept there by

art and the force of medicine, whose miseries are so great that few people have charity or humanity enough to visit them, fewer have the heart to dress them, and we pity them in civility or with a transient prayer, but we do not feel their sorrows by the mercies of a religious pity; and therefore as we leave their sorrows in many degrees unrelieved and uneased, so we contract by our unmercifulness a guilt by which ourselves become liable to the same calamities. Those many that need pity, and those infinities of people that refuse to pity, are miserable upon a several charge, but yet they almost make up all mankind.

4. All wicked men are in love with that which entangles them in huge varieties of troubles; they are slaves to the worst of masters, to sin and to the devil, to a passion, and to an imperious woman. Good men are for ever prosecuted, and God chastises every son whom he receives, and whatsoever is easy is trifling and worth nothing, and whatsoever is excellent is not to be obtained without labor and sorrow; and the conditions and states of men that are free from great cares are such as have in them nothing rich and orderly, and those that have are stuck full of thorns and trouble. Kings are full of care; and learned men in all ages have been observed to be very poor, *et honestas miserias accusant*, "they complain of their honest miseries."

5. But these evils are notorious and confessed; even they also whose felicity men stare at and admire, besides their splendor and the sharpness of their light, will with their appendant sorrows wring a tear from the most resolved eye; for not only the winter quarter is full of storms and cold and darkness, but the beauteous spring hath blasts and sharp frosts, the fruitful teeming summer is melted with heat, and burnt with the kisses of the sun her friend, and choked with dust, and the rich autumn is full of sickness; and we are weary of that which we enjoy, because sorrow is its biggest portion: and when we remember that upon the fairest face is placed one of the worst sinks of the body, the nose, we may use it not only as a mortification to the pride of beauty, but as an allay to the fairest outside of condition which any of

the sons and daughters of Adam do possess. For look upon kings and conquerors: I will not tell that many of them fall into the condition of servants, and their subjects rule over them, and stand upon the ruins of their families, and that to such persons the sorrow is bigger than usually happens in smaller fortunes; but let us suppose them still conquerors, and see what a goodly purchase they get by all their pains, and amazing fears, and continual dangers. They carry their arms beyond Ister, and pass the Euphrates, and bind the Germans with the bounds of the river Rhine: I speak in the style of the Roman greatness; for nowadays the biggest fortune swells not beyond the limits of a petty province or two, and a hill confines the progress of their prosperity, or a river checks it: but whatsoever tempts the pride and vanity of ambitious persons is not so big as the smallest star which we see scattered in disorder and unregarded upon the pavement and floor of heaven. And if we would suppose the pismires had but our understandings, they also would have the method of a man's greatness, and divide their little molehills into provinces and exarchates: and if they also grew as vicious and as miserable, one of their princes would lead an army out and kill his neighbor ants, that he might reign over the next handful of a turf. But then if we consider at what price and with what felicity all this is purchased, the sting of the painted snake will quickly appear, and the fairest of their fortunes will properly enter into this account of human infelicities.

We may guess at it by the constitution of Augustus's fortune, who struggled for his power first with the Roman citizens, then with Brutus and Cassius and all the fortune of the republic; then with his colleague Mark Antony; then with his kindred and nearest relatives; and after he was wearied with slaughter of the Romans, before he could sit down and rest in his imperial chair, he was forced to carry armies into Macedonia, Galatia, beyond Euphrates, Rhine, and Danubius; and when he dwelt at home in greatness and within the circles of a mighty power, he hardly escaped the sword of the Egnatii, of Lepidus, Cæpio, and Murena; and after he had entirely reduced

the felicity and grandeur into his own family, his daughter, his only child, conspired with many of the young nobility, and being joined with adulterous complications, as with an impious sacrament, they affrighted and destroyed the fortune of the old man, and wrought him more sorrow than all the troubles that were hatched in the baths and beds of Egypt between Antony and Cleopatra. This was the greatest fortune that the world had then or ever since, and therefore we cannot expect it to be better in a less prosperity.

6. The prosperity of this world is so infinitely soured with the overflowing of evils, that he is counted the most happy who hath the fewest; all conditions being evil and miserable, they are only distinguished by the number of calamities. The collector²² of the Roman and foreign examples, when he had reckoned two-and-twenty instances of great fortunes, every one of which had been allayed with great variety of evils; in all his reading or experience, he could tell but of two who had been famed for an entire prosperity, Quintus Metellus, and Gyges the king of Lydia: and yet concerning the one of them he tells that his felicity was so inconsiderable (and yet it was the bigger of the two) that the oracle said that Aglaus Sophidius the poor Arcadian shepherd was more happy than he, that is, he had fewer troubles; for so indeed we are to reckon the pleasures of this life; the limit of our joy is the absence of some degrees of sorrow, and he that hath the least of this, is the most prosperous person. But then we must look for prosperity not in palaces or courts of princes, not in the tents of conquerors, or in the gaieties of fortunate and prevailing sinners; but something rather in the cottages of honest, innocent, and contented persons, whose mind is no bigger than their fortune, nor their virtue less than their security. As for others, whose fortune looks bigger, and allures fools to follow it like the wandering fires of the night, till they run into rivers or are broken upon rocks with staring and running after them, they are all in the condition of Marius, than whose condition nothing was more constant, and nothing more mutable; if we reckon them amongst the happy, they are the most

happy men; if we reckon them amongst the miserable, they are the most miserable. For just as is a man's condition, great or little, so is the state of his misery; all have their share; but kings and princes, great generals and consuls, rich men and mighty, as they have the biggest business and the biggest charge, and are answerable to God for the greatest accounts, so they have the biggest trouble; that the uneasiness of their appendage may divide the good and evil of the world, making the poor man's fortune as eligible as the greatest; and also restraining the vanity of man's spirit, which a great fortune is apt to swell from a vapor to a bubble; but God in mercy hath mingled wormwood with their wine, and so restrained the drunkenness and follies of prosperity.

7. Man never hath one day to himself of entire peace from the things of the world, but either something troubles him, or nothing satisfies him, or his very fulness swells him and makes him breathe short upon his bed. Men's joys are troublesome, and besides that the fear of losing them takes away the present pleasure, and a man hath need of another felicity to preserve this, they are also wavering and full of trepidation, not only from their inconstant nature, but from their weak foundation: they arise from vanity, and they dwell upon ice, and they converse with the wind, and they have the wings of a bird, and are serious but as the resolutions of a child, commenced by chance, and managed by folly, and proceed by inadvertency, and end in vanity and forgetfulness. So that as Livius Drusus said ²³ of himself, he never had any play-days or days of quiet when he was a boy, for he was troublesome and busy, a restless and unquiet man; the same may every man observe to be true of himself; he is always restless and uneasy, he dwells upon the waters, and leans upon thorns, and lays his head upon a sharp stone.

SECTION V

This consideration reduced to practice

1. The effect of this consideration is this, that the sadnesses of this life help to sweeten the bitter cup of death. For let our life be never so long, if our strength were great

as that of oxen and camels, if our sinews were strong as the cordage at the foot of an oak, if we were as fighting and prosperous people as Sicius Dentatus,²⁴ who was on the prevailing side in a hundred and twenty battles, who had three hundred and twelve public rewards assigned him by his generals and princes for his valor and conduct in sieges and sharp encounters, and, besides all this, had his share in nine triumphs; yet still the period shall be that all this shall end in death, and the people shall talk of us awhile, good or bad, according as we deserve, or as they please, and once it shall come to pass that concerning every one of us it shall be told in the neighborhood, that we are dead. This we are apt to think a sad story; but therefore let us help it with a sadder: for we therefore need not be much troubled that we shall die, because we are not here in ease, nor do we dwell in a fair condition; but our days are full of sorrow and anguish, dishonored, and made unhappy with many sins, with a frail and a foolish spirit, entangled with difficult cases of conscience, ensnared with passions, amazed with fears, full of cares, divided with curiosities and contradictory interests, made airy and impertinent with vanities, abused with ignorance and prodigious errors, made ridiculous with a thousand weaknesses, worn away with labors, loaded with diseases, daily vexed with dangers and temptations, and in love with misery; we are weakened with delights, afflicted with want, with the evils of myself and of all my family, and with the sadnesses of all my friends, and of all good men, even of the whole church; and therefore methinks we need not be troubled that God is pleased to put an end to all these troubles, and to let them sit down in a natural period, which, if we please, may be to us the beginning of a better life. When the prince of Persia wept because his army should all die in the revolution of an age, Artabanus told him that they should all meet with evils so many and so great that every man of them should wish himself dead long before that. Indeed it were a sad thing to be cut of the stone, and we that are in health tremble to think of it; but the man that is wearied with the disease looks upon that sharpness

²³ Seneca, *De Brevitate Vitæ*, i. 6.

²⁴ Valerius Maximus, iii. 2.

as upon his cure and remedy; and as none need to have a tooth drawn, so none could well endure it, but he that felt the pain of it in his head: so is our life so full of evils, that therefore death is no evil to them that have felt the smart of this, or hope for the joys of a better.

2. But as it helps to ease a certain sorrow, as a fire draws out fire, and a nail drives forth a nail, so it instructs us in a present duty, that is, that we should not be so fond of a perpetual storm, nor dote upon the transient gauds and gilded thorns of this world. They are not worth a passion, nor worth a sigh or a groan, not of the price of one night's watching; and therefore they are mistaken and miserable persons, who, since Adam planted thorns round about paradise, are more in love with that hedge than all the fruits of the garden, sottish admirers of things that hurt them, of sweet poisons, gilded daggers, and silken halters. Tell them they have lost a bounteous friend, a rich purchase, a fair farm, a wealthy donative,²⁵ and you dissolve their patience; it is an evil bigger than their spirit can bear; it brings sickness and death; they can neither eat nor sleep with such a sorrow. But if you represent to them the evils of a vicious habit, and the dangers of a state of sin; if you tell them they have displeased God, and interrupted their hopes of heaven, it may be they will be so civil as to hear it patiently, and to treat you kindly, and first to commend, and then forget your story, because they prefer this world with all its sorrows before the pure unmingled felicities of heaven. But it is strange that any man should be so passionately in love with the thorns which grow on his own ground, that he should wear them for armlets, and knit them in his shirt, and prefer them before a kingdom and immortality. No man loves this world the better for his being poor; but men that love it because they have great possessions, love it because it is troublesome and chargeable, full of noise and temptation, because

it is unsafe and ungoverned, flattered and abused; and he that considers the troubles of an overlong garment and of a crammed stomach, a trailing gown and a loaden table, may justly understand that all that for which men are so passionate, is their hurt and their objection, that which a temperate man would avoid, and a wise man cannot love.

He that is no fool, but can consider wisely, if he be in love with this world, we need not despair but that a witty man might reconcile him with tortures, and make him think charitably of the rack, and be brought to dwell with vipers and dragons, and entertain his guests with the shrieks of man-drakes, cats, and screech-owls, with the filing of iron, and the harshness of rending of silk, or to admire the harmony that is made by a herd of evening wolves when they miss their draught of blood in their midnight revels. The groans of a man in a fit of the stone are worse than all these; and the distractions of a troubled conscience are worse than those groans; and yet a careless merry sinner is worse than all that. But if we could from one of the battlements of heaven espy how many men and women at this time lie fainting and dying for want of bread, how many young men are hewn down by the sword of war, how many poor orphans are now weeping over the graves of their father by whose life they were enabled to eat: if we could but hear how many mariners and passengers are at this present in a storm, and shriek out because their keel dashes against a rock, or bulges under them, how many people there are that weep with want, and are mad with oppression, or are desperate by too quick a sense of a constant infelicity; in all reason we should be glad to be out of the noise and participation of so many evils. This is a place of sorrows and tears, of great evils and a constant calamity: let us remove from hence, at least in affections and preparation of mind.

ABRAHAM COWLEY

(1618-1667)

Cowley has been overtaken by as perverse a fate as ever attended on a poet. He who was the most popular and admired poet of his day had within two generations become a byword and symbol of neglect. "Who now reads Cowley?" asked Mr. Pope, and he was quite sure of the answer. Furthermore, to add to the paradoxes, and to help redress Cowley's grievance against fate, he who died famous as a poet has risen as one of the century's most notable writers of prose.

He was born in London, the seventh child of a stationer, and early evinced a precocity almost without parallel in the history of English letters. It is doubtful if any other Englishman ever wrote at once so early and so well. At the age of fifteen he published a very creditable volume entitled *Poetical Blossoms*, some verses in which he had written at the age of ten. It has been conjectured by some that Milton had Cowley in mind when, in his sonnet *On his Being Arrived to the Age of Twenty-three*, he laments that his "late spring no bud or blossom show'th," although other and "more timely-happy spirits" have already shown signs of maturity and manhood. Cowley, like Milton, went to Cambridge, and while there had the honor of having a Latin play of his produced by his fellow-undergraduates. Like Milton also he was overtaken by the civil strife of the mid-century, "that violent public storm," as he calls it, "which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every plant even from the princely cedars to me the hyssop." Unlike Milton, Cowley allied himself with the king's party, went into exile with the queen, Henrietta Maria, and acted as her secretary for some twelve years. His experience as court secretary was not without its effect in the development of the prose style which he achieved; and in the letters which he wrote for the queen to Charles I he had, doubtless, ample opportunity to employ that "language of the heart" which even Mr. Pope could love. He returned to England in 1655, and seems to have acted as a sort of spy for the Royalists. Certainly he was suspected by the government of Cromwell, and was under surveillance until Cromwell's death. He returned to his friends in France then, and remained until the Restoration. Cowley had every reason to expect a handsome reward for his services to the cause of the exiled monarch, but, like many others of Charles's faithful supporters, he was disappointed. He retired to a quiet life in the country and to the consolations of philosophy.

A study of Cowley's life and interests and activities will show that at heart he was really not a poet. His numerous works in verse—the collection of frigid, "metaphysical" verses in *The Mistress*, the cumbersome epic, *Davideis*, and the so-called *Pindaric Odes*—all lack the divine spark. His *Anacreontics* contain his happiest attempts at poetry. But his interests were chiefly intellectual. He was a Doctor of Physic of Oxford, a member of the Royal Society, and deeply concerned with scientific problems and principles. He has a treatise on botany, and is the author of one of the most important educational programs of the century. It is interesting to find in his *Davideis* a College of the Prophets, with a well-stocked library, and strikingly like one of the colleges at Oxford or Cambridge. Furthermore he had no ear for poetry, and his verse is as mechanical and uninspired as school exercises. Verse really impeded him, and even his essays are rendered less effective because of his habit of including long passages of verse in them. It is significant that he failed to understand the harmony and the pattern of the *Pindaric odes*, and thus through a misunderstanding he gave to English literature one of its most distinctive types, the irregular ode.

Fortunately Cowley did not attempt to make his prose the counterpart of his verse. "What shall I do to be for ever known?" he exclaims at the opening of his *Miscellanies*. He was, happily for himself and for us, content to be unknown in his prose. He had tried to be great as a poet, and had succeeded in becoming merely grandiose. His great hopes, his great ambitions, his great friends had played him false, and on his farm in Surrey he turned to the contemplation and the cultivation of little things. How different, and how infinitely

more charming, is the philosophy of his prose from that of his verse! "I confess I love littleness in almost all things," he writes. "A little convenient estate, a little cheerful house, a little company, and a very little feast; and if I ever were to fall in love again (which is a great passion, and therefore I hope I have done with it), it would be, I think, with prettiness, rather than with majestic beauty." If only he could have evolved such a philosophy in his precocious youth, how much both he and we should have been spared! And, who knows, how much greater had been the reputation of this lover of little things! The simplicity of Cowley's prose has, indeed, saved it. He is almost the first of the line of English essayists in the chatty, rambling, discursive, personal vein, and surely it is the greatest of all the paradoxes connected with his fate that, having been considered by his own age as of the company of Shakespeare, Spenser, and Chaucer, he should have his name linked by the present generation with those of Charles Lamb and Montaigne.

A PROPOSITION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY

(Text: first edition, 1661)

To the Honorable Society
for the Advancement of
Experimental Philosophy

The author of the following discourse, having since his going into France allowed me to make it public, I thought I should do it most right by presenting it to your considerations; to the end that when it hath been fully examined by you, and received such additions or alterations as you shall think fit, the design thereof may be promoted by your recommending the practice of it to the nation.

I am,
Your most humble Servant,
P. P.

THE PREFACE

All knowledge must either be of God, or of his creatures, that is, of nature; the first is called from the object, Divinity; the latter, Natural Philosophy, and is divided into the contemplation of the Immediate or Mediate creatures of God, that is, the creatures ¹ of his creature Man. Of this latter kind are all arts for the use of human life, which are thus again divided: some are purely human, or made by man alone, and as it were entirely spun out of himself, without relation to other creatures; such are Grammar and Logic, to improve his natural qualities of internal and external speech; as likewise Rhetoric and Politics (or Law) to fulfil and exalt his natural inclina-

tion to Society. Other are mixed, and are man's creatures no otherwise than by the result which he effects by conjunction and application of the creatures of God. Of these parts of philosophy, that which treats of God Almighty (properly called Divinity), which is almost only to be sought out of his revealed will, and therefore requires only the diligent and pious study of that, and of the best interpreters upon it; and that part which I call purely human, depending solely upon memory and wit, that is, Reading and Invention, are both excellently well provided for by the constitution of our universities. But the other two parts, the inquisition into the nature of God's creatures, and the application of them to human uses (especially the latter) seem to be very slenderly provided for, or rather almost totally neglected, except only some small assistances to Physic and the Mathematics. And therefore the founders of our colleges have taken ample care to supply the students with multitude of books, and to appoint tutors and frequent exercises, the one to interpret, and the other to confirm their reading, as also to afford them sufficient plenty and leisure for the opportunities of their private study, that the beams which they receive by lecture may be doubled by reflections of their own wit; but towards the observation and application, as I said, of the creatures themselves, they have allowed no instruments, materials, or conveniences. Partly, because the necessary expense

¹ *I.e.*, creations.

thereof is much greater than of the other; and partly from that idle and pernicious opinion, which had long possessed the world, that all things to be searched in nature had been already found and discovered by the ancients, and that it were a folly to travel about for that which others had before brought home to us. And the great importer of all truths they took to be Aristotle, as if (as Macrobius² speaks foolishly of Hippocrates) he could neither deceive nor be deceived, or as if there had been not only no lies in him, but all verities. O true philosophers in one sense! and contented with a very little! Not that I would disparage the admirable wit, and worthy labors of many of the ancients, much less of Aristotle, the most eminent among them; but it were madness to imagine that the cisterns of men should afford us as much, and as wholesome waters, as the fountains of nature. As we understand the manners of men by conversation among them, and not by reading romances, the same is our case in the true apprehension and judgment of things. And no man can hope to make himself as rich by stealing out of others' trunks, as he might by opening and digging of new mines. If he conceive that all are already exhausted, let him consider that many lazily thought so hundred years ago, and yet nevertheless since that time whole regions of art have been discovered, which the ancients as little dreamt of as they did of America. There is yet many a *terra incognita* behind to exercise our diligence, and let us exercise it never so much, we shall leave work enough too for our posterity.

This therefore being laid down as a certain foundation, that we must not content ourselves with that inheritance of knowledge which is left us by the labor and bounty of our ancestors, but seek to improve those very grounds, and add to them new and greater purchases; it remains to be considered by what means we are most likely to attain the ends of this virtuous covetousness.

And certainly the solitary and inactive contemplation of nature, by the most ingenious persons living, in their own private

studies, can never effect it. Our reasoning faculty as well as fancy, does but dream, when it is not guided by sensible objects. We shall compound where nature has divided, and divide where nature has compounded, and create nothing but either deformed monsters, or at best pretty but impossible mermaids. 'Tis like painting by memory and imagination, which can never produce a picture to the life. Many persons of admirable abilities (if they had been wisely managed and profitably employed) have spent their whole time and diligence in commenting upon Aristotle's philosophy, who could never go beyond him, because their design was only to follow, not grasp or lay hold on, or so much as touch nature, because they caught only at the shadow of her in their own brains. And therefore we see that for above a thousand years together nothing almost of ornament or advantage was added to the uses of human society, except only guns and printing, whereas since the industry of men has ventured to go abroad, out of books and out of themselves, and to work among God's creatures, instead of playing among their own, every age has abounded with excellent inventions, and every year perhaps might do so, if a considerable number of select persons were set apart, and well directed, and plentifully provided for the search of them. But our universities, having been founded in those former times that I complain of, it is no wonder if they be defective in their constitution as to this way of learning, which was not then thought on.

For the supplying of which defect, it is humbly proposed to his sacred Majesty, his most honorable Parliament, and Privy Council, and to all such of his subjects as are willing and able to contribute anything towards the advancement of real and useful learning, that by their authority, encouragement, patronage and bounty, a Philosophical College may be erected, after this ensuing, or some such like model.

THE COLLEGE

That the Philosophical College be situated within one, two, or (at farthest) three

² Macrobius, a Latin author of about A.D. 400, author of a commentary on Cicero's *Dream of Scipio*, in which he refers to Hippocrates, the great physician of Cos, who lived in the fifth century B.C.

miles of London, and, if it be possible to find that convenience, upon the side of the river, or very near it.

That the revenue of this College amount to £4000 a year.

That the company received into it be as follows:

1. Twenty philosophers or professors. 2. Sixteen young scholars, servants to the professors. 3. A chaplain. 4. A baily for the revenue. 5. A manciple or purveyor for the provisions of the house. 6. Two gardeners. 7. A master-cook. 8. An under-cook. 9. A butler. 10. An under-butler. 11. A chirurgion. 12. Two lungs, or chemical servants. 13. A library-keeper who is likewise to be apothecary, druggist, and keeper of instruments, engines, etc. 14. An officer to feed and take care of all beasts, fowl, etc., kept by the College. 15. A groom of the stable. 16. A messenger to send upon and down for all uses of the College. 17. Four old women, to tend the chambers, keep the house clean, and such like services.

That the annual allowance for this company be as follows. 1. To every professor, and to the chaplain, £120. 2. To the sixteen scholars, £20 apiece, £10 for their diet, and £10 for their entertainment.³ 3. To the baily, £30, besides allowance for his journeys. 4. To the purveyor or manciple, £30. 5. To each of the gardeners, £20. 6. To the master-cook, £20. 7. To the under-cook, £4. 8. To the butler, £10. 9. To the under-butler, £4. 10. To the chirurgion, £30. 11. To the library-keeper, £30. 12. To each of the lungs, £12. 13. To the keeper of the beasts, £6. 14. To the groom, £5. 15. To the messenger, £12. 16. To the four necessary women, £10. For the manciple's table, at which all the servants of the house are to eat, except the scholars, £160. For three horses for the service of the College, £30.

All which amounts to £3285. So that there remains for keeping of the house and gardens, and operatories, and instruments and animals, and experiments of all sorts, and all other expenses, £715.

Which were a very inconsiderable sum for the great uses to which it is designed, but that I conceive the industry of the College will in a short time so enrich itself as

to get a far better stock for the advance and enlargement of the work when it is once begun; neither is the continuance of particular men's liberality to be despaired of, when it shall be encouraged by the sight of that public benefit which will accrue to all mankind, and chiefly to our nation, by this foundation. Something likewise will arise from leases and other casualties;⁴ that nothing of which may be diverted to the private gain of the professors, or any other use besides that of the search of nature, and by it the general good of the world, and that care may be taken for the certain performance of all things ordained by the institution, as likewise for the protection and encouragement of the company, it is proposed:

That some person of eminent quality, a lover of solid learning, and no stranger in it, be chosen Chancellor or President of the College, and that eight Governors more, men qualified in the like manner, be joined with him, two of which shall yearly be appointed Visitors of the College, and receive an exact account of all expenses even to the smallest, and of the true estate of their public treasure, under the hands and oaths of the professors resident.

That the choice of the professors in any vacancy belong to the Chancellor and the Governors, but that the professors (who are likeliest to know what men of the nation are most proper for the duties of their society) direct their choice by recommending two or three persons to them at every election. And that if any learned person within his Majesty's dominions discover or eminently improve any useful kind of knowledge, he may upon that ground for his reward and the encouragement of others, be preferred, if he pretend⁵ to the place, before anybody else.

That the Governors have power to turn out any professor who shall be proved to be either scandalous or unprofitable to the society.

That the College be built after this, or some such manner: That it consist of three fair quadrangular courts, and three large grounds, enclosed with good walls behind them. That the first court be built with a

³ The rest of their entertainment.

⁴ Incidental or occasional sources of revenue.

⁵ Lay a claim.

fair cloister, and the professors' lodgings or rather little houses, four on each side at some distance from one another, and with little gardens behind them, just after the manner of the Chartreux⁶ beyond the sea. That the inside of the cloister be lined with a gravel walk, and that walk with a row of trees, and that in the middle there be a parterre of flowers, and a fountain.

That the second quadrangle just behind the first, be so contrived as to contain these parts. 1. A chapel. 2. A hall with two long tables on each side for the scholars and officers of the house to eat at, and with a pulpit and forms at the end for the public lectures. 3. A large and pleasant dining-room within the hall for the professors to eat in, and to hold their assemblies and conferences. 4. A public school-house. 5. A library. 6. A gallery to walk in, adorned with the pictures or statues of all the inventors of anything useful to human life; as printing, guns, America, etc., and of late in anatomy, the circulation of the blood, the milky veins, and such like discoveries in any art, with short eulogies⁷ under the portraits: as likewise the figures of all sorts of creatures, and the stuffed skins of as many strange animals as can be gotten. 7. An anatomy chamber adorned with skeletons and anatomical pictures, and prepared with all conveniences for dissection. 8. A chamber for all manner of drugs and apothecaries' materials. 9. A mathematical chamber furnished with all sorts of mathematical instruments, being an appendix to the library. 10. Lodgings for the chaplain, surgeon, library-keeper and purveyor, near the chapel, anatomy chamber, library and hall.

That the third court be on one side of these, very large, but meanly built, being designed only for use and not for beauty too, as the others. That it contain the kitchen, butteries, brew-house, bake-house, dairy, lardry,⁸ stables, etc., and especially great laboratories for chemical operations, and lodgings for the under-servants.

That behind the second court be placed the garden, containing all sorts of plants

that our soil will bear, and at the end a little house of pleasure, a lodge for the gardener, and a grove of trees cut out into walks.

That the second enclosed ground be a garden, destined only to the trial of all manner of experiments concerning plants, as their melioration, acceleration, retardation, conservation, composition, transmutation, coloration, or whatsoever else can be produced by art either for use or curiosity, with a lodge in it for the gardener.

That the third ground be employed in convenient receptacles for all sorts of creatures which the professors shall judge necessary for their more exact search into the nature of animals, and the improvement of their uses to us.

That there be likewise built in some place of the College where it may serve most for ornament of the whole, a very high tower for observation of celestial bodies, adorned with all sorts of dials and such like curiosities; and that there be very deep vaults made under ground, for experiments most proper to such places, which will be undoubtedly very many.

Much might be added, but truly I am afraid this is too much already for the charity or generosity of this age to extend to; and we do not design this after the model of Solomon's House⁹ in my Lord Bacon (which is a project for experiments that can never be experimented) but propose it within such bounds of expense as have often been exceeded by the buildings of private citizens.

OF THE PROFESSORS, SCHOLARS, CHAPLAIN, AND OTHER OFFICERS

That of the twenty professors four be always travelling beyond seas, and sixteen always resident, unless by permission upon extraordinary occasions, and every one so absent leaving a deputy behind him to supply his duties.

That the four Professors itinerate¹⁰ be assigned to the four parts of the world, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, there to

⁶ The Carthusian monks, of the famous monastery near Grenoble.

⁷ Titles or descriptions.

⁸ The store-room for meat.

⁹ See Bacon's *New Atlantis*, *supra*, page 51 ff.

¹⁰ Itinerant.

reside three years at least, and to give a constant account of all things that belong to the learning, and especially natural experimental philosophy, of those parts.

That the expense of all dispatches, and all books, simples,¹¹ animals, stones, metals, minerals, etc., and all curiosities whatsoever, natural or artificial, sent by them to the College, shall be defrayed out of the treasury, and an additional allowance (above the £120) made to them as soon as the College's revenue shall be improved.

That at their going abroad they shall take a solemn oath never to write anything to the College, but what after very diligent examination, they shall fully believe to be true, and to confess and recant it as soon as they find themselves in an error.

That the sixteen professors resident shall be bound to study and teach all sorts of natural, experimental philosophy, to consist of the mathematics, mechanics, medicine, anatomy, chemistry, the history of animals, plants, minerals, elements, etc.; agriculture, architecture, art military, navigation, gardening; the mysteries of all trades, and improvement of them; the facture¹² of all merchandises, all natural magic or divination; and briefly all things contained in the Catalogue of Natural Histories annexed to my Lord Bacon's *Organon*.

That once a day from Easter to Michaelmas, and twice a week from Michaelmas to Easter, at the hours in the afternoon most convenient for auditors from London according to the time of the year, there shall be a lecture read in the Hall, upon such parts of natural experimental philosophy as the professors shall agree on among themselves, and as each of them shall be able to perform usefully and honorably.

That two of the professors by daily, weekly, or monthly turns shall teach the public schools according to the rules hereafter prescribed.

That all the professors shall be equal in all respects (except precedency, choice of lodging, and such like privileges, which shall belong to seniority in the College), and that all shall be masters and treasur-

ers by annual turns, which two officers for the time being shall take place¹³ of all the rest, and shall be *arbitri duarum mensarum*.¹⁴

That the master shall command all the officers of the College, appoint assemblies or conferences upon occasion, and preside in them with a double voice,¹⁵ and in his absence the treasurer, whose business is to receive and disburse all moneys by the master's order in writing (if it be an extraordinary) after consent of the other professors.

That all professors shall sup together in the parlor within the hall every night, and shall dine there twice a week (to wit, Sundays and Thursdays) at two round tables for the convenience of discourse, which shall be for the most part of such matters as may improve their studies and professions, and to keep them from falling into loose or unprofitable talk shall be the duty of the two *arbitri mensarum*, who may likewise command any of the servant-scholars to read to them what he shall think fit, whilst they are at table: that it shall belong likewise to the said *arbitri mensarum* only to invite strangers, which they shall rarely do, unless they be men of learning or great parts, and shall not invite above two at a time to one table, nothing being more vain and unfruitful than numerous meetings of acquaintance.

That the professors resident shall allow the College £20 a year for their diet, whether they continue there all the time or not.

That they shall have once a week an assembly or conference concerning the affairs of the College and the progress of their experimental philosophy.

That if any one find out anything which he conceives to be of consequence, he shall communicate it to the assembly to be examined, experimented, approved, or rejected.

That if any one be author of an invention that may bring in profit, the third part of it shall belong to the inventor, and the two other to the society; and besides, if

11 Medicinal herbs.

12 Manufacture.

13 Take precedence.

14 Presidents of the two tables.

15 I.e., shall have two votes.

the thing be very considerable, his statue or picture with an elogy under it shall be placed in the gallery, and made a denizen of that corporation of famous men.

That all the professors shall be always assigned to some particular inquisition (besides the ordinary course of their studies) of which they shall give an account to the assembly, so that by this means there may be every day some operation or other made in all the arts, as chemistry, anatomy, mechanics, and the like, and that the College shall furnish for the charge of the operation.

That there shall be kept a register under lock and key, and not to be seen but by the professors, of all the experiments that succeed, signed by the persons who made the trial.

That the popular and received errors in experimental philosophy (with which, like weeds in a neglected garden, it is now almost overgrown) shall be evinced¹⁶ by trial, and taken notice of in the public lectures, that they may no longer abuse the credulous, and beget new ones by consequence or similitude.

That every third year (after the full settlement of the foundation) the College shall give an account in print, in proper and ancient Latin, of the fruits of their triennial industry.

That every professor resident shall have his scholar to wait upon him in his chamber and at table, whom he shall be obliged to breed up in natural philosophy, and render an account of his progress to the assembly, from whose election he received him, and therefore is responsible to it, both for the care of his education, and the just and civil usage of him.

That the scholar shall understand Latin very well, and be moderately initiated in the Greek before he be capable of being chosen into the service, and that he shall not remain in it above seven years.

That his lodging shall be with the professor whom he serves.

That no professor shall be a married man, or a divine, or lawyer in practice; only physic he may be allowed to prescribe, because the study of that art is

a great part of the duty of his place, and the duty of that is so great that it will not suffer him to lose much time in mercenary practice.

That the professors shall in the College wear the habit of ordinary Masters of Art in the universities, or of Doctors, if any of them be so.

That they shall all keep an inviolable and exemplary friendship with one another, and that the assembly shall lay a considerable pecuniary mulct¹⁷ upon any one who shall be proved to have entered so far into a quarrel as to give uncivil language to his brother-professor; and that the perseverance in any enmity shall be punished by the Governors with expulsion.

That the chaplain shall eat at the master's table (paying his £20 a year as the others do), and that he shall read prayers once a day at least, a little before supper-time; that he shall preach in the chapel every Sunday morning, and catechize in the afternoon the scholars and the school-boys: that he shall every month administer the Holy Sacrament; that he shall not trouble himself and his auditors with the controversies of divinity, but only teach God in his just commandments, and in his wonderful works.

THE SCHOOL

That the school may be built so as to contain about two hundred boys.

That it be divided into four classes, not as others are ordinarily into six or seven, because we suppose that the children sent hither to be initiated in things as well as words, ought to have passed the two or three first, and to have attained the age of thirteen years, being already well advanced in the Latin grammar, and some authors.

That none, though never so rich, shall pay anything for their teaching; and that if any professor shall be convicted to have taken any money in consideration of his pains in the school, he shall be expelled with ignominy by the Governors; but if any persons of great estate and quality, finding their sons much better proficients

¹⁶ Demonstrated and proved to be such.

¹⁷ Fine.

in learning here than boys of the same age commonly are at other schools, shall not think fit to receive an obligation of so near concernment¹⁸ without returning some marks of acknowledgment, they may, if they please (for nothing is to be demanded), bestow some little rarity or curiosity upon the society in recompense of their trouble.

And because it is deplorable to consider the loss which children make of their time at most schools, employing, or rather casting away, six or seven years in the learning of words only, and that too very imperfectly:

That a method be here established for the infusing knowledge and language at the same time into them; and that this may be their apprenticeship in natural philosophy. This, we conceive, may be done by breeding them up in authors, or pieces of authors, who treat of some part of nature, and who may be understood with as much ease and pleasure, as those which are commonly taught; such are in Latin, Varro,¹⁹ Cato,²⁰ Columella,²¹ Pliny,²² part of Celsus,²³ and of Seneca,²⁴ Cicero *De Divinatione*, *De Natura Deorum*, and several scattered pieces, Virgil's *Georgics*, Grotius,²⁵ Nemetianus,²⁶ Manilius;²⁷ and because the truth is we want good poets (I mean we have but few) who have purposely treated of solid and learned, that is, natural matters (the most part indulging to the weakness of the world, and feeding it either with the follies of love, or with the

fables of gods and heroes), we conceive that one book ought to be compiled of all the scattered little parcels among the ancient poets that might serve for the advancement of natural science, and which would make no small or unuseful or unpleasant volume. To this we would have added the morals and rhetorics of Cicero, and the Institutions of Quintilian; and for the comedians, from whom almost all that necessary part of common discourse, and all the most intimate proprieties of the language are drawn, we conceive the boys may be made masters of them, as a part of their recreation and not of their task, if once a month, or at least once in two, they act one of Terence's comedies, and afterwards (the most advanced) some of Plautus his; and this is for many reasons one of the best exercises they can be enjoined, and most innocent pleasures they can be allowed. As for the Greek authors, they may study Nicander,²⁸ Oppianus²⁹ (whom Scaliger does not doubt to prefer above Homer himself, and place next to his adored Virgil); Aristotle's *History of Animals*, and other parts; Theophrastus³⁰ and Dioscorides³¹ of plants, and a collection made out of several both poets and other Grecian writers. For the morals and rhetoric, Aristotle may suffice, or Hermogenes³² and Longinus³³ be added for the latter; with the history of animals they should be showed anatomy as a divertisement, and made to know the figures and natures of those creatures which are not common among us, dis-

18 Of such great value.

19 Marcus Terentius Varro (B.C. 116-28), author of the *De Re Rustica*.

20 Marcus Porcius Cato, the Elder, commonly called the Censor (B.C. 234-149), author of a treatise, *De Re Rustica*.

21 Columella, the most voluminous of Roman writers on agriculture, flourished in the first century A.D.

22 Pliny the Elder, author of the famous *Historia Naturalis* (A.D. 22-79).

23 Aulus Cornelius Celsus (flourished A.D. 50), author of the *De Medicina* and numerous other works.

24 Seneca's *Naturales Questiones* are here referred to.

25 Hugo Grotius, Dutch statesman and jurist (A.D. 1583-1645), author, among many other works, of *De Jure Belli et Pacis*.

26 M. Aurelius Nemetianus, a Roman poet of Carthage, about A.D. 250. Only fragments of his various works on rural subjects are now extant.

27 Manilius, a Roman poet of the first century A.D., was author of the now fragmentary *Astronomica*.

28 Nicander, a Greek poet and physician, author of a poem *Theriaca*, on venomous animals, lived in the second century before Christ.

29 Oppianus, author of a Greek poem on fishing, and other similar works, lived in the second century A.D.

30 Theophrastus, a pupil of Aristotle, author of works on botany and other natural sciences.

31 Dioscorides, a Greek physician of Cilicia, flourished in the first century A.D. He is the author of *Materia Medica*, a treatise on plants useful in medicine.

32 Hermogenes, a Greek rhetorician (A.D. 175), author of a famous work on the Art of Rhetoric, completed before he was twenty-five.

33 Longinus, a Platonic philosopher of the third century A.D. He was the reputed author of the famous treatise *On the Sublime*.

abusing them at the same time of those errors which are universally admitted concerning many. The same method should be used to make them acquainted with all plants; and to this must be added a little of the ancient and modern geography, the understanding of the globes, and the principles of geometry and astronomy. They should likewise use to declaim in Latin and English, as the Romans did in Greek and Latin; and in all this travail be rather led on by familiarity, encouragement, and emulation, than driven by severity, punishment, and terror. Upon festivals and playtimes they should exercise themselves in the fields by riding, leaping, fencing, mustering and training after the manner of soldiers, etc., and to prevent all dangers and all disorder, there should always be two of the scholars with them to be as witnesses and directors of their actions; in foul weather it would not be amiss for them to learn to dance, that is, to learn just so much (for all beyond is superfluous, if not worse) as may give them a graceful comportsment of their bodies.

Upon Sundays and all days of devotion they are to be a part of the chaplain's province.

That for all these ends the College so order it, as that there may be some convenient and pleasant houses thereabouts, kept by religious, discreet, and careful persons, for the lodging and boarding of young scholars, that they have a constant eye over them to see that they be bred up there piously, cleanly, and plentifully, according to the proportion of their parents' expenses.

And that the College, when it shall please God either by their own industry and success, or by the benevolence of patrons, to enrich them so far, as that it may come to their turn and duty to be charitable to others, shall at their own charges erect and maintain some house or houses for the entertainment of such poor men's sons whose good natural parts may promise either use or ornament to the commonwealth, during the time of their abode at school, and shall take care that it shall be done with the same conveniences as are enjoyed even

by rich men's children (though they maintain the fewer for that cause), there being nothing of eminent and illustrious to be expected from a low, sordid, and hospital-like ³⁴ education.

CONCLUSION

If I be not much abused ³⁵ by a natural fondness to my own conceptions (that *στοργή* of the Greeks, which no other language has a proper word for), there was never any project thought upon which deserves to meet with so few adversaries as this; for who can without impudent folly oppose the establishment of twenty well selected persons in such a condition of life that their whole business and sole profession may be to study the improvement and advantage of all other professions, from that of the highest general even to the lowest artisan? Who shall be obliged to employ their whole time, wit, learning, and industry, to these four, the most useful that can be imagined, and to no other ends; first, to weigh, examine, and prove all things of nature delivered to us by former ages; to detect, explode, and strike a censure through all false moneys with which the world has been paid and cheated so long, and (as I may say) to set the mark of the College upon all true coins that they may pass hereafter without any farther trial. Secondly, to recover the lost inventions, and, as it were, drowned lands of the ancients. Thirdly, to improve all arts which we now have. And lastly, to discover others which we yet have not. And who shall besides all this (as a benefit by the by) give the best education in the world (purely gratis) to as many men's children as shall think fit to make use of the obligation. Neither does it at all check or interfere with any parties in state or religion, but is indifferently to be embraced by all differences in opinion, and can hardly be conceived capable (as many good institutions have done) even of degeneration into anything harmful. So that, all things considered, I will suppose this proposition shall encounter with no enemies; the only question is, whether it will find friends enough to carry it on from discourse and

³⁴ *I.e.*, poverty-stricken.

³⁵ Deceived, misled.

design to reality and effect; the necessary expenses of the beginning (for it will maintain itself well enough afterwards) being so great (though I have set them as low as is possible in order to so vast a work)

that it may seem hopeless to raise such a sum out of those few dead relics of human charity and public generosity which are yet remaining in the world.

FROM SEVERAL DISCOURSES BY WAY OF ESSAYS, IN VERSE AND PROSE
(Text: first edition, 1668)

OF LIBERTY

The liberty of a people consists in being governed by laws which they have made themselves, under whatsoever form it be of government; the liberty of a private man, in being master of his own time and actions, as far as may consist with the laws of God and of his country. Of this latter only we are here to discourse, and to enquire what estate of life does best seat us in the possession of it. This liberty of our own actions is such a fundamental privilege of human nature, that God himself, notwithstanding all his infinite power and right over us, permits us to enjoy it, and that, too, after a forfeiture made by the rebellion of Adam. He takes so much care for the entire preservation of it to us, that he suffers neither his providence nor eternal decree to break or infringe it. Now for our time, the same God, to whom we are but tenants-at-will for the whole, requires but the seventh part to be paid to him as a small quit-rent in acknowledgment of his title. It is man only that has the impudence to demand our whole time, though he neither gave it, nor can restore it, nor is able to pay any considerable value for the least part of it. This birth-right of mankind above all other creatures some are forced by hunger to sell, like Esau,¹ for bread and broth; but the greatest part of men make such a bargain for the delivery up of themselves, as Thamar² did with Judah; instead of a kid, the necessary pro-

visions for human life, they are contented to do it for rings and bracelets. The great dealers in this world may be divided into the ambitious, the covetous, and the voluptuous, and that all these men sell themselves to be slaves, though to the vulgar it may seem a Stoical paradox,³ will appear to the wise so plain and obvious, that they will scarce think it deserves the labor of argumentation. Let us first consider the ambitious, and those both in their progress to greatness, and after the attaining of it. There is nothing truer than what Sallust says,⁴ *Dominationis in alios servitium suum mercedem dant*: They are content to pay so great a price as their own servitude to purchase the domination over others. The first thing they must resolve to sacrifice is their whole time; they must never stop, nor ever turn aside whilst they are in the race of glory, no, not like Atalanta for golden apples. Neither, indeed, can a man stop himself if he would when he's in this career. *Fertur equis auriga neque audit currus habenas*.⁵

Pray let us but consider a little what mean servile things men do for this imaginary food. We cannot fetch a greater example of it, than from the chief men of that nation which boasted most of liberty. To what pitiful baseness did the noblest Romans submit themselves for the obtaining of a prætorship, or the consular dignity! They put on the habit⁶ of suppliants, and ran about on foot, and in dirt, through all the tribes to beg voices; they flattered

¹ See Genesis 25:29-34.

² See Genesis 38:18.

³ The Stoics made use of arguments and maxims, called paradoxes, which on the face of them seemed untrue.

⁴ The quotation is from the fragments of Sallust (a.c. 86-34).

⁵ The charioteer is carried on by his steed, nor does the team heed the reins. (Virgil's Georgics, i. 514.)

⁶ The white toga, whence is derived the term *candidati*.

the poorest artisans, and carried a *nomenclator* with them, to whisper in their ear every man's name, lest they should mistake it in their salutations; they shook the hand and kissed the cheek of every popular tradesman; they stood all day at every market in the public places to show and ingratiate themselves to the rout; they employed all their friends to solicit for them; they kept open tables in every street; they distributed wine and bread and money, even to the vilest of the people. *En Romanos rerum dominos!*⁷ Behold the masters of the world begging from door to door. This particular humble way to greatness is now out of fashion, but yet every ambitious person is still in some sort a Roman candidate. He must feast and bribe, and attend and flatter, and adore many beasts, though not the beast with many heads.⁸ Catiline,⁹ who was so proud that he could not content himself with a less power than Sylla's,¹⁰ was yet so humble for the attaining of it as to make himself the most contemptible of all servants, to be a public bawd, to provide whores, and something worse, for all the young gentlemen of Rome, whose hot lusts and courages and heads he thought he might make use of. And since I happen here to propose Catiline for my instance (though there be thousand of examples for the same thing), give me leave to transcribe the character which Cicero gives of this noble slave, because it is a general description of all ambitious men, and which Machiavel, perhaps, would say ought to be the rule of their life and actions. "This man" (says he,¹¹ as most of you may well remember) "had many artificial touches and strokes that looked like the beauty of great virtues; his intimate conversation was with the worst of men, and yet he seemed to be an admirer and lover of the best; he was furnished with all the nets of lust and luxury, and yet wanted not the arms of labor and industry; neither do I believe

that there was ever any monster in nature composed out of so many different and disagreeing parts. Who more acceptable sometimes to the most honorable persons, who more a favorite to the most infamous? Who sometimes appeared a braver champion, who at other times a bolder enemy to his country? Who more dissolute in his pleasures, who more patient in his toils? Who more rapacious in robbing, who more profuse in giving? Above all things, this was remarkable and admirable in him: the arts he had to acquire the good opinion and kindness of all sorts of men, to retain it with great complaisance, to communicate all things to them, to watch and serve all the occasions of their fortune, both with his money and his interest, and his industry; and if need were, not by sticking at any wickedness whatsoever that might be useful to them, to bend and turn about his own nature and laveer¹² with every wind, to live severely with the melancholy, merrily with the pleasant, gravely with the aged, wantonly with the young, desperately with the bold, and debauchedly with the luxurious; with this variety and multiplicity of his nature, as he had made a collection of friendships with all the most wicked and reckless of all nations, so by the artificial simulation of some virtues, he made a shift to ensnare some honest and eminent persons into his familiarity. Neither could so vast a design as the destruction of this empire have been undertaken by him, if the immanity¹³ of so many vices had not been covered and disguised by the appearances of some excellent qualities."

I see, methinks, the character of an Anti-Paul,¹⁴ who became all things to all men, that he might destroy all; who only wanted the assistance of fortune to have been as great as his friend Cæsar was a little after him. And the ways of Cæsar to compass the same ends (I mean till the civil war, which was but another manner

7 See Virgil's *Æneid*, i. 282.

8 The populace.

9 Lucius Sergius Catilina, against whom some of Cicero's most bitter philippics were delivered.

10 I.e., Lucius Cornelius Sulla, the dictator.

11 From Cicero's oration *Pro Calio*, v. 12 — vi. 14.

12 A term borrowed from the Dutch, meaning to sail so as to catch the wind, to tack.

13 Enormity.

14 Cf. the Apostle Paul's statement, "I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some." (I Cor. 9:22.)

of setting his country on fire) were not unlike these, though he used afterward his unjust dominion with more moderation than I think the other would have done. Sallust therefore who was well acquainted with them both, and with many such like gentlemen of his time, says,¹⁵ "That it is the nature of ambition (*ambitio multos mortales falsos fieri coegit*, etc.) to make men liars and cheaters, to hide the truth in their breasts, and show, like jugglers, another thing in their mouths, to cut all friendships and enmities to the measure of their own interest, and to make a good countenance without the help of good will." And can there be freedom with this perpetual constraint? What is it but a kind of rack that forces men to say what they have no mind to? I have wondered at the extravagant and barbarous stratagem of Zopyrus,¹⁶ and more at the praises which I find of so deformed an action; who, though he was one of the seven grandees of Persia, and the son of Megabyzus, who had freed before his country from an ignoble servitude, slit his own nose and lips, cut off his own ears, scourged and wounded his whole body, that he might, under pretence of having been mangled so inhumanely by Darius, be received into Babylon (then besieged by the Persians) and get into the command of it by the recommendation of so cruel a sufferance,¹⁷ and their hopes of his endeavoring to revenge it. It is great pity the Babylonians suspected not his falsehood, that they might have cut off his hands too, and whipped him back again. But the design succeeded, he betrayed the city, and was made governor of it. What brutish master ever punished his offending slave with so little mercy as ambition did this Zopyrus? And yet how many are there in all nations who imitate him in some degree for a less reward; who, though they endure not so much corporal pain for a small preferment, or some honor (as they call it), yet stick not to commit actions, by which they are more shamefully and more lastingly stigmatized! But you may say, though these be the most ordinary

and open ways to greatness, yet there are narrow, thorny, and little-trodden paths too, through which some men find a passage by virtuous industry. I grant, sometimes they may; but then that industry must be such as cannot consist with liberty, though it may with honesty. Thou'rt careful, frugal, painful;¹⁸ we commend a servant so, but not a friend.

Well then, we must acknowledge the toil and drudgery which we are forced to endure in this ascent, but we are epicures and lords when once we are gotten up into the high places. This is but a short apprenticeship, after which we are made free of a royal company. If we fall in love with any beauteous women, we must be content that they should be our mistresses whilst we woo them; as soon as we are wedded and enjoy, 'tis we shall be the masters.

I am willing to stick to this similitude in the case of greatness; we enter into the bonds of it, like those of matrimony; we are bewitched with the outward and painted beauty, and take it for better or worse, before we know its true nature and interior inconveniences. A great fortune (says Seneca¹⁹) is a great servitude; but many are of the opinion which Brutus imputes (I hope untruly) even to that patron of liberty, his friend Cicero: "We fear" (says he to Atticus), "death, and banishment, and poverty, a great deal too much. Cicero, I am afraid, thinks these to be the worst of evils, and if he have but some persons from whom he can obtain what he has a mind to, and others who will flatter and worship him, seems to be well enough contented with an honorable servitude, if anything indeed ought to be called honorable in so base and contumelious a condition." This was spoken as became the bravest man who was ever born in the bravest commonwealth. But with us generally no condition passes for servitude, that is accompanied with great riches, with honors, and with the service of many inferiors. This is but a deception of the sight through a false medium; for if a groom

¹⁵ From Sallust's *De Catilinæ Conjurazione*, x.

¹⁶ The story of Zopyrus is in Herodotus, iii. 153-159.

¹⁷ Suffering.

¹⁸ Painstaking.

¹⁹ Seneca the Younger, *Liber de Consolatione*, xxvi.

serve a gentleman in his chamber, that gentleman a lord, and that lord a prince, the groom, the gentleman, and the lord, are as much servants one as the other; the circumstantial difference of the one's getting only his bread and wages, the second a plentiful, and the third a superfluous estate, is no more intrinsic to this matter than the difference between a plain, a rich, and a gaudy livery. I do not say that he who sells his whole time and his own will for one hundred thousand is not a wiser merchant than he who does it for one hundred pounds; but I will swear they are both merchants, and that he is happier than both, who can live contentedly without selling that estate to which he was born. But this dependence upon superiors is but one chain of the lovers of power: *Amatorem trecentæ Pirithoum cohærent catenæ*.²⁰ Let's begin with him by break of day: for by that time he's besieged by two of three hundred suitors; and the hall and antechambers (all the outworks) possessed by the enemy; as soon as his chamber opens, they are ready to break into that, or to corrupt the guards, for entrance. This is so essential a part of greatness, that whosoever is without it looks like a fallen favorite, like a person disgraced, and condemned to do what he please all the morning. There are some who, rather than want this, are contented to have their rooms filled up every day with murmuring and cursing creditors, and to charge bravely through a body of them to get to their coach. Now I would fain know which is the worst duty, that of any one particular person who waits to speak with the great man, or the great man's, who waits every day to speak with all the company. *Aliena negotia centum per caput et circum saliant latus*; ²¹ a hundred businesses of other men (many unjust and most impertinent) fly continually about his head and ears, and strike him in the face like darts.²² Let's contemplate him a little at another special scene of glory; and that is, his table. Here

he seems to be the lord of all nature: the earth affords him her best metals for his dishes, her best vegetables and animals for his food; the air and sea supply him with their choicest birds and fishes; and a great many men, who look like masters, attend upon him; and yet when all this is done, even all this is but a *table d'hôte*; 'tis crowded with people for whom he cares not, with many parasites, and some spies, with the most burdensome sort of guests, the endeavorers to be witty.

But everybody pays him great respect, everybody commends his meat, that is, his money; everybody admires the exquisite dressing and ordering of it, that is, his clerk of the kitchen, or his cook; everybody loves his hospitality, that is, his vanity. But I desire to know why the honest inn-keeper, who provides a public table for his profit, should be but of a mean profession; and he who does it for his honor, a munificent prince. You'll say, because one sells, and the other gives. Nay, both sell, though for different things; the one for plain money, the other for I know not what jewels, whose value is in custom and in fancy. If then his table be made a snare (as the Scripture speaks) to his liberty, where can he hope for freedom? There is always and everywhere some restraint upon him. He's guarded with crowds, and shackled with formalities. The half hat, the whole hat, the half smile, the whole smile, the nod, the embrace, the positive parting with a little bow, the comparative at the middle of the room, the superlative at the door; and if the person be *Pan huper sebastos*,²³ there's a *huper-superlative* ceremony then of conducting him to the bottom of the stairs, or to the very gate; as if there were such rules set to these leviathans as are to the sea, "Hitherto shalt thou go, and no further."²⁴ *Perditur hæc inter misero lux*,²⁵ Thus wretchedly the precious day is lost.

How many impertinent letters and visits must he receive, and sometimes answer,

²⁰ Three hundred chains bind the lover Pirithous. (Horace, Odes, III. iv. 79.)

²¹ From Horace's Satires, II. vi. 34.

²² Dor is a species of beetle.

²³ "Altogether superlatively reverend and august."

²⁴ Job 38:11.

²⁵ Horace, Satires, II. vi. 59.

both too as impertinently! He never sets his foot beyond his threshold, unless, like a funeral, he have a train to follow him; as if, like the dead corpse, he could not stir till the bearers were all ready. "My life" (says Horace,²⁶ speaking to one of these magnificos) "is a great deal more easy and commodious than thine, in that I can go into the market and cheapen²⁷ what I please without being wondered at; and take my horse and ride as far as Tarentum, without being missed." 'Tis an unpleasant constraint to be always under the sight and observation and censure of others; as there may be vanity in it, so, methinks, there should be vexation too of spirit. And I wonder how princes can endure to have two or three hundred men stand gazing upon them whilst they are at dinner, and taking notice of every bit they eat. Nothing seems greater and more lordly than the multitude of domestic servants; but, even this too, if weighed seriously, is a piece of servitude. Unless you will be a servant to them (as many men are), the trouble and care of yours in the government of them all is much more than that of every one of them in their observance of you. I take the profession of a school-master to be one of the most useful, and which ought to be of the most honorable in a commonwealth; yet certainly all his fasces and tyrannical authority over so many boys takes away his own liberty more than theirs.

I do but slightly touch upon all these particulars of the slavery of greatness; I shake but a few of their outward chains. Their anger, hatred, jealousy, fear, envy, grief, and all the *et cætera* of their passions, which are the secret but constant tyrants and torturers of their life, I omit here, because, though they be symptoms most frequent and violent in this disease, yet they are common, too, in some degree, to the epidemical disease of life itself. But, the ambitious man, though he be so many ways a slave (*O toties servus!*), yet he bears it

bravely and heroically! he struts and looks big upon the stage; he thinks himself a real prince in his masking-habit, and deceives, too, all the foolish part of his spectators. He's a slave in *Saturnalibus*.²⁸ The covetous man is a downright servant, a draught-horse without bells or feathers; *ad metalla damnatus*, a man condemned to work in mines, which is the lowest and hardest condition of servitude; and, to increase his misery, a worker there for he knows not whom: "He heapeth up riches and knows not who shall enjoy them"; 'tis only sure that he himself neither shall nor can enjoy them. He's an indigent needy slave; he will hardly allow himself clothes and board-wages; *Unciatim vix demenso de suo suum defraudans genium comparsit miser*;²⁹ he defrauds not only other men, but his own genius; he cheats himself for money. But the servile and miserable condition of this wretch is so apparent, that I leave it, as evident to every man's sight, as well as judgment.

It seems a more difficult work to prove that the voluptuous man too is but a servant. What can be more the life of a free man, or as we say ordinarily, of a gentleman, than to follow nothing but his own pleasures? Why, I'll tell you who is that true free man, and true gentleman. Not he who blindly follows all his pleasures (the very name of follower is servile), but he who rationally guides them, and is not hindered by outward impediments in the conduct and enjoyment of them. If I want skill or force to restrain the beast that I ride upon, though I bought it, and call it my own, yet in the truth of the matter I am at that time rather his man, than he my horse. The voluptuous men (whom we are fallen upon) may be divided, I think, into the lustful and luxurious, who are both servants of the belly; the other, whom we spoke of before, the ambitious and the covetous, were *κακὰ θηρία*, evil wild beasts; these are *γαστέρες ἀργαί*, slow bellies,³⁰ as our translation renders it; but the word *ἀργαί*

²⁶ Satires, I. vi. 104-117.

²⁷ Bargain for.

²⁸ Slaves were allowed great freedom and general license during the Roman feast of Saturnalia, held in December in honor of Saturn.

²⁹ From Terence's *Phormio*, I. i. 33.

³⁰ The words are quoted from Paul's Epistle to Titus, 1:12.

(which is a fantastical word, with two directly opposite significations) will bear as well the translation of quick or diligent bellies; and both interpretations may be applied to these men. Metrodorus³¹ said that he had learnt 'Αληθῶς γαστρὶ χαρίζεσθαι, to give his belly just thanks for all his pleasures. This, by the calumniators of Epicurus his philosophy, was objected as one of the most scandalous of all their sayings; which, according to my charitable understanding may admit a very virtuous sense, which is, that he thanked his own belly for that moderation in the customary appetites of it, which can only give a man liberty and happiness in this world. Let this suffice at present to be spoken of those great *triumviri* of the world; the covetous man, who is a mean villain, like Lepidus; the ambitious, who is a brave one, like Octavius; and the voluptuous, who is a loose and debauched one, like Mark Antony. *Quisnam igitur liber. Sapiens, sibi que imperiosus.*³² Not (Enomaus,³³ who commits himself wholly to a charioteer that may break his neck, but the man,

Who governs his own course with steady hand,
Who does himself with sovereign power command;
Whom neither death, nor poverty does fright,
Who stands not awkwardly in his own light
Against the truth: who can, when pleasures knock
Loud at his door, keep firm the bolt and lock.
Who can, though honor at his gate should stay
In all her masking clothes, send her away,
And cry, Be gone, I have no mind to play.

This I confess is a freeman: but it may be said, that many persons are so shackled by their fortune, that they are hindered from enjoyment of that manumission which they have obtained from virtue. I do both understand, and in part feel, the weight of this objection. All I can answer to it is, that we must get as much liberty as we can; we

must use our utmost endeavors, and when all that is done, be contented with the length of that line which is allowed us. If you ask me what condition of life I think the most allowed, I should pitch upon that sort of people whom King James was wont to call the happiest of our nation; the men placed in the country by their fortune above an high-constable, and yet beneath the trouble of a justice of peace, in a moderate plenty, without any just argument for the desire of increasing it by the care of many relations, and with so much knowledge and love of piety and philosophy (that is of the study of God's laws, and of his creatures) as may afford him matter enough never to be idle though without business, and never to be melancholy though without sin or vanity.

I shall conclude this tedious discourse with a prayer of mine in a copy of Latin verses, of which I remember no other part, and (*pour faire bonne bouche*) with some other verses upon the same subject.

*Magne Deus, quod ad has vitæ brevis attinet
horas,
Da mihi, da panem libertatemque, nec ultra
Sollicitas effundo preces, si quid datur ultra
Accipiam gratus; si non, contentus abibo.*

For the few hours of life allotted me,
Give me (Great God) but bread and liberty,
I'll beg no more; if more thou'rt pleased to give,
I'll thankfully that overplus receive;
If beyond this no more be freely sent,
I'll thank for this, and go away content.

OF SOLITUDE

*Nunquam minus solus quam cum solus*³⁴
is now become a very vulgar saying. Every man, and almost every boy, for these seventeen hundred years has had it in his mouth. But it was at first spoken by the excellent Scipio, who was without question a most eloquent and witty person, as well as the most wise, most worthy, most happy, and

³¹ An Epicurean philosopher who flourished during the third century B.C.

³² Who then is free? The wise man, and the man who is able to govern himself.

³³ King of Pisa in Elis, and father of Hippodamia. He announced that he would bestow his daughter on the suitor who conquered him in a chariot race. His charioteer was at last overcome by Pelops.

³⁴ Never less alone than when alone; Cicero, *De Republica*, i. 17.

the greatest of all mankind. His meaning no doubt was this; that he found more satisfaction to his mind, and more improvement of it, by solitude than by company; and to show that he spoke not this loosely or out of vanity, after he had made Rome mistress of almost the whole world, he retired himself from it by a voluntary exile, and at a private house in the middle of a wood near Linternum passed the remainder of his glorious life no less gloriously. This house Seneca went to see so long after with great veneration, and among other things describes his baths to have been of so mean a structure, that now, says he, the basest of the people would despise them, and cry out, "Poor Scipio understood not how to live."

What an authority is here for the credit of retreat! And happy had it been for Hannibal, if adversity could have taught him as much wisdom as was learnt by Scipio from the highest prosperities. This would be no wonder, if it were as truly as it is colorably and wittily said by Monsieur de Montaigne, that ambition itself might teach us to love solitude; there's nothing does so much hate to have companions. 'Tis true, it loves to have its elbows free, it detests to have company on either side, but it delights above all things in a train behind; aye, and ushers too before it. But the greatest part of men are so far from the opinion of that noble Roman, that, if they chance at any time to be without company, they're like a becalmed ship; they never move but by the wind of other men's breath, and have no oars of their own to steer withal. It is very fantastical and contradictory in human nature, that men should love themselves above all the rest of the world, and yet never endure to be with themselves. When they are in love with a mistress, all other persons are importunate and burdensome to them. *Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam lubens*,³⁵ they would live and die with her alone.

Sic ego secretis possum bene vivere silvis

Qua nulla humano sit via trita pede,

Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atra

*Lumen et in solis tu mihi turba locis.*³⁶

With thee for ever I in woods could rest,
Where never human foot the ground has
 prest,
Thou from all shades the darkness canst
 exclude,
And from a desert banish solitude.

And yet our dear self is so wearisome to us that we can scarcely support its conversation for an hour together. This is such an odd temper of mind, as Catullus expresses towards one of his mistresses, whom we may suppose to have been of a very unsociable humor,

Odi et amo, quoniam id faciam ratione requiris?

*Nescio, sed fieri sentio, et excrucior.*³⁷

I hate, and yet I love thee too;
How can that be? I know not how;
Only that so it is I know,
And feel with torment that 'tis so.

It is a deplorable condition, this, and drives a man sometimes to pitiful shifts in seeking how to avoid himself.

The truth of the matter is, that neither he who is a fop in the world is a fit man to be alone nor he who has set his heart much upon the world, though he have never so much understanding; so that solitude can be well fitted and set right but upon a very few persons. They must have enough knowledge of the world to see the vanity of it, and enough virtue to despise all vanity; if the mind be possessed with any lust or passions, a man had better be in a fair than in a wood alone. They may, like petty thieves, cheat us perhaps, and pick our pockets in the midst of company; but like robbers they use to strip and bind, or murder us when they catch us alone. This is but to retreat from men, and fall into the hands of devils. 'Tis like the punishment of parricides among the Romans, to be sewn into a bag with an ape, a dog, and a serpent.

The first work therefore that a man must do to make himself capable of the good of solitude, is the very eradication of all lusts; for how is it possible for a man to enjoy himself while his affections are tied to

³⁵ With thee I should love to live; with thee I would gladly die; Horace, Odes, III. ix. 24.

³⁶ Tibullus, IV. xiii. 9.

³⁷ *De Amore Suo*, 83.

things without himself? In the second place, he must learn the art and get the habit of thinking; for this too, no less than well speaking, depends upon much practice, and cogitation is the thing which distinguishes the solitude of a God from a wild beast. Now because the soul of man is not by its own nature or observation furnished with sufficient materials to work upon, it is necessary for it to have continual recourse to learning and books for fresh supplies, so that the solitary life will grow indigent, and be ready to starve, without them; but if once we be thoroughly engaged in the love of letters, instead of being wearied with the length of any day, we shall only complain of the shortness of our whole life.

O vita, stulto longa, sapienti brevis!

O life, long to the fool, short to the wise!

The first minister of state has not so much business in public as a wise man has in private; if the one have little leisure to be alone, the other has less leisure to be in company; the one has but part of the affairs of one nation, the other all the works of God and nature under his consideration. There is no saying shocks me so much as that which I hear very often, that a man does not know how to pass his time. 'Twould have been but ill spoken by Methusalem in the nine hundred sixty-ninth year of his life; so far it is from us, who have not time enough to attain the utmost perfection of any part of any science, to have cause to complain that we are forced to be idle for want of work. But this you'll say is work only for the learned; others are not capable either of the employments or divertissements that arrive from letters. I know they are not; and therefore cannot much recommend solitude to a man totally illiterate. But if any man be so unlearned as to want entertainment of the little intervals of accidental solitude, which frequently occur in almost all conditions (except the very meanest of the people, who have business enough in the necessary

provisions for life), it is truly a great shame both to his parents and himself; for a very small portion of any ingenious art will stop up all those gaps of our time; either music, or painting, or designing, or chemistry, or history, or gardening, or twenty other things will do it usefully and pleasantly; and if he happen to set his affections upon poetry (which I do not advise him to immoderately), that will overdo it; no wood will be thick enough to hide him from the importunities of company or business, which would abstract him from his beloved.

“—*O qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat um-
bra?*”³⁸

OF OBSCURITY

*Nam neque divitibus contingunt gaudia solis,
Nec vivit male, qui natus moriensque
fefellit.*³⁹

God made not pleasures only for the rich,
Nor have those men without their share too
lived,
Who both in life and death the world de-
ceived.

This seems a strange sentence thus literally translated, and looks as if it were in vindication of the men of business (for who else can deceive the world?); whereas it is in commendation of those who live and die so obscurely that the world takes no notice of them. This Horace calls deceiving the world, and in another place uses the same phrase,

*Secretum iter et fallentis semita vitæ.*⁴⁰

The secret tracks of the deceiving life.

It is very elegant in Latin, but our English word will hardly bear up to that sense, and therefore Mr. Broom⁴¹ translates it very well,

Or from a life, led as it were by stealth.

³⁸ O that someone would set me down in the cool valleys of Hemus, and shelter me with a mighty shade of boughs. (Adapted from Virgil's *Georgics*, II. 489.)

³⁹ Horace, *Epistles*, I. xvii. 9.

⁴⁰ Horace, *Epistles*, I. xviii. 3.

⁴¹ Alexander Broom (Brome), 1620-1666. He collaborated with Ben Jonson and others in the translation of Horace.

Yet we say, in our language, a thing deceives our sight, when it passes before us unperceived, and we may say well enough out of the same author,

Sometimes with sleep, sometimes with wine
we strive,

The cares of life and troubles to deceive.⁴²

But that is not to deceive the world, but to deceive ourselves, as Quintilian says, *vitam fallere*; to draw on still, and amuse,⁴³ and deceive our life, till it be advanced insensibly to the fatal period, and fall into that pit which nature hath prepared for it. The meaning of all this is no more than that most vulgar saying, *Bene qui latuit, bene vixit*. He has lived well who has lain well hidden. Which, if it be a truth, the world (I'll swear) is sufficiently deceived; for my part, I think it is, and that the pleasantest condition of life is in *incognito*. What a brave privilege is it to be free from all contentions, from all envying or being envied, from receiving and from paying all kind of ceremonies! It is, in my mind, a very delightful pastime, for two good and agreeable friends to travel up and down together, in places where they are by nobody known, nor know anybody. It was the case of Æneas and his Achates, when they walked invisibly about the fields and streets of Carthage; Venus herself

A veil of thicken'd air around them cast,
That none might know or see them as they
past.

The common story of Demosthenes' confession that he had taken great pleasure in hearing of a tanker-woman⁴⁴ say as he passed, "This is that Demosthenes," is wonderful ridiculous from so solid an orator. I myself have often met with that temptation to vanity (if it were any), but am so far from finding it any pleasure, that it only makes me run faster from the place, till I get, as it were, out of sight-shot. Democritus relates, and in such a manner as if he gloried in the good fortune and commodity⁴⁵ of it, that when he came to Athens nobody there did so much as take

notice of him; and Epicurus lived there very well, that is, lay hid many years in his gardens, so famous since that time, with his friend Metrodorus; after whose death, making in one of his letters a kind commemoration of the happiness which they two had enjoyed together, he adds at last, that he thought it no disparagement to those great felicities of their life, that in the midst of the most talked-of and talking country in the world, they had lived so long, not only without fame, but almost without being heard of. And yet within a very few years afterward, there were no two names of men more known or more generally celebrated. If we engage into a large acquaintance and various familiarities, we set open our gates to the invaders of most of our time; we expose our life to a quotidian ague of frigid impertinencies, which would make a wise man tremble to think of. Now, as for being known much by sight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honor that lies in that. Whatsoever it be, every mountebank has it more than the best doctor, and the hangman more than the lord chief justice of a city. Every creature has it both of nature and art, if it be any ways extraordinary. It was as often said, "This is that Bucephalus," or, "This is that Incitatus," when they were led prancing through the streets, as "This is that Alexander," or "This is that Domitian"; and truly, for the latter, I take Incitatus to have been a much more honorable beast than his master, and more deserving the consulship, than he the empire. I love and commend a true good fame, because it is the shadow of virtue, not that it doth any good to the body which it accompanies, but 'tis an efficacious shadow, and, like that of St. Peter,⁴⁶ cures the diseases of others. The best kind of glory, no doubt, is that which is reflected from honesty, such as was the glory of Cato and Aristides; but it was harmful to them both, and is seldom beneficial to any man whilst he lives; what it is to him after his death, I cannot say, because I love not philosophy merely notional

⁴² Horace, Satires, II. vii. 114.

⁴³ Make use of, occupy.

⁴⁴ A water-carrier.

⁴⁵ Advantage.

⁴⁶ Cf. Acts 5:15.

and conjectural, and no man who has made the experiment has been so kind as to come back to inform us. Upon the whole matter, I account a person who has a moderate mind and fortune, and lives in the conversation of two or three agreeable friends, with little commerce⁴⁷ in the world besides, who is esteemed well enough by his few neighbors that know him, and is truly irreproachable by anybody, and so after a healthful, quiet life, before the great inconveniences of old age, goes more silently out of it than he came in (for I would not have him so much as cry in the exit); this innocent deceiver of the world, as Horace calls him, this *muta persona*, I take to have been more happy in his part, than the greatest actors that fill the stage with show and noise, nay, even than Augustus himself, who asked with his last breath, whether he had not played his farce very well.

OF GREATNESS

Since we cannot attain to greatness (says the *Sieur de Montaigne*), let's have our revenge by railing at it; this he spoke but in jest. I believe he desired it no more than I do, and had less reason, for he enjoyed so plentiful and honorable a fortune in a most excellent country, as allowed him all the real conveniences of it, separated and purged from the inconveniences. If I were but in this condition, I should think it hard measure, without being convinced⁴⁸ of any crime, to be sequestered from it and made one of the principal officers of the state. But the reader may think that what I now say is of small authority, because I never was, nor ever shall be put to the trial. I can therefore only make my protestation,

If ever I more riches did desire
Than cleanliness and quiet do require,
If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat,
With any wish, so mean as to be great,
Continue, Heav'n, still from me to remove
The humble blessings of that life I love.

I know very many men will despise, and some pity me, for this humor, as a poor-spirited fellow; but I'm content; and, like Horace, thank God for being so. *Dii bene fecerunt inopis me quodque pusilli finxerunt animi.*⁴⁹ I confess, I lovè littleness almost in all things. A little convenient estate, a little cheerful house, a little company, and a very little feast; and if I were ever to fall in love again (which is a great passion, and therefore, I hope, I have done with it), it would be, I think, with prettiness, rather than with majestic beauty. I would neither wish that my mistress, nor my fortune, should be a *bona roba*,⁵⁰ nor, as Homer uses to describe his beauties, like a daughter of great Jupiter for the stateliness and largeness of her person; but as Lucretius says,

*Parvula, pumilio, Xapltwv µla tota merum sal.*⁵¹

Where there is one man of this, I believe there are a thousand of Senecio's mind, whose ridiculous affectation of grandeur Seneca the Elder describes⁵² to this effect. Senecio was a man of a turbid and confused wit, who could not endure to speak any but mighty words and sentences, till this humor grew at last into so notorious a habit, or rather disease, as became the sport of the whole town; he would have no servants but huge, massy fellows; no plate or household stuff, but thrice as big as the fashion; you may believe me, for I speak without raillery, his extravagancy came at last into such a madness, that he would not put on a pair of shoes, each of which was not big enough for both of his feet; he would eat nothing but what was great, nor touch any fruit but horse-plums and pound-pears; he kept a concubine that was a very giantess, and made her walk, too, always in chiopins,⁵³ till at last, he got the surname of *Senecio Grandio*, which, Messala said, was not his *cognomen*, but his *cognomen-tum*. When he declaimed for the three hun-

⁴⁷ Intercourse.

⁴⁸ Convicted.

⁴⁹ The gods have done well in that they have made me of a poor and lowly mind; Horace, *Satires*, I. iv. 17.

⁵⁰ A vulgar term for a robust and handsome woman.

⁵¹ A tiny thing, a dainty thing, one of the Graces — all pure wit. (Lucretius, IV. 1158.)

⁵² In his *Suasorium Liber*, II. 17.

⁵³ A kind of high shoe worn by ladies. (It. *Cioppini*.)

dred Lacedæmonians, who alone opposed Xerxes his army of above three hundred thousand, he stretched out his arms, and stood on tiptoes, that he might appear the taller, and cried out, in a very loud voice: "I rejoice, I rejoice —." We wondered, I remember, what new great fortune had befallen his eminence. "Xerxes" (says he) "is all mine own. He who took away the sight of the sea, with the canvas veils of so many ships —" and then he goes on so, as I know not what to make of the rest, whether it be the fault of the edition, or the orator's own burly way of nonsense.

This is the character that Seneca gives of this hyperbolical fop, whom we stand amazed at; and yet there are very few men who are not in some things and to some degrees *Grandios*. Is anything more common than to see our ladies of quality wear such high shoes as they cannot walk in without one to lead them; and a gown as long again as their body, so that they cannot stir to the next room without a page or two to hold it up? I may safely say that all the ostentation of our grandees is just like a train of no use in the world, but horribly cumbersome and incommodious. What is all this, but a spice of *Grandio*? How tedious would this be if we were always bound to it! I do believe there is no king, who would not rather be deposed than endure every day of his reign all the ceremonies of his coronation. The mightiest princes are glad to fly often from these majestic pleasures (which is, methinks, no small disparagement to them) as it were for refuge, to the most contemptible diversisements, and meanest recreations of the vulgar, nay, even of children. One of the most powerful and fortunate princes⁵⁴ of the world, of late could find no delight so satisfactory as the keeping of little singing birds, and hearing them, and whistling to them. What did the emperors of the whole world? If ever any men had the free and full enjoyment of all human greatness (nay, that would not suffice, for they would be gods too), they certainly pos-

sessed it; and yet, one of them,⁵⁵ who styled himself lord and god of the earth, could not tell how to pass his whole day pleasantly, without spending constant two or three hours in catching of flies, and killing them with a bodkin, as if his godship had been Beelzebub.⁵⁶ One of his predecessors, Nero (who never put any bounds, nor met with any stop to his appetite), could divert himself with no pastime more agreeable than to run about the streets all night in disguise, and abuse the women, and affront the men whom he met, and sometimes to beat them, and sometimes to be beaten by them; this was one of his imperial nocturnal pleasures. His chiefest in the day was to sing and play upon a fiddle, in the habit of a minstrel, upon the public stage. He was prouder of the garlands that were given to his divine voice (as they called it then) in those kinds of prizes, than all his forefathers were of their triumphs over nations. He did not at his death complain that so mighty an emperor and the last of all the Cæsarian race of deities should be brought to so shameful and miserable an end, but only cried out, "Alas, what pity 'tis that so excellent a musician should perish in this manner!" His uncle Claudius spent half his time at playing at dice; that was the main fruit of his sovereignty. I omit the madnesses of Caligula's delights, and the execrable sordidness of those of Tiberius. Would one think that Augustus himself, the highest and most fortunate of mankind, a person endowed too with many excellent parts of nature, should be so hard put to it sometimes for want of recreations, as to be found playing at nuts and bounding-stones with little Syrian and Moorish boys, whose company he took delight in, for their prattling and their wantonness?

Was it for this that Rome's best blood be spilt,

With so much falsehood, so much guilt?
Was it for this that his ambition strove,
To equal Cæsar first, and after Jove?
Greatness is barren, sure, of solid joys;
Her merchandise (I fear) is all in toys;

⁵⁴ Louis XIII of France.

⁵⁵ The Emperor Domitian.

⁵⁶ Beelzebub, whose name signifies "lord of flies," was a sun-god of the Philistines.

She could not else, sure, so uncivil be,
 To treat his universal Majesty,
 His new-created Deity,
 With nuts and bounding-stones and boys.

But we must excuse her for this meagre entertainment. She has not really wherewithal to make such feasts as we imagine; her guests must be contented sometimes with but slender cates,⁵⁷ and with the same cold meats served over and over again, even till they become nauseous. When you have pared away all the vanity, what solid and natural contentment does there remain, which may not be had with five hundred pounds a year? Not so many servants or horses; but a few good ones, which will do all the business as well. Not so many choice dishes at every meal; but at several meals, all of them; which makes them both the more healthy and the more pleasant. Not so rich garments, nor so frequent changes, but as warm and as comely, and so frequent change too, as is every jot as good for the master, though not for the tailor or *valet de chambre*. Not such a stately palace, not gilt rooms, or the costliest sorts of tapestry, but a convenient brick house, with decent wainscot and pretty forest-work hangings. Lastly (for I omit all other particulars, and will end with that which I love most in both conditions), not whole woods cut in walks, nor vast parks, nor fountain, or cascade-gardens; but herb, and flower, and fruit gardens, which are more useful, and the water every whit as clear and wholesome as if it darted from the breasts of a marble nymph, or the urn of a river-god.

If, for all this, you like better the substance of that former estate of life, do but consider the inseparable accidents of both; servitude, disquiet, danger, and most commonly guilt, inherent in the one; in the other liberty, tranquillity, security, and innocence. And when you have thought upon this, you will confess that to be a truth which appeared to you before but a ridiculous paradox, that a low fortune is better guarded and attended than a high one. If, indeed, we look only upon the

flourishing head of the tree, it appears a most beautiful object;

*Sed quantum vertice ad auras
 Etherias tantum radice ad Tartara tendit.*⁵⁸

As far as up towards Heav'n the branches grow,
 So far the root sinks down to Hell below.

Another horrible disgrace to greatness is, that it is for the most part in pitiful want and distress. What a wonderful thing is this! Unless it degenerate into avarice, and so cease to be greatness, it falls perpetually into such necessities as drive it into all the meanest and most sordid ways of borrowing, cozenage, and robbery; *mancipii locuples eget aris Cappadocum rex*,⁵⁹ This is the case of almost all great men, as well as of the poor king of Cappadocia. They abound with slaves, but are indigent of money. The ancient Roman emperors, who had the riches of the whole world for their revenue, had wherewithal to live (one would have thought) pretty well at ease, and to have been exempt from the pressures of extreme poverty. But yet with most of them it was much otherwise, and they fell perpetually into such miserable penury, that they were forced to devour or squeeze most of their friends and servants, to cheat with infamous projects, to ransack and pillage all their provinces. This fashion of imperial grandeur is imitated by all inferior and subordinate sorts of it, as if it were a point of honor. They must be cheated of a third part of their estates, two other thirds they must expend in vanity, so that they remain debtors for all the necessary provisions of life, and have no way to satisfy those debts, but out of the succors and supplies of rapine. As riches increases (says Solomon), so do the mouths that devour it. The master mouth has no more than before. The owner, methinks, is like Ocnus in the fable,⁶⁰ who is perpetually winding a rope of hay, and an ass at the end perpetually eating it. Out of these inconveniences arises naturally one more, which is, that no greatness can be

⁵⁷ Dainty foods.

⁵⁸ Virgil's *Georgics*, II. 291.

⁵⁹ Horace, *Epistles*, I. vi. 39.

⁶⁰ Narrated in Pliny's *Historia Naturalis*, xxxv. 31.

satisfied or contented with itself: still, if it could mount up a little higher, it would be happy; if it could gain but that point, it would obtain all its desires; but yet at last, when it had got up to the very top of the Pic of Teneriffe, it is in very great danger of breaking its neck downwards, but in no possibility of ascending upwards into the seat of tranquillity above the moon. The first ambitious men in the world, the old giants, are said to have made an heroic attempt of scaling heaven, in despite of the gods; and they cast Ossa upon Olympus and Pelion upon Ossa; two or three mountains more they thought would have done their business, but the thunder spoilt all the work, when they were come up to the third story.

And what a noble plot was crost!
And what a brave design was lost!

A famous person of their offspring, the late giant⁶¹ of our nation, when, from the condition of a very inconsiderable captain, he had made himself lieutenant-general of an army of little Titans, which was his first mountain, and afterwards general, which was his second, and after that, absolute tyrant of three kingdoms, which was the third, and almost touched the heaven which he affected, is believed to have died with grief and discontent, because he could not attain to the honest name of a king, and the old formality of a crown, though he had before exceeded the power of a wicked usurpation. If he could have compassed that, he would perhaps have wanted something else that is necessary to felicity, and pined away for want of the title of an emperor or a god. The reason for this is, that greatness has no reality in nature, but a creature of the fancy, a notion that consists only in relation and comparison. It is indeed an idol; but St. Paul teaches us "that an idol is nothing in the world."⁶² There is, in truth, no rising or meridian of the sun, but only in respect to several places; there is no right or left, no upper-hand in nature: everything is little, and everything is great, according as it is diversely compared. There may be perhaps

some village in Scotland or Ireland where I might be a great man; and in that case I should be like Cæsar (you would wonder how Cæsar and I should be like one another in anything), and choose rather to be the first man of the village, than second at Rome. Our country is called Great Brittany, in regard only of a lesser of the same name; it would be but a ridiculous epithet for it when we consider it together with the kingdom of China. That too is but a pitiful rood of ground in comparison of the whole earth besides; and this whole globe of earth, which we account so immense a body, is but one point or atom in relation to those numberless worlds that are scattered up and down in the infinite space of the sky which we behold. The other many inconveniences of grandeur I have spoken of dispersedly in several chapters, and shall end this with an ode of Horace, not exactly copied, but rudely imitated.

THE DANGERS OF AN HONEST MAN IN MUCH COMPANY

If twenty thousand naked Americans were not able to resist the assaults of but twenty well-armed Spaniards, I see little possibility for one honest man to defend himself against twenty thousand knaves who are all furnished *cap-a-pie* with the defensive arms of worldly prudence, and the offensive too of craft and malice. He will find no less odds than this against him, if he have much to do in human affairs. The only advice therefore which I can give him, is to be sure not to venture his person any longer in the open campaign,⁶³ to retreat and entrench himself, to stop up all avenues, and draw up all bridges against so numerous an enemy. The truth of it is, that a man in much business must either make himself a knave, or else the world will make him a fool; and if the injury went no farther than the being laughed at, a wise man would content himself with the revenge of retaliation; but the case is much worse; for these civil can-

⁶¹ Oliver Cromwell.

⁶² I Corinthians 8:4.

⁶³ The level plains.

nibals too, as well as the wild ones, not only dance about such a taken stranger, but at last devour him. A sober man cannot get too soon out of drunken company, though they be never so kind and merry among themselves, 'tis not unpleasant only, but dangerous to him.

Do ye wonder that a virtuous man should love to be alone? It is hard for him to be otherwise; he is so when he is among ten thousand; neither is the solitude so uncomfortable to be alone without any other creature, as it is to be alone in the midst of wild beasts. Man is to man all kind of beasts: a fawning dog, a roaring lion, a thieving fox, a robbing wolf, a dissembling crocodile, a treacherous decoy, and a rapacious vulture. The civilest, methinks, of all nations, are those whom we account the most barbarous; there is some moderation and good nature in the *Toupinambaltians*,⁶⁴ who eat no men but their enemies, whilst we learned and polite Christian Europeans, like so many pikes and sharks, prey upon everything that we can swallow. It is the great boast of eloquence and philosophy, that they first congregated men dispersed, united them into societies, and built up the houses and the walls of cities. I wish they could unravel all they had woven, that we might have our woods and our innocence again, instead of our castles and our policies. They have assembled many thousands of scattered people into one body. 'Tis true, they have done so. They have brought them together into cities to cozen, and into armies to murder one another; they found them hunters and fishers of wild creatures, they have made them hunters and fishers of their brethren; they boast to have reduced them to a state of peace, when the truth is, they have only taught them an art of war; they have framed, I must confess, wholesome laws for the restraint of vice, but they raised first that devil which now they conjure and cannot bind; though there were before no punishments for wickedness, yet there was less committed because there were no rewards for it. But

the men who praise philosophy from this topic are much deceived; let oratory answer for itself; the tinkling perhaps of that may unite a swarm. It never was the work of philosophy to assemble multitudes, but to regulate only, and govern them when they were assembled; to make the best of an evil, and bring them, as much as possible, to unity again. Avarice and ambition only were the first builders of towns, and founders of empire. They said, "Go to, let us build us a city and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven, and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the earth."⁶⁵ What was the beginning of Rome, the metropolis of the world? What was it, but a concourse of thieves, and a sanctuary of criminals? It was justly named by the augury of no less than twelve vultures, and the founder cemented his walls with the blood of his brother. Not unlike to this was the beginning even of the first town⁶⁶ too in the world, and such is the original sin of most cities; their actual increase daily with their age and growth; the more people, the more wicked all of them; every one brings in his part to inflame the contagion, which becomes at last so universal and so strong that no precepts can be sufficient preservatives, nor anything secure our safety, but flight from among the infected. We ought in the choice of a situation to regard above all things the healthfulness of the place, and the healthfulness of it for the mind rather than for the body. But suppose (which is hardly to be supposed) we had antidote enough against this poison; nay, suppose farther, we were always and at all pieces⁶⁷ armed and provided both against the assaults of hostility and the mines of treachery, 'twill yet be an uncomfortable life to be ever in alarms; though we were compassed round with fire to defend ourselves from wild beasts, the lodging would be unpleasant, because we must always be obliged to watch that fire, and to fear no less the defects of our guard, than the diligences of our enemy. The sum of this is, that a virtuous man

⁶⁴ An ancient tribe of savages in northern Brazil.

⁶⁵ See the story of the Tower of Babel, Genesis 11.

⁶⁶ Cain's city, see Genesis 4:17.

⁶⁷ *I.e.*, at all points.

is in danger to be trod upon and destroyed in the crowd of his contraries; nay, which is worse, to be changed and corrupted by them; and that 'tis impossible to escape both these inconveniences without so much caution as will take away the whole quiet, that is, the happiness, of his life.

Ye see then, what he may lose; but, I pray, what can he get there? *Quid Romæ faciam? Mentiri nescio.*⁶⁸ What should a man of truth and honesty do at Rome? He can neither understand nor speak the language of the place; a naked man may swim in the sea, but 'tis not the way to catch fish there; they are likelier to devour him, than he them, if he bring no nets and use no deceits. I think therefore it was wise and friendly advice which Martial gave to Fabian, when he met him newly arrived at Rome.

Honest and poor, faithful in word and thought;

What has thee, Fabian, to the city brought? Thou neither the buffoon, nor bawd canst play,

Nor with false whispers th' innocent betray: Nor corrupt wives, nor from rich beldams get

A living by thy industry and sweat; Nor with vain promises and projects cheat, Nor bribe or flatter any of the great.

But you're a man of learning, prudent, just; A man of courage, firm, and fit for trust.

Why, you may stay, and live unenvied here; But (faith) go back, and keep you where you were.⁶⁹

Nay, if nothing of all this were in the case, yet the very sight of uncleanness is loathsome to the cleanly; the sight of folly and impiety vexatious to the wise and pious.

Lucretius, by his favor, though a good poet, was but an ill-natured man, when he said, "It was delightful to see other men in a great storm."⁷⁰ And no less ill-natured should I think Democritus, who laughed at all the world, but that he retired himself

so much out of it, that we may perceive he took no great pleasure in that kind of mirth. I have been drawn twice or thrice by company to go to Bedlam,⁷¹ and have seen others very much delighted with the fantastical extravagancy of so many various madnesses, which upon me wrought so contrary an effect, that I always returned, not only melancholy, but even sick with the sight. My comparison there was perhaps too tender, for I meet a thousand madmen abroad, without any perturbation; though, to weigh the matter justly, the total loss of reason is less deplorable than the total depravation of it. An exact judge of human blessings, of riches, honors, beauty, even of wit itself, should pity the abuse of them more than the want.

Briefly, though a wise man could pass never so securely through the great roads of human life, yet he will meet perpetually with so many objects and occasions of compassion, grief, shame, anger, hatred, indignation, and all passions but envy (for he will find nothing to deserve that), that he had better strike into some private path; nay, go so far, if he could, out of the common way, *ut nec facta audiat Pelopidarum*;⁷² that he might not so much as hear of the actions of the sons of Adam. But whither shall we fly then? Into the deserts, like the ancient hermits.

*Qua terra patet fera regnat Erinnyes,
In facinus jurasse putes.*⁷³

One would think that all mankind had bound themselves by an oath to do all the wickedness they can; that they had all (as the Scripture speaks) sold themselves to sin; the difference only is that some are a little more crafty (and but a little, God knows) in making of the bargain. I thought when I went first to dwell in the country, that without doubt I should have met there with the simplicity of the old poetical Golden Age; I thought to have found no inhabitants there, but such as the shepherds of Sir Philip Sydney in Arcadia, or

⁶⁸ What shall I do at Rome? I don't know how to lie. (From Juvenal, Satires, III. 41.)

⁶⁹ Martial, Epigrams, IV. 5.

⁷⁰ Lucretius, II. 1.

⁷¹ I.e., Bethlehem, the famous hospital for the insane in London.

⁷² From Cicero's Letter to Atticus, XV. xi. 3.

⁷³ Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, I. 241. (As far as the earth extends, the fierce Fury reigns. You would think they had sworn allegiance to crime.)

of Monsieur d'Urfé⁷⁴ upon the banks of Lignon; and began to consider with myself which way I might recommend no less to posterity the happiness and innocence of the men of Chertsey; but to confess the truth, I perceived quickly by infallible demonstrations that I was still in Old England, and not in Arcadia, or La Forest; that if I could not content myself with anything less than exact fidelity in human conversation, I had almost as good go back and seek it in the Court, or the Exchange, or Westminster Hall. I ask again then, whither shall we fly, or what shall we do? The world may so come in a man's way that he cannot choose but salute it; he must heed, though, not to go a whoring after it. If by any lawful vocation or just necessity men happen to be married to it, I can only give them St. Paul's advice. "Brethren, the time is short, it remains that they that have wives be as though they had none. But I would that all men were even as I myself."⁷⁵

In all cases they must be sure that they do *mundum ducere*, and not *mundo nubere*. They must retain the superiority and headship over it; happy are they who can get out of the sight of this deceitful beauty, that they may not be led so much as into temptation, who have not only quitted the metropolis, but can abstain from ever seeing the next market town of their country.

OF MYSELF

It is a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself; it grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear anything of praise from him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind; neither my mind, nor body, nor my fortune, allow me any materials for that vanity. It is sufficient, for my own contentment, that they have preserved me from being scandalous, or remarkable on the defective side. But besides that, I shall here speak of myself, only in relation to the subject of these

precedent discourses, and shall be likelier thereby to fall into the contempt than rise up to the estimation of most people.

As far as my memory can return back into my past life, before I knew or was capable of guessing what the world, or glories, or business of it were, the natural affections of my soul gave me a secret bent of aversion from them, as some plants are said to turn away from others, by an antipathy imperceptible to themselves, and inscrutable to man's understanding. Even when I was a very young boy at school, instead of running about on holidays and playing with my fellows, I was wont to steal from them, and walk into the fields, either alone with a book, or with some one companion, if I could find any of the same temper. I was then, too, so much an enemy to all constraint, that my masters could never prevail on me by any persuasions or encouragements to learn without book the common rules of grammar, in which they dispensed with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual exercise out of my own reading and observation. That I was then of the same mind as I am now (which I confess, I wonder at myself) may appear by the latter end of an ode,⁷⁶ which I made when I was but thirteen years old, and which was then printed with many other verses. The beginning of it is boyish, but of this part which I here set down (if a very little were corrected) I should hardly now be much ashamed.

9

This only grant me, that my means may lie Too low for envy, for contempt too high.

Some honor I would have
Not from great deeds, but good alone.
The unknown are better than ill known.

Rumor can open the grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

10

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.

⁷⁴ Honoré d'Urfé (1567–1625), author of the famous romance, *L'Astrée*, in the vein of Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*. The scene is laid on the banks of the Lignon in La Forest.

⁷⁵ I Corinthians 7:29.

⁷⁶ The poem from which Cowley quotes is entitled *A Vote* (i.e., a wish, or prayer), and was included in his *Sylva*, 1636.

My house a cottage, more
Than palace; and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.
My garden painted o'er
With nature's hand, not art's; and pleasures
yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

11

Thus would I double my life's fading space,
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.

And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would not fear nor wish my fate,

But boldly say each night,
Tomorrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them; I have liv'd, today.

You may see by it, I was even then acquainted with the poets (for the conclusion is taken out of Horace⁷⁷), and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them which stamped first, or rather engraved, these characters in me; they were like letters cut into the bark of a young tree, which with the tree still grow proportionably. But, how this love came to be produced in me so early is a hard question. I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verse as have never since left ringing there: for I remember when I began to read, and to take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlor (I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion), but there was wont to lie Spenser's works; this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, and giants, and monsters, and brave houses, which I found everywhere there, though my understanding had little to do with all this; and by degrees with the tinkling of the rhyme and dance of the numbers, so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a poet as irremediably as a child is made a eunuch. With these affections of mind, and my heart wholly set upon letters, I went to the university, but was soon torn from

thence by that violent public storm⁷⁸ which could suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every plant, even from the princely cedars to me, the hyssop. Yet I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a tempest; for I was cast by it into the family of one of the best persons,⁷⁹ and into the court of one of the best princesses⁸⁰ of the world. Now though I was here engaged in ways most contrary to the original design of my life, that is, into much company and no small business, and into a daily sight of greatness, both militant and triumphant (for that was the state then of the English and French courts), yet all this was so far from altering my opinion, that it only added the confirmation of reason to that which was before but natural inclination. I saw plainly all the paint of that kind of life, the nearer I came to it; and that beauty which I did not fall in love with, when, for aught I knew, it was real, was not like to bewitch or entice me when I saw that it was adulterate. I met with several great persons, whom I liked very well, but could not perceive that any part of their greatness was to be liked or desired, no more than I would be glad or content to be in a storm, though I saw many ships which rid safely and bravely in it; a storm would not agree with my stomach, if it did with my courage. Though I was in a crowd of as good company as could be found anywhere, though I was in business of great and honorable trust, though I ate at the best table, and enjoyed the best conveniences for present subsistence that ought to be desired by a man of my condition in banishment and public distresses; yet I could not abstain from renewing my old school-boy's wish in a copy of verses to the same effect.

Well then; I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree, etc.⁸¹

And I never then proposed to myself any other advantage from his Majesty's happy restoration, but the getting into

⁷⁷ Horace's Odes, III. 29. 41-45.

⁷⁸ The Civil War, which began in 1642.

⁷⁹ Lord Jermyn, later Earl of St. Albans.

⁸⁰ Queen Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I.

⁸¹ From the poem entitled *The Wish*, in Cowley's *The Mistress*.

some moderately convenient retreat in the country; which I thought in that case I might easily have compassed, as well as some others, with no greater probabilities or pretences, have arrived to extraordinary fortunes. But I had before written a shrewd prophecy against myself, and I think Apollo inspired me in the truth, though not in the elegance of it.

Thou, neither great at Court nor in the war,
Nor at th' Exchange shalt be, nor at the
 wrangling bar:

Content thyself with the small barren praise
Which neglected verse does raise, etc.⁸²

However, by the failing of the forces which I had expected, I did not quit the design which I had resolved on: I cast myself into it a *corps perdu*, without making capitulations, or taking counsel of fortune. But God laughs at a man, who says to his soul, Take thy ease.⁸³ I met

presently not only with many little encumbrances and impediments, but with so much sickness (a new misfortune to me) as would have spoiled the happiness of an emperor as well as mine. Yet I do neither repent nor alter my course. *Non ego perfidum dixi sacramentum.*⁸⁴ Nothing shall separate me from a mistress, which I have loved so long, and have now at last married; though she neither has brought me a rich portion, nor lived yet so quietly with me as I hoped from her.

*Nec vos, dulcissima mundi
Nomina, vos Musæ, libertas, otia, libri,
Hortique sylvæque anima remanente relin-
 quam.*⁸⁵

Nor by me e'er shall you,
You of all names the sweetest and the best,
You Muses, books, and liberty and rest,
You gardens, fields, and woods forsaken be,
As long as life itself forsakes not me.

. . .

⁸² From Cowley's poem, *Destiny*, in his *Pindaric Odes*.

⁸³ St. Luke 12:16-21.

⁸⁴ I have not sworn a faithless oath. (Horace, *Odes*, II. 17.)

⁸⁵ Presumably Cowley's own lines.

JOHN EVELYN

(1620-1705/6)

John Evelyn may be set down as a successful man of wealth. Too often the man of means and leisure is too busy being rich and leisurely to see the world for his own acres and halls. But Evelyn saw it, and he saw it with a profound sense of equilibrium in a century famous for its reversals and upsets. And he saw it not only as a thinker but as a man of affairs. He seems to have found as much time for putting his ideas about cleanliness and orderliness, charity and social improvement, into practice as for admiring statues and fine buildings and grounds. He put the economics of life on the plane of the art of living.

Gifted with an enormous curiosity for seeing the wheels of things, the mechanics of the inside of a whale's mouth and the chemistry of reforestation and the crystalline marvel of the vitals of Charles First's clock, he went through life with the admiration of an artist for the things that worked — charters, hospitals, a fuel that would heat a city without fouling it, an inspiring Anglican preacher, and a kindly king. And his keen eye took in the trivia, too, the curios as well as the masterpieces of art, a bearded lady and a tight-rope walker, as well as a well-managed coronation or the conquest of the fire of a century, a table trick with water glasses, as well as the ruins of Nineveh. Big or little, he was a taster of all sciences. He is typical of those naïve men of the Royal Society who went at experiments like boys going fishing, who studied the stars and the mystic markings on a servant-girl's arm with equal zest. He was a connoisseur as well as a sight-seer, a traveller who was a student. He knew the best in art; and he has to his credit the discovery and patronage of Grinling Gibbons, the finest worker in delicate carving England has had, who has left his ivory lacework in churches throughout the land. In a day of fierce factions, he was a man of liberality; a stout Anglican, he could sympathize with the Roman Catholics. He kept a strict sense of moral values in the heyday of profligacy. A worshipper of kings, he saw their faults and condemned them. A pious, straightforward, honest man was John Evelyn.

Evelyn had a life that was as happy as it was long. His first maturity, after a lazy Oxford career, was spent, by the King's leave, in travel on the Continent, while the Civil War shook his land. But Evelyn was no Royalist exile. He returned to enjoy the acquaintance, if not the friendship, of men prominent in the Commonwealth. He worshipped privately as an Anglican, with Jeremy Taylor and others; and he never took the oath of the covenant. When the King returned, Evelyn stepped forth into a quiet prominence. His career, if not spectacular or meteoric like his friend Pepys's, was a solid one. He had the friendship and confidence of the two Stuart kings. He wrote numerous books and many papers on economic subjects especially; his two best known works being his *Fumifugium*, a volume dealing with the abatement of the smoke nuisance in London, and *Sylva*, a book on the timely topic of the reforestation of an England denuded of its trees by the Civil War. He had a voluminous correspondence. And he found some time for trifles even, such as his *Mundus Mulieribus*, or the Ladies Dressing Room Unlocked, a study of women's fashions, and that tract, possibly, that was sent anonymously to Mistress Castlemaine. He was constantly in office; in 1662 on a commission to improve the London streets; in 1664 on another for regulating the mint and also on another for caring for the sick and wounded in the Dutch War; in 1666 on still another for repairing St. Paul's, some months before the Fire, and in the same year on another commission considering the subject of farming and the manufacture of saltpetre; in 1671 he sat on a commission concerned with the New World plantations, already showing a stiff neck a century before the Revolution; in 1672 on the council of trade; in 1685 he was one of the commissioners of the Privy Seal; in 1695 one of the commissioners for the founding of Greenwich Hospital, of which he became treasurer. And yet he found time to travel, to admire and collect art objects, to be a most active member of the Royal Society, one of whose charter members he was and the presidency of which he twice refused. He kept an ear trained on good sermons. He was a friend to the important people of his time, kings and dukes and, better yet,

Jeremy Taylor, Sir Thomas Browne, Gibbons, Boyle, Wren, Wilkins, Chardin, Sir William Temple. Life was not all kissing royal hands. He attended plays. He had a fine house which he was proud to loan to Peter the Great of Russia, come to learn ship-building, even though his best holly hedge suffered when the Czar of Muscovy delighted himself by riding through it in a wheelbarrow. He had an ear for news, especially the significant and important, and some powers of prophecy. His taste in architecture was excellent; and he stands as one of the prophets of modern city planning. He was a keen judge of men, as his instant scorn of Titus Oates can attest. He was a friend of that other great literary and human business man, Samuel Pepys. Never a sole or commanding figure in great enterprises but rather one avoiding the spotlight, he yet did solid and quiet work for the betterment of his city and country.

He has drawn his own full length portrait in the Diary that covers his long and useful life. Sober, cultured, highly esteemed, he went through the years with clear eyes that age did not dim; and his life is one that shines. His book is a splendid guidebook to the cities and monuments and museums of Holland and France and Italy and England. In an age of a great deal of shoddy and sham, in a day of extreme cuts in loyalties as in coats, his observations are usually important and honest. His Diary is a life-long calendar of noteworthy dates and of epochal public events, interspersed with some private matters and some pleasant ephemera. For Evelyn was a man with an eye for the big. In his journal there is not the garrulity of Pepys; and if, by the same token, Evelyn lacks much of Pepys's lightness and loveliness, if he is less flexible in style, he is not without his grace and his literary glow. His work is a more formal thing, a pageant of more than a half century of English history set down by a fine and sane man, who could see behind the levees of the great and bear-baiting the naked truth, who put down solid achievements in politics and science and art as the matters to kindle a man.

FROM THE DIARY OF JOHN EVELYN

(Based on the Bray Edition, 1850)

August 28, 1641. Leyden. Amongst all the rarities of this place, I was much pleased with a sight of their anatomy-school, theatre, and repository adjoining, which is well furnished with natural curiosities; skeletons from the whale and elephant to the fly and spider, which last is a very delicate piece of art; to see how the bones—if I may so call them of so tender an insect—could be separated from the mucilaginous parts of that minute animal. Amongst a great variety of other things, I was shown the knife newly taken out of a drunken Dutchman's guts by an incision in his side after it had slipped from his fingers into his stomach. The pictures of the chirurgeon and his patient, both living, were there.

I was brought acquainted with a Burgundian Jew, who had married an apostate Kentish woman. I asked him divers questions; he told me, amongst other things, that the world should never end, that our souls transmigrated, and that even those of the most holy persons did penance

in the bodies of brutes after death,—and so he interpreted the banishment and savage life of Nebuchadnezzar; that all the Jews should rise again and be led to Jerusalem; that the Romans only were the occasion of our Savior's death, whom he affirmed, as the Turks do, to be a great prophet, but not the Messiah. He showed me several books of their devotion, which he had translated into English for the instruction of his wife; he told me that when the Messiah came, all the ships, barks, and vessels of Holland should, by the power of certain strange whirlwinds, be loosed from their anchors and transported in a moment to all the desolate ports and havens throughout the world, wherever the dispersion was, to convey their brethren and tribes to the holy city; with other such like stuff. He was a merry drunken fellow, but would by no means handle any money—for something I purchased of him—it being Saturday; but desired me to leave it in the window, meaning to receive it on Sunday morning.

October 5, 1641. Antwerp. There was nothing about this city which more ravished me than those delicious shades and walks of stately trees which render the fortified works of the town one of the sweetest places in Europe; nor did I ever observe a more quiet, clean, elegantly built, and civil place than this magnificent and famous City of Antwerp. In the evening, I was invited to Signor Duarte's, a Portuguese by nation, an exceeding rich merchant, whose palace I found to be furnished like a prince's. His three daughters entertained us with rare music, vocal and instrumental, which was finished with a handsome collation. I took leave of the ladies and of sweet Antwerp, as late as it was, embarking for Brussels on the Scheldt in a vessel, which delivered us to a second boat in another river drawn or towed by horses. In this passage we frequently changed our barge by reason of the bridges thwarting our course. Here I observed numerous families inhabiting their vessels and floating dwellings so built and divided by cabins as few houses on land enjoyed better accommodation, stored with all sorts of utensils, neat chambers, a pretty parlor, and kept so sweet that nothing could be more refreshing. The rivers on which they are drawn are very clear and still waters and pass through a most pleasant country on both banks.

February 8, 1643/4. Paris. I finished this day with a walk in the great garden of the Tuileries, rarely contrived for privacy, shade, or company, by groves, plantations, and that labyrinth of cypresses, not omitting the noble hedges of pomegranates, fountains, fish-ponds, and an aviary, but, above all, the artificial echo, redoubling the words so distinctly; and, as it is never without some fair nymph singing to its grateful returns, standing at one of the focuses, which is under a tree of a little cabinet of hedges, the voice seems to descend from the clouds, at another, as if it were underground. This being at the bottom of the garden, we were let into another, which being kept with all imaginable accuracy as to the orangery, precious shrubs, and rare fruits, seemed a paradise. From a terrace in this place we saw so many coaches, as one would hardly think could be

maintained in the whole city, going, late as it was in the year, towards the course, which is a place adjoining of near an English mile long planted with four rows of trees making a large circle in the middle. This course is walled about, near breast high, with squared freestone and has a stately arch at the entrance, with sculpture and statues about it, built by Mary de Medicis. Here it is that the gallants and ladies of the court take the air and divert themselves, as with us in Hyde Park, the circle being capable of containing a hundred coaches to turn commodiously and the larger of the plantations for five or six coaches abreast.

October 7, 1644. Marseilles. The spectacle was to me new and strange to see so many hundreds of miserably naked persons, their heads being shaven close and having only high red bonnets, a pair of coarse canvas drawers, their whole backs and legs naked, doubly chained about their middle and legs, in couples, and made fast to their seats, and all commanded in a trice by an imperious and cruel seaman. One Turk amongst the rest he much favored, who waited on him in his cabin, but with no other dress than the rest, and a chain locked about his leg but not coupled. This galley was richly carved and gilded, and most of the rest were very beautiful. After bestowing something on the slaves, the captain sent a band of them to give us music at dinner where we lodged. I was amazed to contemplate how these miserable caitiffs lie in their galley crowded together; yet there was hardly one but had some occupation, by which, as leisure and calms permitted, they got some little money, insomuch as some of them have, after many years of cruel servitude, been able to purchase their liberty. The rising-forward and falling-back at their oar is a miserable spectacle, and the noise of their chains, with the roaring of the beaten waters, has something of strange and fearful in it to one unaccustomed to it. They are ruled and chastised by strokes on their backs and soles of their feet on the least disorder and without the least humanity, yet are they cheerful and full of knavery.

June, 1645. Venice. Hence I passed through the Mercera, one of the most de-

licious streets in the world for the sweetness of it, and is all the way on both sides tapestrified as it were with cloth of gold, rich damasks and other silks which the shops expose and hang before their houses from the first floor, and with that variety that for near half the year spent chiefly in this city I hardly remember to have seen the same piece twice exposed; to this add the perfumes, apothecaries' shops, and the innumerable cages of nightingales which they keep, that entertain you with their melody from shop to shop, so that shutting your eyes you could imagine yourself in the country, when indeed you are in the middle of the sea. It is almost as silent as the middle of a field, there being neither rattling of coaches nor trampling of horses.

January 22, 1648/9. I went through a course of chemistry at Sayes Court. Now was the Thames frozen over and horrid tempests of wind.

The villainy of the rebels proceeding now so far as to try, condemn, and murder our excellent King on the 30th of this month struck me with such horror that I kept the day of his martyrdom a fast and would not be present at the execrable wickedness, receiving the sad account of it from my brother George and Mr. Owen, who came to visit me this afternoon and recounted all the circumstances.

December 4, 1653. Going this day to our church, I was surprised to see a tradesman, a mechanic, step up; I was resolved yet to stay and see what he would make of it. His text was from II Sam. 23:20: "And Benaiah went down also and slew a lion in the midst of a pit in the time of snow"; the purport was, that no danger was to be thought difficult when God called for shedding of blood, inferring that now the saints were called to destroy temporal governments, with such feculent stuff; so dangerous a crisis were things grown to!

July 12, 1654. Oxford. We went to St. John's, saw the library and the two skeltons, which are finely cleansed and put together; observable is here also the store of mathematical instruments, chiefly given by the late Archbishop Laud, who built here a handsome quadrangle.

July 13, 1654. Oxford. We all dined at that most obliging and universally-curious Dr. Wilkins', at Wadham College.¹ He was the first who showed me the transparent apiaries which he had built like castles and palaces and so ordered them one upon another as to take the honey without destroying the bees. These were adorned with a variety of dials, little statues, vanes, etc.; and he was so abundantly civil, finding me pleased with them, to present me with one of the hives which he had empty, and which I afterwards had in my garden at Sayes Court, where it continued many years and which his Majesty came on purpose to see and contemplate with much satisfaction. He had also contrived a hollow statue which gave a voice and uttered words by a long concealed pipe that went to his mouth while one speaks through it at a good distance. He had, above in his lodgings and gallery, variety of shadows, dials, perspectives, and many other artificial, mathematical, and magical curiosities, a way-wiser, a thermometer, a monstrous magnet, conic, and other sections, a balance on a demicircle, most of them his own; and that prodigious young scholar, Mr. Christopher Wren, who presented me with a piece of white marble which he had stained a lively red, very deep, as beautiful as if it had been natural.

March 18, 1655. Went to London on purpose to hear that excellent preacher, Dr. Jeremy Taylor, on Matt. 14:17, showing what were the conditions of obtaining eternal life, also concerning abatements for unavoidable infirmities, how cast on the accounts of the cross. On the 31st, I made a visit to Dr. Jeremy Taylor to confer with him about some spiritual matters, using him thenceforward as my ghostly father. I beseech God Almighty to make me ever mindful of and thankful for his heavenly assistances!

April 9, 1655. I went to see the great ship newly built by the Usurper, Oliver, carrying ninety-six brass guns, and 1000 tons burden. In the prow was Oliver on horseback, trampling six nations underfoot, a Scot, Irishman, Dutchman, Frenchman, Spaniard, and English, as was easily made

¹ This was the real cradle, and Dr. Wilkins one of the nurses, of the future Royal Society.

out by their several habits. A Fame held a laurel over his insulting² head; the word, *God with us*.

July 10, 1656. Ipswich. I had the curiosity to visit some Quakers here in prison; a new fanatic sect of dangerous principles, who show no respect to any man, magistrate, or other, and seem a melancholy, proud sort of people, and exceedingly ignorant. One of these was said to have fasted twenty days; but another, endeavoring to do the like, perished on the 10th, when he would have eaten, but could not.

July 11, 1656. Came home by Greenwich ferry, where I saw Sir J. Winter's project of charring sea-coal to burn out the sulphur and render it sweet. He did it by burning the coals in such earthen pots as the glassmen melt their metal, so firing them without consuming them, using a bar of iron in each crucible, or pot, which bar has a hook at one end, that so the coals being melted in a furnace with other crude sea-coals under them, may be drawn out of the pots sticking to the iron, whence they are beaten off in great half-exhausted cinders, which being rekindled make a clear pleasant chamber-fire deprived of their sulphur and arsenic malignity. What success it may have, time will discover.³

October 19, 1657. I went to see divers gardens about London. Returning, I saw at Dr. Joyliffe's two Virginian rattlesnakes alive, exceeding a yard in length, small heads, slender tails, but in the middle nearly the size of my leg; when vexed, swiftly vibrating and shaking their tails, as loud as a child's rattle. This by the collision of certain gristly skins curiously jointed yet loose and transparent as parchment, by which they give warning, a providential precaution for other creatures to avoid them. The doctor tried their biting on rats and mice, which they immediately killed. But their vigor must needs be much exhausted here in another climate, and kept only in a barrel of bran.

August 14, 1658. We went to Durdans to a challenged match at bowls for £10, which we won.

August 18. To Sir Ambrose Browne, at Betchworth Castle, in that tempestuous

wind which threw down my greatest trees at Sayes Court and did so much mischief all over England. It continued the whole night, in the southwest, and destroyed all our winter fruit.

September 3. Died that arch-rebel, Oliver Cromwell, called Protector.

October 22. Saw the superb funeral of the Protector. He was carried from Somerset House in a velvet bed of state drawn by six horses housed with the same; the pall held by his new lords; Oliver lying in effigy in royal robes and crowned with a crown, sceptre, and globe, like a king. The pendants and guidons were carried by the officers of the army; the imperial banners, achievements, etc., by the heralds in their coats; a rich caparisoned horse embroidered all over with gold; a knight of honor armed *cap-à-pie*; and, after all, his guards, soldiers, and innumerable mourners. In this equipage they proceeded to Westminster. But it was the joyfulest funeral I ever saw; for there were none that cried but dogs, which the soldiers hooted away with a barbarous noise, drinking and taking tobacco in the streets as they went.

May 29, 1660. This day his Majesty Charles the Second came to London, after a sad and long exile and calamitous suffering both of the King and the church, being seventeen years. This was also his birthday, and with a triumph of above 20,000 horse and foot, brandishing their swords and shouting with inexpressible joy; the ways strewn with flowers, the bells ringing, the streets hung with tapestry, fountains running with wine; the Mayor, aldermen, and all the companies in their liveries, chains of gold, and banners; lords and nobles clad in cloth of silver, gold, and velvet; the windows and balconies all set with ladies; trumpets, music, and myriads of people flocking, even so far as from Rochester, so as they were seven hours in passing the city, even from two in the afternoon till nine at night.

I stood in the Strand and beheld it and blessed God. And all this was done without one drop of blood shed and by that very army which rebelled against him; but it was the Lord's doing, for such a restora-

² Exulting.

³ This is our coke.

tion was never mentioned in any history, ancient or modern, since the return of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity; nor so joyful a day and so bright ever seen in this nation, this happening when to expect or effect it was past all human policy.

January 30, 1660/1. This day—O stupendous and inscrutable judgments of God!—were the carcases of those arch-rebels, Cromwell, Bradshaw, the judge who condemned his Majesty, and Ireton, son-in-law to the Usurper, dragged out of their superb tombs in Westminster among the kings to Tyburn and hanged on the gallows there from nine in the morning till six at night and then buried under that fatal and ignominious monument in a deep pit; thousands of people who had seen them in all their pride being spectators. Look back at October 22, 1658, and be astonished! and fear God and honor the King; but meddle not with them who are going to change!

April 23, 1661. This magnificent train on horseback, as rich as embroidery, velvet, cloth of gold and silver, and jewels could make them and their prancing horses, proceeded through the streets strewed with flowers, houses hung with rich tapestries, windows and balconies full of ladies; the London militia lining the ways and the several companies, with their banners and loud music ranked in their orders; the fountains running wine, bells ringing, with speeches made at the several triumphal arches; at that of the Temple Bar, near which I stood, the Lord Mayor was received by the Bailiff of Westminster, who, in a scarlet robe, made a speech. Thence, with joyful acclamations, his Majesty passed to Whitehall. Bonfires at night.

The next day, being St. George's, he went by water to Westminster Abbey. When his Majesty was entered, the dean and prebendaries brought all the regalia and delivered them to several noblemen to bear before the King, who met them at the west door of the church, singing an anthem to the choir. Then came the peers in their robes, and coronets in their hands, till his Majesty was placed on a throne elevated before the altar. Afterwards, the Bishop of

London, the Archbishop of Canterbury being sick, went to every side of the throne to present the King to the people, asking if they would have him for their king and do him homage; at this, they shouted four times "God Save King Charles the Second!" Then an anthem was sung. His Majesty, attended by three bishops, went up to the altar, and he offered a pall and a pound of gold. Afterwards, he sat down in another chair during the sermon, which was preached by Dr. Morley, Bishop of Worcester.

After the sermon, the King took his oath before the altar to maintain the religion, Magna Charta, and laws of the land. The hymn *Veni, S. Sp.* followed and then the litany by two bishops. Then the Archbishop of Canterbury, present but much indisposed and weak, said, "Lift up your hearts"; at which the King rose up and put off his robes and upper garments and was in a waistcoat so opened in divers places that the Archbishop might commodiously anoint him, first in the palms of the hands, when an anthem was sung and a prayer read; then his breast and betwixt the shoulders, bending of both arms; and, lastly, on the crown of the head, with apposite hymns and prayers at each anointing; this done, the dean closed and buttoned up the waistcoat. After which was a coif put on and the cobbium, sindon or dalmatic, and over this a super-tunic of cloth of gold, with buskins and sandals of the same, spurs, and the sword; a prayer being first said over it by the Archbishop on the altar before it was girt on by the Lord Chamberlain. Then the armill, mantle, etc. Then the Archbishop placed the crown-imperial on the altar, prayed over it, and set it on his Majesty's head, at which all the peers put on their coronets. Anthems and rare music with lutes, viols, trumpets, organs, and voices were then heard, and the Archbishop put a ring on his Majesty's finger. The King next offered his sword on the altar, which being redeemed, was drawn and borne before him. Then the Archbishop delivered him the sceptre, with the dove in one hand and in the other the sceptre with the globe. The King kneeling, the Archbishop pronounced the blessing. His Maj-

esty then ascending again his royal throne, whilst *Te Deum* was singing, all the peers did their homage by every one touching his crown, the Archbishop and the rest of the bishops first kissing the King, who received the holy sacrament and so disrobed, yet with the crown-imperial on his head, and accompanied with all the nobility in the former order, he went on foot upon blue cloth, which was spread and reached from the west door of the Abbey to Westminster stairs, when he took water in a triumphal barge to Whitehall, where was extraordinary feasting.

October 1, 1661. I broke fast this morning with the King at return in his smaller vessel, he being pleased to take me and only four more, who were noblemen, with him; but dined in his yacht, where we all ate together with his Majesty. In this passage he was pleased to discourse to me about my book inveighing against the nuisance of the smoke of London⁴ and proposing expedients how, by removing those particulars I mentioned, it might be reformed, commanding me to prepare a bill against the next session of Parliament, being, as he said, resolved to have something done in it.

November 26, 1661. I saw Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, played; but now the old plays began to disgust this refined age, since his Majesty's being so long abroad.

May 30, 1662. The Queen arrived with a train of Portuguese ladies in their monstrous farthingales, or *guard-infantes*, their complexions olivader⁵ and sufficiently unagreeable. Her Majesty in the same habit, her fore-top long and turned aside very strangely. She was yet of the handsomest countenance of all the rest and, though low of stature, prettily shaped, languishing and excellent eyes, her teeth wronging her mouth by sticking a little too far out; for the rest lovely enough.

July 31, 1662. I sat with the commissioners about reforming buildings and streets of London, and we ordered the paving of the way from St. James's north, which was a quagmire, and also of the Haymarket about Piccadilly and agreed upon instructions to

be printed and published for the better keeping the streets clean.

August 29, 1662. The council and fellows of the Royal Society went in a body to Whitehall to acknowledge his Majesty's royal grace in granting our charter and vouchsafing to be himself our founder; when the president gave an eloquent speech, to which his Majesty gave a gracious reply and we all kissed his hand. Next day, we went in like manner with our address to my Lord Chancellor, who had much prompted our patent. He received us with extraordinary favor. In the evening, I went to the Queen-Mother's court, and had much discourse with her.

December 21, 1663. One of his Majesty's chaplains preached; after which, instead of the ancient, grave, and solemn wind music accompanying the organ, was introduced a concert of twenty-four violins between every pause after the French fantastical light way, better suiting a tavern or playhouse than a church. This was the first time of change, and now we no more heard the cornet which gave life to the organ; that instrument quite left off in which the English were so skilful.

October 24, 1664. Oxford. I went to visit Mr. Boyle, now here, whom I found with Dr. Wallis and Dr. Christopher Wren in the tower of the Schools with an inverted tube, or telescope, observing the discus of the sun for the passing of Mercury that day before it; but the latitude was so great that nothing appeared; so we went to see the rarities in the Library, where the keepers showed me my name among the benefactors. They have a cabinet of some metals and pictures of the muscular parts of man's body. Thence to the new Theatre, now building at an exceeding and royal expense by the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury,⁶ to keep the acts in for the future, till now being in St. Mary's Church. The foundation had been newly laid and the whole designed by that incomparable genius, my worthy friend, Dr. Christopher Wren, who showed me the model, not disdaining my advice in some particulars. Thence to see the picture on the wall over the altar at All

⁴ The *Fumifugium*.

⁵ Olive.

⁶ Sheldon; this is the Sheldonian Theatre.

Souls,⁷ being the largest piece of fresco painting—or rather in imitation of it, for it is in oil of turpentine—in England, not ill designed by the hand of one Fuller; yet I fear it will not hold long. It seems too full of naked for a chapel.

September 7, 1665. Came home, there perishing near 10,000 poor creatures weekly;⁸ however, I went all along the city and suburbs from Kent Street to St. James's, a dismal passage, and dangerous to see so many coffins exposed in the streets, now thin of people; the shops shut up, and all in mournful silence, not knowing whose turn might be next. I went to the Duke of Albemarle for a pest-ship, to wait on our infected men, who were not a few.

September 2, 1666. This fatal night, about ten, began the deplorable fire near Fish Street in London.

September 3. I had public prayers at home. The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my wife and son and went to the Bankside in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole city in dreadful flames near the water-side; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thomas Street, and upwards towards Cheapside, down to the Three Cranes, were now consumed; and so returned exceeding astonished what would become of the rest.

The fire having continued all this night—if I may call that night which was light as day for ten miles round about after a dreadful manner—when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very dry season, I went on foot to the same place; and saw the whole south part of the city burning from Cheapside to the Thames and all along Cornhill—for it likewise kindled back against the wind as well as forward—Tower Street, Fenchurch Street, Gracious Street, and so along to Baynard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paul's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal and the people so astonished that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it; so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamenta-

tion, running about like distracted creatures without at all attempting to save even their goods, such a strange consternation there was upon them; so as it burned both in breadth and length the churches, public halls, Exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and street to street at great distances one from the other. For the heat, with a long set of fair and warm weather, had even ignited the air and prepared the materials to conceive the fire, which devoured after an incredible manner, houses, furniture and everything. Here we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save, as on the other side the carts, etc., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewed with movables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seen since the foundation of it! nor can be outdone till the universal conflagration thereof. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen above forty miles round about for many nights. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame! The noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches was like a hideous storm; and the air all about so hot and inflamed that at the last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did, for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds also of smoke were dismal and reached, upon computation, near fifty miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom, or the last day. It forcibly called to my mind that passage—*non enim hic habemus stabilem civitatem*, the ruins resembling the picture of Troy. London was, but is no more! Thus I returned.

⁷ This painting was later covered up, forgotten, and only fairly recently restored.

⁸ This is the apex of the Great Plague.

September 4. The burning still rages, and it is now gotten as far as the Inner Temple. All Fleet Street, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paul's Chain, Watling Street now flaming and most of it reduced to ashes; the stones of Paul's flew like grenados, the melting lead running down the streets in a stream, and the very pavements glowing with fiery redness, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopped all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously driving the flames forward. Nothing but the almighty power of God was able to stop them; for vain was the help of man.

September 5. It crossed towards Whitehall; but oh! the confusion there was then at that court! It pleased his Majesty to command me, among the rest, to look after the quenching of Fetter Lane end, to preserve, if possible, that part of Holborn, whilst the rest of the gentlemen took their several posts, some at one part, and some at another; for now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated with their hands across, and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses as might make a wider gap than any had yet been made by the ordinary method of pulling them down with engines. This some stout seamen proposed early enough to have saved near the whole city, but this some tenacious and avaricious men, aldermen, etc., would not permit because their houses must have been of the first. It was, therefore, now commanded to be practised; and my concern being particularly for the Hospital of St. Bartholomew near Smithfield, where I had many wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it; nor was my care for the Savoy less. It now pleased God by abating the wind and by the industry of the people, when almost all was lost infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury of it began sensibly to abate about noon, so as it came no farther than the Temple westward nor than the entrance of Smithfield north. But continued all this day and night so impetuous toward Cripplegate

and the Tower as made us all despair. It also broke out again in the Temple; but the courage of the multitude persisting and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soon made as, with the former three days' consumption, the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing near the burning and glowing ruins by near a furlong's space.

September 7. I was infinitely concerned to find that goodly church, St. Paul's, now a sad ruin and that beautiful portico, for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repaired by the late King, now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stones split asunder, and nothing remaining entire but the inscription in the architrave showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter defaced! It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcined, so that all the ornaments, columns, friezes, capitals, and projectures of massy Portland stone flew off even to the very roof, where a sheet of lead covering a great space, no less than six acres by measure, was totally melted. The ruins of the vaulted roof falling broke into St. Faith's, which being filled with the magazine of books belonging to the stationers and carried thither for safety they were all consumed, burning for a week following. It is also observable that the lead over the altar at the east end was untouched, and among the divers monuments the body of one bishop remained entire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most ancient pieces of early piety in the Christian world, besides near one hundred more. The lead, iron-work, bells, plate, etc., melted, the exquisitely wrought Mercers' Chapel, the sumptuous Exchange, the august fabric of Christ Church, all the rest of the companies' halls, splendid buildings, arches, entries, all in dust; the fountains dried up and ruined, whilst the very waters remained boiling; the voragos of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke; so that in five or six miles traversing about I did not see one load of timber unconsumed, nor

many stones but were calcined white as snow.

The people, who now walked about the ruins appeared like men in some dismal desert, or rather in some great city laid waste by a cruel enemy; to which was added the stench that came from some poor creatures' bodies, beds, and other combustible goods. Sir Thomas Gresham's statue, though fallen from its niche in the Royal Exchange, remained entire, when all those of the kings since the Conquest were broken to pieces. Also the standard in Cornhill and Queen Elizabeth's effigies, with some arms on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast iron chains of the city streets, hinges, bars, and gates of prisons were many of them melted and reduced to cinders by the vehement heat. Nor was I yet able to pass through any of the narrow streets, but kept the widest; the ground and air, smoke and fiery vapor, continued so intense that my hair was almost singed and my feet insufferably surbated. The bye-lanes and narrow streets were quite filled up with rubbish; nor could one have possibly known where he was but by the ruins of some church or hall that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining.

I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispersed and lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss and, though ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which appeared to me a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and council indeed took all imaginable care for their relief by proclamation for the country to come in and refresh them with provisions.

June 28, 1667. I went to Chatham, and thence to view not only what mischief the Dutch had done but how triumphantly their whole fleet lay within the very mouth of the Thames all from the North Foreland, Margate, even to the buoy of the Nore — a dreadful spectacle as ever Englishman saw

and a dishonor never to be wiped off! Those who advised his Majesty to prepare no fleet this spring deserved — I know not what — but —

April 2, 1668. To the Royal Society, where I subscribed 50,000 bricks towards building a college. Amongst other libertine libels, there was one now printed and thrown about, a bold petition of the poor w — s to Lady Castlemaine.⁹

July 10, 1669. Oxford. The next day began the more solemn lectures in all the faculties, which were performed in the several schools, where all the inceptor-doctors did their exercises, the professors having first ended their reading. The assembly now returned to the Theatre, where the *terræ filius*, the university buffoon, entertained the auditory with a tedious, abusive, sarcastical rhapsody most unbecoming the gravity of the university and that so grossly that unless it be suppressed, it will be of ill consequence, as I afterwards plainly expressed my sense of it both to the Vice-Chancellor and several heads of houses, who were perfectly ashamed of it and resolved to take care of it in the future. The old facetious way of rallying upon the questions was left off, falling wholly upon persons, so that it was rather licentious lying and railing than genuine and noble wit. In my life I was never witness of so shameful entertainment.¹⁰

May 26, 1671. The first thing we did¹¹ was to settle the form of a circular letter to the governors of all his Majesty's plantations and territories in the West Indies and islands thereof to give them notice to whom they should apply themselves on all occasions and to render us an account of their present state and government; but what we most insisted on was to know the condition of New England, which appearing to be very independent as to their regard to Old England or his Majesty, rich and strong as they now were, there were great debates in what style to write them; for the condition of that colony was such that they were able to contest with all

⁹ It was the belief of some that this was written by Evelyn himself.

¹⁰ Though the *terræ filius* is now extinct, degree-days at Oxford still see unlicensed baiting of the lions by the undergraduates.

¹¹ This was a meeting of the Commission of Trade and Plantations.

other plantations about them, and there was a fear of their breaking from all dependence on this nation; his Majesty, therefore, commended this affair more expressly. We therefore thought fit, in the first place, to acquaint ourselves, as well as we could of the state of that place by some whom we heard of that were newly come from thence and to be informed of their present posture and condition; some of our council were for sending them a menacing letter, which those who better understood the peevish and touchy humor of that colony were utterly against.

October 17, 1671. Norwich. I went to see Sir Thomas Browne, with whom I had sometime corresponded by letter, though I had never seen him before; his whole house and garden being a paradise and cabinet of rarities, and that of the best collection, especially medals, books, plants, and natural things. Amongst other curiosities, Sir Thomas had a collection of the eggs of all the fowl and birds he could procure, that country, especially the promontory of Norfolk, being frequented, as he said, by several kinds which seldom or never go farther into the land, as cranes, storks, eagles, and variety of water-fowl. He led me to see all the remarkable places of this ancient city, being one of the largest, and certainly after London, one of the noblest of England for its venerable cathedral, number of stately churches, cleanliness of the streets, and buildings of flint so exquisitely headed and squared as I was much astonished at; but he told me they had lost the art of squaring the flints, in which they so much excelled, and of which the churches, best houses, and walls are built.

March 24, 1672. I saw the surgeon cut off the leg of a wounded sailor, the stout and gallant man enduring it with incredible patience without being bound to his chair as usual on such painful occasions. I had hardly courage enough to be present. Not being cut off high enough, the gangrene prevailed, and the second operation cost the poor creature his life.

Lord! what miseries are mortal men

subject to! and what confusion and mischief do the avarice, anger, and ambition of princes cause in the world!

December 20, 1673. I had some discourse with certain strangers, not unlearned, who had been born not far from old Nineveh; they assured me of the ruins being still extant, and vast and wonderful were the buildings, vaults, pillars, and magnificent fragments; but they could say little of the Tower of Babel that satisfied me. But the description of the amenity and fragrantcy of the country for health and cheerfulness delighted me, so sensibly they spoke of the excellent air and climate in respect of our cloudy and splenetic country.

August 30, 1680. He¹² told us that Nineveh was a vast city now all buried in her ruins, the inhabitants building on the subterranean city; that there were frequently found huge vases of fine earth, columns and other antiquities; that the straw which the Egyptians required of the Israelites was not to burn or cover the rows of bricks as we use but being chopped small to mingle with the clay, which being dried in the sun—for they bake not in the furnaces—would else cleave asunder; that in Persia are yet a race of *ignicolæ* who worship the sun and the fire as gods; that the women of Georgia and Mingrelia were universally and without any compare the most beautiful creatures for shape, features, and figure in the world, and therefore the Grand Seignior and bashaws had had from thence most of their wives and concubines; that there had within these hundred years been Amazons amongst them, that is to say, a sort or race of valiant women given to war.

October 4, 1683. Following his Majesty this morning through the gallery, I went with the few who attended him into the Duchess of Portsmouth's dressing-room within her bed-chamber, where she was in her morning loose garment, her maids combing her, newly out of her bed, his Majesty and the gallants standing about her; but that which engaged my curiosity was the rich and splendid furniture of this woman's apartment, now twice or thrice

¹² Sir John Chardin, born a Frenchman, knighted by Charles II, a man who had travelled widely in the East; Evelyn is reporting an address of his at the Royal Society.

pulled down and rebuilt to satisfy her prodigal and expensive pleasure whilst her Majesty's does not exceed some gentlemen's ladies' in furniture and accommodation. Here I saw the new fabric of French tapestry for design, tenderness of work, and incomparable imitation of the best paintings beyond anything I had ever beheld. Some pieces had Versailles, St. Germain, and other palaces of the French King, with huntings, figures, and landscapes, exotic fowls, and all to the life rarely done. Then for Japan cabinets, screens, pendule clocks, great vases of wrought plate, tables, stands, chimney-furniture, sconces, branches, braziers, etc., all of massy silver and out of number, besides some of her Majesty's best paintings.

Surfeiting of this, I dined at Sir Stephen Fox's, and went contented home to my poor but quiet villa. What contentment can there be in the riches and splendor of this world purchased with vice and dishonor!

February 6, 1684/5. I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and as it were, total forgetfulness of God, it being Sunday evening, which this day sennight I was witness of, the King sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarine, etc., a French boy singing love songs, in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least £2,000 in gold before them; upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflections with astonishment. Six days after was all in the dust!

It was enjoined that those who put on mourning should wear it as for a father in the most solemn manner.

March 5. To my grief I saw the new pulpit set up in the popish oratory at Whitehall for the Lent preaching, mass being publicly said and the Romanists swarming at court with greater confidence than had ever been seen in England since the Reformation so that everybody grew jealous as to what this would tend.

July 15, 1685. Of his faults he¹³ pro-

fessed great sorrow, and so died without any apparent fear. He would not make use of a cap or other circumstance, but, lying down, bid the fellow to do his office better than to the late Lord Russell, and gave him gold; but the wretch made five chops before he had his head off; which so incensed the people that, had he not been guarded and got away, they would have torn him to pieces.

The Duke made no speech on the scaffold, which was on Tower Hill, but gave a paper containing not above five lines for the King, in which he disclaims all title to the crown, acknowledges that the late King, his father, had indeed told him he was but his base son, and so desired his Majesty to be kind to his wife and children.

Thus ended this *quondam* Duke, darling of his father and the ladies, being extremely handsome and adroit, an excellent soldier and dancer, a favorite of the people, of an easy nature, debauched by lust, seduced by crafty knaves who would have set him up only to make a property and taken the opportunity of the King being of another religion to gather a party of discontented men. He failed, and perished.

January 19, 1685/6. Dryden, the famous play-writer, and his two sons and Mrs. Nelly,¹⁴ miss to the late —, were said to go to mass; such proselytes were no great loss to the church.

March 7, 1689/90. I dined with Mr. Pepys, late Secretary to the Admiralty, where was that excellent shipwright and seaman — for so he had been and also a commissioner of the navy — Sir Anthony Deane. Amongst other discourse, and deploring the condition of our navy as now governed by inexperienced men since this Revolution, he mentioned what exceeding advantage we of this nation had by being the first who built frigates, the first of which ever built was that vessel which was afterwards called The Constant Warwick and was the work of Pett of Chatham for a trial of making a vessel that would sail swiftly; it was built with low decks, the guns lying near the water, and was so light and swift of sailing that in a short time, he told us, she had, ere the Dutch war was

¹³ Monmouth.

¹⁴ Nell Gwynne.

ended, taken as much money from privateers as would have laden her; and that more such being built did in a year or two scour the Channel from those of Dunkirk and others which had exceedingly infested it. He added that it would be the best and only infallible expedient to be masters of the sea and able to destroy the greatest navy of any enemy if, instead of building huge great ships and second and third rates, they would leave off building such high decks, which were for nothing but to gratify gentlemen-commanders, who must have all their effeminate accommodations, and for pomp; that it would be the ruin of our fleets if such persons were continued in command, they neither having experience nor being capable of learning because they would not submit to the fatigue and inconvenience which those who were bred seamen would undergo in those so otherwise useful swift frigates.

February 4, 1692/3. Unheard-of stories of the universal increase of witches in New England; men, women, and children devoting themselves to the Devil so as to threaten the subversion of the government. — At the same time there was a conspiracy amongst the negroes in Barbadoes to murder all their masters discovered by overhearing a discourse of two of the slaves and so preventing the execution of the design. — Hitherto an exceeding mild win-

ter. — France in the utmost misery and poverty for want of corn and subsistence, whilst the ambitious King is intent to pursue his conquests on the rest of his neighbors both by sea and land.

January 11, 1693/4. Supped at Mr. Edward Sheldon's, where was Mr. Dryden, the poet, who now intended to write no more plays, being intent on his translation of Virgil. He read to us his prologue and epilogue to his valedictory play now shortly to be acted.

April 23, 1696. I went to Eton and dined with Dr. Godolphin, the provost. The schoolmaster assured me there had not been for twenty years a more pregnant youth in that place than my grandson.

January 30, 1697/8. The Czar of Muscovy being come to England and having a mind to see the building of ships, hired my house at Sayes Court and made it his court and palace new furnished for him by the King.

May 30, 1698. I dined at Mr. Pepys's, where I heard the rare voice of Mr. Pule, who was lately come from Italy, reputed the most excellent singer we had ever had. He sang several compositions of the late Dr. Purcell.

October 31, 1705. I am this day arrived to the 85th year of my age. Lord, teach me so to number my days to come that I may apply them to wisdom!

JOHN AUBREY

(1626-1697)

John Aubrey, Fellow of the Royal Society, lover of Oxford and human nature, seems to have lived exactly the sort of existence to prepare himself best for the authorship of his unique biographies in *Brief Lives*. Gifted with "a strong and early impulse to antiquity," a passion for anecdotes, folk lore, the old astrology and the new science, he seems to have been a master at living life as if it were a day to day affair of looking at things, of meeting new people, going and coming, collecting books, eating and drinking, noting gestures, marking the complexion of a man as of equal importance with his ideas, a matter of talk, wine bouts, the spice of scandal. Such a life merely brushed the skirts of philosophy; Aubrey might have said, with Dr. Johnson, that he had tried in his time to be a philosopher but humor had always broken in. To him life was a museum, a cabinet of curios in which fossils were as important as Greek vases, the cut of a man's beard as momentous as his creed. *Dissecta membra*, but things one had loved. Hence there is nothing in this man of the symmetry one finds in Burton and Donne. His own life, which he includes in his *Brief Lives*, is a random catalogue in which Aubrey's accidents and ailments occupy great space; an ague shortly after birth, a violent fever that nearly carried him off, a light case of measles, a fall from his uncle's horse, the civil troubles that caused his removal from Oxford for a time, the small-pox, love at first sight, a prospect of a rich marriage which his mother ruined, a fall at Epsom, his election to the Royal Society, a lawsuit that ate up his inheritance, a neck nigh broken at Ely Cathedral, an apoplectic fit, a near shipwreck at Holyhead, the spleen and piles at Orleans, treacheries and enmities that made his affairs run "kim kam," arrests and danger of more of the same, a narrow shave from being killed in a street brawl, two escapes from drowning, a robbery and fifteen wounds in the head. Aubrey, thanks to the good authority of Henry Coley, was able and glad to lay his misfortunes at the door of the stars which shone balefully over his nativity. Between lawsuits and the purchase of books and MSS., between the coffee-houses and taverns, he ran through his estate, and was forced to hunt patrons in his latter years; and his nights of accompanying good fellows at their cups cramped his style when in the morning hours following he tried to put his thoughts upon his *Lives*. He was a failure in life; he spent his substance, missed an heiress, missed marrying anybody, and he never reduced his copy to any order. But his failure makes his biographical work the marvel that it is in matter and method. Anthony Wood, for instance, petrifies when he comes to arrange his notes into formal biographies. Of his life, in addition to his accidents, Aubrey tells us pleasant, rambling details. Bacon's *Essays* first opened his eyes to the beauty of morals and style. As a boy he "did ever love to converse with old men, as living histories." He loved music and wrote blank verse. His fancy was "like a mirror, pure, crystal water." He loved Oxford above all else: "1642, May 2, I went to Oxford,"—and the next word holds volumes—"Peace." He had the ruins of Osney Abbey sketched as they were being torn down. He filled notebooks with antiquarian matter and purposed to go to Rome to study the ruins there. He sketched landscapes on horseback. "If ever I had been good for anything, 'twould have been a painter." He had, among other prominent men, Sir Christopher Wren for a friend. William Penn gave him six hundred acres of Pennsylvania. His life was this interest and that, trifles, a thinning purse, many friends, notes, and gossip. So death found him poring over the crazy-quilt of the pages of his MSS.

Aubrey began his *Brief Lives* at the suggestion of Anthony Wood, who was engaged on the *Athenæ Oxonienses*. His labors benefited Wood no end. He seems to have known something of almost everybody. Sometimes only pathetic trifles gleaned third-hand, as that telling how Shakespeare, as a lad in Stratford, would make a little heroic speech before killing a calf for the local butcher. He had a nose for scandal; and his scandal ranges all the way from his penning major libel, such as that on the great house of Herbert, at the hands of a member of which he believed he had come nigh to being assassinated, to his setting down the

statement of Dr. Harvey that Lord Bacon had the eye of a viper. Nothing was too small to escape him. Trifles make up a large part of the Lives. His work was the jottings of odd moments. He had the least sense of order of any biographer in the world. He set down a name on a page of his folio MS. book and then put under it everything he could think of just as it came into his mind; he weighed no evidence, consulted few books; he left blanks to fill in later perhaps; his pages are full of his eternal *quære*, ask about such and such. Upon this first draft Aubrey grafted later information, filling in margins, erasing, blotting, cancelling out, until his page resembles his own random life, and an editor of his work is at his wit's end. His mistakes are legion. He writes in mere phrases. He is often very coarse. He runs into symbols. He left his life-work from 1669 to 1696 still in the form of MS.

Yet Aubrey's work is just such a monument as Charles Lamb would have loved to have. Out of this welter of haphazard notes the men John Aubrey wrote of come alive. A mole on a great man's face may do more than a folio can to make him seem human. The Lives have that careless grouping of trifles and monumental details that gives the illusion of life, as we live it now and always. They are like a diary for giving us the great in *déshabillé*. Colloquial in style and racy and colorful in idiom, Aubrey has even greater virtues to make him the unconscious artist of human nature that he is. He can put a volume into a marginal note, catch genius in a phrase. He has the trick of slipping in an afterthought here, a reservation there, a bit of whimsy or a personal prejudice, until his garrulousness becomes the garrulousness of a master critic of humankind. A master critic because he is first of all human and small and no better than the average man himself. He has no literary airs, few flourishes. Aubrey sees through the great, for he has seen through himself. So he has a sort of philosophy, after all; and his life-work remains one of the most human documents of this astonishingly varied century.

In the selections that follow two lives appear in their entirety: that of George Herbert and that of Cecil Calvert, and one, that of Sir John Popham, practically so. In the excerpts from the others, the order and the arrangement have been changed in a few instances where the change seemed warranted. Aubrey, judging from his own literary habits, would be the last to care.

FROM BRIEF LIVES

(Based on the text of Andrew Clark, 1898)

SIR JOHN POPHAM

(1531-1607)

He was of the Society of . . . and for several [years] addicted himself but little to the study of the laws but profligate company and was wont to take a purse with them. His wife considered her and his condition and at last prevailed with him to lead another life and to stick to the study of law; which, upon her importunity he did, being then about thirty years old. Spake to his wife to provide a very good entertainment for his comrades to take his leave of them; and after that day fell extremely hard to his study and profited exceedingly. He was a strong, stout man and could endure to sit at it day and night (the picture of a common lawyer: — He must have "an iron head, a brazen face, and a leaden breech."); became eminent in his calling,

had good practice; called to be a serjeant, a judge: *vide Origines Juridicales*.

Sir . . . (John, I think) Dayrell of Littlecote in com. Wilts, having got his lady's waiting woman with child, when her travail came, sent a servant with a horse for a midwife whom he was to bring hoodwinked. She was brought and laid the woman, but as soon as the child was born, she saw the knight take the child and murder it, and burnt it in the fire in the chamber. She having done her business was extraordinarily rewarded for her pains and sent blindfold away. This horrid action did much run in her mind, and she had a desire to discover it but knew not where 'twas. She considered with herself the time that she was riding and how many miles might be rode at that rate in that time and that it must be some great person's house, for the room was 12 foot high; and she could

know the chamber if she saw it. She went to a justice of peace, and search was made. The very chamber found. The knight was brought to his trial; and to be short, this judge had this noble house, park, and manor, and I think more for a bribe to save his life. Sir John Popham gave sentence according to law; but being a great person and a favorite, he procured a *noli prosequi*.

I have seen his picture; he was a huge, heavy, ugly man. He left a vast estate to his son, Sir Francis, I think ten thousand pounds, *per annum*; he lived like a hog, but his son John was a great waster, and died in his father's time.

He was the greatest house-keeper in England; would have at Littlecote 4 or 5 or more lords at a time. His wife (Harvey) was worth to him, I think, £60,000, and she was as vain as he, and she said that she had brought such an estate, and she scorned but she would live as high as he did; and in her husband's absence would have all the women of the country thither and feast them and make them drunk as she would be herself. They both died by excess; and by luxury and cozenage by their servants, when he died, there was, I think, a hundred thousand pound debt.

Old Sir Francis, he lived like a hog, at Hownstret in Somerset, all this while with a moderate pittance.

Mr. John would say that his wife's estate was ill got and that was the reason they prospered no better; she would say that the old judge got the estate unjustly, and thus they would twit one another, and that with matter of truth.

I remember this epitaph was made on Mr. John Popham:—

Here lies he who not long since
Kept a table like a prince
Till Death came and took away,
Then ask't the old man, What's to pay?

Memorandum:—at the hall in Wellington in the county of Somerset, the ancient seat of the Pophams, and which was this Sir John's, Lord Chief Justice (but *quære* if he did not buy it?), did hang iron shackles, of which the tradition of the country is that long ago one of the Pophams, lord of this

place, was taken and kept a slave by the Turks for a good while and that by his lady's piety and continual prayers he was brought to this place by an invisible power, with these shackles on his legs, which were hung up as a memorial and continued till the house, being a garrison, was burnt. All the country people steadfastly believe the truth hereof.

Lord Chief Justice Popham first brought in [*i.e.* revived] brick building in London (*scil.* after Lincoln's Inn and St. James's); and first set afoot the Plantations,¹—*e.g.* Virginia (from Fabian Philips)—which he stocked or planted out of all the gaols of England.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
(1552-1618)

Sir Walter Raleigh was of Oriel College. Mr. Child's father of Worcestershire was his chamber-fellow and lent him a gown, which he could never get, nor satisfaction for it.—From Mr. Child.

He was the first that brought tobacco into England and into fashion.—In our part of North Wilts, *e.g.* Malmesbury hundred, it came first into fashion by Sir Walter Long.

I have heard my grandfather Lyte say that one pipe was handed from man to man round about the table. They had first silver pipes; the ordinary sort made use of a walnut shell and a straw.

It was sold then for its weight in silver. I have heard some of our old yeomen neighbors say that when they went to Malmesbury or Chippenham market, they culled out their biggest shillings to lay in the scales against the tobacco.

Sir W. R., standing in a stand at Sir Robert Poyntz's part at Acton, took a pipe of tobacco, which made the ladies quit till he had done.

Within these 35 years 'twas scandalous for a divine to take tobacco.

Now the customs of it are the greatest his Majesty hath—Rider's Almanac (1682, *scilicet*)—"Since tobacco brought into England by Sir Walter Raleigh, 99 years, the custom whereof is now the greatest of

¹ The family has its monument in the New World in Popham Beach, near Bath, Maine.

all others and amounts to yearly . . . Mr. Michael Weeks of the Royal Society assures me out of the custom-house books that the custom of tobacco over all England is £400,000 *per annum*.

He [Sir Walter] was a tall, handsome and bold man; but his name was that he was damnable proud. . . . His beard turned up naturally. — I have heard my grandmother say that when she was young, they were wont to talk of this rebus, viz.,

The enemy to the stomach and the word of disgrace
Is the name of the gentleman with a bold face.²

Old Sir Thomas Malett, one of the justices of the King's Bench *tempore Caroli I et II*, knew Sir Walter; and I have heard him say that, notwithstanding his so great mastership in style and his conversation with the learnedest and politest persons, yet he spake broad Devonshire to his dying day. His voice was small as likewise were my schoolfellows', his grand-nephews.

Sir Walter Raleigh was a great chemist; and amongst some MSS. receipts I have seen some secrets from him. He studied most in his sea voyages, where he carried always a trunk of books along with him, and had nothing to divert him.

A person so much immersed in action all along and in fabrication of his own fortunes, till his confinement in the Tower, could have but little time to study but what he could spare in the morning. He was no slug; without doubt had a wonderful waking spirit and great judgment to guide it.

An attorney's father (that did my business in Herefordshire before I sold it³) married Dr. Burhill's widow. She said that he [Burhill] was a great favorite of Sir Walter Raleigh's and, I think, had been his chaplain; but all the greatest part of the drudgery of his book⁴ for criticisms, chronology, and reading of Greek and Hebrew authors was performed by him for Sir Walter Raleigh, whose picture my friend has as part of the Doctor's goods.

I have heard old Major Cosh say that

Sir. W. Raleigh did not care to go on the Thames in a wherry boat; he would rather go round about over London Bridge.

My old friend James Harrington, Esq., was well acquainted with Sir Benjamin Ruddyer, who was an acquaintance of Sir Walter Raleigh's. He told Mr. J. H. that Sir Walter Raleigh, being invited to dinner to some great person where his son was to go with him, he said to his son, "Thou art expected today at dinner to go along with me, but thou art such a quarrelsome, affronting . . . that I am ashamed to have such a bear in my company." Mr. Walter humbled himself to his father and promised he would behave himself mighty mannerly. So away they went (and Sir Benjamin, I think, with them). He sat next to his father and was very demure at least half dinner time. Then said he, "I, this morning, not having the fear of God before my eyes but by the instigation of the Devil, went . . ."⁵ Sir Walter, being strangely surprised and put out of countenance at so great a table, gives his son a damned blow over the face. His son, as rude as he was, would not strike his father, but strikes over the face the gentleman that sat next to him and said, "Box about! 'twill come to my father anon." 'Tis now a common-used proverb.

He loved . . .⁶ one of the maids of honor (*quære* J. Ball, who? 'Twas his first lady). . . . She proved with child, and I doubt not but this hero took care of them both as also that the product was more than an ordinary mortal.

He was prisoner in the Tower . . . (*quære*) years;⁶ *quære* where his lodgings were. He there, besides his compiling his History of the World, studied chemistry. The Earl of Northumberland was prisoner at the same time, who was the patron to Mr. . . . Harriot and Mr. Warner, two of the best mathematicians then in the world, as also Mr. Hues, [author of] *De Globis*. Serjeant Hoskins, the poet, was a prisoner there too. I heard my cousin Whitney say that he saw him [Sir Walter] in the Tower. He had a velvet cap laced and a rich gown and trunk hose.

² Raw-lye (lie).

³ Aubrey's estate.

⁴ The History of the World.

⁵ Lines suppressed.

⁶ Thirteen years.

He took a pipe of tobacco a little before he went to the scaffold, which some formal persons were scandalized at, but I think 'twas well and properly done, to settle his spirits.

Even such is time, which takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, and all we have
And pays us but with age and dust.
Within the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.
But from which grave and earth and
dust
The Lord will raise me up I trust.

These lines Sir Walter Raleigh wrote in his Bible the night before he was beheaded and desired his relations with these words, viz. "Beg my dead body which living is denied you; and bury it either in Sherburne or Exeter Church."

FRANCIS BACON

(1561-1626)

Chancellor Bacon:—The learned and great Cardinal Richelieu was a great admirer of the Lord Bacon.

In his Lordship's prosperity Sir Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, was his great friend and acquaintance; but when he was in disgrace and want, he was so unworthy as to forbid his butler to let him have any more small beer, which he had often sent for, his stomach being nice and the small beer of Gray's Inn not liking his palate. This has done his memory more dishonor than Sir Philip Sydney's friendship engraven on his monument hath done him honor.

Richard, Earl of Dorset, was a great admirer and friend of the Lord Chancellor Bacon and was wont to have Sir Thomas Billingsley along with him to remember and put down in writing my Lord's sayings at table.

At every meal according to the season of the year, he had his table strewed with sweet herbs and flowers, which he said did refresh his spirits and memory. . . . None

of his servants durst appear before him without Spanish leather boots; for he would smell the neats-leather, which offended him.

His Lordship being at York House garden looking on fishers as they were throwing their net, asked them what they would take for their draught; they answered *so much*; his Lordship would offer them no more but *so much*. They drew up their net, and it were only 2 or 3 little fishes. His Lordship then told them it had been better for them to have taken his offer. They replied, they hoped to have had a better draught. "But," said his Lordship, "hope is a good breakfast but an ill supper."

When his Lordship was in disfavor, his neighbors hearing how much he was indebted, came to him with a motion to buy Oakwood of him. His Lordship told them, "He would not sell his feathers." . . . The Bishop of London did cut down a noble cloud of trees at Fulham. The Lord Chancellor told him that he was a good expounder of dark places.

Mr. Hobbes⁷ told me that the cause of his Lordship's death was trying an experiment: viz., as he was taking the air in a coach with Dr. Witherborne, a Scotchman, physician to the King, towards Highgate, snow lay on the ground, and it came into my Lord's thoughts, why flesh might not be preserved in snow as in salt. They were resolved they would try the experiment presently. They alighted out of the coach and went into a poor woman's house at the bottom of Highgate Hill and bought a hen and made the woman exenterate it, and then stuffed the body with snow, and my Lord did help to do it himself. The snow so chilled him that he immediately fell so extremely ill that he could not return to his lodgings (I suppose then at Gray's Inn) but went to the Earl of Arundel's house at Highgate, where they put him into a good bed warmed with a pan, but it was a damp bed that had not been lain in about a year before, which gave him such a cold that in 2 or 3 days, as I remember he [Hobbes] told me, he died of suffocation.

⁷ Aubrey's friend and subject of his most ambitious life, author of *Leviathan*. Thomas Hobbes served as secretary to Bacon.

RALPH KETTEL

(1563-1643)

Ralph Kettel, D.D., *præses Coll. Trin. Oxon.*, was born at [King's Langley] in Hertfordshire.

The Doctor's fashion was to go up and down the college and peep in at the key-holes to see whether the boys did follow their books or no.

He observed that the houses that had the smallest beer had most drunkards, for it forced them to go into the town to comfort their stomachs; wherefore Dr. Kettel always had in his college excellent beer, not better to be had in Oxon; so that we⁸ could not go to any other place but for the worse, and we had the fewest drunkards of any house in Oxford.

He was constantly at lectures and exercises in the hall to observe them, and brought along with him his hour-glass; and one time, being offended at the boys, he threatened them that if they would not do their exercises better he "would bring an hour-glass two hours long."

He was irreconcilable to long hair; called them hairy scalps, and as for periwigs, which were then very rarely worn, he believed them to be the scalps of men cut off after they were hanged and so tanned and dressed for use. When he observed the scholars' hair longer than ordinary, especially if they were scholars of the house, he would bring a pair of scissors in his muff, which he commonly wore, and woe be to them that sat on the outside of the table. I remember he cut Mr. Radford's hair with the knife that chips the bread on the buttery-hatch, and then he sang — this is in the old play — Henry VIII⁹ — of Gammer Gurton's Needle —

"And was not Grim the collier finely trimmed?

Tonedì, tonedì!"

He dragged with one foot a little, by which he gave warning, like the rattle-snake, of his coming. Will. Egerton, Major-

General Egerton's younger brother, a good wit and mimic, would go so like him that sometime he would make the whole chapel rise up imagining he had been entering in.

As they were reading of inscribing and circumscribing figures, said he, "I will show you how to inscribe a triangle in a quadrangle. Bring a pig into the quadrangle, and I will set the college dog at him, and he will take the pig by the ear; then come I and take the dog by the tail and the hog by the tail, and so there you have a triangle in a quadrangle; *quod erat faciendum*."

He preached every Sunday at his parsonage at Garsington, about 5 miles off. He rode on his bay gelding with his boy Ralph before him, with a leg of mutton commonly and some college bread. He did not care for the country revels because they tended to debauchery. Said he at Garsington revel, "Here is hey for Garsington! and hey for Cuddesdon! and hey Hockley! but here's nobody cries, hey for God Almighty!"

Upon Trinity Sunday, our festival day, he would commonly preach at the college, whither a number of the scholars of other houses would come to laugh at him. In his prayer — where he was of course to remember Sir Thomas Pope, our founder, and the Lady Elizabeth his wife, deceased¹⁰ — he would many times make a wilful mistake and say, "Sir Thomas Pope, our confounder,"¹¹ but then presently recall himself.

He was a person of great charity. In his college where he observed diligent boys that he guessed had but a slender exhibition¹² from their friends he would many times put money in at their windows, that his right hand did not know what his left did.

He sang a shrill high treble; but there was one (J. Hoskins) who had a higher and would play the wag with the Dr. to make him strain his voice up to his.

'Tis probable this venerable Dr. might have lived some years longer and finished his century, had not those civil wars come on; which much grieved him that was

⁸ Aubrey was at Trinity.

⁹ Henry VIII's time, he means — which is not very accurate.

¹⁰ This prayer is still said at Trinity.

¹¹ Co-founder.

¹² Financial assistance.

wont to be absolute in the college to be affronted and disrespected by rude soldiers. I remember, being at the rhetoric lecture in the hall, a foot-soldier came in and broke his hour-glass. The Dr. indeed was just stepped out, but Jack Dowch pointed at it. Our grove was the Daphne for the ladies and their gallants to walk in, and many times my Lady Isabella Thynne (lay at Balliol College) would make her entry with a theorbo or lute played before her. I have heard her play on it in the grove myself, which she did rarely; for which Mr. Edmund Waller hath in his poems for ever made her famous.¹³ One may say of her as Tacitus said of Agrippina, *Cuncta alia illi adfuere præter animum honestum*. She was most beautiful, most humble, charitable, etc., but she could not subdue one thing. I remember one time this lady and fine Mrs. Fenshawe — she was wont, and my Lady Thynne, to come to our chapel mornings, half-dressed, like angels — (her great and intimate friend, who lay at our college) — would have a frolic to make a visit to the President. The old Dr. quickly perceived that they came to abuse him; he addresses his discourse to Mrs. Fenshawe, saying, "Madam, your husband and father I bred up here, and I knew your grandfather; I know you to be a gentlewoman, I will not say you are a whore; but get you gone for a very woman!" The dissoluteness of the times, as I have said, grieving the good old Doctor, his days were shortened, and died *Anno Domini* 1643 and was buried at Garsington; *quære* his epitaph.

WILLIAM HARVEY
(1578-1657)

I first saw him at Oxford, 1642, after Edgehill fight but was then too young to be acquainted with so great a doctor. I remember he came several times to Trin. Coll. to George Bathurst, B.D., who had a hen to hatch eggs in his chamber, which they daily opened to discern the progress and way of generation.¹⁴

He was always very contemplative and the first that I hear of that was curious in anatomy in England. He made dissections of frogs, toads, and a number of other animals, and had curious observations on them, which papers, together with his goods, in his lodgings at Whitehall were plundered at the beginning of the Rebellion, he being for the King and with him at Oxon; but he often said that of all the losses he sustained no grief was so crucifying to him as the loss of these papers, which for love or money he could not retrieve or obtain. When Charles I by reason of the tumults left London, he attended him and was at Edgehill with him; and during the fight the Prince and the Duke of York were committed to his care. He told me that he withdrew with them under a hedge and took out of his pocket a book and read; but he had not read very long before a bullet of a great gun grazed on the ground near him, which made him remove his station.

He did delight to be in the dark, and told me he could then best contemplate. He had a house heretofore at Combe, in Surrey, a good air and prospect, where he had caves made in the earth in which in summer time he delighted to meditate.

He was wont to say that man was but a great mischievous baboon. He would say that we Europeans knew not how to order or govern our women and that the Turks were the only people used them wisely.

He had been physician to the Lord Chancellor Bacon, whom he esteemed much for his wit and style but would not allow him to be a great philosopher. "He writes philosophy like a Lord Chancellor," said he to me, speaking in derision; "I have cured him."

I remember he kept a pretty young wench to wait on him, which I guess he made use of for warmth sake as King David did and took care of her in his will as also of his man-servant.

For 20 years before he died he took no manner of care about his worldly concerns, but his brother Eliab, who was a

¹³ As also the lady who wrote verses on the death of the stag: see Johnson's life of Waller.

¹⁴ Wars and alarms seem to have had little effect on the scientific investigations at Oxford at this time. It was at Wadham College in this decade that the Royal Society got its start.

very wise and prudent manager, ordered all not only faithfully but better than he could have done himself.

He was much and often troubled with the gout, and his way of cure was thus: he would then sit with his legs bare, if it were frost, on the leads of Cockaine House, put them into a pail of water, till he was almost dead with cold, and betake himself to his stove; and so 'twas gone.

He was hot-headed, and his thoughts working would many times keep him from sleeping; he told me that then his way was to rise out of his bed and walk about his chamber in his shirt till he was pretty cool, *i.e.*, till he began to have a horror¹⁵ and then return to bed and sleep very comfortably.

I have heard him say that after his book of the Circulation of the Blood came out that he fell mightily in his practice and that 'twas believed by the vulgar that he was crack-brained; and all the physicians were against his opinion and envied him; many wrote against him, as Dr. Primige, Paracisanus, etc. (*Vide* Sir George Ent's book.) With much ado at last in about 20 or 30 years' time it was received in all the universities in the world; and, as Mr. Hobbes says in his book *De Corpore*, "He is the only man, perhaps, that ever lived to see his own doctrine established in his lifetime."

All his profession would allow him to be an excellent anatomist, but I never heard of any that admired his therapeutic way. I knew several practisers in London that would not have given 3*d.* for one of his bills;¹⁶ and that a man could hardly tell by one of his bills what he did aim at.

Dr. Harvey told me, and anyone if he examines himself will find it to be true, that a man could not fancy—truthfully—that he is imperfect in any part that he has, *verbi gratia*, teeth, eye, tongue, *spina dors*i, etc. Nature tends to perfection, and in matters of generation we ought to consult more with our sense and instinct than our reason and prudence, fashion of the country and interest. We see what contemptible products are of the

prudent politics,¹⁷ weak, fools, and rickety children, scandals to nature and their country. The heralds are fools—*tota errant via*. A blessing goes with a marriage for love upon a strong impulse.

I was at his funeral and helped to carry him into the vault.

THOMAS HOBBS

(1688–1679)

Thomas Hobbes, *Malmesburiensis*, *Philosophus*, was born at his father's house in Westport, being that extreme house that points into or faces the horse-fair; the farthest house on the left hand as you go to Tedbury, leaving the church on your right.

The day of his birth was April the fifth, *Anno Domini* 1588, on a Friday morning, which that year was Good Friday. His mother fell in labor with him upon the fright of the invasion of the Spaniards.

T. H. so well profited in his learning that at fourteen years of age he went away a good school-scholar to Magdalen Hall in Oxford. It is not to be forgotten that before he went to the university he had turned Euripides' *Medea* out of Greek into Latin iambs, which he presented to his master. . . . Twenty odd years ago I searched all Mr. Latimer's papers but could not find them; the good housewives had sacrificed them.

I have heard his brother Edmund and Mr. Wayte, his schoolfellow, say that when he was a boy he was playsome enough but withal he had even then a contemplative melancholiness; he would get him into a corner and learn his lesson by heart presently. His hair was black, and his school-fellows were wont to call him "Crow."

He was (*vide* his life¹⁸) 40 years old before he looked on geometry; which happened accidentally. Being in a gentleman's library in . . . Euclid's Elements lay open, and 'twas the 47 *El. libri* I. He read the proposition. "By"—he would now and then swear by way of emphasis—"G—!" said he, "this is impossible!" So he reads

15 A chill.

16 Prescriptions.

17 Policies. Harvey would have little use for modern eugenics.

18 Written in Latin by Hobbes himself and included by Aubrey in his biography.

the demonstration of it, which referred him back to such a proposition; which proposition he read. *Et sic deinceps* that at last he was demonstratively convinced of that truth. This made him in love with geometry.

I have heard Mr. Hobbes say that he was wont to draw lines on his thigh and on the sheets abed and also multiply and divide. He would often complain that algebra, though of great use, was too much admired and so followed after, that it made men not contemplate and consider so much the nature and power of lines, which was a great hinderance to the growth of geometry.

LEVIATHAN: the manner of writing of which book, he told me, was thus: he walked much and contemplated, and had in the head of his staff a pen and ink-horn, carried always a notebook in his pocket, and as soon as a thought darted he presently entered it into his book, or otherwise he might perhaps have lost it. He had drawn the design of the book into chapters, etc., so he knew whereabouts it would come in. Thus that book was made.

"He wrote and published the Leviathan far from the intention either of disadvantage to his Majesty or to flatter Oliver—who was not made Protector till three or four years after—on purpose to facilitate his return; for there is scarce a page in it that he does not upbraid him."

There was a report—and surely true—that in Parliament, not long after the King was settled, some of the bishops made a motion to have the good old gentleman burnt for a heretic. Which he hearing, feared that his papers might be searched by their order, and he told me he had burnt part of them.

It happened about two or three days after his Majesty's happy return that, as he was passing in his coach through the Strand, Mr. Hobbes was standing at Little Salisbury-House gate, where his lord then lived. The King espied him, put off his hat very kindly to him, and asked him how he did. About a week after he had oral conference with his Majesty at Mr. S. Cowper's, where, as he sat for his picture, he was diverted by Mr. Hobbes's pleasant dis-

course. Here his Majesty's favors were re-integrated to him, and order was given that he should have free access to his Majesty, who was always much delighted in his wit and smart repartees.

The wits at court were wont to bait him. But he feared none of them and would make his part good. The King would call him *the bear*: "Here comes the bear to be baited!"

In his youth, unhealthy, of an ill yellowish complexion, wet in his feet, and trod both his shoes the same way. . . . From forty or better he grew healthier, and then he had a fresh, ruddy complexion. . . . In his old age he was very bald—which claimed a veneration; yet within door he used to study and sit bareheaded, and said he never took cold in his head but that the greatest trouble was to keep off the flies from pitching on the baldness. His head was . . . inches in compass (I have the measure) and of a mallet form (approved by the physiologists).

Temperance and diet: he was, even in his youth (generally), temperate both as to wine and women—*et tamen hæc omnia mediocriter*—

Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto.

I have heard him say that he did believe he had been in excess in his life a hundred times; which, considering his great age, did not amount to above once a year. . . . After dinner he took a pipe of tobacco and then threw himself immediately on his bed, with his band off, and slept—took a nap of about half an hour.

Exercises: besides his daily walking he did twice or thrice a year play at tennis (at about 75 he did it), then went to bed there and was well rubbed. This he did believe would make him live two or three years the longer.

Singing: he had always books of prick-song lying on his table, e.g., of H. Lawes's etc., songs—which at night, when he was abed and the doors made fast and was sure nobody heard him, he sang aloud—not that he had a very good voice—but for his health's sake. He did believe it did his lungs good and conduced much to prolong his life.

GEORGE HERBERT
(1593–1633)

Mr. George Herbert was kinsman (remote) and chaplain to Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery and Lord Chamberlain. His Lordship gave him a benefice at Bemerton, between Wilton and Salisbury, a pitiful little chapel of ease to Foughelston. The old house was very ruinous. Here he built a very handsome house for the minister, of brick, and made a good garden and walks. He lies in the chancel under no large nor yet very good marble gravestone without any inscription.

Scriptit:—Sacred poems, called *The Church*,¹⁹ printed, Cambridge, 1633; a book entitled *The Country Parson*, not printed till about 1650, 8vo. He also wrote a folio in Latin, which because the parson of Hineham could not read, his widow, then wife to Sir Robert Cook, condemned to the uses of good housewifery.²⁰

He was buried, according to his own desire, with the singing service for the burial of the dead by the singing men of Sarum.²¹ Fr[anciscus] Sambroke, attorney, then assisted as a chorister boy; my uncle, Thomas Danvers, was at the funeral. *Vide* in the register book at the office when he died, for the parish register is lost.

Memorandum:—in the chancel are many apt sentences of the Scripture. At his wife's seat, "My life is hid with Christ in God," Coloss. 3:3—he hath verses on this text in his poems. Above, in a little window blinded, within a veil (ill painted), "Thou art my hiding place," Psalm 32:7.

He married Jane, the third daughter of Charles Danvers of Bainton in com. Wilts, Esq., but had no issue by her. He was a very fine complexion and consumptive. His marriage, I suppose, hastened his death.

¹⁹ The Temple.

²⁰ She used the pages for wrappers.

²¹ Old name of Salisbury.

²² Aubrey is not very exact in his quotations; the lines are:

"Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,
Ready to pass to the American strand."

Incidentally, this comment upon the exodus of the Puritans to the New World held up the publication of *The Temple*; the Vice-Chancellor wished it struck out, but finally let it go into print as a pious speculation rather than an inspired prophecy.

²³ Second Baron Baltimore.

My kinswoman was a handsome *bona roba* and ingenious.

When he was first married he lived a year or better at Dauntsey House. H. Allen of Dauntsey was well acquainted with him, who has told me that he had a very good hand on the lute and that he set his own lyrics or sacred poems. 'Tis an honor to the place to have had the heavenly and ingenious contemplation of this good man, who was pious even to prophesy; —e.g.,

"Religion now on tiptoe stands
Ready to go to the American strands."²²

George Herbert:—[ask] cousin Nan Garnet *pro* [his] picture; if not, her aunt . . . Cook.

CECIL CALVERT
(1606–1675)

Cecil Calvert, Lord Baltimore,²³ absolute lord and proprietary of Maryland and Avalon in America, son to Calvert, Secretary of Estate to King James, was a gentleman commoner of Trinity College, Oxon, contemporary with Mr. Francis Potter, B.D.

Now if I would be rich, I could be a prince. I could go into Maryland, which is one of the finest countries of the world; same climate with France; between Virginia and New England. I can have all the favor of my Lord Baltimore I could wish.—His brother is his lieutenant there; and a very good-natured gentleman.—Plenty of all things; ground there is 2,000 miles westwards.

I could be able I believe to carry a colony of rogues, another of ingenious artificers; and I doubt not one might make a shift to have 5 or 6 ingenious companions, which is enough.

JOHN MILTON
(1608-1674)

Mr. John Milton was of an Oxfordshire family. His grandfather . . .²⁴ a Roman Catholic, of Holton, in Oxfordshire, near Shotover. His father was brought up in the University of Oxon, at Christ Church, and his father disinherited him because he kept not the Catholic religion. So thereupon he came to London and became a scrivener (brought up by a friend of his; was not an apprentice) and got a plentiful estate by it, and left it off many years before he died.—He was an ingenious man; delighted in music; composed many songs now in print, especially that of Oriana.

His son John was born in Bread Street, in London, at the Spread Eagle.²⁵ . . . *Anno Domini* 1619, he was ten years old, as by his picture; and was then a poet. His schoolmaster then was a Puritan in Essex who cut his hair short. He went to school to old Mr. Gill at Paul's School. Went, at his own charge only, to Christ's College in Cambridge at fifteen, where he stayed eight years at least. Then he travelled into France and Italy (had Sir H. Wotton's commendatory letters). At Geneva he contracted a great friendship with the learned Dr. Deodati of Geneva:—*vide* his poems. He was acquainted with Sir Henry Wotton, ambassador at Venice, who delighted in his company. He was several years beyond sea and returned to England just upon the breaking out of the civil wars. From his brother, Christopher Milton:—when he went to school, when he was very young, he studied very hard and sat up very late, commonly till 12 or one a clock at night, and his father ordered the maid to sit up for him, and in those years (10) composed many copies of verses which might well become a riper age. And was a very hard student in the university and performed all his exercises there with very good applause.

He used to travel about the year 1638 and was abroad about a year's space, chiefly in Italy. Immediately after his return he took a lodging at Mr. Russell's, a tailor, in St. Bride's churchyard, and took into his

tuition his sister's two sons, Edward and John Philips, the first 10, the other 9 years of age; and in a year's time made them capable of interpreting a Latin author at sight, etc. And within three years they went through the best of Latin and Greek poets—Lucretius and Manilius, and with him the use of the globes, and some rudiments of arithmetic and geometry of the Latins, Hesiod, Aratus, Dionysius Afer, Oppian, Apollonii *Argonautica*, and Quintus Calaber. Cato, Varro, and Columella, *De Re Rustica*, were the very first authors they learnt.—As he was severe on one hand so he was most familiar and free in his conversation to those to whom most sour in his way of education. N. B. he made his nephews songsters and sing from the time they were with him.

His sight began to fail him at first upon his writing against Salamasius, and before 'twas fully completed one eye absolutely failed. Upon the writing of other books after that, his other eye decayed. His eyesight was decaying about 20 years before his death; *quære*, when stark blind? His father read without spectacles at 84. His mother had very weak eyes and used spectacles presently after she was thirty years old.

His harmonical and ingenious soul did lodge in a beautiful and well-proportioned body:—

In toto nusquam corpore menda fuit. Ovid.

He was a spare man. He was scarce so tall as I am—*quære*, *quot* feet I am high: *resp.*, of middle stature. He had auburn hair. His complexion exceeding fair—he was so fair that they called him *the lady of Christ's College*. Oval face. His eye a dark gray. He had a delicate tuneable voice and had good skill. His father instructed him. He had an organ in his house; he played on that most. Of a very cheerful humor.—He would be cheerful even in his gout fits, and sing. He was very healthy and free from all diseases; seldom took any physic (only sometimes he took manna); only towards his latter end he was visited with the gout spring and fall. He had a very good memory; but I believe that his ex-

²⁴ Richard Milton.

²⁵ The name of the house.

cellent method of thinking and disposing did much to help his memory. He pronounced the letter R, *littera canina*, very hard—a certain sign of a satirical wit—from John Dryden.

His exercise was chiefly walking. He was an early riser (*scil.* at 4 a clock *mané*); yea, after he lost his sight. He had a man read to him. The first thing he read was the Hebrew Bible, and that was at 4 h. *mané* ½ h. +. Then he contemplated. At 7 his man came to him again and then read to him again, and wrote till dinner; the writing was as much as the reading. His (2) daughter, Deborah, could read to him Latin, Italian and French, and Greek. Married in Dublin to one Mr. Clarke (sells silk, etc.); very like her father. The other sister is (1) Mary, more like her mother. After dinner he used to walk 3 or four hours at a time—he always had a garden where he lived; went to bed about 9. Temperate man, rarely drank between meals. Extreme pleasant in his conversation, and at dinner, supper, etc.; but satirical.

From Mr. E. Philips:—all the time of writing his *Paradise Lost* his vein began at the autumnal equinoctial and ceased at the vernal—or thereabouts; I believe about May; and this was 4 or 5 years of his doing it. He began about 2 years before the King came in and finished about three years after the King's restoration.

In the 4th book of *Paradise Lost* there are about six verses of Satan's exclamation to the sun which Mr. E. Philips remembers about 15 or 16 years before ever his poem was thought of. Which verses were intended for the beginning of a tragedy which he had designed but was diverted from it by other business.

²⁶ Whatever he wrote against monarchy was out of no animosity to the King's person or out of any faction or interest but out of a pure zeal to the liberty of mankind, which he thought would be greater under a free state than under a monarchal government. His being so conversant in

Livy and the Roman authors and the greatness he saw done by the Roman commonwealth and the virtue of their great commanders induced him to.

He was visited much by learned; more than he did desire. He was mightily importuned to go into France and Italy. Foreigners came much to see him and much admired him and offered him great preferences to come over to them; and the only inducement of several foreigners that came over into England was chiefly to see Oliver Protector and Mr. John Milton; and would see the house and chamber where he was born. He was much more admired abroad than at home. His familiar learned acquaintance were Mr. Andrew Marvell, Mr. Skinner, Dr. Pagett, M.D., Mr. Skinner²⁷ who was his disciple. John Dryden, Esq., Poet Laureate, who very much admires him and went to him to have leave to put his *Paradise Lost* into a drama in rhyme.²⁸ Mr. Milton received him civilly and told him he would give him leave to tag his verses.

He died of the gout struck in the 9th or 10th of November, 1674, as appears by his apothecary's book.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING
(1608/9–1641)

He was the greatest gallant of his time and the greatest gamester both for bowling—(he was one of the best bowlers of his time in England. He played at cards rarely well and did use to practise by himself abed and there studied how the best way of managing the cards could be. His sisters coming to the Piccadilly bowling-green crying for the fear he should lose all [their] portions)—and cards, so that no shop-keeper would trust him for 6d., as today, for instance, he might by winning be worth £200, the next day he might not be worth half so much, or perhaps be sometimes *minus nihilo*. Sir William,²⁹ who was his intimate friend and loved him entirely, would

²⁶ This paragraph is not in Aubrey's hand.

²⁷ Cyriack Skinner, to whom Milton addressed a sonnet.

²⁸ Dryden's opera, *The State of Innocence*.

²⁹ Sir William Davenant, Poet Laureate, of whom Aubrey says, on the authority of Samuel Butler, "He wrote with the very spirit that Shakespeare, and seemed contented enough to be thought his son."

say that Sir John, when he was at his lowest ebb in gaming, I mean when unfortunate, then would make himself most glorious in apparel, and said that it exalted his spirits and that he had then the best luck when he was most gallant and his spirits were highest.

Anno Domini 163[9], when the expedition was into Scotland, Sir John Suckling, at his own charge, raised a troop of 100 very handsome, young, proper men whom he clad in white doublets and scarlet breeches and scarlet coats, hats, and . . . feathers, well horsed and armed. They say 'twas one of the finest sights in those days. But Sir John Mennis made a lampoon of it — *vide* the old collection of lampoons:

"The ladies opened the windows to see
So fine and goodly a sight-a," etc.

I think the lampoon says he made an inglorious charge against the Scots.

Quære in what army he was in the civil wars.

Memorandum: — he made a magnificent entertainment in London, at . . . for a great number of ladies of quality, all beauties and young, which cost him . . . hundreds of pounds, where were all the rarities that this part of the world could afford, and the last service of all was silk stockings and garters, and I think also gloves.

Anno Domini 1637, Sir John Suckling, William Davenant, Poet Laureate (not then knighted), and Jack Young came to the Bath. Sir John came like a young prince for all manner of equipage and convenience, and Sir W. Davenant told me that he had a cartload of books carried down, and 'twas there at Bath, that he writ the little tract in his book about Socinianism. 'Twas as pleasant a journey as ever men had; in the height of a long peace and luxury and in the venison season. The second night they lay at Marlborough, and walking on the delicate fine downs at the backside of the town whilst supper was making ready, the maids were drying of clothes on the bushes. Jack Young had espied a very pretty young girl and had got her consent for an assignation, which was about midnight, which they happened to overhear on

the other side of the hedge, and were resolved to frustrate his design. They were wont every night to play at cards after supper a good while; but Jack Young pretended weariness, etc., and must needs go to bed, not to be persuaded by any means to the contrary. They had their landlady at supper with them; said they to her, "Observe this poor gentleman how he yawns, now is his mad fit coming upon him. We beseech you that you make fast his doors, and get somebody to watch and look to him, for about midnight he will fall to be most outrageous. Get the hostler or some strong fellow, to stay up, and we will well content him, for he is our worthy friend and a very honest gentleman, only perhaps twice a year he falls into these fits." Jack Young slept not, but was ready to go out as the clock struck to the hour of appointment, and then going to open the door he was disappointed, knocks, bounces, stamps, calls, "Tapster! chamberlain! hostler!" swears and curses dreadfully; nobody would come to him. Sir John and W. Davenant were expectant all this time and ready to die with laughter. I know not how he happened to get open the door and was coming downstairs. The hostler, a huge lusty fellow, fell upon him and held him and cried, "Good Sir, take God in your mind, you shall not go out to destroy yourself!" J. Young struggled and strived, insomuch that at last he was quite spent and dispirited and fain to go to bed to rest himself. In the morning the landlady of the house came to see how he did and brought him a caudle. "O Sir," said she, "you had a heavy fit last night, pray, Sir, be pleased to take some of this to comfort your heart." Jack Young thought the woman had been mad, and being exceedingly vexed, flirted the porringer of caudle in her face. The next day his comrades told him all the plot, how they cross-bit him.

Sir John Suckling — from Mr. William Beeston — invented the game of cribbage. He sent his cards to all gaming places in the country, which were marked with private marks of his. He got £20,000 by this way. Sir Francis Cornwallis made Aglaura³⁰ except the end.

³⁰ Suckling's best play, a tragedy, containing the immortal song, "Why so pale and wan, fond lover?"

Anno . . . he went into France, where after some time being come to the bottom of his fund that was left, reflecting on the miserable and despicable condition he should be reduced to, having nothing left to maintain him, he (having a convenience for that purpose, lying at an apothecary's house in Paris) took poison, which killed him miserably with vomiting. He was buried in the Protestants' churchyard. This was, to the best of my remembrance, 1646.³¹

WILLIAM PENN
(1644-1718)

William Penn, the eldest son of Sir William Penn, Knight, (Admiral both of the English navy before the restoration of the King and commanded as Captain-General under the D. Y.³² in 1665 against the Dutch fleet), was born in London at Tower Hill, the 14 day of October 1644. 'Twas upon a Monday, he thinks; but 'twas about 7 a clock in the morning.

His father was a very good man, but no Quaker; was very much against his son. His father was a man of excellent natural abilities not equalled in his time for the knowledge of naval affairs and instrumental to the raising of many families. Bred his son religiously; and, as the times grew loose, would have had his son of the fashion, and was therefore extreme bitter at his son's retirement. But this lasted not always; for in the conclusion of his life he grew not only kind but fond; made him the judge and ruler of his family; was sorry he had no more to leave him (and yet, in England and Ireland, he left him £1,500 *per annum*). But, which is most remarkable, he that opposed his son's way because of the cross that was in it to the world's latitude did himself embrace this faith, recommending to his son the plainness and self-denial of it, saying, "Keep to the plainness of your way, and you will make an end of the priests to the ends of the earth." And so he deceased, desiring that none but his son William should close his eyes (which he did). *Obiit anno ætatis* 49, 4 months.

[His son] went to school in London, a private school on that hill, and his father kept a tutor in the house. But first he went to school at Chigwell in Essex.

Mighty lively, but with innocence; and extremely tender under rebuke; and very early delighted in retirement; much given to reading and meditating of the Scriptures, and at 14 had marked over the Bible. Oftentimes at 13 and 14 in his meditations ravished with joy and dissolved into tears.

The first sense he had of God was when he was 11 years old at Chigwell, being retired in a chamber alone. He was so suddenly surprised with an inward comfort and, as he thought, an external glory in the room that he has many times said that from thence he had the seal of divinity and immortality, that there was a God, and that the soul of man was capable of enjoying his divine communications.—His schoolmaster was not of his persuasion.

To Christ's Church in Oxon, *anno* 1660, *anno ætatis* 16; stayed there about two years.

Anno 1662, went into France; stayed there two years.

Returned and was entered of Lincoln's Inn.

About the plague, growing entirely solitary, was again diverted. Was employed by his father in a journey into Ireland to the Duke of Ormond's court; the diversions of which not being able to keep down the stronger motions of his soul to a more religious and retired life, upon the hearing of one Th[omas] Lowe, a tradesman of Oxon, at Cork, 1667, was so thoroughly convinced of the simplicity and self-denial of the way of the people called Quakers that from thence he heartily espoused that judgment and belief.

Since which time he has passed a life of great variety of circumstances both with respect to good and evil report; divers controversies oral and written, several imprisonments, one in Ireland, one in the Tower, 3rd in Newgate.

Travelled into Germany, Upper and Lower, *annis* 1671 and 1677, where several were affected with his way. (Did he gain any to him in France? *Neg.*³³)

³¹ Aubrey's best remembrance is not very good; the year is 1641.

³² James, Duke of York.

³³ Negative; no.

Notwithstanding those many odd adventures of his life, he hath several times found favor from his Majesty and also the D. Y., with divers of the nobility and men of quality and learning in this kingdom.

His Majesty owing to his father £10,000, 16—, (which with the interest of it came not to less than £20,000), did in consideration thereof grant to him and his heirs a province in America, which his Majesty was pleased to name Pennsylvania,³⁴ the 4th day of March 168—, to which he is now going this next September, 1681.

His patent for Transylvania³⁵ is from the beginning of the 40th degree to 43 degrees in latitude and 5 degrees in longitude from Chesapeake Bay.

He speaks well the Latin and the French tongues and his own with great mastership. He often declares in the assemblies of his Friends and that with much eloquence and fervency of spirit — by which, and his perpetual attendance on K[ing] and P[rince] for the relief of his Friends, he often exposes his health to hazard.

He was chosen (balloted) November 9th, *nemine contradicente*, admitted Fellow of the Royal Society of London, with much respect.

August 26, 1682, Saturday. This day about 4 a clock P. M., W. Penn, Esq., went towards Deal to launch for Pennsylvania. God send him a prosperous and safe voyage!

³⁴ Penn gave Aubrey 600 acres in Pennsylvania, according to Aubrey, without his seeking or dreaming of it, and advised him to plant it with French Protestants "for seven years *gratis* and afterwards to pay such a rent."

³⁵ Pennsylvania.

JOHN BUNYAN

(1628-1688)

It fell to the lot of John Bunyan, an obscure Bedfordshire brazier, to become the most popular religious writer in the language, and one of the three or four best-known names in English literature. In an age when more learned men were writing more elaborate and sonorous prose than ever before, Bunyan, a comparatively illiterate and unlearned man, produced prose which has outshone them all, and wrote a book which has ranked next to the English Bible itself in popularity in English-speaking lands. There were many preachers and theologians in England in that golden age of theology, but unto none of the churches or seminaries was the heavenly message sent with such compelling force and such divine unction as unto Bedford, and unto a man that was a tinker. And surely of all the children born into English households in the fourth year of Charles I there was none that would have been considered less likely to have had his three-hundredth birthday celebrated by the literary world of the twentieth century than this first-born of Thomas and Mary Bunyan in the village of Elstow. The recent celebrations of his three-hundredth anniversary have added further strange facts to Bunyan's history. A prelate of the Established Church, under the authority of which he was arrested and confined, has furnished the most sympathetic of the recent biographies of Bunyan. The manor house in which he was tried, the barns and fields and trees in which he preached, have all become centres of interest and reverence. Elegant and expensive editions of the *Pilgrim's Progress* — a humble and badly-printed little book, of, for, and about poor people — have been issued for cultured readers and wealthy collectors; and the few copies of the early editions of the *Pilgrim's Progress* which survived the rough fingers and the constant reading of the people for whom it was intended, are worth today what would have seemed huge fortunes to its author.

The facts of Bunyan's life are too well known to need recounting at length. All modern students of psychology are familiar with his strange youth which was made so miserable by his vivid imagination and his tender conscience, and the terrible apprehensions, visions, images, and hallucinations which beset him. Former generations took at their face value Bunyan's remarks about his youthful wickednesses and wrongdoings, but modern readers of his *Grace Abounding* are inclined to smile at the smallness of his offences. His besetting sins such as dancing on the village green, ringing the church bells, playing tip-cat on Sunday, and swearing, appear venial and pardonable enough nowadays, however heinous they may have seemed to him. Almost as well known is the affecting story of his domestic life, the devotion of his first wife, whose very name is unknown, and their great poverty, — "without so much household stuff as a dish or spoon between them." But two books she brought with her, one of which, *The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven*, was to affect in a very interesting way all his future life. The long story of his conflicts with church and state because he would preach the Word according to his light rather than according to the prescribed ritual of the church, sounds strangely in the ears of a generation whose religion is no longer bound up inseparably with politics, and which may believe or not believe, worship or not worship, as it chooses. There are, finally, the familiar accounts of the imprisonments in Bedford jail, and the *Pilgrim's Progress* which was the result of them; and the journey which he undertook to reconcile an estranged father and a rebellious son, and on which he contracted the severe cold of which he died.

Bunyan's works are interesting, among other reasons, as illustrations of an author's use of his own personal experiences, physical, mental, and spiritual. If ever a man looked in his own heart and wrote, it was John Bunyan. He might have said, as Fielding did a century later, "I have writ little that I have not seen." The images of his youthful mind and all the fearful apprehensions which his boyish brain conjured up reappear in one form or another in his writings. His boyhood's favorite book, *Sir Bevis of Southampton*, though he abjured

it, and his later favorite, *The Plain Man's Pathway*, both stood him in good stead when he came to write his allegories. And the persons and places which he knew have all gone into his books and are preserved for us today. No one of his century, with the exception of Defoe, has given us such a lively picture of the English middle classes and their surroundings in the seventeenth century as we have in *Pilgrim's Progress*, *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman*, *The Holy War*, and such works. His descriptions are as realistic as those of Hogarth, and his happy knack of telling a story has given him a place among the fathers of the English novel.

Although Bunyan was not a theologian, his *Pilgrim's Progress* has been called the best syllabus of evangelical Protestantism in the language. He has been credited with having done for Protestantism what Dante in the Middle Ages did for Catholicism. Both writers, indeed, although in very different mediums, made clear by allegory and symbol, so that almost the least learned reader could understand, the essential doctrines of their respective creeds. Moreover, his spiritual autobiography, *Grace Abounding*, is the nearest Protestant equivalent of the Confessions of the great Catholic, Saint Augustine. Like the Confessions, it is less an *apologia pro vita sua* than a humble but joyous confession of faith, and a portrayal of the long and painful process by which he worked out his salvation. It is the best and simplest expression in English of holy hope and high humility.

Bunyan the artist has concealed his art thoroughly. His style is as simple and robust as himself, and quite as earnest and sincere. His vocabulary is that of the 1611 Bible, and his accents are those of his Bedfordshire neighbors, to whom he was "Bishop Bunyan." The creator of *Christian* and *Hopeful*, *Giant Despair*, *Greatheart*, *Mr. Worldly Wiseman*, and their fellows, lies buried in London in Bunhill Fields, a stone's throw from the grave of the creator of *Robinson Crusoe* and *Moll Flanders*; and the old burial ground has now become, fittingly enough, a place of recreation for the people for whom they wrote.

FROM GRACE ABOUNDING TO THE CHIEF OF SINNERS;

OR, A BRIEF RELATION OF THE EXCEEDING MERCY OF GOD IN CHRIST,
TO HIS POOR SERVANT JOHN BUNYAN

(Text: sixth edition, 1688)

1. In this my relation of the merciful working of God upon my soul, it will not be amiss, if, in the first place, I do, in a few words, give you a hint of my pedigree, and manner of bringing up; that thereby the goodness and bounty of God towards me may be the more advanced and magnified before the sons of men.

2. For my descent then, it was, as is well known by many, of a low and inconsiderable generation; my father's house being of that rank that is meanest and most despised of all the families in the land. Wherefore I have not here, as others, to boast of noble blood, or of a high-born state, according to the flesh; though, all things considered, I magnify the heavenly Majesty, for that by this door he brought me into this world, to partake of the grace and life that is in Christ by the gospel.

3. But yet, notwithstanding the meanness and inconsiderableness of my parents,

it pleased God to put it into their hearts to put me to school, to learn both to read and write; the which I also attained, according to the rate of other poor men's children; though, to my shame I confess, I did soon lose that little I learnt even almost utterly, and that long before the Lord did work his gracious work of conversion upon my soul.

4. As for my own natural life, for the time that I was without God in the world, it was indeed according to the course of this world, and "the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience" (Eph. 2: 2, 3). It was my delight to be "taken captive by the devil at his will" (II Tim. 2:26), being filled with all unrighteousness: the which did also so strongly work and put forth itself, both in my heart and life, and that from a child, that I had but few equals, especially considering my years, which were tender, being few, both for cursing, swear-

ing, lying, and blaspheming the holy name of God.

5. Yea, so settled and rooted was I in these things, that they became as a second nature to me; the which, as I also have with soberness considered since, did so offend the Lord, that even in my childhood he did scare and affright me with fearful dreams, and did terrify me with dreadful visions; for often, after I had spent this and the other day in sin, I have in my bed been greatly afflicted, while asleep, with the apprehensions of devils and wicked spirits, who still, as I then thought, labored to draw me away with them, of which I could never be rid.

6. Also I should at these years be greatly afflicted and troubled with the thoughts of the fearful torments of hell fire; still fearing that it would be my lot to be found at last among those devils and hellish fiends, who are there bound down with the chains and bonds of eternal darkness, "unto the judgment of the great day."

7. These things, I say, when I was but a child about nine or ten years old, did so distress my soul, that when in the midst of my many sports and childish vanities, amidst my vain companions, I was often much cast down and afflicted in my mind therewith, yet could I not let go my sins. Yea, I was also then so overcome with despair of life and heaven, that I should often wish either that there had been no hell, or that I had been a devil—supposing they were only tormentors; that if it must needs be that I indeed went thither, I might be rather a tormentor, than be tormented myself.

8. A while after, these terrible dreams did leave me, which also I soon forgot; for my pleasures did quickly cut off the remembrance of them, as if they had never been: wherefore, with more greediness, according to the strength of nature, I did still let loose the reins to my lusts, and delighted in all transgression against the law of God: so that, until I came to the state of marriage, I was the very ringleader of all the youth that kept me company, into all manner of vice and ungodliness.

9. Yea, such prevalency had the lusts and fruits of the flesh in this poor soul of mine,

that had not a miracle of precious grace prevented, I had not only perished by the stroke of eternal justice, but had also laid myself open, even to the stroke of those laws, which bring some to disgrace and open shame before the face of the world.

10. In these days, the thoughts of religion were very grievous to me! I could neither endure it myself, nor that any other should; so that, when I have seen some read in those books that concerned Christian piety, it would be as it were a prison to me. Then I said unto God, "Depart from me, for I desire not the knowledge of thy ways" (Job 21:14, 15). I was now void of all good consideration, heaven and hell were both out of sight and mind; and as for saving and damning, they were least in my thoughts. O Lord, thou knowest my life, and my ways were not hid from thee.

11. But this I well remember, that though I could myself sin with the greatest delight and ease, and also take pleasure in the vileness of my companions; yet, even then, if I have at any time seen wicked things, by those who professed goodness, it would make my spirit tremble. As once, above all the rest, when I was in my height of vanity, yet hearing one to swear that was reckoned for a religious man, it had so great a stroke upon my spirit, that it made my heart ache.

12. But God did not utterly leave me, but followed me still, not now with convictions, but judgments; yet such as were mixed with mercy. For once I fell into a creek of the sea, and hardly escaped drowning. Another time I fell out of a boat into Bedford river, but mercy yet preserved me alive. Besides, another time, being in the field with one of my companions, it chanced that an adder passed over the highway; so I, having a stick in my hand, struck her over the back; and having stunned her, I forced open her mouth with my stick, and plucked her sting out with my fingers; by which act, had not God been merciful to me, I might, by my desperateness, have brought myself to mine end.

13. This also have I taken notice of with thanksgiving; when I was a soldier, I, with others, were drawn out to go to such a place to besiege it; but when I was just

ready to go, one of the company desired to go in my room; to which, when I had consented, he took my place; and coming to the siege, as he stood sentinel, he was shot into the head with a musket bullet, and died.

14. Here, as I said, were judgments and mercy, but neither of them did awaken my soul to righteousness; wherefore I sinned still, and grew more and more rebellious against God, and careless of mine own salvation.

15. Presently after this, I changed my condition into a married state, and my mercy was to light upon a wife whose father was counted godly. This woman and I, though we came together as poor as poor might be, not having so much household stuff as a dish or spoon betwixt us both, yet this she had for her part, *The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven*, and *The Practice of Piety*, which her father had left her when he died. In these two books I should sometimes read with her, wherein I also found some things that were somewhat pleasing to me; but all this while I met with no conviction. She also would be often telling of me what a godly man her father was, and how he would reprove and correct vice, both in his house, and amongst his neighbors; what a strict and holy life he lived in his day, both in word and deed.

16. Wherefore these books with this relation, though they did not reach my heart, to awaken it about my sad and sinful state, yet they did beget within me some desires to religion: so that, because I knew no better, I fell in very eagerly with the religion of the times; to wit, to go to church twice a day, and that too with the foremost; and there should very devoutly, both say and sing as others did, yet retaining my wicked life; but withal, I was so overrun with a spirit of superstition, that I adored, and that with great devotion, even all things, both the high place, priest, clerk, vestments, service, and what else belonging to the church; counting all things holy that were therein contained, and especially the priest and clerk most happy, and without doubt, greatly blessed, because they were the servants, as I then thought, of

God, and were principal in the holy temple, to do his work therein.

17. This conceit grew so strong in little time upon my spirit, that had I but seen a priest, though never so sordid and debauched in his life, I should find my spirit fall under him, reverence him, and knit unto him; yea, I thought for the love I did bear unto them, supposing they were the ministers of God, I could have lain down at their feet, and have been trampled upon by them; their name, their garb, and work, did so intoxicate and bewitch me.

18. After I had been thus for some considerable time, another thought came in my mind; and that was, whether we were of the Israelites, or no? For finding in the Scriptures that they were once the peculiar people of God, thought I, if I were one of this race, my soul must needs be happy. Now again, I found within me a great longing to be resolved about this question, but could not tell how I should. At last I asked my father of it; who told me, No, we were not. Wherefore then I fell in my spirit as to the hopes of that, and so remained.

19. But all this while, I was not sensible of the danger and evil of sin; I was kept from considering that sin would damn me, what religion soever I followed, unless I was found in Christ. Nay, I never thought of him, nor whether there was such an one, or no. Thus man, while blind, doth wander, but wearie himself with vanity, for he knoweth not the way to the city of God (*Eccles. 10:15*).

20. But one day, amongst all the sermons our parson made, his subject was, to treat of the Sabbath-day, and of the evil of breaking that, either with labor, sports, or otherwise. Now I was, notwithstanding my religion, one that took much delight in all manner of vice, and especially that was the day that I did solace myself therewith, wherefore I fell in my conscience under his sermon, thinking and believing that he made that sermon on purpose to show me my evil doing; and at that time I felt what guilt was, though never before that I can remember; but then I was, for the present, greatly loaden therewith, and so went home

when the sermon was ended, with a great burden upon my spirit.

21. This, for that instant, did benumb the sinews of my best delights, and did im-bitter my former pleasures to me; but behold, it lasted not, for before I had well dined, the trouble began to go off my mind, and my heart returned to its old course: but oh! how glad was I, that this trouble was gone from me, and that the fire was put out, that I might sin again without control! Wherefore, when I had satisfied nature with my food, I shook the sermon out of my mind, and to my old custom of sports and gaming I returned with great delight.

22. But the same day, as I was in the midst of a game at cat,¹ and having struck it one blow from the hole, just as I was about to strike it the second time, a voice did suddenly dart from heaven into my soul, which said, Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell? At this I was put to an exceeding maze; wherefore, leaving my cat upon the ground, I looked up to heaven, and was, as if I had, with the eyes of my understanding, seen the Lord Jesus looking down upon me, as being very hotly displeased with me, and as if he did severely threaten me with some grievous punishment for these and other my ungodly practices.

23. I had no sooner thus conceived in my mind, but suddenly this conclusion was fastened on my spirit, for the former hint did set my sins again before my face, that I had been a great and grievous sinner, and that it was now too late for me to look after heaven; for Christ would not forgive me, nor pardon my transgressions. Then I fell to musing upon this also; and while I was thinking on it, and fearing lest it should be so, I felt my heart sink in despair, concluding it was too late; and therefore I resolved in my mind I would go on in sin: for, thought I, if the case be thus, my state is surely miserable; miserable if I leave my sins, and but miserable if I follow them; I can but be damned, and if I must be so, I had as good be damned for many sins as to be damned for few.

24. Thus I stood in the midst of my play, before all that then were present; but yet I told them nothing: but I say, I having made this conclusion, I returned desperately to my sport again; and I well remember, that presently this kind of despair did so possess my soul, that I was persuaded I could never attain to other comfort than what I should get in sin; for heaven was gone already, so that on that I must not think; wherefore I found within me a great desire to take my fill of sin, still studying what sin was yet to be committed, that I might taste the sweetness of it; and I made as much haste as I could to fill my belly with its delicacies, lest I should die before I had my desire; for that I feared greatly. In these things, I protest before God, I lie not, neither do I feign this sort of speech; these were really, strongly, and with all my heart, my desires; the good Lord, whose mercy is unsearchable, forgive me my transgressions.

25. And I am very confident that this temptation of the devil is more usual amongst poor creatures than many are aware of, even to overrun their spirits with a scurvy and seared frame of heart, and numbing of conscience; which frame, he stilly and slyly supplieth with such despair, that though not much guilt attendeth souls, yet they continually have a secret conclusion within them that there is no hopes for them; for they have loved sins, "therefore after them they will go" (Jer. 2:25; and 18:12).

26. Now therefore I went on in sin with great greediness of mind, still grudging that I could not be so satisfied with it as I would. This did continue with me about a month, or more; but one day, as I was standing at a neighbor's shop-window, and there cursing and swearing, and playing the madman, after my wonted manner, there sat within the woman of the house, and heard me, who, though she was a very loose and ungodly wretch, yet protested that I swore and cursed at that most fearful rate, that she was made to tremble to hear me; and told me further, That I was the ungodliest fellow for swearing that ever she heard

¹ *I.e.*, tip-cat, a game in which a small cigar-shaped piece of wood, called a cat, is raised from the ground by tipping or striking one end with a stick, and then hit by the same player while it is in the air.

in all her life; and that I, by thus doing, was able to spoil all the youth in the whole town, if they came but in my company.

27. After this reproof I was silenced, and put to secret shame, and that too, as I thought, before the God of heaven; wherefore, while I stood there, and hanging down my head, I wished with all my heart that I might be a little child again, that my father might learn me to speak without this wicked way of swearing; for, thought I, I am so accustomed to it, that it is in vain for me to think of a reformation, for I thought it could never be.

28. But how it came to pass, I know not; I did from this time forward so leave my swearing, that it was a great wonder to myself to observe it; and whereas before, I knew not how to speak unless I put an oath before, and another behind, to make my words have authority; now, I could, without it, speak better, and with more pleasantness, than ever I could before. All this while I knew not Jesus Christ, neither did I leave my sports and play.

29. But quickly after this, I fell in company with one poor man that made profession of religion; who, as I then thought, did talk pleasantly of the Scriptures, and of the matters of religion; wherefore, falling into some love and liking to what he said, I betook me to my Bible, and began to take great pleasure in reading, but especially with the historical part thereof; for, as for Paul's epistles, and scriptures, I could not away with them, being as yet ignorant, either of the corruptions of my nature, or of the want and worth of Jesus Christ to save me.

30. Wherefore I fell to some outward reformation, both in my words and life, and did set the commandments before me for my way to heaven; which commandments I also did strive to keep, and, as I thought, did keep them pretty well sometimes, and then I should have comfort; yet now and then should break one, and so afflict my conscience; but then I should repent, and say I was sorry for it, and promise God to do better next time, and there get help again, for then I thought I pleased God as well as any man in England.

31. Thus I continued about a year; all

which time our neighbors did take me to be a very godly man, a new and religious man, and did marvel much to see such a great and famous alteration in my life and manners; and, indeed, so it was, though yet I knew not Christ, nor grace, nor faith, nor hope; and, truly, as I have well seen since, had I then died, my state had been most fearful.

32. But, I say, my neighbors were amazed at this my great conversion from prodigious profaneness to something like a moral life; and, truly, so they well might; for this my conversion was as great as for Tom of Bedlam to become a sober man. Now, therefore, they began to praise, to commend, and to speak well of me, both to my face, and behind my back. Now I was, as they said, become godly; now I was become a right honest man. But, oh! when I understood that these were their words and opinions of me, it pleased me mighty well. For though as yet I was nothing but a poor painted hypocrite, yet I loved to be talked of as one that was truly godly, I was proud of my godliness, and, indeed, I did all I did, either to be seen of, or to be well spoken of, by men. And thus I continued for about a twelvemonth or more.

33. Now, you must know, that before this I had taken much delight in ringing, but my conscience beginning to be tender, I thought such practice was but vain, and therefore forced myself to leave it, yet my mind hankered; wherefore I should go to the steeple house, and look on it, though I durst not ring. But I thought this did not become religion neither, yet I forced myself, and would look on still; but quickly after, I began to think, How, if one of the bells should fall? Then I chose to stand under a main beam, that lay overthwart the steeple from side to side thinking there I might stand sure, but then I should think again, should the bell fall with a swing, it might first hit the wall, and then rebounding upon me, might kill me for all this beam. This made me stand in the steeple door; and now, thought I, I am safe enough; for, if a bell should then fall, I can slip out behind these thick walls, and so be preserved notwithstanding.

34. So, after this, I would yet go to see

them ring, but would not go further than the steeple door; but then it came into my head, How, if the steeple itself should fall? And this thought, it may fall for aught I know, when I stood and looked on, did continually so shake my mind, that I durst not stand at the steeple door any longer, but was forced to flee, for fear the steeple should fall upon my head.

35. Another thing was my dancing; I was a full year before I could quite leave that; but all this while, when I thought I kept this or that commandment, or did, by word or deed, anything that I thought was good, I had great peace in my conscience; and should think with myself, God cannot choose but be now pleased with me; yea, to relate it in mine own way, I thought no man in England could please God better than I.

36. But poor wretch as I was, I was all this while ignorant of Jesus Christ, and going about to establish my own righteousness; and had perished therein, had not God, in mercy, showed me more of my state by nature.

37. But upon a day, the good providence of God did cast me to Bedford, to work on my calling and in one of the streets of that town, I came where there were three or four poor women sitting at a door in the sun, and talking about the things of God; and being now willing to hear them discourse, I drew near to hear what they said, for I was now a brisk talker also myself in the matters of religion, but I may say, I heard, but I understood not; for they were far above, out of my reach; for their talk was about a new birth, the work of God on their hearts, also how they were convinced of their miserable state by nature; they talked how God had visited their souls with his love in the Lord Jesus, and with what words and promises they had been refreshed, comforted, and supported against the temptations of the devil. Moreover, they reasoned of the suggestions and temptations of Satan in particular; and told to each other by which they had been afflicted, and how they were borne up under his assaults. They also discoursed of their own wretchedness of heart, of their unbelief; and did contemn, slight, and

abhor their own righteousness, as filthy and insufficient to do them any good.

38. And methought they spake as if joy did make them speak; they spake with such pleasantness of Scripture language, and with such appearance of grace in all they said, that they were to me as if they had found a new world, as if they were people that dwelt alone, and were not to be reckoned amongst their neighbors (Num. 23:9).

39. At this I felt my own heart began to shake, as mistrusting my condition to be naught; for I saw that in all my thoughts about religion and salvation, the new birth did never enter into my mind, neither knew I the comfort of the Word and promise, nor the deceitfulness and treachery of my own wicked heart. As for secret thoughts, I took no notice of them; neither did I understand what Satan's temptations were, nor how they were to be withstood and resisted, etc.

40. Thus, therefore, when I had heard and considered what they said, I left them, and went about my employment again, but their talk and discourse went with me; also my heart would tarry with them, for I was greatly affected with their words, both because by them I was convinced that I wanted the true tokens of a truly godly man, and also because by them I was convinced of the happy and blessed condition of him that was such an one.

41. Therefore I should often make it my business to be going again and again into the company of these poor people, for I could not stay away; and the more I went amongst them, the more I did question my condition; and as I still do remember, presently I found two things within me, at which I did sometimes marvel, especially considering what a blind, ignorant, sordid, and ungodly wretch but just before I was; the one was a very great softness and tenderness of heart, which caused me to fall under the conviction of what by Scripture they asserted; and the other was a great bending in my mind to a continual meditating on them, and on all other good things which at any time I heard or read of.

42. By these things my mind was now so turned, that it lay like a horse leech

at the vein, still crying out, Give, give (Prov. 30:15); yea, it was so fixed on eternity, and on the things about the kingdom of heaven, that is, so far as I knew, though as yet, God knows, I knew but little, that neither pleasures, nor profits, nor persuasions, nor threats, could loosen it, or make it let go its hold; and though I may speak it with shame, yet it is in very deed a certain truth, it would then have been as difficult for me to have taken my mind from heaven to earth, as I have found it often since to get it again from earth to heaven.

43. One thing I may not omit: There was a young man in our town, to whom my heart before was knit more than to any other, but he being a most wicked creature for cursing and swearing, and whoring, I now shook him off, and forsook his company; but about a quarter of a year after I had left him, I met him in a certain lane, and asked him how he did; he, after his old swearing and mad way, answered, He was well. But, Harry, said I, why do you swear and curse thus? What will become of you, if you die in this condition? He answered me in a great chafe, What would the devil do for company, if it were not for such as I am?

44. About this time I met with some ranters' books, that were put forth by some of our countrymen, which books were also highly in esteem by several old professors;² some of these I read, but was not able to make a judgment about them; wherefore as I read in them, and thought upon them, feeling myself unable to judge, I should betake myself to hearty prayer in this manner: O Lord, I am a fool, and not able to know the truth from error: Lord, leave me not to my own blindness, either to approve of, or condemn this doctrine; if it be of God, let me not despise it; if it be of the devil, let me not embrace it. Lord, I lay my soul, in this matter, only at thy foot; let me not be deceived, I humbly beseech thee. I had one religious intimate companion all this while, and that was the poor man that I spoke of before; but about this time he also turned a most devilish ranter, and gave himself up to all

manner of filthiness, especially uncleanness; he would also deny that there was a God, angel, or spirit; and would laugh at all exhortations to sobriety. When I labored to rebuke his wickedness, he would laugh the more, and pretend that he had gone through all religions, and could never light on the right till now. He told me also, that in a little time I should see all professors turn to the ways of the ranters. Wherefore, abominating those cursed principles, I left his company forthwith, and became to him as great a stranger as I had been before a familiar.

45. Neither was this man only a temptation to me; but my calling lying in the country, I happened to light into several people's company, who, though strict in religion formerly, yet were also swept away by these ranters. These would also talk with me of their ways, and condemn me as legal and dark; pretending that they only had attained to perfection that could do what they would, and not sin. Oh! these temptations were suitable to my flesh, I being but a young man, and my nature in its prime; but God, who had, as I hope, designed me for better things, kept me in the fear of his name, and did not suffer me to accept of such cursed principles. And blessed be God, who put it into my heart to cry to him to be kept and directed, still distrusting mine own wisdom; for I have since seen even the effect of that prayer, in his preserving me not only from ranting errors, but from those also that have sprung up since. The Bible was precious to me in those days.

46. And now, methought, I began to look into the Bible with new eyes, and read as I never did before; and especially the epistles of the apostle St. Paul were sweet and pleasant to me; and, indeed, I was then never out of the Bible, either by reading or meditation; still crying out to God, that I might know the truth, and way to heaven and glory.

47. And as I went on and read, I lighted on that passage, "To one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit; and to another faith," etc. (I Cor. 12). And though, as I have since seen, that by this

² Persons who had made a public profession of faith.

scripture the Holy Ghost intends, in special, things extraordinary, yet on me it did then fasten with conviction, that I did want things ordinary, even that understanding and wisdom that other Christians had. On this word I mused, and could not tell what to do, especially this word [faith] put me to it, for I could not help it, but sometimes must question, whether I had any faith or no; but I was loath to conclude I had no faith; for if I do so, thought I, then I shall count myself a very cast-away indeed.

48. No, said I with myself, though I am convinced that I am an ignorant sot, and that I want those blessed gifts of knowledge and understanding that other good people have; yet, at a venture, I will conclude I am not altogether faithless, though I know not what faith is. For it was showed me, and that too, as I have seen since, by Satan, that those who conclude themselves in a faithless state, have neither rest nor quiet in their souls; and I was loath to fall quite into despair.

49. Wherefore, by this suggestion, I was for a while made afraid to see my want of faith; but God would not suffer me thus to undo and destroy my soul, but did continually, against this my blind and sad conclusion, create still within me such suppositions, insomuch that I could not rest content, until I did now come to some certain knowledge, whether I had faith or no; this always running in my mind. But how if you want faith indeed? But how can you tell you have faith? And, besides, I saw for certain, if I had it not, I was sure to perish for ever.

50. So that though I endeavored at the first to look over the business of faith, yet in a little time, I better considering the matter, was willing to put myself upon the trial, whether I had faith or no. But, alas, poor wretch, so ignorant and brutish was I, that I knew to this day no more how to do it than I know how to begin and accomplish that rare and curious piece of art which I never yet saw or considered.

51. Wherefore, while I was thus considering, and being put to my plunge about it, for you must know that as yet I had in this matter broken my mind to no man, only

did hear and consider, the tempter came in with his delusion. That there was no way for me to know I had faith, but by trying to work some miracle; urging those Scriptures that seem to look that way, for the enforcing and strengthening his temptation. Nay, one day as I was betwixt Elstow and Bedford, the temptation was hot upon me to try if I had faith by doing some miracle: which miracle at that time was this, I must say to the puddles that were in the horse pads, Be dry; and to the dry places, Be you the puddles. And, truly, one time I was going to say so indeed; but just as I was about to speak, this thought came into my mind, But go under yonder hedge and pray first, that God would make you able. But when I had concluded to pray, this came hot upon me, That if I prayed, and came again and tried to do it, and yet did nothing notwithstanding, then be sure I had no faith, but was a castaway and lost. Nay, thought I, if it be so, I will never try yet, but will stay a little longer.

52. So I continued at a great loss; for I thought, if they only had faith, which could do so wonderful things, then I concluded, that, for the present, I neither had it, nor yet, for time to come, were ever like to have it. Thus I was tossed betwixt the devil and my own ignorance, and so perplexed, especially at some times, that I could not tell what to do.

53. About this time, the state and happiness of these poor people at Bedford was thus, in a kind of vision, presented to me. I saw, as if they were set on the sunny side of some high mountain, there refreshing themselves with the pleasant beams of the sun, while I was shivering and shrinking in the cold, afflicted with frost, snow, and dark clouds. Methought, also, betwixt me and them, I saw a wall that did compass about this mountain; now, through this wall my soul did greatly desire to pass; concluding, that if I could, I would go even into the very midst of them, and there also comfort myself with the heat of their sun.

54. About this wall I thought myself to go again and again, still prying as I went, to see if I could find some way or passage by which I might enter therein; but none could I find for some time. At the last, I

saw, as it were, a narrow gap, like a little doorway in the wall, through which I attempted to pass; but the passage being very strait and narrow, I made many efforts to get in, but all in vain, even until I was well-nigh quite beat out, by striving to get in; at last, with great striving, methought I at first did get in my head, and after that, by a sidling striving, my shoulders, and my whole body; then was I exceeding glad, and went and sat down in the midst of them, and so was comforted with the light and heat of their sun.

55. Now, this mountain and wall, etc., was made out to me—the mountain signified the church of the living God; the sun that shone thereon, the comfortable shining of his merciful face on them that were therein; the wall, I thought, was the Word, that did make separation between the Christians and the world; and the gap which was in this wall, I thought, was Jesus Christ, who is the way to God the Father (John 14:6; Matt. 7:14). But forasmuch as the passage was wonderful narrow, even so narrow that I could not, but with great difficulty, enter in thereat, it showed me that none could enter into life but those that were in downright earnest, and unless also they left this wicked world behind them; for here was only room for body and soul, but not for body and soul and sin.

56. This resemblance abode upon my spirit many days; all which time I saw myself in a forlorn and sad condition, but yet was provoked to a vehement hunger and desire to be one of that number that did sit in the sunshine. Now also I should pray wherever I was, whether at home or abroad, in house or field, and should also often, with lifting up of heart, sing that of the 51st Psalm, O Lord, consider my distress; for as yet I knew not where I was.

57. Neither as yet could I attain to any considerable persuasion that I had faith in Christ; but instead of having satisfaction, here I began to find my soul to be assaulted with fresh doubts about my future happiness; especially with such as these, Whether I was elected? But how if the day of grace should now be past and gone?

58. By these two temptations I was very

much afflicted and disquieted; sometimes by one, and sometimes by the other of them. And first, to speak of that about my questioning my election, I found at this time, that though I was in a flame to find the way to heaven and glory, and though nothing could beat me off from this, yet this question did so offend and discourage me, that I was especially at some times as if the very strength of my body also had been taken away by the force and power thereof. This scripture did also seem to me to trample upon all my desires, "It is neither in him that willeth, nor in him that runneth, but in God that showeth mercy" (Rom. 9).

59. With this scripture I could not tell what to do; for I evidently saw, unless that the great God, of his infinite grace and bounty, had voluntarily chosen me to be a vessel of mercy, though I should desire, and long and labor until my heart did break, no good could come of it. Therefore, this would still stick with me. How can you tell you are elected? And what if you should not? How then?

60. O Lord, thought I, what if I should not, indeed? It may be you are not, said the tempter; it may be so, indeed, thought I. Why, then, said Satan, you had as good leave off, and strive no further; for if, indeed, you should not be elected and chosen of God, there is no talk of your being saved; "For it is neither in him that willeth, nor in him that runneth, but in God that showeth mercy."

61. By these things I was driven to my wits' end, not knowing what to say, or how to answer these temptations. Indeed, I little thought that Satan had thus assaulted me, but that rather it was my own prudence, thus to start the question; for, that the elect only attained eternal life, that I, without scruple, did heartily close withal; but that myself was one of them, there lay the question.

62. Thus, therefore, for several days, I was greatly assaulted and perplexed, and was often, when I have been walking, ready to sink where I went, with faintness in my mind; but one day, after I had been so many weeks oppressed and cast down therewith, as I was now quite giving up the

ghost of all my hopes of ever attaining life, that sentence fell with weight upon my spirit, "Look at the generations of old and see; did ever any trust in God and were confounded?"

63. At which I was greatly lightened and encouraged in my soul; for thus, at that very instant, it was expounded to me, Begin at the beginning of Genesis, and read to the end of the Revelations, and see if you can find that there was ever any that trusted in the Lord, and was confounded. So, coming home, I presently went to my Bible to see if I could find that saying, not doubting but to find it presently; for it was so fresh, and with such strength and comfort on my spirit, that I was as if it talked with me.

64. Well, I looked, but I found it not; only it abode upon me; then I did ask first this good man and then another if they knew where it was, but they knew no such place. At this I wondered, that such a sentence should so suddenly, and with such comfort and strength, seize and abide upon my heart, and yet that none could find it, for I doubted not but it was in holy Scripture.

65. Thus I continued above a year, and could not find the place; but at last, casting my eye into the Apocrypha books, I found it in Ecclesiasticus 2:10. This, at the first, did somewhat daunt me; but because, by this time, I had got more experience of the love and kindness of God, it troubled me the less; especially when I considered, that though it was not in those texts that we call holy and canonical, yet forasmuch as this sentence was the sum and substance of many of the promises, it was my duty to take the comfort of it; and I bless God for that word, for it was of God to me: that word doth still, at times, shine before my face.

66. After this, that other doubt did come with strength upon me, But how if the day of grace should be past and gone? How if you have overstood the time of mercy? Now, I remember that one day, as I was walking into the country, I was much in the thoughts of this, But how if the day of grace be past? And to aggravate my trouble, the tempter presented to my mind those good people of Bedford, and sug-

gested thus unto me, That these being converted already, they were all that God would save in those parts; and that I came too late, for these had got the blessing before I came.

67. Now was I in great distress, thinking in very deed that this might well be so; wherefore I went up and down bemoaning my sad condition, counting myself far worse than a thousand fools, for standing off thus long, and spending so many years in sin as I have done; still crying out, Oh, that I had turned sooner! Oh, that I had turned seven years ago! It made me also angry with myself, to think that I should have no more wit but to trifle away my time till my soul and heaven were lost.

68. But when I had been long vexed with this fear, and was scarce able to take one step more, just about the same place where I received my other encouragement, these words broke in upon my mind, "Compel them to come in, that my house may be filled"; "and yet there is room" (Luke 14:22, 23). These words, but especially them, "And yet there is room," were sweet words to me; for, truly, I thought that by them I saw there was place enough in heaven for me; and, moreover, that when the Lord Jesus did speak these words, he then did think of me; and that he knowing the time would come that I should be afflicted with fear that there was no place left for me in his bosom, did before speak this word, and leave it upon record, that I might find help thereby against this vile temptation. This I then verily believed.

69. In the light and encouragement of this word, I went a pretty while; and the comfort was the more when I thought that the Lord Jesus should think on me so long ago, and that he should speak them words on purpose for my sake; for I did then think, verily, that he did on purpose speak them, to encourage me withal.

70. But I was not without my temptations to go back again; temptations, I say, both from Satan, mine own heart, and carnal acquaintance; but I thank God these were outweighed by that sound sense of death and of the day of judgment, which abode, as it were, continually in my view;

should often also think on Nebuchadnezzar, of whom it is said, He had given him all the kingdoms of the earth (Dan. 4:18, 19). Yet, thought I, if this great man had all his portion in this world, one hour in hell fire would make him forget all. Which consideration was a great help to me.

71. I was almost made, about this time, to see something concerning the beasts that Moses counted clean and unclean. I thought those beasts were types of men; the clean, types of them that were the people of God; but the unclean, types of such as were the children of the wicked one. Now, I read that the clean beasts chewed the cud; that is, thought I, they show us we must feed upon the Word of God. They also parted the hoof; I thought that signified we must part, if we would be saved, with the ways of ungodly men. And also, in further reading about them I found that though we did chew the cud as the hare, yet if we walked with claws like a dog, or if we did part the hoof like the swine, yet if we did not chew the cud as the sheep, we were still, for all that, but unclean; for I thought the hare to be a type of those that talk of the Word, yet walk in ways of sin; and that the swine was like him that parted with his outward pollutions, but still wanted the Word of faith, without which there could be no way of salvation, let a man be ever so devout (Deut. 14). After this I found, by reading the Word, that those that must be glorified with Christ in another world must be called by him here; called to the partaking of a share in his Word and righteousness, and to the comforts and first fruits of his Spirit, and to a peculiar interest in all those heavenly things which do indeed fore fit the soul for that rest and house of glory which is in heaven above.

72. Here, again, I was at a very great stand, not knowing what to do, fearing I was not called; for, thought I, if I be not called, what then can do me good? None but those who are effectually called inherit the kingdom of heaven. But oh! how I now loved those words that spake of a Christian's calling! as when the Lord said to me, "Follow me," and to another, "Come after me." And oh! thought I, that he

would say so to me too, how gladly would I run after him!

73. I cannot now express with what longings and breakings in my soul I cried to Christ to call me. Thus I continued for a time, all on a flame to be converted to Jesus Christ; and did also see at that day, such glory in a converted state, that I could not be contented without a share therein. Gold! could it have been gotten for gold, what could I have given for it! had I had a whole world, it had all gone ten thousand times over for this, that my soul might have been in a converted state.

74. How lovely now was everyone in my eyes that I thought to be converted men and women! they shone, they walked like a people that carried the broad seal of heaven about them. Oh! I saw the lot was fallen to them in pleasant places, and they had a goodly heritage (Ps. 16). But that which made me sick was that of Christ, in Mark, He went up into a mountain and called to him whom he would, and they came unto him (Mark 3:13).

75. This scripture made me faint and fear, yet it kindled fire in my soul. That which made me fear was this, lest Christ should have no liking to me, for he called "whom he would." But oh! the glory that I saw in that condition did still so engage my heart that I could seldom read of any that Christ did call but I presently wished, Would I had been in their clothes; would I had been born Peter; would I had been born John; or would I had been by and had heard him when he called them, how would I have cried, O Lord, call me also. But oh! I feared he would not call me.

76. And truly the Lord let me go thus many months together and showed me nothing; either that I was already, or should be called hereafter. But at last, after much time spent, and many groans to God, that I might be made partaker of the holy and heavenly calling, that Word came in upon me: "I will cleanse their blood that I have not cleansed: for the Lord dwelleth in Zion." (Joel 3:21). These words I thought were sent to encourage me to wait still upon God, and signified unto me, that if I were not already, yet time might come I might be in truth converted unto Christ.

77. About this time I began to break my mind to those poor people in Bedford, and to tell them my condition, which, when they had heard, they told Mr. Gifford of me, who himself also took occasion to talk with me, and was willing to be well persuaded of me, though I think but from little grounds: but he invited me to his house, where I should hear him converse with others about the dealings of God with their souls, from all which I still received more conviction, and from that time began to see something of the vanity and inward wretchedness of my wicked heart, for as yet I knew no great matter therein; but now it began to be discovered unto me, and also to work at that rate as I never did before. Now I evidently³ found that lusts and corruptions would strongly put forth themselves within me, in wicked thoughts and desires, which I did not regard before; my desires also for heaven and life began to fail. I found also, that whereas before my soul was full of longings after God, now my heart began to hanker after every foolish vanity; yea, my heart would not be moved to mind that that was good; it began to be careless, both of my soul and heaven; it would now continually hang back, both to, and in every duty; and was as a clog on the leg of a bird to hinder her from flying.

78. Nay, thought I, now I grow worse and worse; now am I farther from conversion than ever I was before. Wherefore I began to sink greatly in my soul, and began to entertain such discouragement in my heart as laid me low as hell. If now I should have burned at the stake, I could not believe that Christ had love for me; alas, I could neither hear him, nor see him, nor feel him, nor savor any of his things; I was driven as with a tempest, my heart would be unclean, the Canaanites would dwell in the land.

79. Sometimes I would tell my condition to the people of God, which, when they heard, they would pity me, and would tell me of the promises; but they had as good have told me that I must reach the sun with my finger as have bidden me receive or rely upon the promise; and as soon as I

should have done it, all my sense and feeling was against me; and I saw I had a heart that would sin, and that lay under a law that would condemn.

80. These things have often made me think of that child which the father brought to Christ, who, while he was yet a-coming to him, was thrown down by the devil, and also so rent and torn by him that he lay and wallowed, foaming (Luke 9:42, Mark 9:20).

81. Further, in these days I should find my heart to shut itself up against the Lord, and against his holy Word. I have found my unbelief to set, as it were, the shoulder to the door to keep him out, and that too even then, when I have with many a bitter sigh cried, Good Lord, break it open; Lord, break these gates of brass, and cut the bars of iron asunder (Ps. 107:16). Yet that word would sometimes create in my heart a peaceable pause, "I girded thee, though thou hast not known me" (Is. 45:5).

82. But all this while as to the act of sinning, I never was more tender than now; my hinder parts were inward; I durst not take a pin or a stick, though but so big as a straw, for my conscience now was sore, and would smart at every touch; I could not now tell how to speak my words, for fear I should misplace them. Oh, how gingerly did I then go in all I did or said! I found myself as on a miry bog that shook if I did but stir; and was there left both of God and Christ, and the Spirit, and all good things.

83. But, I observe, though I was such a great sinner before conversion, yet God never much charged the guilt of the sins of my ignorance upon me; only he showed me I was lost if I had not Christ, because I had been a sinner; I saw that I wanted a perfect righteousness to present me without fault before God, and this righteousness was nowhere to be found, but in the person of Jesus Christ.

84. But my original and inward pollution, that, that was my plague and my affliction; that, I say, at a dreadful rate, always putting forth itself within me; that I had the guilt of, to amazement; by reason of that, I was more loathsome in my

³ Plainly, convincingly.

own eyes than was a toad; and I thought I was so in God's eyes, too; sin and corruption, I said, would as naturally bubble out of my heart, as water would bubble out of a fountain, I thought now that everyone had a better heart than I had; I could have changed heart with anybody; I thought none but the devil himself could equalize me for inward wickedness and pollution of mind. I fell, therefore, at the sight of my own vileness, deeply into despair; for I concluded that this condition that I was in could not stand with a state of grace. Sure, thought I, I am forsaken of God; sure I am given up to the devil, and to a reprobate mind; and thus I continued a long while, even for some years together.

85. While I was thus afflicted with the fears of my own damnation, there were two things would make me wonder; the one was, when I saw old people hunting after the things of this life, as if they should live here always; the other was, when I found professors much distressed and cast down, when they met with outward losses; as of husband, wife, child, etc. Lord, thought I, what ado is here about such little things as these! What seeking after carnal things by some, and what grief in others for the loss of them! If they so much labor after, and spend so many tears for the things of this present life, how am I to be bemoaned, pitied, and prayed for! My soul is dying, my soul is damning. Were my soul but in good condition, and were I but sure of it, oh! how rich should I esteem myself, though blessed but with bread and water; I should count those but small afflictions, and should bear them as little burdens. "A wounded spirit who can bear?"

86. And though I was thus troubled, and tossed, and afflicted, with the sight and sense and terror of my own wickedness, yet I was afraid to let this sight and sense go quite off my mind; for I found, that unless guilt of conscience was taken off the right way, that is, by the blood of Christ, a man grew rather worse for the loss of his trouble of mind, than better. Wherefore, if my guilt lay hard upon me, then I should cry that the blood of Christ might

take it off; and if it was going off without it (for the sense of sin would be sometimes as if it would die, and go quite away), then I would also strive to fetch it upon my heart again, by bringing the punishment for sin in hell fire upon my spirit; and should cry, Lord, let it not go off my heart, but the right way, but by the blood of Christ, and by the application of thy mercy through him, to my soul; for that scripture lay much upon me, "without shedding of blood there is no remission" (Heb. 9:22). And that which made me the more afraid of this was, because I had seen some who, though when they were under wounds of conscience, would cry and pray; yet seeking rather present ease from their trouble than pardon for their sin, cared not how they lost their guilt, so they got it out of their mind. Now, having got it off the wrong way, it was not sanctified unto them; but they grew harder, and blinder, and more wicked after their trouble. This made me afraid, and made me cry to God the more that it might not be so with me.

87. And now was I sorry that God had made me a man, for I feared I was a reprobate; I counted man as unconverted, the most doleful of all the creatures. Thus being afflicted and tossed about my sad condition, I counted myself alone, and above the most of men unblessed.

88. Yea, I thought it impossible that ever I should attain to so much goodness of heart as to thank God that he had made me a man. Man indeed is the most noble by creation, of all creatures in the visible world; but by sin he has made himself the most ignoble. The beasts, birds, fishes, etc., I blessed their condition, for they had not a sinful nature, they were not obnoxious to the wrath of God; they were not to go to hell fire after death; I could therefore have rejoiced, had my condition been as any of theirs.

89. In this condition I went a great while; but when comforting time was come, I heard one preach a sermon upon those words in the Song ⁴ (4:1), "Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair." But at that time he made these two words, "My love," his chief and subject matter;

from which, after he had a little opened the text, he observed these several conclusions: 1. That the church, and so every saved soul, is Christ's love, when loveless. 2. Christ's love without cause. 3. Christ's love when hated of the world. 4. Christ's love when under temptation, and under desertion. 5. Christ's love from first to last.

90. But I got nothing by what he said at present, only when he came to the application of the fourth particular, this was the word he said: If it be so, that the saved soul is Christ's love when under temptation and desertion; then, poor tempted soul, when thou art assaulted and afflicted with temptation, and the hidings of God's face, yet think on these two words, "My love," still.

91. So as I was going home, these words came again into my thoughts; and I well remember, as they came in, I said thus in my heart, What shall I get by thinking on these two words? This thought had no sooner passed through my heart, but the words began thus to kindle in my spirit, "Thou art my love, thou art my dove," twenty times together; and still as they ran thus in my mind, they waxed stronger and warmer, and began to make me look up; but being as yet between hope and fear, I still replied in my heart, But is it true, but is it true? At which, that sentence fell in upon me, He "wist not that it was true which was done unto him of the angel" (Acts 12:9).

92. Then I began to give place to the word, which, with power, did over and over make this joyful sound within my soul, Thou art my love, thou art my love; and nothing shall separate thee from my love; and with that, Rom. 8:39 came into my mind. Now was my heart filled full of comfort and hope, and now I could believe that my sins should be forgiven me; yea, I was now so taken with the love and mercy of God that I remember I could not tell how to contain till I got home; I thought I could have spoken of his love, and of his mercy to me, even to the very crows that sat upon the plowed lands before me, had they been capable to have understood me; wherefore I said in my soul, with much gladness, Well, I would I had a pen

and ink here, I would write this down before I go any further, for surely I will not forget this forty years hence; but alas! within less than forty days, I began to question all again; which made me begin to question all still.

93. Yet still at times, I was helped to believe that it was a true manifestation of grace unto my soul, though I had lost much of the life and savor of it. Now about a week or fortnight after this, I was much followed by this scripture, "Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you" (Luke 22:31). And sometimes it would sound so loud within me, yea, and as it were call so strongly after me, that once above all the rest, I turned my head over my shoulder, thinking verily that some man had, behind me, called to me; being at a great distance, methought he called so loud; it came, as I had thought since, to have stirred me up to prayer, and to watchfulness; it came to acquaint me that a cloud and storm was coming down upon me, but I understood it not.

94. Also, as I remember, that time that it called to me so loud, was the last time that it sounded in mine ears, but methinks I hear still with what a loud voice these words, Simon, Simon, sounded in mine ears. I thought verily, as I have told you, that somebody had called after me, that was half a mile behind me; and although that was not my name, yet it made me suddenly look behind me, believing that he that called so loud meant me.

95. But so foolish was I, and ignorant, that I knew not the reason of this sound; which, as I did both see and feel soon after, was sent from heaven as an alarm, to awaken me to provide for what was coming; only it would make me muse and wonder in my mind, to think what should be the reason that this scripture, and that at this rate, so often and so loud, should still be sounding and rattling in mine ears; but, as I said before, I soon after perceived the end of God therein.

96. For about the space of a month after, a very great storm came down upon me, which handled me twenty times worse than all I had met with before; it came stealing upon me, now by one piece, then

by another; first, all my comfort was taken from me, then darkness seized upon me, after which whole floods of blasphemies, both against God, Christ, and the Scriptures, were poured upon my spirit, to my great confusion and astonishment. These blasphemous thoughts were such as also stirred up questions in me, against the very being of God, and of his only beloved Son; as, whether there were, in truth, a God, or Christ, or no? And whether the holy Scriptures were not rather a fable, and cunning story, than the holy and pure Word of God?

97. The tempter also would much assault me with this, How can you tell but that the Turks had as good Scriptures to prove their Mahomet the Savior, as we have to prove our Jesus is? And could I think that so many ten thousands, in so many countries and kingdoms, should be without the knowledge of the right way to heaven, if there were indeed a heaven, and that we only, who live in a corner of the earth, should alone be blessed therewith? Everyone doth think his own religion rightest, both Jews and Moors, and Pagans! and how if all our faith, and Christ, and Scriptures, should be but a think-so too?

98. Sometimes I have endeavored to argue against these suggestions, and to set some of the sentences of blessed Paul against them; but, alas! I quickly felt, when I thus did, such arguings as these would return again upon me. Though we made so great a matter of Paul, and of his words, yet how could I tell, but that in every deed, he being a subtle and cunning man, might give himself up to deceive with strong delusions; and also take both that pains and travail, to undo and destroy his fellows?

99. These suggestions, with many other which at this time I may not, nor dare not utter, neither by word or pen, did make such a seizure upon my spirit, and did so overweigh my heart, both with their number, continuance, and fiery force, that I felt as if there were nothing else but these from morning to night within me; and as though, indeed, there could be room for nothing else; and also concluded that God had, in very wrath to my soul, given me up

to them, to be carried away with them, as with a mighty whirlwind.

100. Only by the distaste that they gave unto my spirit, I felt there was something in me that refused to embrace them. But this consideration I then only had, when God gave me leave to swallow my spittle, otherwise the noise, and strength, and force of these temptations, would drown and overflow; and as it were, bury all such thoughts or the remembrance of any such thing. While I was in this temptation, I should often find my mind suddenly put upon it to curse and swear, or to speak some grievous thing against God, or Christ his Son, and of the Scriptures.

101. Now I thought, surely I am possessed of the devil; at other times again, I thought I should be bereft of my wits; for instead of lauding and magnifying God the Lord with others, if I have but heard him spoken of, presently some most horrible blasphemous thought or other would bolt out of my heart against him; so that whether I did think that God was, or again did think there were no such thing, no love, nor peace, nor gracious disposition could I feel within me.

102. These things did sink me into very deep despair; for I concluded, that such things could not possibly be found amongst them that loved God. I often, when these temptations have been with force upon me, did compare myself in the case of such a child whom some gipsy hath by force took up in her arms and is carrying from friend and country; kick sometimes I did, and also shriek and cry; but yet I was as bound in the wings of the temptation, and the wind would carry me away. I thought also of Saul, and of the evil spirit that did possess him; and did greatly fear that my condition was the same with that of his (I Sam. 16:14).

103. In these days, when I have heard others talk of what was the sin against the Holy Ghost, then would the tempter so provoke me to desire to sin that sin, that I was as if I could not, must not, neither should be quiet until I had committed that; now, no sin would serve but that; if it were to be committed by speaking of such a word, then I have been as if my mouth

would have spoken that word, whether I would or no; and in so strong a measure was this temptation upon me, that often I have been ready to clap my hand under my chin, to hold my mouth from opening; and to that end also I have had thoughts at other times to leap with my head downward into some muck-hill hole or other to keep my mouth from speaking.

104. Now again I beheld the condition of the dog and toad, and counted the estate of everything that God had made far better than this dreadful state of mine, and such as my companions was; yea, gladly would I have been in the condition of dog or horse, for I knew they had no soul to perish under the everlasting weight of hell for sin, as mine was like to do. Nay, and though I saw this, felt this, and was broken to pieces with it, yet that which added to my sorrow was, that I could not find that with all my soul I did desire deliverance. That scripture did also tear and rend my soul, in the midst of these distractions, "The wicked are like the troubled sea, which cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace to the wicked, saith my God" (Is. 57:20, 21).

105. And now my heart was, at times, exceeding hard; if I would have given a thousand pounds for a tear, I could not shed one; no, nor sometimes scarce desire to shed one. I was much dejected to think that this should be my lot. I saw some could mourn and lament their sin; and others, again, could rejoice, and bless God for Christ; and others, again, could quietly talk of, and with gladness remember, the Word of God; while I only was in the storm or tempest. This much sunk me; I thought my condition was alone. I should, therefore, much bewail my hard hap; but get out of, or get rid of, these things, I could not.

106. While this temptation lasted, which was about a year, I could attend upon none of the ordinances of God but with sore and great affliction. Yea, then was I most distressed with blasphemies; if I have been hearing the Word, then uncleanness, blasphemies, and despair would hold me as captive there; if I have been reading, then, sometimes, I had sudden thoughts to ques-

tion all I read; sometimes, again, my mind would be so strangely snatched away, and possessed with other things, that I have neither known, nor regarded, nor remembered so much as the sentence that but now I have read.

107. In prayer, also, I have been greatly troubled at this time; sometimes I have thought I should see the devil, nay, thought I have felt him, behind me, pull my clothes; he would be, also, continually at me in the time of prayer to have done; break off, make haste, you have prayed enough, and stay no longer, still drawing my mind away. Sometimes, also, he would cast in such wicked thoughts as these: that I must pray to him, or for him. I have thought sometimes of that—Fall down, or, "if thou wilt fall down and worship me" (Matt. 4:9).

108. Also, when, because I have had wandering thoughts in the time of this duty, I have labored to compose my mind and fix it upon God, then, with great force, hath the tempter labored to distract me, and confound me, and to turn away my mind, by presenting to my heart and fancy the form of a bush, a bull, a besom, or the like, as if I should pray to those; to these also he would, at some times especially, so hold my mind that I was as if I could think of nothing else, or pray to nothing else but to these, or such as they.

109. Yet, at times I should have some strong and heart-affecting apprehensions of God, and the reality of the truth of his gospel; but, oh! how would my heart, at such times, put forth itself with inexpressible groanings. My whole soul was then in every word; I should cry with pangs after God that he would be merciful unto me; but then I should be daunted again with such conceits as these; I should think that God did mock at these, my prayers, saying, and that in the audience of the holy angels, This poor simple wretch doth hanker after me as if I had nothing to do with my mercy but to bestow it on such as he. Alas, poor fool! how art thou deceived! It is not for such as thee to have favor with the Highest.

110. Then hath the tempter come upon me, also, with such discouragements as

these: You are very hot for mercy, but I will cool you; this frame shall not last always; many have been as hot as you for a spurt, but I have quenched their zeal. And with this, such and such who were fallen off would be set before mine eyes. Then I should be afraid that I should do so too; but, thought I, I am glad this comes into my mind. Well, I will watch, and take what heed I can. Though you do, said Satan, I shall be too hard for you; I will cool you insensibly, by degrees, by little and little. What care I, saith he, though I be seven years in chilling your heart if I can do it at last? Continual rocking will lull a crying child asleep. I will ply it close, but I will have my end accomplished. Though you be burning hot at present, yet, if I can pull you from this fire, I shall have you cold before it be long.

111. These things brought me into great straits; for as I at present could not find myself fit for present death, so I thought to live long would make me yet more unfit; for time would make me forget all, and wear even the remembrance of the evil of sin, the worth of heaven, and the need I had of the blood of Christ to wash me, both out of mind and thought; but I thank Christ Jesus these things did not at present make me slack my crying, but rather did put me more upon it, like her who met with the adulterer (Deut. 22:27); in which days that was a good word to me after I had suffered these things a while: "I am persuaded that neither . . . height, nor depth, nor death, nor life," etc., "shall . . . separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus" (Rom. 8:38). And now I hoped long life should not destroy me, nor make me miss of heaven.

112. Yet I had some supports in this temptation, though they were then all questioned by me; that in Jeremiah 3, at the first, was something to me, and so was the consideration of the fifth verse of that chapter; that though we have spoken and done as evil things as we could, yet we should cry unto God, "My Father, thou art the guide of my youth"; and should return unto him.

113. I had, also, once a sweet glance from that in II Cor. 5:21: "For he hath made

him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." I remember, also, that one day as I was sitting in a neighbor's house, and there very sad at the consideration of my many blasphemies, and as I was saying in my mind, What ground have I to think that I, who have been so vile and abominable, should ever inherit eternal life? that word came suddenly upon me, "What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us?" (Rom. 8:31). That, also, was an help unto me, "Because I live, ye shall live also" (John 14:19). But these words were but hints, touches, and short visits, though very sweet when present; only they lasted not; but, like to Peter's sheet, of a sudden were caught up from me to heaven again (Acts 10:16).

114. But afterwards the Lord did more fully and graciously discover himself unto me; and, indeed, did quite, not only deliver me from the guilt that, by these things, was laid upon my conscience, but also from the very filth thereof; for the temptation was removed, and I was put into my right mind again, as other Christians were.

115. I remember that one day, as I was travelling into the country and musing on the wickedness and blasphemy of my heart, and considering of the enmity that was in me to God, that scripture came in my mind, He hath "made peace through the blood of his cross" (Col. 1:20). By which I was made to see, both again, and again, that day, that God and my soul were friends by this blood; yea, I saw that the justice of God and my sinful soul could embrace and kiss each other through this blood. This was a good day to me; I hope I shall not forget it.

116. At another time, as I sat by the fire in my house, and musing on my wretchedness, the Lord made that also a precious word unto me, "Forasmuch, then, as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same; that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil, and deliver those who, through the fear of death, were all their life

subject to bondage" (Heb. 2:14, 15). I thought that the glory of those words was then so weighty on me that I was, both once and twice, ready to swoon as I sat; yet not with grief and trouble, but with solid joy and peace.

117. At this time, also, I sat under the ministry of holy Mr. Gifford, whose doctrine, by God's grace, was much for my stability. This man made it much his business to deliver the people of God from all those faults and unsound tests that, by nature, we are prone to. He would bid us take special heed that we took not up any truth upon trust—as from this, or that, or any other man or men—but to cry mightily to God that he would convince us of the reality thereof, and set us down therein, by his own Spirit, in the holy Word; for, said he, if you do otherwise, when temptations come, if strongly, you, not having received them with evidence from heaven, will find you want that help and strength now to resist as once you thought you had.

118. This was as seasonable to my soul as the former and latter rain in their season; for I had found, and that by sad experience, the truth of these his words; for I had felt no man can say, especially when tempted of the devil, that Jesus Christ is Lord but by the Holy Ghost. Wherefore I found my soul, through grace, very apt to drink in this doctrine, and to incline to pray to God that, in nothing that pertained to God's glory and my own eternal happiness, he would suffer me to be without the confirmation thereof from heaven; for now I saw clearly there was an exceeding difference betwixt the notions of flesh and blood, and the revelations of God in heaven; also, a great difference between that faith that is feigned, and according to man's wisdom, and of that which comes by a man's being born thereto of God (Matt. 16:15-17; I John 5:1).

119. But, oh! now, how was my soul led from truth to truth by God! even from the birth and cradle of the Son of God to his ascension and second coming from heaven to judge the world.

120. Truly, I then found, upon this account, the great God was very good unto

me; for, to my remembrance, there was not anything that I then cried unto God to make known and reveal unto me but he was pleased to do it for me; I mean not one part of the gospel of the Lord Jesus, but I was orderly led into it. Methought I saw with great evidence, from the relation of the four evangelists, the wonderful work of God, in giving Jesus Christ to save us, from his conception and birth even to his second coming to judgment. Methought I was as if I had seen him born, as if I had seen him grow up, as if I had seen him walk through this world, from the cradle to the cross; to which, also, when he came, I saw how gently he gave himself to be hanged and nailed on it for my sins and wicked doings. Also, as I was musing on this, his progress, that dropped on my spirit, He was ordained for the slaughter (I Pet. 1:19, 20).

121. When I have considered also the truth of his resurrection, and have remembered that word, "Touch me not, Mary," etc., I have seen as if he had leaped out of the grave's mouth for joy that he was risen again, and had got the conquest over our dreadful foes (John 20:17). I have also, in the spirit, seen him a man on the right hand of God the Father for me, and have seen the manner of his coming from heaven to judge the world with glory, and have been confirmed in these things by these scriptures following, Acts 1:9, 10; 7:56; 10:42; Heb. 7:24; 8:3; Rev. 1:18; I Thess. 4:17, 18.

122. Once I was troubled to know whether the Lord Jesus was both man as well as God, and God as well as man; and truly, in those days, let men say what they would, unless I had it with evidence from heaven, all was as nothing to me, I counted not myself set down in any truth of God. Well, I was much troubled about this point, and could not tell how to be resolved; at last, that in Revelations 5 came into my mind, "And I beheld, and lo, in the midst of the throne and of the four beasts, and in the midst of the elders, stood a Lamb." In the midst of the throne, thought I, there is his Godhead; in the midst of the elders, there is his manhood; but oh; methought this did glister! it was a goodly

touch, and gave me sweet satisfaction. That other scripture also did help me much in this, "To us a child is born, to us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace," etc. (Is. 9:6).

123. Also, besides these teachings of God in his Word, the Lord made use of two things to confirm me in these things; the one was the errors of the Quakers, and the other was the guilt of sin; for as the Quakers did oppose this truth, so God did the more confirm me in it, by leading me into the Scriptures that did wonderfully maintain it.

124. The errors that this people then maintained were: 1. That the holy Scriptures were not the Word of God. 2. That every man in the world had the spirit of Christ, grace, faith, etc. 3. That Christ Jesus, as crucified, and dying 1600 years ago, did not satisfy divine justice for the sins of his people. 4. That Christ's flesh and blood was within the saints. 5. That the bodies of the good and bad that are buried in the churchyard shall not arise again. 6. That the resurrection is past with good men already. 7. That that man Jesus, that was crucified between two thieves on Mount Calvary, in the land of Canaan, by Jerusalem, was not ascended up above the starry heavens. 8. That he should not, even the same Jesus that died by the hand of the Jews, come again at the last day, and as man judge all nations, etc.

125. Many more vile and abominable things were in those days fomented by them, by which I was driven to a more narrow search of the Scripture, and was, through their light and testimony, not only enlightened, but greatly confirmed and comforted in the truth; and, as I said, the guilt of sin did help me much, for still as that would come upon me, the blood of Christ did take it off again, and again, and again, and that too, sweetly, according to the Scriptures. O friends! cry to God to reveal Jesus Christ unto you; there is none teacheth like him.

126. It would be too long here to stay, to tell you in particular how God did set

me down in all the things of Christ, and how he did, that he might so do, lead me into his words; yea, and also how he did open them unto me, make them shine before me, and cause them to dwell with me, talk with me, and comfort me over and over, both of his own being, and the being of his Son, and Spirit, and Word, and gospel.

127. Only this, as I said before I will say unto you again, that in general he was pleased to take this course with me; first, to suffer me to be afflicted with temptation concerning them, and then reveal them to me: as sometimes I should lie under great guilt for sin, even crushed to the ground therewith, and then the Lord would show me the death of Christ; yea, and so sprinkle my conscience with his blood, that I should find, and that before I was aware, that in that conscience where but just now did reign and rage the law, even there would rest and abide the peace and love of God through Christ.

128. Now had I an evidence, as I thought, of my salvation from heaven, with many golden seals thereon, all hanging in my sight; now could I remember this manifestation and the other discovery of grace, with comfort; and should often long and desire that the last day were come, that I might for ever be inflamed with the sight, and joy, and communion of him whose head was crowned with thorns, whose face was spit on, and body broken, and soul made an offering for my sins: for whereas, before, I lay continually trembling at the mouth of hell, now methought I was got so far therefrom that I could not, when I looked back, scarce discern it; and, oh! thought I, that I were fourscore years old now, that I might die quickly, that my soul might be gone to rest.

129. But before I had got thus far out of these my temptations, I did greatly long to see some ancient godly man's experience, who had writ some hundreds of years before I was born; for those who had writ in our days, I thought, but I desire them now to pardon me, that they had writ only that which others felt, or else had, through the strength of their wits and parts, studied

to answer such objections as they perceived others were perplexed with, without going down themselves into the deep. Well, after many such longings in my mind, the God in whose hands are all our days and ways, did cast into my hand, one day, a book of Martin Luther; it was his comment on the Galatians—it also was so old that it was ready to fall piece from piece if I did but turn it over. Now I was pleased much that such an old book had fallen into my hands; the which, when I had but a little way perused, I found my condition, in his experience, so largely and profoundly handled, as if his book had been written out of my heart. This made me marvel; for thus thought I, This man could not know anything of the state of Christians now, but must needs write and speak the experience of former days.

130. Besides, he doth most gravely, also, in that book, debate of the rise of these temptations, namely, blasphemy, desperation, and the like; showing that the law of Moses as well as the devil, death, and hell hath a very great hand therein, the which, at first, was very strange to me; but considering and watching, I found it so indeed. But of particulars here I intend nothing; only this, methinks, I must let fall before all men, I do prefer this book of Martin Luther upon the Galatians, excepting the Holy Bible, before all the books that ever I have seen, as most fit for a wounded conscience.

131. And now I found, as I thought, that I loved Christ dearly; oh! methought my soul cleaved unto him, my affections cleaved unto him. I felt love to him as hot as fire; and now, as Job said, I thought I should die in my nest; but I did quickly find that my great love was but little, and that I, who had, as I thought, such burning love to Jesus Christ, could let him go again for a very trifle; God can tell how to abase us, and can hide pride from man. Quickly after this my love was tried to purpose.

132. For after the Lord had, in this manner, thus graciously delivered me from this great and sore temptation, and had set me down so sweetly in the faith of his holy gospel, and had given me such strong con-

solation and blessed evidence from heaven touching my interest in his love through Christ; the tempter came upon me again, and that with a more grievous and dreadful temptation than before.

133. And that was, To sell and part with this most blessed Christ, to exchange him for the things of this life, for anything. The temptation lay upon me for the space of a year, and did follow me so continually that I was not rid of it one day in a month, no, not sometimes one hour in many days together, unless when I was asleep.

134. And though, in my judgment, I was persuaded that those who were once effectually in Christ, as I hoped, through his grace, I had seen myself, could never lose him for ever—for “the land shall not be sold for ever, for the land is mine,” saith God (Lev. 25:23)—yet it was a continual vexation to me to think that I should have so much as one such thought within me against a Christ, a Jesus, that had done for me as he had done; and yet then I had almost none others, but such blasphemous ones.

135. But it was neither my dislike of the thought, nor yet any desire and endeavor to resist it that in the least did shake or abate the continuation, or force and strength thereof; for it did always, in almost whatever I thought, intermix itself therewith in such sort that I could neither eat my food, stoop for a pin, chop a stick, or cast mine eye to look on this or that, but still the temptation would come, Sell Christ for this, or sell Christ for that; sell him, sell him.

136. Sometimes it would run in my thoughts, not so little as a hundred times together, Sell him, sell him, sell him; against which I may say, for whole hours together, I have been forced to stand as continually leaning and forcing my spirit against it, lest haply, before I were aware, some wicked thought might arise in my heart that might consent thereto; and sometimes also the tempter would make me believe I had consented to it, then should I be as tortured upon a rack for whole days together.

137. This temptation did put me to such scares, lest I should at some times, I say, consent thereto, and be overcome therewith,

that by the very force of my mind, in laboring to gainsay and resist this wickedness, my very body also would be put into action or motion by way of pushing or thrusting with my hands or elbows, still answering, as fast as the destroyer said, Sell him: I will not, I will not, I will not, I will not; no, not for thousands, thousands, thousands of worlds. Thus reckoning lest I should in the midst of these assaults, set too low a value of him, even until I scarce well knew where I was, or how to be composed again.

138. At these seasons he would not let me eat my food at quiet; but, forsooth, when I was set at the table at my meat, I must go hence to pray; I must leave my food now, just now, so counterfeit holy also would this devil be. When I was thus tempted, I should say in myself, Now I am at my meat, let me make an end. No, said he, you must do it now, or you will displease God, and despise Christ. Wherefore I was much afflicted with these things; and because of the sinfulness of my nature, imagining that these things were impulses from God, I should deny to do it, as if I denied God; and then should I be as guilty, because I did not obey a temptation of the devil, as if I had broken the law of God indeed.

139. But to be brief, one morning, as I did lie in my bed, I was, as at other times, most fiercely assaulted with this temptation, to sell and part with Christ; the wicked suggestion still running in my mind, Sell him, sell him, sell him, sell him, sell him, as fast as a man could speak; against which also, in my mind, as at other times, I answered, No, no, not for thousands, thousands, thousands, at least twenty times together. But at last, after much striving, even until I was almost out of breath, I felt this thought pass through my heart, Let him go, if he will! and I thought also, that I felt my heart freely consent thereto. Oh, the diligence of Satan! Oh, the despatchment of man's heart!

140. Now was the battle won, and down fell I, as a bird that is shot from the top of a tree, into great guilt, and fearful despair. Thus getting out of my bed, I went napping into the field; but God knows, with

as heavy an heart as mortal man, I think, could bear; where, for the space of two hours, I was like a man bereft of life, and as now past all recovery, and bound over to eternal punishment.

141. And withal, that scripture did seize upon my soul, "Or profane person, as Esau, who for one morsel of meat, sold his birthright; for ye know, how that afterwards, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected; for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears" (Heb. 12:16, 17).

142. Now was I as one bound, I felt myself shut up unto the judgment to come; nothing now for two years together would abide with me, but damnation, and an expectation of damnation; I say, nothing now would abide with me but this, save some few moments for relief, as in the sequel you will see.

143. These words were to my soul like fetters of brass to my legs, in the continual sound of which I went for several months together. But about ten or eleven o'clock on that day, as I was walking under a hedge, full of sorrow and guilt, God knows, and bemoaning myself for this hard hap, that such a thought should arise within me; suddenly this sentence bolted in upon me, The blood of Christ remits all guilt. At this I made a stand in my spirit; with that, this word took hold upon me, "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1:7).

144. Now I began to conceive peace in my soul, and methought I saw as if the tempter did leer and steal away from me, as being ashamed of what he had done. At the same time also I had my sin, and the blood of Christ thus represented to me, that my sin, when compared to the blood of Christ, was no more to it than this little clot or stone before me is to this vast and wide field that here I see. This gave me good encouragement for the space of two or three hours; in which time also, methought I saw, by faith, the Son of God, as suffering for my sins; but because it tarried not, I therefore sunk in my spirit, under exceeding guilt again.

145. But chiefly by the afore-mentioned scripture, concerning Esau's selling of his

birthright; for that scripture would lie all day long, all the week long, yea, all the year long in my mind, and hold me down, so that I could by no means lift up myself; for when I would strive to turn me to this scripture, or that, for relief, still that sentence would be sounding in me, "For ye know, how that afterwards, when he would have inherited the blessing . . . he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears."

146. Sometimes, also, I should have a touch from that in Luke 22:32, "I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not"; but it would not abide upon me; neither could I indeed, when I considered my state, find ground to conceive in the last, that there should be the root of that grace within me, having sinned as I had done. Now was I tore and rent in an heavy case, for many days together.

147. Then began I with sad and careful heart, to consider of the nature and largeness of my sin, and to search in the Word of God, if I could in any place espy a word of promise, or any encouraging sentence by which I might take relief. Wherefore I began to consider that third of Mark, All manner of sins and blasphemies shall be forgiven unto the sons of men, wherewith soever they shall blaspheme. Which place, methought, at a blush, did contain a large and glorious promise, for the pardon of high offences; but considering the place more fully, I thought it was rather to be understood as relating more chiefly to those who had, while in a natural estate, committed such things as there are mentioned; but not to me, who had not only received light and mercy, but that had, both after, and also contrary to that, so slighted Christ as I had done.

148. I feared therefore that this wicked sin of mine might be that sin unpardonable, of which he there thus speaketh, "But he that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation" (Mark 3:29). And I did the rather give credit to this, because of that sentence in the Hebrews, "For you know, how that afterwards, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected; for he found no

place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears." And this stuck always with me.

149. And now was I both a burden and a terror to myself, nor did I ever so know, as now, what it was to be weary of my life, and yet afraid to die. Oh, how gladly now would I have been anybody but myself! Anything but a man! and in any condition but mine own! for there was nothing did pass more frequently over my mind than that it was impossible for me to be forgiven my transgression, and to be saved from wrath to come.

150. And now began I to labor to call again time that was past; wishing a thousand times twice told, that the day was yet to come, when I should be tempted to such a sin; concluding with great indignation, both against my heart, and all assaults, how I would rather have been torn in pieces, than found a consenter thereto. But, alas! these thoughts, and wishings, and resolvings, were now too late to help me; the thought had passed my heart, God hath let me go, and I am fallen. Oh! thought I, "that it was with me as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me!" (Job 29:2).

151. Then again, being loath and unwilling to perish, I began to compare my sin with others, to see if I could find that any of those that were saved had done as I had done. So I considered David's adultery and murder, and found them most heinous crimes; and those too committed after light and grace received; but yet by considering, I perceived that his transgressions were only such as were against the law of Moses; from which the Lord Christ could, with the consent of his Word, deliver him: but mine was against the gospel; yea, against the Mediator thereof; I had sold my Savior.

152. Now again should I be as if racked upon the wheel, when I considered, that, besides the guilt that possessed me, I should be so void of grace, so bewitched. What, thought I, must it be no sin but this? Must it needs be the great transgression (Ps. 19:13)? Must that wicked one touch my soul (I John 5:18)? Oh, what stings did I find in all these sentences!

153. What, thought I, is there but one sin that is unpardonable? But one sin that layeth the soul without the reach of God's mercy; and must I be guilty of that? Must it needs be that? Is there but one sin amongst so many millions of sins, for which there is no forgiveness; and must I commit this? Oh, unhappy sin! Oh, unhappy man! These things would so break and confound my spirit, that I could not tell what to do; I thought, at times, they would have broke my wits; and still, to aggravate my misery, that would run in my mind, "You know how that afterwards, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected." Oh, none knows the terrors of those days but myself.

154. After this I came to consider of Peter's sin, which he committed in denying his master; and indeed, this came nighest to mine, of any that I could find; for he had denied his Savior, as I, and that after light and mercy received; yea, and that too, after warning given him. I also considered, that he did it both once and twice; and that, after time to consider betwixt. But though I put all these circumstances together, that, if possible, I might find help, yet I considered again, that his was but a denial of his master, but mine was a selling of my Savior. Wherefore I thought with myself, that I came nearer to Judas, than either to David or Peter.

155. Here again my torment would flame out and afflict me; yea, it would grind me, as it were, to powder, to discern the preservation of God towards others, while I fell into the snare; for in my thus considering of other men's sins, and comparing them with my own, I could evidently see how God preserved them, notwithstanding their wickedness, and would not let them, as he had let me, become a son of perdition.

156. But oh, how did my soul, at this time, prize the preservation that God did set about his people! Ah, how safely did I see them walk, whom God had hedged in! They were within his care, protection, and special providence; though they were full as bad as I by nature; yet because he loved them, he would not suffer them to fall without the range of mercy; but as for me, I was gone, I had done it; he would not

preserve me, nor keep me; but suffered me, because I was a reprobate, to fall as I had done. Now, did those blessed places, that spake of God's keeping his people, shine like the sun before me, though not to comfort me, but to show me the blessed state and heritage of those whom the Lord had blessed.

157. Now I saw, that as God had his hand in all providences and dispensations that overtook his elect, so he had his hand in all the temptations that they had to sin against him, not to animate them unto wickedness, but to choose their temptations and troubles for them; and also to leave them, for a time, to such sins only as might not destroy, but humble them; as might not put them beyond, but lay them in the way of the renewing of his mercy. But oh, what love, what care, what kindness and mercy did I now see, mixing itself with the most severe and dreadful of all God's ways to his people! He would let David, Hezekiah, Solomon, Peter, and others fall, but he would not let them fall into sin unpardonable, nor into hell for sin. Oh! thought I, these be the men that God hath loved; these be the men that God, though he chastiseth them, keeps them in safety by him, and them whom he makes to abide under the shadow of the Almighty. But all these thoughts added sorrow, grief, and horror to me, as whatever I now thought on, it was killing to me. If I thought how God kept his own, that was killing to me. If I thought of how I was fallen myself, that was killing to me. As all things wrought together for the best, and to do good to them that were the called, according to his purpose; so I thought that all things wrought for my damage, and for my eternal overthrow.

158. Then, again, I began to compare my sin with the sin of Judas, that, if possible, I might find that mine differed from that which, in truth, is unpardonable. And, oh! thought I, if it should differ from it, though by the breadth of an hair, what an happy condition is my soul in! And, by considering, I found that Judas did his intentionally, but mine was against my prayer and strivings; besides, his was committed with much deliberation, but mine in

a fearful hurry, on a sudden; all this while I was tossed to and fro, like the locusts, and driven from trouble to sorrow; hearing always the sound of Esau's fall in mine ears, and of the dreadful consequences thereof.

159. Yet this consideration about Judas his sin was, for a while, some little relief unto me; for I saw I had not, as to the circumstances, transgressed so foully as he. But this was quickly gone again, for, I thought with myself, there might be more ways than one to commit the unpardonable sin; also I thought that there might be degrees of that, as well as of other transgressions; wherefore, for aught I yet could perceive, this iniquity of mine might be such as might never be passed by.

160. I was often now ashamed, that I should be like such an ugly man as Judas; I thought, also, how loathsome I should be unto all the saints at the day of judgment; insomuch, that now I could scarce see a good man, that I believed had a good conscience, but I should feel my heart tremble at him, while I was in his presence. Oh! now I saw a glory in walking with God, and what a mercy it was to have a good conscience before him.

161. I was much about this time tempted to content myself, by receiving some false opinion; as that there should be no such thing as a day of judgment, that we should not rise again, and that sin was no such grievous thing; the tempter suggesting thus, For if these things should indeed be true, yet to believe otherwise, would yield you ease for the present. If you must perish, never torment yourself so much beforehand; drive the thoughts of damning out of your mind, by possessing your mind with some such conclusions that atheists and ranters use to help themselves withal.

162. But, oh! when such thoughts have led through my heart, how, as it were, within a step, hath death and judgment been in my view! methought the judge stood at the door, I was as if it was come already; so that such things could have no entertainment. But, methinks, I see by this, that Satan will use any means to keep the soul from Christ; he loveth not an awakened frame of spirit; security, blind-

ness, darkness, and error is the very kingdom and habitation of the wicked one.

163. I found it hard work now to pray to God, because despair was swallowing me up; I thought I was, as with a tempest, driven away from God, for always when I cried to God for mercy, this would come in, It is too late, I am lost, God hath let me fall; not to my correction, but condemnation; my sin is unpardonable; and I know, concerning Esau, how that, after he had sold his birthright, he would have received the blessing, but was rejected. About this time, I did light on that dreadful story of that miserable mortal, Francis Spira; a book that was to my troubled spirit as salt, when rubbed into a fresh wound; every sentence in that book, every groan of that man, with all the rest of his actions in his dolours, as his tears, his prayers, his gnashing of teeth, his wringing of hands, his twining and twisting, languishing and pining away under that mighty hand of God that was upon him, was as knives and daggers in my soul; especially that sentence of his was frightful to me, Man knows the beginning of sin, but who bounds the issues thereof? Then would the former sentence, as the conclusion of all, fall like a hot thunderbolt again upon my conscience; "for you know how that afterwards, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected; for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears."

164. Then was I struck into a very great trembling, insomuch that at some times I could, for whole days together, feel my very body, as well as my mind, to shake and totter under the sense of the dreadful judgment of God, that should fall on those that have sinned that most fearful and unpardonable sin. I felt also such a clogging and heat at my stomach, by reason of this my terror, that I was, especially at some times, as if my breast bone would have split asunder; then I thought of that concerning Judas, who, by his falling headlong, burst asunder, and all his bowels gushed out (Acts 1:18).

165. I feared also that this was the mark that the Lord did set on Cain, even continual fear and trembling, under the heavy

load of guilt that he had charged on him for the blood of his brother Abel. Thus did I wind, and twine, and shrink, under the burden that was upon me; which burden also did so oppress me, that I could neither stand, nor go, nor lie, either at rest or quiet.

166. Yet that saying would sometimes come to my mind, He hath received gifts for the rebellious (Ps. 68:18). "The rebellious," thought I; why, surely they are such as once were under subjection to their prince, even those who, after they have sworn subjection to his government, have taken up arms against him; and this, thought I, is my very condition; I once loved him, feared him, served him; but now I am a rebel; I have sold him, I have said, Let him go if he will; but yet he has gifts for rebels, and then why not for me?

167. This sometimes I thought on, and should labor to take hold thereof, that some, though small, refreshment might have been conceived by me; but in this also I missed of my desire, I was driven with force beyond it, I was like a man that is going to execution, even by that place where he would fain creep in and hide himself, but may not.

168. Again, after I had thus considered the sins of the saints in particular, and found mine went beyond them, then I began to think thus with myself: Set case⁵ I should put all theirs together, and mine alone against them, might I not then find some encouragement? For if mine, though bigger than any one, yet should but be equal to all, then there is hopes; for that blood that hath virtue enough in it to wash away all theirs, hath also virtue enough in it to do away with mine, though this one be full as big, if no bigger, than all theirs. Here, again, I should consider the sin of David, of Solomon, of Manasseh, of Peter, and the rest of the great offenders; and should also labor, what I might with fairness, to aggravate and heighten their sins by several circumstances.

169. I should think with myself that David shed blood to cover his adultery, and that by the sword of the children of Ammon; a work that could not be done but

by continuance, deliberate contrivance, which was a great aggravation to his sin. But then this would turn upon me: Ah! but these were but sins against the law, from which there was a Jesus sent to save them; but yours is a sin against the Savior, and who shall save you from that?

170. Then I thought on Solomon, and how he sinned in loving strange women, in falling away to their idols, in building them temples, in doing this after light, in his old age, after great mercy received; but the same conclusion that cut me off in the former consideration, cut me off as to this; namely, that all those were but sins against the law, for which God had provided a remedy; but I had sold my Savior, and there now remained no more sacrifice for sin.

171. I would then add to these men's sins, the sins of Manasseh, how that he built altars for idols in the house of the Lord; he also observed times, used enchantment, had to do with wizards, was a wizard, had his familiar spirits, burned his children in the fire in sacrifice to devils, and made the streets of Jerusalem run down with the blood of the innocents. These, thought I, are great sins, sins of a bloody color; yea, it would turn again upon me: They are none of them of the nature of yours; you have parted with Jesus, you have sold your Savior.

172. This one consideration would always kill my heart, My sin was point-blank against my Savior; and that too, at that height, that I had in my heart said of him, Let him go if he will. Oh! methought, this sin was bigger than the sins of a country, of a kingdom, or of the whole world, no one pardonable, nor all of them together, was able to equal mine; mine outwent them every one.

173. Now I should feel my mind to flee from God, as from the face of a dreadful judge; yet this was my torment, I could not escape his hand: "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God" (Heb. 10:31). But blessed be his grace, that scripture, in these flying sins, would call as running after me, "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions; and, as a

⁵ Set case; i.e., suppose.

cloud, thy sins: return unto me, for I have redeemed thee" (Is. 44:22). This, I say, would come in upon my mind, when I was fleeing from the face of God; for I did flee from his face, that is, my mind and spirit fled before him; by reason of his highness, I could not endure; then would the text cry, "Return unto me"; it would cry aloud with a very great voice, "Return unto me, for I have redeemed thee." Indeed, this would make me make a little stop, and, as it were, look over my shoulder behind me, to see if I could discern that the God of grace did follow me with a pardon in his hand, but I could no sooner do that, but all would be clouded and darkened again by that sentence, "For you know how that afterwards, when he would have inherited the blessing, he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears." Wherefore I could not return, but fled, though at some times it cried, "Return, return," as if it did holloa after me. But I feared to close in therewith, lest it should not come from God; for that other, as I said, was still sounding in my conscience, "For you know that afterwards, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected," etc.

174. Once as I was walking to and fro in a good man's shop, bemoaning of myself in my sad and doleful state, afflicting myself with self-abhorrence for this wicked and ungodly thought; lamenting, also, this hard hap of mine, for that I should commit so great a sin, greatly fearing I should not be pardoned; praying, also, in my heart, that if this sin of mine did differ from that against the Holy Ghost, the Lord would show it me; and being now ready to sink with fear, suddenly there was, as if there had rushed in at the window, the noise of wind upon me, but very pleasant, and as if I heard a voice speaking, Didst ever refuse to be justified by the blood of Christ? And, withal my whole life and profession past was, in a moment, opened to me, wherein I was made to see that designedly I had not; so my heart answered groaningly, No. Then fell, with power, that word of God upon me, "See that ye refuse not him that speaketh" (Heb. 12:25). This made a strange seizure upon my spirit;

it brought light with it, and commanded a silence in my heart of all those tumultuous thoughts that before did use, like masterless hell-hounds, to roar and bellow, and make a hideous noise within me. It showed me, also, that Jesus Christ had yet a word of grace and mercy for me, that he had not, as I had feared, quite forsaken and cast off my soul; yea, this was a kind of a chide for my proneness to desperation; a kind of threatening of me if I did not, notwithstanding my sins and the heinousness of them, venture my salvation upon the Son of God. But as to my determining about this strange dispensation, what it was I know not; or from whence it came I know not. I have not yet, in twenty years' time, been able to make a judgment of it; I thought then what here I shall be loath to speak. But verily, that sudden rushing wind was as if an angel had come upon me; but both it and the salutation I will leave until the day of judgment; only this I say, it commanded a great calm in my soul, it persuaded me there might be hope; it showed me, as I thought, what the sin unpardonable was, and that my soul had yet the blessed privilege to flee to Jesus Christ for mercy. But, I say, concerning this dispensation, I know not what yet to say unto it; which was, also, in truth, the cause that, at first, I did not speak of it in the book; I do now, also, leave it to be thought on by men of sound judgment. I lay not the stress of my salvation thereupon, but upon the Lord Jesus, in the promise; yet, seeing I am here unfolding of my secret things, I thought it might not be altogether inexpedient to let this also show itself, though I cannot now relate the matter as there I did experience it. This lasted, in the savor of it, for about three or four days, and then I began to mistrust and to despair again.

175. Wherefore, still my life hung in doubt before me, not knowing which way I should tip; only this I found my soul's desire, even to cast itself at the foot of grace, by prayer and supplication. But, oh! 'twas hard for me now to wear the face to pray to this Christ for mercy, against whom I had thus most vilely sinned; 'twas hard work, I say, to offer to look him

in the face against whom I had so vilely sinned; and, indeed, I have found it as difficult to come to God by prayer, after backsliding from him, as to do any other thing. Oh, the shame that did now attend me! especially when I thought, I am now a-going to pray to him for mercy that I had so lightly esteemed but a while before! I was ashamed, yea, even confounded, because this villainy had been committed by me; but I saw there was but one way with me, I must go to him and humble myself unto him, and beg that he, of his wonderful mercy, would show pity to me, and have mercy upon my wretched sinful soul.

176. Which, when the tempter perceived, he strongly suggested to me, That I ought not to pray to God; for prayer was not for in my case, neither could it do me good, because I had rejected the Mediator, by whom all prayers came with acceptance to God the Father, and without whom no prayer could come into his presence. Wherefore, now to pray is but to add sin to sin; yea, now to pray, seeing God has cast you off, is the next way to anger and offend him more than you ever did before.

177. For God, saith he, hath been weary of you for these several years already, because you are none of his; your bawlings in his ears hath been no pleasant voice to him; and, therefore, he let you sin this sin, that you might be quite cut off; and will you pray still? This the devil urged, and set forth that, in Numbers, when Moses said to the children of Israel, That because they would not go up to possess the land when God would have them, therefore, for ever after, he did bar them out from thence, though they prayed they might, with tears (Num. 14:36, 37, etc.).

178. As it is said in another place (Exod. 21:14), the man that sins presumptuously shall be taken from God's altar, that he may die; even as Joab was by King Solomon, when he thought to find shelter there (I Kings 2:28, etc.). These places did pinch me very sore; yet, my case being desperate, I thought with myself I can but die; and if it must be so, it shall once be said, that such an one died at the foot of Christ in

prayer. This I did, but with great difficulty, God doth know; and that because, together with this, still that saying about Esau would be set at my heart, even like a flaming sword, to keep the way of the tree of life, lest I should taste thereof and live. Oh! who knows how hard a thing I found it to come to God in prayer?

179. I did also desire the prayers of the people of God for me, but I feared that God would give them no heart to do it; yea, I trembled in my soul to think that some or other of them would shortly tell me, that God had said those words to them that he once did say to the prophet concerning the children of Israel, "Pray not thou for this people, for I have rejected them" (Jer. 11:14). So, pray not for him, for I have rejected him. Yea, I thought that he had whispered this to some of them already, only they durst not tell me so, neither durst I ask them of it, for fear, if it should be so, it would make me quite beside myself. Man knows the beginning of sin, said Spira, but who bounds the issues thereof?

180. About this time I took an opportunity to break my mind to an ancient Christian, and told him all my case; I told him, also, that I was afraid that I had sinned the sin against the Holy Ghost; and he told me he thought so too. Here, therefore, I had but cold comfort; but, talking a little more with him, I found him, though a good man, a stranger to much combat with the devil. Wherefore, I went to God again, as well as I could, for mercy still.

181. Now, also, did the tempter begin to mock me in my misery, saying, that, seeing I had thus parted with the Lord Jesus, and provoked him to displeasure, who would have stood between my soul and the flame of devouring fire, there was now but one way, and that was, to pray that God the Father would be the Mediator betwixt his Son and me, that we might be reconciled again, and that I might have that blessed benefit in him that his blessed saints enjoyed.

182. Then did that scripture seize upon my soul, He is of one mind, and who can turn him? Oh! I saw it was as easy to persuade him to make a new world; a new covenant, or new Bible, besides that we

have already, as to pray for such a thing. This was to persuade him that what he had done already was mere folly, and to persuade with him to alter, yea, to disannul, the whole way of salvation; and then would that saying rend my soul asunder, "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven, given amongst men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4:12).

183. Now, the most free, and full, and gracious words of the gospel were the greatest torment to me; yea, nothing so afflicted me as the thoughts of Jesus Christ, the remembrance of a Savior; because I had cast him off, brought forth the villainy of my sin, and my loss by it, to mind; nothing did twinge my conscience like this. Every time that I thought of the Lord Jesus, of his grace, love, goodness, kindness, gentleness, meekness, death, blood, promises and blessed exhortations, comforts and consolations, it went to my soul like a sword; for, still, unto these my considerations of the Lord Jesus, these thoughts would make place for themselves in my heart; aye, this is the Jesus, the loving Savior, the Son of God, whom you have parted with, whom you have slighted, despised, and abused. This is the only Savior, the only Redeemer, the only one that could so love sinners as to wash them from their sins in his own most precious blood; but you have no part nor lot in this Jesus, you have put him from you, you have said in your heart, Let him go if he will. Now, therefore, you are severed from him; you have severed yourself from him. Behold, then, his goodness, but yourself to be no partaker of it. Oh, thought I, what have I lost! What have I parted with! What have I disinherited my poor soul of! Oh! 'tis sad to be destroyed by the grace and mercy of God; to have the Lamb, the Savior, turn lion and destroyer (Rev. 6). I also trembled, as I have said, at the sight of the saints of God, especially at those that greatly loved him, and that made it their business to walk continually with him in this world; for they did, both in their words, their carriages, and all their expressions of tenderness and fear to sin against their precious Savior, condemn, lay

guilt upon, and also add continual affliction and shame upon my soul. The dread of them was upon me, and I trembled at God's Samuels (I Sam. 16:4).

184. Now, also, the tempter began afresh to mock my soul another way, saying that Christ, indeed, did pity my case, and was sorry for my loss; but forasmuch as I had sinned and transgressed, as I had done, he could by no means help me, nor save me from what I feared; for my sin was not of the nature of theirs for whom he bled and died, neither was it counted with those that were laid to his charge when he hanged on the tree. Therefore, unless he should come down from heaven and die anew for this sin, though, indeed, he did greatly pity me, yet I could have no benefit of him. These things may seem ridiculous to others, even as ridiculous as they were in themselves, but to me they were most tormenting cogitations; every of them augmented my misery, that Jesus Christ should have so much love as to pity me when he could not help me; nor did I think that the reason why he could not help me was because his merits were weak, or his grace and salvation spent on them already, but because his faithfulness to his threatening would not let him extend his mercy to me. Besides, I thought, as I have already hinted, that my sin was not within the bounds of that pardon that was wrapped up in a promise; and if not, then I knew assuredly, that it was more easy for heaven and earth to pass away than for me to have eternal life. So that the ground of all these fears of mine did arise from a steadfast belief that I had of the stability of the holy Word of God, and, also, from my being misinformed of the nature of my sin.

185. But, oh! how this would add to my affliction, to conceit that I should be guilty of such a sin for which he did not die. These thoughts would so confound me, and imprison me, and tie me up from faith, that I knew not what to do; but, oh! thought I, that he would come down again! Oh! that the work of man's redemption was yet to be done by Christ! How would I pray him and entreat him to count and reckon this sin amongst the rest for which he died! But this scripture would strike me down

as dead, "Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over him" (Rom. 6:9).

186. Thus, by the strange and unusual assaults of the tempter, was my soul, like a broken vessel, driven as with the winds, and tossed sometimes headlong into despair, sometimes upon the covenant of works, and sometimes to wish that the new covenant, and the conditions thereof, might, so far forth as I thought myself concerned, be turned another way and changed. But in all these I was but as those that justle against the rocks; more broken, scattered, and rent. Oh, the unthought of imaginations, frights, fears, and terrors that are affected by a thorough application of guilt, yielded to desperation! this is the man that hath "his dwelling among the tombs" with the dead; that is, always crying out and "cutting himself with stones" (Mark 5:2-5). But I say, all in vain; desperation will not comfort him, the old covenant will not save him; nay, heaven and earth shall pass away before one jot or tittle of the Word and law of grace shall fail or be removed. This I saw, this I felt, and under this I groaned; yet this advantage I got thereby, namely, a further confirmation of the certainty of the way of salvation, and that the Scriptures were the Word of God! Oh! I cannot now express what then I saw and felt of the steadiness of Jesus Christ, the rock of man's salvation; what was done could not be undone, added to, nor altered. I saw, indeed, that sin might drive the soul beyond Christ, even the sin which is unpardonable; but woe to him that was so driven, for the Word would shut him out.

187. Thus was I always sinking, whatever I did think or do. So one day I walked to a neighboring town, and sat down upon a settle in the street, and fell into a very deep pause about the most fearful state my sin had brought me to; and, after long musing, I lifted up my head, but methought I saw as if the sun that shineth in the heavens did grudge to give light, and as if the very stones in the street, and tiles upon the houses, did bend themselves against me; methought that they all combined together to banish me out of the

world; I was abhorred of them, and unfit to dwell among them, or be partaker of their benefits, because I had sinned against the Savior. O how happy, now, was every creature over what I was; for they stood fast and kept their station, but I was gone and lost.

188. Then breaking out in the bitterness of my soul, I said to myself, with a grievous sigh, How can God comfort such a wretch as I? I had no sooner said it but this returned upon me, as an echo doth answer a voice. This sin is not unto death. At which I was as if I had been raised out of a grave, and cried out again, Lord, how couldest thou find out such a word as this? for I was filled with admiration at the fitness, and, also, at the unexpectedness of the sentence, the fitness of the word, the rightness of the timing of it, the power, and sweetness, and light, and glory that came with it, also, was marvellous to me to find. I was now, for the time, out of doubt as to that about which I so much was in doubt before; my fears before were, that my sin was not pardonable, and so that I had no right to pray, to repent, etc., or that if I did, it would be of no advantage or profit to me. But now, thought I, if this sin is not unto death, then it is pardonable; therefore, from this I have encouragement to come to God, by Christ, for mercy, to consider the promise of forgiveness as that which stands with open arms to receive me, as well as others. This, therefore, was a great easement to my mind; to wit, that my sin was pardonable, that it was not the sin unto death (1 John 5:16, 17). None but those that know what my trouble, by their own experience, was, can tell what relief came to my soul by this consideration; it was a release to me from my former bonds, and a shelter from the former storm. I seemed now to stand upon the same ground with other sinners, and to have as good right to the Word and prayer as any of them.

189. Now, I say, I was in hopes that my sin was not unpardonable, but that there might be hopes for me to obtain forgiveness. But, oh, how Satan did now lay about him for to bring me down again! But he could by no means do it, neither this day nor

the most part of the next, for this sentence stood like a mill-post at my back; yet, towards the evening of the next day, I felt this word begin to leave me and to withdraw its supportation from me, and so I returned to my old fears again, but with a great deal of grudging and peevishness, for I feared the sorrow of despair; nor could my faith now longer retain this word.

190. By the next day, at evening, being under many fears, I went to seek the Lord; and as I prayed, I cried to him in these words, with strong cries: O Lord, I beseech thee, show me that thou hast loved me with an everlasting love (Jer. 31:3). I had no sooner said it but, with sweetness, this returned upon me, as an echo or sounding again, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." Now I went to bed in quiet; also, when I awaked the next morning, it was fresh upon my soul — and I believed it.

191. But yet the tempter left me not; for it could not be so little as an hundred times that he that day did labor to break my peace. Oh! the combats and conflicts that I did then meet with as I strove to hold by this word; that of Esau would fly up in my face like lightning. I should be sometimes up and down twenty times in an hour, yet God did bear me up and keep my heart upon this word, from which I had also, for several days together, very much sweetness and comfortable hopes of pardon; for thus it was made out to me, I loved thee whilst thou wast committing this sin, I loved thee before, I love thee still, and I will love thee for ever.

192. Yet I saw my sin most barbarous, and a filthy crime, and could not but conclude, and that with great shame and astonishment, that I had horribly abused the holy Son of God; wherefore, I felt my soul greatly to love and pity him, and my bowels to yearn towards him; for I saw he was still my friend, and did reward me good for evil, yea, the love and affection that then did burn within to my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ did work, at this time, such a strong and hot desire of revengement upon myself for the abuse I had done unto him, that, to speak as then I thought, had I had a thousand gallons of blood within my veins, I could freely then have spilt it

all at the command and feet of this my Lord and Savior.

193. And as I was thus musing and in my studies, considering how to love the Lord and to express my love to him, that saying came in upon me, "If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquity, O Lord, who shall stand? But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared" (Ps. 130:3, 4). These were good words to me, especially the latter part thereof; to wit, that there is forgiveness with the Lord, that he might be feared; that is, as then I understood it, that he might be loved and had in reverence; for it was thus made out to me, that the great God did set so high an esteem upon the love of his poor creatures, that rather than he would go without their love he would pardon their transgressions.

194. And now was that word fulfilled on me, and I was also refreshed by it. Then they shall be ashamed and confounded, "and never open their mouth any more because of their shame, when I am pacified toward them for all that they have done, saith the Lord God" (Ezek. 16:63). Thus was my soul at this time, and, as I then did think, for ever, set at liberty from being again afflicted with my former guilt and amazement.

195. But before many weeks were over I began to despond again, fearing lest, notwithstanding all that I had enjoyed, that yet I might be deceived and destroyed at the last; for this consideration came strong into my mind, that whatever comfort and peace I thought I might have from the Word of the promise of life, yet unless there could be found in my refreshment a concurrence and agreement in the Scriptures, let me think what I will thereof, and hold it never so fast, I should find no such thing at the end; "for the Scriptures cannot be broken" (John 10:35).

196. Now began my heart again to ache and fear I might meet with disappointment at the last; wherefore I began, with all seriousness, to examine my former comfort, and to consider whether one that had sinned as I had done, might with confidence trust upon the faithfulness of God, laid down in those words by which I had been comforted and on which I had leaned

myself. But now were brought those sayings to my mind, "For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, if they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance" (Heb. 6:4-6). "For if we sin wilfully after we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remains no more sacrifice for sin, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries" (Heb. 10:26, 27). Even "as Esau, who for one morsel of meat sold his birthright; for you know how that afterwards, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected; for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears" (Heb. 12:16, 17).

197. Now was the word of the gospel forced from my soul, so that no promise or encouragement was to be found in the Bible for me; and now would that saying work upon my spirit to afflict me, "Rejoice not, O Israel, for joy as other people" (Hos. 9:1). For I saw indeed there was cause of rejoicing for those that held to Jesus; but as for me, I had cut myself off by my transgressions, and left myself neither foot-hold, nor hand-hold, amongst all the stays and props in the precious word of life.

198. And truly I did now feel myself to sink into a gulf, as an house whose foundation is destroyed; I did liken myself, in this condition, unto the case of a child that was fallen into a mill-pit, who, though it could make some shift to scabble and sprawl in the water, yet because it could find neither hold for hand nor foot, therefore at last it must die in that condition. So soon as this fresh assault had fastened on my soul, that scripture came into my heart, "This for many days" (Dan. 10:14). And indeed I found it was so; for I could not be delivered, nor brought to peace again, until well-nigh two years and an half were completely finished. Wherefore these words, though in themselves they tended to discouragement, yet to me, who feared this condition would be eternal, they were

at some times as an help and refreshment to me.

199. For, thought I, many days are not for ever, many days will have an end, therefore seeing I was to be afflicted, not a few, but many days, yet I was glad it was but for many days. Thus, I say, I could recall myself sometimes, and give myself an help, for as soon as ever the words came into my mind at first, I knew my trouble would be long; yet this would be but sometimes, for I could not always think on this, nor ever be helped by it, though I did.

200. Now, while these scriptures lay before me, and laid sin anew at my door, that saying in Luke 18:1, with others, did encourage me to prayer. Then the tempter again laid at me very sore, suggesting, That neither the mercy of God, nor yet the blood of Christ, did at all concern me, nor could they help me for my sin; therefore in was in vain to pray. Yet, thought I, I will pray. But, said the tempter, your sin is unpardonable. Well, said I, I will pray. 'Tis to no boot, said he. Yet, said I, I will pray. So I went to prayer to God; and while I was at prayer, I uttered words to this effect, Lord, Satan tells me that neither thy mercy, nor Christ's blood, is sufficient to save my soul; Lord, shall I honor thee most, by believing thou wilt and canst? or him, by believing thou neither wilt nor canst? Lord, I would fain honor thee, by believing thou wilt and canst.

201. And as I was thus before the Lord, that scripture fastened on my heart ["O woman, great is thy faith"] (Matt. 15:28), even as if one had clapped me on the back, as I was on my knees before God. Yet I was not able to believe this, that this was a prayer of faith, till almost six months after; for I could not think that I had faith, or that there should be a word for me to act faith on; therefore I should still be as sticking in the jaws of desperation, and went mourning up and down in a sad condition.

202. There was nothing now that I longed for more than to be put out of doubt, as to this thing in question; and, as I was vehemently desiring to know if there was indeed hopes for me, these words came rolling into my mind, "Will the Lord

cast off for ever? And will he be favorable no more? Is his mercy clean gone for ever? Doth his promise fail for evermore? Hath God forgotten to be gracious? Hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies? (Ps. 77:7-9). And all the while they run in my mind, methought I had this still as the answer, 'Tis a question whether he hath or no; it may be he hath not. Yea, the interrogatory seemed to me to carry in it a sure affirmation that indeed he had not, nor would so cast off, but would be favorable; that his promise doth not fail, and that he had not forgotten to be gracious, nor would in anger shut up his tender mercy. Something, also, there was upon my heart at the same time, which I now cannot call to mind; which, with this text, did sweeten my heart, and made me conclude that his mercy might not be quite gone, nor clean gone for ever.

203. At another time, I remember, I was again much under this question, Whether the blood of Christ was sufficient to save my soul? In which doubt I continued from morning till about seven or eight at night; and at last, when I was, as it were, quite worn out with fear, lest it should not lay hold on me, these words did sound suddenly within my heart, He is able. But methought this word *ABLE* was spoke loud unto me; it showed a great word, it seemed to be writ in great letters, and gave such a jumble to my fear and doubt, I mean for the time it tarried with me, which was about a day, as I never had from that all my life, either before or after that (Heb. 7:25).

204. But one morning, when I was again at prayer, and trembling under the fear of this, that no word of God could help me, that piece of a sentence darted in upon me, "My grace is sufficient." At this methought I felt some stay, as if there might be hopes. But, oh, how good a thing it is for God to send his word! For about a fortnight before I was looking on this very place, and then I thought it could not come near my soul with comfort, therefore I threw down my book in a pet. Then I thought it was not large enough for me; no, not large enough; but now, it was as if it had arms of grace so wide that it could

not only enclose me, but many more such as I besides.

205. By these words I was sustained, yet not without exceeding conflicts, for the space of seven or eight weeks; for my peace would be in and out, sometimes twenty times a day; comfort now, and trouble presently; peace now, and before I could go a furlong as full of fear and guilt as ever heart could hold; and this was not only now and then, but my whole seven weeks' experience; for this about the sufficiency of grace, and that of Esau's parting with his birthright, would be like a pair of scales within my mind, sometimes one end would be uppermost, and sometimes again the other; according to which would be my peace or trouble.

206. Therefore I still did pray to God, that he would come in with this scripture more fully on my heart; to wit, that he would help me to apply the whole sentence, for as yet I could not: that he gave, that I gathered; but further I could not go, for as yet it only helped me to hope there might be mercy for me, "My grace is sufficient"; and though it came no further, it answered my former question; to wit, that there was hope; yet, because "for thee" was left out, I was not contented, but prayed to God for that also. Wherefore, one day as I was in a meeting of God's people, full of sadness and terror, for my fears again were strong upon me; and as I was now thinking my soul was never the better, but my case most sad and fearful, these words did, with great power, suddenly break in upon me, "My grace is sufficient for thee, my grace is sufficient for thee, my grace is sufficient for thee," three times together; and, oh! methought that every word was a mighty word unto me; as *my*, and *grace*, and *sufficient*, and *for thee*; they were then, and sometimes are still, far bigger than others be.

207. At which time my understanding was so enlightened, that I was as though I had seen the Lord Jesus look down from heaven through the tiles upon me, and direct these words unto me. This sent me mourning home, it broke my heart, and filled me with joy, and laid me low as the dust; only it stayed not long with me, I

mean in this glory and refreshing comfort, yet it continued with me for several weeks, and did encourage me to hope. But so soon as that powerful operation of it was taken off my heart, that other about Esau returned upon me as before; so my soul did hang as in a pair of scales again, sometimes up and sometimes down, now in peace, and anon again in terror.

208. Thus I went on for many weeks, sometimes comforted, and sometimes tormented; and, especially at some time, my torment would be very sore, for all those scriptures forenamed in the Hebrews would be set before me, as the only sentences that would keep me out of heaven. Then, again, I should begin to repent that ever that thought went through me, I should also think thus with myself, Why, how many scriptures are there against me? There are but three or four: and cannot God miss them, and save me for all them? Sometimes, again, I should think, Oh! if it were not for these three or four words, now how might I be comforted! And I could hardly forbear, at some times, but to wish them out of the book.

209. Then methought I should see as if both Peter, and Paul, and John, and all the writers, did look with scorn upon me, and hold me in derision; and as if they said unto me, All our words are truth, one of as much force as another. It is not we that have cut you off, but you have cast away yourself; there is none of our sentences that you must take hold upon but these, and such as these: "It is impossible; there remains no more sacrifice for sin" (Heb. 6). And "it had been better for them not to have known" the will of God, "than, after they have known it, to turn from the holy commandment delivered unto them" (II Pet. 2:21). "For the Scriptures cannot be broken."

210. These, as the elders of the city of refuge, I saw were to be the judges both of my case and me, while I stood, with the avenger of blood at my heels, trembling at their gate for deliverance, also with a thousand fears and mistrusts, I doubted that they would shut me out for ever (Josh. 20:3, 4).

211. Thus I was confounded, not know-

ing what to do, nor how to be satisfied in this question, Whether the scriptures could agree in the salvation of my soul? I quaked at the apostles, I knew their words were true, and that they must stand for ever.

212. And I remember one day, as I was in diverse frames of spirit, and considering that these frames were still according to the nature of the several scriptures that came in upon my mind; if this of grace, then was I quiet; but if that of Esau, then tormented; Lord, thought I, if both these scriptures would meet in my heart at once, I wonder which of them would get the better of me. So methought I had a longing mind that they might come both together upon me; yea, I desired of God they might.

213. Well, about two or three days after, so they did indeed; they bolted both upon me at a time, and did work and struggle strangely in me for a while; at last, that about Esau's birthright began to wax weak, and withdraw, and vanish; and this about the sufficiency of grace prevailed with peace and joy. And as I was in a muse about this thing, that scripture came home upon me, "Mercy rejoiceth against judgment" (Jas. 2:13).

214. This was a wonderment to me; yet truly I am apt to think it was of God; for the word of the law and wrath must give place to the word of life and grace; because, though the word of condemnation be glorious, yet the word of life and salvation doth far exceed in glory (II Cor. 3:8-12; Mark 9:5-7). Also, that Moses and Elias must both vanish, and leave Christ and his saints alone.

215. This scripture did also most sweetly visit my soul, "And him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6:37). Oh, the comfort that I have had from this word, "in no wise!" as who should say, by no means, for no thing, whatever he hath done. But Satan would greatly labor to pull this promise from me, telling of me that Christ did not mean me, and such as I, but sinners of a lower rank, that had not done as I had done. But I should answer him again, Satan, here is in this word no such exception; but "him that comes," HIM, any him; "him that cometh to me I

will in no wise cast out." And this I well remember still, that of all the sleights that Satan used to take this scripture from me, yet he never did so much as put this question, But do you come aright? And I have thought the reason was, because he thought I knew full well what coming aright was; for I saw that to come aright was to come as I was, a vile and ungodly sinner, and to cast myself at the feet of mercy, condemning myself for sin. If ever Satan and I did strive for any word of God in all my life, it was for this good word of Christ; he at one end and I at the other. Oh, what work did we make! It was for this in John, I say, that we did so tug and strive; he pulled and I pulled; but, God be praised, I got the better of him, I got some sweetness from it.

216. But, notwithstanding all these helps and blessed words of grace, yet that of Esau's selling of his birthright would still at times distress my conscience; for though I had been most sweetly comforted, and that but just before, yet when that came into my mind, it would make me fear again, I could not be quite rid thereof, 'twould every day be with me: wherefore now I went another way to work, even to consider the nature of this blasphemous thought; I mean, if I should take the words at the largest, and give them their own natural force and scope, even every word therein. So when I had thus considered, I found that if they were fairly taken, they would amount to this, that I had freely left the Lord Jesus Christ to his choice, whether he would be my Savior or no; for the wicked words were these, Let him go if he will. Then that scripture gave me hope, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee" (Heb. 13:5). O Lord, said I, but I have left thee. Then it answered again, "But I will not leave thee." For this I thank God also.

217. Yet I was grievous afraid he should, and found it exceeding hard to trust him, seeing I had so offended him, I could have been exceeding glad that this thought had never befallen, for then I thought I could, with more ease and freedom abundance, have leaned upon his grace. I see it was with me, as it was with Joseph's brethren; they

guilt of their own wickedness did often fill them with fears that their brother would at last despise them (Gen. 50:15-17).

218. But above all the scriptures that I yet did meet with, that in Joshua 20 was the greatest comfort to me, which speaks of the slayer that was to flee for refuge. And if the avenger of blood pursue the slayer, then, saith Moses, they that are the elders of the city of refuge shall not deliver him into his hand, because he smote his neighbor unwittingly, and hated him not aforetime. Oh, blessed be God for this word; I was convinced that I was the slayer; and that the avenger of blood pursued me, that I felt with great terror; only now it remained that I inquire whether I have right to enter the city of refuge. So I found that he must not, who lay in wait to shed blood: it was not the wilful murderer, but he who unwittingly did it, he who did unawares shed blood; not of spite, or grudge, or malice, he that shed it unwittingly, even he who did not hate his neighbor before. Wherefore,

219. I thought verily I was the man that must enter, because I had smitten my neighbor unwittingly, and hated him not aforetime. I hated him not aforetime; no, I prayed unto him, was tender of sinning against him; yea, and against this wicked temptation I had strove for a twelvemonth before; yea, and also when it did pass through my heart, it did in spite of my teeth: wherefore I thought I had right to enter this city, and the elders, which are the apostles, were not to deliver me up. This, therefore, was great comfort to me; and did give me much ground of hope.

220. Yet, being very critical, for my smart had made me that I knew not what ground was sure enough to bear me, I had one question that my soul did much desire to be resolved about; and that was, Whether it be possible for any soul that hath indeed sinned the unpardonable sin, yet after that to receive though but the the least true spiritual comfort from God through Christ? The which, after I had much considered, I found the answer was, No, they could not; and that for these reasons:

221. First, Because those that have

sinned that sin, they are debarred a share in the blood of Christ, and being shut out of that, they must needs be void of the least ground of hope, and so of spiritual comfort; for to such "there remains no more sacrifice for sins" (Heb. 10:26). Secondly, Because they are denied a share in the promise of life; they shall never be forgiven, "neither in this world, nor in that which is to come" (Matt. 12:32). Thirdly, The Son of God excludes them also from a share in his blessed intercession, being forever ashamed to own them both before his holy Father, and the blessed angels in heaven (Mark 8:38).

222. When I had, with much deliberation, considered of this matter, and could not but conclude that the Lord had comforted me, and that too after this my wicked sin; then, methought, I durst venture to come nigh unto those most fearful and terrible scriptures, with which all this while I had been so greatly affrighted, and on which, indeed, before I durst scarce cast mine eye, yea, had much ado an hundred times to forbear wishing of them out of the Bible; for I thought they would destroy me; but now, I say, I began to take some measure of encouragement to come close to them, to read them, and consider them, and to weigh their scope and tendency.

223. The which, when I began to do, I found their visage changed; for they looked not so grimly as before I thought they did. And, first, I came to the sixth of the Hebrews, yet trembling for fear it should strike me; which when I had considered, I found that the falling there intended was a falling quite away; that is, as I conceived, a falling from, and an absolute denial of the gospel of remission of sins by Christ; for from them the apostle begins his argument (ver. 1-3). Secondly, I found that this falling away must be openly, even in the view of the world, even so as "to put Christ to an open shame." Thirdly, I found that those he there intended were for ever shut up of God, both in blindness, hardness, and impenitency: it is impossible they should be renewed again unto repentance. By all these particulars, I found, to God's everlasting praise, my sin was not the sin in this place intended.

First, I confessed I was fallen, but not fallen away, that is, from the profession of faith in Jesus unto eternal life. Secondly, I confessed that I had put Jesus Christ to shame by my sin, but not to open shame; I did not deny him before men, nor condemn him as a fruitless one before the world. Thirdly, Nor did I find that God had shut me up, or denied me to come, though I found it hard work indeed to come to him by sorrow and repentance. Blessed be God for unsearchable grace.

224. Then I considered that in the tenth of the Hebrews, and found that the wilful sin there mentioned is not every wilful sin, but that which doth throw off Christ, and then his commandments too. Secondly, That must also be done openly, before two or three witnesses, to answer that of the law (ver. 28). Thirdly, This sin cannot be committed, but with great despite done to the Spirit of grace; despising both the dissuasions from that sin, and the persuasions to the contrary. But the Lord knows, though this my sin was devilish, yet it did not amount to these.

225. And as touching that in the twelfth of the Hebrews, about Esau's selling his birthright, though this was that which killed me, and stood like a spear against me; yet now I did consider. First, That his was not a hasty thought against the continual labor of his mind, but a thought consented to and put in practice likewise, and that too after some deliberation (Gen. 25). Secondly, It was a public and open action, even before his brother, if not before many more; this made his sin of a far more heinous nature than otherwise it would have been. Thirdly, He continued to slight his birthright: "He did eat and drink, and went his way; thus Esau despised his birthright" (ver. 34). Yea, twenty years after he was found to despise it still. "And Esau said, I have enough, my brother; keep that thou hast to thyself" (Gen. 33:9).

226. Now as touching this, that Esau sought a place of repentance; thus I thought, first, This was not for the birthright, but the blessing; this is clear from the apostle, and is distinguished by Esau

himself; "he hath taken away my birthright" (that is, formerly); "and, behold, now he hath taken away my blessing also" (Gen. 27:36). Secondly, Now, this being thus considered, I came again to the apostle, to see what might be the mind of God, in a New Testament style and sense, concerning Esau's sin; and so far as I could conceive, this was the mind of God, That the birthright signified regeneration, and the blessing the eternal inheritance; for so the apostle seems to hint, "Lest there be any profane person, as Esau, who for one morsel of meat sold his birthright"; as if he should say, Lest there be any person amongst you that shall cast off all those blessed beginnings of God that at present are upon him, in order to a new birth, lest they become as Esau, even be rejected afterwards, when they would inherit the blessing.

227. For many there are who, in the day of grace and mercy, despise those things which are indeed the birthright to heaven, who yet, when the deciding day appears, will cry as loud as Esau, "Lord, Lord, open to us"; but then, as Isaac would not repent, no more will God the Father, but will say, I have blessed these, yea, and they shall be blessed; but as for you, Depart, You are workers of iniquity (Gen. 27:33; Luke 13:25-7).

228. When I had thus considered these scriptures, and found that thus to understand them was not against, but according to other scriptures; this still added further to my encouragement and comfort, and also gave a great blow to that objection, to wit, that the scriptures could not agree in the salvation of my soul. And now remained only the hinder part of the tempest, for the thunder was gone beyond me, only some drops did still remain, that now and then would fall upon me; but because my former frights and anguish were very sore and deep, therefore it did oft befall me still, as it befalleth those that have been scared with fire, I thought every voice was Fire, fire; every little touch would hurt my tender conscience.

229. But one day, as I was passing in the field, and that too with some dashes on my conscience, fearing lest yet all was not

right, suddenly this sentence fell upon my soul, Thy righteousness is in heaven; and methought withal, I saw, with the eyes of my soul, Jesus Christ at God's right hand; there, I say, was my righteousness; so that wherever I was, or whatever I was a-doing God could not say of me, He wants my righteousness, for that was just before him. I also saw, moreover, that it was not my good frame of heart that made my righteousness better, nor yet my bad frame that made my righteousness worse; for my righteousness was Jesus Christ himself, the same yesterday, and today, and for ever (Heb. 13:8).

230. Now did my chains fall off my legs indeed; I was loosed from my affliction and irons, my temptations also fled away; so that, from that time, those dreadful scriptures of God left off to trouble me; now went I also home rejoicing, for the grace and love of God. So when I came home, I looked to see if I could find that sentence, Thy righteousness is in heaven; but could not find such a saying, wherefore my heart began to sink again, only that was brought to my remembrance (I. Cor. 1:30), "He is made unto us, of God, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption." By this word I saw the other sentences true.

231. For by this scripture, I saw that the man Christ Jesus, as he is distinct from us, as touching his bodily presence, so he is our righteousness and sanctification before God. Here, therefore, I lived for some time, very sweetly at peace with God through Christ, Oh, methought, Christ! Christ! there was nothing but Christ that was before my eyes, I was not now only for looking upon this and the other benefits of Christ apart, as of his blood, burial, or resurrection, but considered him as a whole Christ! As he in whom all these, and all other his virtues, relations, offices, and operations met together, and that as he sat on the right hand of God in heaven.

232. 'Twas glorious to me to see his exaltation, and the worth and prevalency of all his benefits, and that because of this: now I could look from myself to him, and should reckon that all those graces of God that now were green in me were yet but

like those cracked groats and fourpence-halfpennies that rich men carry in their purses, when their gold is in their trunks at home! Oh, I saw my gold was in my trunk at home! In Christ, my Lord and Savior! Now Christ was all; all my wisdom, all my righteousness, all my sanctification, and all my redemption.

233. Further, the Lord did also lead me into the mystery of union with the son of God, that I was joined to him, that I was flesh of his flesh, and bone of his bone, and now was that a sweet word to me in Eph. 5:30. By this also was my faith in him, as my righteousness, the more confirmed in me; for if he and I were one, then his righteousness was mine, his merits mine, his victory also mine. Now could I see myself in heaven and earth at once; in heaven by my Christ, by my head, by my righteousness and life, though on earth by my body or person.

234. Now I saw Christ Jesus was looked on of God, and should also be looked upon by us, as that common or public person, in whom all the whole body of his elect are always to be considered and reckoned; that we fulfilled the law by him, rose from the dead by him, got the victory over sin, death, the devil, and hell, by him; when he died, we died; and so of his resurrection. "Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise," saith he (Is. 26:19). And again, "After two days will he revive us: in the third day he will raise us up, and we shall live in his sight" (Hos. 6:2); which is now fulfilled by the sitting down of the Son of Man on the right hand of the Majesty in the heavens, according to that to the Ephesians, he "hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus" (Eph. 2:6).

235. Ah, these blessed considerations and scriptures, with many other of a like nature, were in those days made to spangle in mine eyes, so that I have cause to say, "Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power. Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness" (Ps. 150:1, 2).

261. At another time, though just before I was pretty well and savory in my spirit, yet suddenly there fell upon me a great cloud of darkness, which did so hide from me the things of God and Christ, that I was as if I had never seen or known them in my life; I was also so overrun in my soul, with a senseless, heartless frame of spirit, that I could not feel my soul to move or stir after grace and life by Christ; I was as if my loins were broken, or as if my hands and feet had been tied or bound with chains. At this time also I felt some weakness to seize upon my outward man, which made still the other affliction the more heavy and uncomfortable to me.

262. After I had been in this condition some three or four days, as I was sitting by the fire, I suddenly felt this word to sound in my heart, I must go to Jesus; at this my former darkness and atheism fled away, and the blessed things of heaven were set within my view. While I was on this sudden thus overtaken with surprise, Wife, said I, is there ever such a scripture, I must go to Jesus? She said she could not tell, therefore I sat musing still to see if I could remember such a place; I had not sat above two or three minutes but that came bolting in upon me, "And to an innumerable company of angels," and withal, Hebrews the twelfth, about the mount Sion, was set before mine eyes (ver. 22-4).

263. Then with joy I told my wife, O now I know, I know! But that night was a good night to me, I never had but few better; I longed for the company of some of God's people that I might have imparted unto them what God had showed me. Christ was a precious Christ to my soul that night; I could scarce lie in my bed for joy, and peace, and triumph, through Christ; this great glory did not continue upon me until morning, yet that twelfth of the author to the Hebrews (ver. 22-4) was a blessed scripture to me for many days together after this.

264. The words are these, "Ye are come to mount Sion, to the city of the living God, to the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born which are written in heaven, and to

God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel." Through this blessed sentence the Lord led me over and

over, first to this word, and then to that, and showed me wonderful glory in every one of them. These words also have oft since this time been great refreshment to my spirit. Blessed be God for having mercy on me.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE

(1628-1699)

Temple's contemporaries and immediate successors knew him as the founder of the Privy Council, author of the Triple Alliance, ambassador to The Hague, and diplomatist in general, and the historian still recognizes him by these titles. But Fate has been kinder to him in the world of literature, and has caused him to be remembered chiefly as the recipient of the delightful letters of Dorothy Osborne and later husband of the charming lady. He is remembered also as the author of one of the half-dozen best English essays on that happiest of subjects, the garden. It is well for Temple's fame that there are such positively pleasant things in his life as his relationship to Dorothy Osborne and his familiar essays on gardening and kindred subjects, for there is a curiously negative aspect to most of his work, and a certain utility attached itself to most of his activities. The Triple Alliance failed; the negotiations at Nimeguen in which he was engaged produced anything but a real and lasting peace; and the Privy Council, in which he was the prime mover, suffered shipwreck. These failures, it is true, are not due entirely or chiefly to Temple, and in reading the history of the period one usually gains the impression that he was superior in character and ability to most of those with whom and for whom he worked. Nevertheless, his achievements as a statesman and politician were neither successful nor lasting. Furthermore, there was a certain half-heartedness about much of his political activity which suggests the man who puts his hand to the plow and then looks backward. Macaulay may have been too harsh in committing him to a place in Dante's Ante-Hell in the dark vestibule next to the shade of that inglorious pontiff *che fece per villate il gran rifiuto*," and in accusing him of "having avoided the great offices of state with a caution almost pusillanimous, and confined himself to quiet and secluded departments of public business in which he could enjoy moderate but certain advantages without incurring envy." But with all due allowance for Macaulay's righteous indignation towards this son of Meroz, Temple was, it must be confessed, apparently always half of a mind to chuck the whole business of politics and statecraft, and go back to his estates at More Park and Sheen and cultivate his garden.

If he had done so, English literature would undoubtedly have been the richer, for Temple writes with ease and charm. Dr. Johnson praises him as "the first writer who gave cadence to English prose," and while this is not an accurate judgment, cadence and beauty there are in Temple's prose, even if it is not the first prose to exemplify these qualities. He is a born essayist, diffuse, gossipy, and discursive. He is seen at his best in his essays on gardening and on health and long life. It is too bad that he did not always confine himself to such topics. He was neither philosopher nor scholar enough to undertake his Essay Upon the Original and Nature of Government. And what evil genius ever possessed him, in his treatise Of Ancient and Modern Learning, to take up the cudgels in favor of ancient learning and to defend its superiority at all points over the modern! Few English writers of his day, if we may judge from his performance, could have had so little acquaintance with the modern learning. Macaulay, with telling effect, names among the moderns whom Temple fails to mention, such authors as Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, and Milton! What shall we say, moreover, of his summing up of modern science: "There is nothing new in astronomy to vie with the ancients unless it be the Copernican system; nor in physis, unless Harvey's circulation of the blood. But whether either of these be modern discoveries, or derived from old mountains is disputed: nay, it is so too whether they are true or no; for though reason may seem to favor them more than the contrary opinions, yet sense can very hardly allow them; and to satisfy mankind both these must concur. But if they are true, yet these two great discoveries have made no change in the conclusions of astronomy, nor in the practice of physis, and so have been of little use to the world, though perhaps of much honor to the authors!" It would have been well if Temple had stuck to his garden, and left the battle of the books entirely to his more able relative and dependent, Jonathan Swift.

With all his faults, both of omission and commission, as a statesman and as a scholar, Temple nevertheless obtains and retains a very large share of his reader's affection and respect. He is always a gentleman, and his record both as man and writer is singularly clean in a period when the devices and desires, the imaginations and expressions, of most of the writers were not noted for cleanness. Dr. Johnson spoke highly of him; Lamb loved him; and even Thackeray was impressed by his "practised and easy good-breeding." And the gentle reader will not fail to be drawn to a quiet-loving man whose three chief wishes above all were for health and peace and fair weather.

UPON THE GARDENS OF EPICURUS; OR OF GARDENING,
IN THE YEAR 1685

(Text: second collected edition, 1731)

The same faculty of reason, which gives mankind the great advantage and prerogative over the rest of the creation, seems to make the greatest default of human nature; and subjects it to more troubles, miseries, or at least disquiets of life, than any of its fellow-creatures: 'tis this furnishes us with such variety of passions, and consequently of wants and desires, that none other feels; and these, followed by infinite designs and endless pursuits, and improved by that restlessness of thought which is natural to most men, give him a condition of life suitable to that of his birth; so that, as he alone is born crying, he lives complaining, and dies disappointed.

Since we cannot escape the pursuit of passions and perplexity of thoughts which our reason furnishes us, there is no way left but to endeavor all we can either to subdue or to divert them. This last is the common business of common men, who seek it by all sorts of sports, pleasures, play, or business. But, because the two first are of short continuance, soon ending with weariness, or decay of vigor and appetite, the return whereof must be attended before the others can be renewed; and because play grows dull if it be not enlivened with the hopes of gain, the general diversion of mankind seems to be business, or the pursuit of riches in one kind or other; which is an amusement that has this one advantage above all others, that it lasts those men who engage in it to the very ends of their lives; none ever growing too old for the thoughts and desires of increasing his wealth and fortunes, either for himself, his friends, or his posterity.

In the first and most simple ages of each country, the conditions and lives of men seem to have been very near of kin with the rest of the creatures: they lived by the hour or by the day, and satisfied their appetite with what they could get from the herbs, the fruits, the springs they met with when they were hungry or dry; then, with what fish, fowl, or beasts they could kill, by swiftness or strength, by craft or contrivance, by their hands, or such instruments as wit helped or necessity forced them to invent. When a man had got enough for the day, he laid up the rest for the morrow, and spent one day in labor that he might pass the other at ease; and lured on by the pleasure of this bait, when he was in vigor, and his game fortunate, he would provide for as many days as he could, both for himself and his children, that were too young to seek out for themselves. Then he cast about, how by sowing of grain, and by pasture of the tamer cattle, to provide for the whole year. After this, dividing the lands necessary for these uses, first among children, and then among servants, he reserved to himself a proportion of their gain, either in the native stock, or something equivalent, which brought in the use of money; and where this once came in, none was to be satisfied, without having enough for himself and his family, and all his and their posterity for ever; so that I know a certain lord who professes to value no lease, though for an hundred or a thousand years, nor any estate or possession of land, that is not for ever and ever.

From such small beginnings have grown such vast and extravagant designs of poor

mortal men: yet none could ever answer the naked Indian, why one man should take pains, and run hazards by sea and land all his life, that his children might be safe and lazy all theirs: and the precept of taking no care for tomorrow, though never minded as impracticable in the world, seems but to reduce mankind to their natural and original condition of life. However, by these ways and degrees, the endless increase of riches seems to be grown the perpetual and general amusement or business of mankind.

Some few in each country make those higher flights after honor and power, and to these ends sacrifice their riches, their labor, their thought, and their lives; and nothing diverts nor busies men more than these pursuits, which are usually covered with the pretences of serving a man's country, and of public good. But the true service of the public is a business of so much labor and so much care that though a good and wise man may not refuse it, if he be called to it by his Prince or his country, and thinks he can be of more than vulgar use, yet he will seldom or never seek it, but leaves it commonly to men who, under the disguise of public good, pursue their own designs of wealth, power, and such bastard honors as usually attend them, not that which is the true and only true reward of virtue.

The pursuits of ambition, though not so general, yet are as endless as those of riches, and as extravagant; since none ever yet thought he had power or empire enough. And what Prince soever seems to be so great as to live and reign without any further desires or fears, falls into the life of a private man, and enjoys but those pleasures and entertainments which a great many several degrees of private fortune will allow, and as much as human nature is capable of enjoying.

The pleasures of the senses grow a little more choice and refined: those of imagination are turned upon embellishing the scenes he chooses to live in; ease, convenience, elegance, magnificence, are sought in building first, and then in furnishing houses or palaces. The admirable imitations of nature are introduced by pictures, statues, tapestry, and other such achieve-

ments of arts. And the most exquisite delights of sense are pursued in the contrivance and plantation of gardens; which, with fruits, flowers, shades, fountains, and the music of birds that frequent such happy places, seem to furnish all the pleasures of the several senses, and with the greatest, or at least the most natural, perfections.

Thus the first race of Assyrian kings, after the conquests of Ninus and Semiramis, passed their lives, till their empire fell to the Medes. Thus the Caliphs of Egypt, till deposed by their Mamelukes. Thus passed the latter parts of those great lives of Scipio, Lucullus, Augustus, Dioclesian. Thus turned the great thoughts of Henry II of France, after the end of his wars with Spain. Thus the present king of Morocco, after having subdued all his competitors, passes his life in a country villa, gives audience in a grove of orange-trees planted among purling streams. And thus the King of France, after all the successes of his counsels or arms, and in the mighty elevation of his present greatness and power, when he gives himself leisure from such designs or pursuits, passes the softer and easier parts of his time in country houses and gardens, in building, planting, or adorning the scenes, or in the common sports and entertainment of such kind of lives. And those mighty emperors, who contented not themselves with these pleasures of common humanity, fell into the frantic or the extravagant; they pretended to be gods or turned to be devils, as Caligula and Nero, and too many others known enough in story.

Whilst mankind is thus generally busied or amused, that part of them, who have had either the justice or the luck to pass in common opinion for the wisest and the best part among them, have followed another and very different scent; and instead of the common designs of satisfying their appetites and their passions, and making endless provisions for both, they have chosen what they thought a nearer and a surer way to the ease and felicity of life, by endeavoring to subdue, or at least to temper their passions, and reduce their appetites to what nature seems only to ask and to need. And this design seems to have

brought philosophy into the world, at least that which is termed moral, and appears to have an end not only desirable by every man, which is the ease and happiness of life, but also in some degree suitable to the force and reach of human nature. For, as to that part of philosophy which is called natural, I know no end it can have but that of either busying a man's brains to no purpose, or satisfying the vanity so natural to most men of distinguishing themselves, by some way or other, from those that seem their equals in birth and the common advantages of it; and whether this distinction be made by wealth or power, or appearance of knowledge, which gains esteem and applause in the world, is all a case. More than this, I know no advantage mankind has gained by the progress of natural philosophy, during so many ages it has had vogue in the world, excepting always, and very justly, what we owe to the mathematics, which is in a manner all that seems valuable among the civilized nations, more than those we call barbarous, whether they are so or no, or more so than ourselves.

How ancient this natural philosophy has been in the world is hard to know; for we find frequent mention of ancient philosophers in this kind, among the most ancient now extant with us. The first who found out the vanity of it seems to have been Solomon, of which discovery he has left such admirable strains in Ecclesiastes. The next was Socrates, who made it the business of his life to explode it, and introduce that which we call moral in its place, to busy human minds to better purpose. And indeed, whoever reads with thought what these two, and Marcus Antoninus, have said upon the vanity of all that mortal man can ever attain to know of nature, in its originals or operations, may save himself a great deal of pains, and justly conclude, that the knowledge of such things is not our game; and (like the pursuit of a stag by a little spaniel) may serve to amuse and to weary us, but will never be hunted down. Yet I think those three I have named may justly pass for the wisest triumvirate that are left us upon the records of story or of time.

After Socrates, who left nothing in writing, many sects of philosophers began to spread in Greece, who entered boldly upon both parts of natural and moral philosophy. The first with the greatest disagreement, and the most eager contention that could be upon the greatest subjects: as, whether the world were eternal, or produced at some certain time? Whether, if produced, it was by some eternal Mind, and to some end, or by the fortuitous concourse of atoms, or some particles of eternal matter? Whether there was one world, or many? Whether the soul of man was the part of some ethereal and eternal substance, or was corporeal? Whether, if eternal, it was so before it came into the body, or only after it went out? There were the same conditions about the motions of the heavens, the magnitude of the celestial bodies, the faculties of the mind, and the judgment of the senses. But all the different schemes of nature that have been drawn of old, or of late, by Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus, Descartes, Hobbes, or any other that I know of, seem to agree but in one thing, which is, the want of demonstration or satisfaction to any thinking and unpossessed man; and seem more or less probable one than another, according to the wit and eloquence of the authors and advocates that raise or defend them; like jugglers' tricks, that have more or less appearance of being real, according to the dexterousness and skill of him that plays them; whereas, perhaps, if we were capable of knowing truth and nature, these fine schemes would prove like rover shots some nearer and some further off, but all at great distance from the mark; it may be, none in sight.

Yet, in the midst of these and many other such disputes and contentions in their natural philosophy, they seemed to agree much better in their moral; and, upon inquiries after the ultimate end of man, which was his happiness, their contentions or differences seemed to be rather in words, than in the sense of their opinions, or in the true meaning of their several authors or masters of their sects. All concluded that happiness was the chief good, and ought to be the ultimate end of man; that, as this was the end of wisdom, so wisdom was the way

to happiness. The question then was, in what this happiness consisted? The contention grew warmest between the Stoics and Epicureans; the other sects, in this point, siding in a manner with one or the other of these in their conceptions or expressions. The Stoics would have it to consist in virtue, and the Epicureans in pleasure; yet the most reasonable of the Stoics made the pleasure of virtue to be the greatest happiness, and the best of the Epicureans made the greatest pleasure to consist in virtue; and the difference between these two seems not easily discovered. All agreed, the greatest temper, if not the total subduing of passion, and exercise of reason, to be the state of the greatest felicity; to live without desires or fears, or those perturbations of mind and thought which passions raise; to place true riches in wanting little, rather than in possessing much; and true pleasure in temperance, rather than in satisfying the senses; to live with indifference to the common enjoyments and accidents of life, and with constancy upon the greatest blows of fate or of chance; not to disturb our minds with sad reflections upon what is past, nor with anxious cares or raving hopes about what is to come; neither to disquiet life with the fears of death, nor death with the desires of life; but in both, and in all things else, to follow nature, seem to be the precepts most agreed among them.

Thus reason seems only to have been called in to allay those disorders which itself had raised, to cure its own wounds, and pretend to make us wise no other way than by rendering us insensible. This at least was the profession of many rigid Stoics, who would have had a wise man, not only without any sort of passion, but without any sense of pain as well as pleasure; and to enjoy himself in the midst of diseases and torments, as well as of health and ease: a principle, in my mind, against common nature and common sense; and which might have told us in fewer words, or with less circumstance, that a man, to be wise, should not be a man; and this perhaps might have been easy enough to believe, but nothing so hard as the other.

The Epicureans were more intelligible in their notion, and fortunate in their expressions, when they placed a man's happiness in the tranquillity of mind and indolence of body; for while we are composed of both, I doubt both must have a share in the good or ill we feel. As men of several languages say the same things in very different words, so in several ages, countries, constitutions of laws and religion, the same thing seems to be meant by very different expressions. What is called by the Stoics apathy, or dispassion, by the Sceptics indisturbance, by the Molinists quietism, by common men peace of conscience, seems all to mean but great tranquillity of mind, though it be made to proceed from so diverse causes as human wisdom, innocence of life, or resignation to the will of God. An old usurer had the same notion when he said, no man could have peace of conscience that run out of his estate; not comprehending what else was meant by that phrase besides true quiet and content of mind; which, however expressed, is, I suppose, meant by all to be the best account that can be given of the happiness of man, since no man can pretend to be happy without it.

I have often wondered how such sharp and violent invectives came to be made so generally against Epicurus by the ages that followed him, whose admirable wit, felicity of expression, excellence of nature, sweetness of conversation, temperance of life, and constancy of death, made him so beloved by his friends, admired by his scholars, and honored by the Athenians. But this injustice may be fastened chiefly upon the envy and malignity of the Stoics at first, then upon the mistakes of some gross pretenders to his sect (who took pleasure only to be sensual), and afterwards, upon the piety of the primitive Christians, who esteemed his principles of natural philosophy more opposite to those of our religion than either the Platonists, the Peripatetics, or Stoics themselves. Yet, I confess, I do not know why the account given by Lucretius of the gods should be thought more impious than that given by Homer, who makes them not only subject to all the weakest passions, but perpetually

busy in all the worst or meanest actions of men.

But Epicurus has found so great advocates of his virtue, as well as learning and inventions, that there need no more; and the testimonies of Diogenes Laertius alone seem too sincere and impartial to be disputed, or to want the assistance of modern authors. If all failed, he will be but too well defended by the excellence of so many of his sect in all ages, and especially of those who lived in the compass of one, but the greatest in story, both as to persons and events. I need name no more than Cæsar, Atticus, Mæcenas, Lucretius, Virgil, Horace; all admirable in their several kinds, and perhaps unparalleled in story.

Cæsar, if considered in all lights, may justly challenge the first place in the registers we have of mankind, equal only to himself, and surpassing all others of his nation and his age in the virtues and excellencies of a statesman, a captain, an orator, an historian; besides all these, a poet, a philosopher, when his leisure allowed him; the greatest man of counsel and of action, of design and execution; the greatest nobleness of birth, of person, and of countenance; the greatest humanity and clemency of nature, in the midst of the greatest provocations, occasions, and examples of cruelty and revenge. 'Tis true, he overturned the laws and constitutions of his country, yet it was after so many others had not only begun, but proceeded very far, to change and violate them; so as in what he did, he seems rather to have prevented others, than to have done what himself designed; for though his ambition was vast, yet it seems to have been raised to those heights rather by the insolence of his enemies than by his own temper; and that what was natural to him was only a desire of true glory, and to acquire it by good actions as well as great, by conquests of barbarous nations, extent of the Roman empire; defending at first the liberties of the Plebeians, opposing the faction that had begun in Sylla, and ended in Pompey; and, in the whole course of his victories and successes, seeking all occasions of bounty to his friends, and clemency to his enemies.

Atticus appears to have been one of the wisest and best of the Romans; learned without pretending, good without affectation, bountiful without design, a friend to all men in misfortune, a flatterer to no man in greatness or power, a lover of mankind, and beloved by them all. And by these virtues and dispositions, he passed safe and untouched through all the flames of civil dissensions that ravaged his country the greatest part of his life; and, though he never entered into any public affairs or particular factions of his state, yet he was favored, honored, and courted by them all from Sylla to Augustus.

Mæcenas was the wisest counsellor, the truest friend both of his Prince and his country; the best governor of Rome, the happiest and ablest negotiator, the best judge of learning and virtue, the choicest in his friends, and thereby the happiest in his conversation that has been known in story; and I think, to his conduct in civil and Agrippa's in military affairs, may be truly ascribed all the fortunes and greatness of Augustus, so much celebrated in the world.

For Lucretius, Virgil, and Horace, they deserve, in my opinion, the honor of the greatest philosophers, as well as the best poets of their nation or age. The two first besides what looks like something more than human in their poetry, were very great naturalists, and admirable in their morals. And Horace, besides the sweetness and elegance of his lyrics, appears, in the rest of his writings, so great a master of life and of true sense in the conduct of it, that I know none beyond him. It was no mean strain of his philosophy, to refuse being secretary to Augustus, when so great an emperor so much desired it. But all the different sects of philosophers seem to have agreed in the opinion of a wise man's abstaining from public affairs, which I thought the meaning of Pythagoras's precept, to abstain from beans, by which the affairs or public resolutions in Athens were managed. They thought that sort of business too gross and material for the abstracted fineness of their speculations. They esteemed it too sordid and too artificial for the cleanness and simplicity of their

manners and lives. They would have no part in the faults of a government; and they knew too well that the nature and passions of men made them incapable of any that was perfect and good; and therefore thought all the service they could do to the state they lived under was to mend the lives and manners of particular men that composed it. But where factions were once entered and rooted in a state, they thought it madness for good men to meddle with public affairs; which made them turn their thoughts and entertainments to anything rather than this. And Heraclitus, having, upon the factions of the citizens, quitted the government of his city, and amusing himself to play with the boys in the porch of the temple, asked those who wondered at him, whether it was not better to play with such boys, than govern such men? But above all, they esteemed public business the most contrary of all others to that tranquillity of mind which they esteemed and taught to be the only true felicity of man.

For this reason Epicurus passed his life wholly in his gardens; there he studied, there he exercised, there he taught his philosophy. And, indeed, no other sort of abode seems to contribute so much to both the tranquillity of mind and indolence of body, which he made his chief ends. The sweetness of air, the pleasantness of smell, the verdure of plants, the cleanness and lightness of food, the exercises of working and waking; but above all, the exemption from cares and solicitude, seem equally to favor and improve both contemplation and health, the enjoyment of sense and imagination, and thereby the quiet ease of both the body and mind.

Though Epicurus be said to have been the first that had a garden in Athens, whose citizens before him had theirs in their villages or farms without the city; yet the use of gardens seems to have been the most ancient and most general of any sorts of possession among mankind, and to have preceded those of corn or of cattle, as tending the easier, the pleasanter, and more natural food. As it has been the inclination of kings and the choice of philosophers, so it has been the common favorite of public

and private men; a pleasure of the greatest, and the care of the meanest; and, indeed, an employment and a possession, for which no man is too high nor too low.

If we believe the Scripture, we must allow that God Almighty esteemed the life of a man in a garden the happiest he could give him, or else he would not have placed Adam in that of Eden; that it was the state of innocence and pleasure; and that the life of husbandry and cities came in after the fall, with guilt and with labor.

Where paradise was has been much debated, and little agreed; but what sort of place is meant by it may perhaps easier be conjectured. It seems to have been a Persian word, since Xenophon and other Greek authors mention it, as what was much in use and delight among the kings of those eastern countries. Strabo, describing Jericho, says, "*Ibi est palmetum, cui immixtæ sunt etiam aliæ stirpes hortenses, locus ferax, palmis abundans, spatio stadiorum centum, totus irriguus, ibi est regia et balsami paradisus.*" He mentions another place to be "*prope Libanum et Paradisum.*" And Alexander is written to have seen Cyrus's tomb in a paradise, being a tower not very great, and covered with a shade of trees about it. So that a paradise among them seems to have been a large space of ground, adorned and beautified with all sorts of trees, both of fruits and of forest, either found there before it was inclosed, or planted after; either cultivated like gardens, for shades and for walks, with fountains or streams, and all sorts of plants usual in the climate, and pleasant to the eye, the smell, or the taste; or else employed, like our parks, for inclosure and harbor of all sorts of wild beasts, as well as for the pleasure of riding and walking; and so they were of more or less extent, and of different entertainment, according to the several humors of the princes that ordered and inclosed them.

Semiramis is the first we are told of in story that brought them in use through her empire, and was so fond of them as to make one wherever she built, and in all, or most of the provinces she subdued; which are said to have been from Babylon as far as India. The Assyrian kings continued this

custom and care, or rather this pleasure, till one of them brought in the use of smaller and more regular gardens: for having married a wife he was fond of, out of one of the provinces, where such paradises or gardens were much in use, and the country lady not well bearing the air or inclosure of the palace in Babylon, to which the Assyrian kings used to confine themselves, he made her gardens, not only within the palaces, but upon terraces raised with earth, over the arched roofs, and even upon the top of the highest tower, planted them with all sorts of fruit trees, as well as other plants and flowers, the most pleasant of that country; and thereby made at least the most airy gardens, as well as the most costly, that have been heard of in the world. This lady may probably have been native of the provinces of Chasimer or of Damascus, which have in all times been the happiest regions for fruits of all the East, by the excellence of soil, the position of mountains, the frequency of streams, rather than the advantages of climate. And 'tis great pity we do not yet see the History of Chasimer, which Monsieur Bernier assured me he had translated out of Persian, and intended to publish; and of which he has given such a taste, in his excellent Memoirs of the Mogul's Country.

The next gardens we read of are those of Solomon, planted with all sorts of fruit trees and watered with fountains; and though we have no more particular description of them, yet we may find they were the places where he passed the times of his leisure and delight, where the houses as well as grounds were adorned with all that could be of pleasing and elegant, and were the retreats and entertainments of those among his wives that he loved the best; and it is not improbable, that the paradises mentioned by Strabo were planted by this great and wisest king. But the idea of the garden must be very great if it answer at all to that of the gardener, who must have employed a great deal of his care and of his study, as well as of his leisure and thought, in these entertainments, since he writ of all plants, from the cedar to the shrub.

What the gardens of the Hesperides were, we have little or no account, further than the mention of them, and thereby the testimony of their having been in use and request in such remoteness of place and antiquity of time.

The garden of Alcinous, described by Homer, seems wholly poetical, and made at the pleasure of the painter; like the rest of the romantic palace in that little barren island of Phæacia or Corfu. Yet, as all the pieces of this transcendent genius are composed with excellent knowledge, as well as fancy; so they seldom fail of instruction as well as delight, to all that read him. The seat of this garden, joining to the gates of the palace, the compass of the inclosure being four acres, the tall trees of shade, as well as those of fruit; the two fountains, the one for the use of the garden, and the other of the palace; the continual succession of fruits throughout the whole year, are, for aught I know, the best rules or provision that can go towards composing the best gardens; nor is it unlikely that Homer may have drawn this picture after the life of some he had seen in Ionia, the country and usual abode of this divine poet; and, indeed, the region of the most refined pleasure and luxury, as well as invention and wit. For the humor and custom of gardens may have descended earlier into the Lower Asia, from Damascus, Assyria, and other parts of the eastern empires, though they seem to have made late entrance and smaller improvement in those of Greece and Rome; at least in no proportion to their other inventions or refinements of pleasure and luxury.

The long and flourishing peace of the two first empires gave earlier rise and growth to learning and civility, and all the consequences of them, in magnificence and elegance of building and gardening; whereas Greece and Rome were almost perpetually engaged in quarrels and wars either abroad or at home, and so were busy in actions that were done under the sun, rather than those under the shade. These were the entertainments of the softer nations, that fell under the virtue and prowess of the two last empires, which from those conquests brought home mighty increases both of

iches and luxury, and so perhaps lost more than they got by the spoils of the East.

There may be another reason for the small advance of gardening in those excellent and more temperate climates, where the air and soil were so apt of themselves to produce the best sorts of fruits, without the necessity of cultivating them by labor and care; whereas the hotter climates, as well as the cold, are forced upon industry and skill, to produce or improve many fruits that grow of themselves in the more temperate regions. However it were, we have very little mention of gardens in old Greece or in old Rome, for pleasure or with elegance, nor of much curiosity or care, to introduce the fruits of foreign climates, contenting themselves with those which were native of their own; and these were the vine, the olive, the fig, the pear, and the apple. Cato, as I remember, mentions no more; and their gardens were then but the necessary part of their farms, intended particularly for the cheap and easy food of their hinds or slaves employed in their agriculture, and so were turned chiefly to all the common sorts of plants, herbs, or legumes (as the French call them) proper for common nourishment; and the name of *ortus* is taken from *ortus*, because it perpetually furnishes some rise or production of something new in the world.

Lucullus, after the Mithridatic war, first brought cherries from Pontus into Italy, which so generally pleased, and were so easily propagated in all climates, that within the space of an hundred years, having travelled westward with the Roman conquests, they grew common as far as the Rhine, and passed over into Britain. After the conquest of Africa, Greece, the Lesser Asia, and Syria, were brought into Italy, all the sorts of their *mala*, which we interpret apples, and might signify no more at first, but were afterwards applied to many other foreign fruits. The apricots, coming from Epire, were called *mala Epirotica*; peaches from Persia, *mala Persica*; citrons of Media, *Medica*; pomegranates from Carthage, *Punica*; quinces, *Cathonea*, from a small island in the Grecian seas; their best pears were brought from Alexandria, Numidia, Greece, and Numantia, as appears

by their several appellations; their plums, from Armenia, Syria, but chiefly from Damascus. The kinds of these are reckoned, in Nero's time, to have been near thirty, as well as of figs; and many of them were entertained at Rome with so great applause, and so general vogue, that the great captains and even consular men, who first brought them over, took pride in giving them their own names (by which they run a great while in Rome), as in memory of some great service or pleasure they had done their country; so that not only laws and battles, but several sorts of apples or *mala*, and of pears, were called Manlian and Claudian, Pompeian and Tiberian, and by several other such noble names.

Thus the fruits of Rome, in about an hundred years, came from countries as far as their conquests had reached; and, like learning, architecture, painting, and statuary, made their great advances in Italy about the Augustan age. What was of most request in their common gardens in Virgil's time, or at least in his youth, may be conjectured by the description of his old Corycian's gardens in the fourth of the Georgics; which begins,

Namque sub Œbalicæ memini turribus arcis.

Among flowers, the roses had the first place, especially a kind which bore twice a year; and none other sorts are here mentioned besides the narcissus, though the violet and the lily were very common, and the next in esteem; especially the *breve lilium*, which was the tuberose. The plants he mentions are the *apium*, which though commonly interpreted parsley, yet comprehends all sorts of smallage, whereof celery is one; *cucumis*, which takes in all sorts of melons, as well as cucumbers; *olus*, which is a common word for all sorts of pot-herbs and legumes; verbenas, which signifies all kinds of sweet or sacred plants that were used for adorning the altars; as bays, olive, rosemary, myrtle. The acanthus seems to be what we call pericanthe; but what their *hedera* were, that deserved place in a garden, I cannot guess, unless they had sorts of ivy unknown to us; nor what his *vescum papaver* was, since poppies with us are of no use in eating. The

fruits mentioned are only apples, pears, and plums; for olives, vines, and figs, were grown to be fruits of their fields rather than of their gardens. The shades were the elm, the pine, the lime-tree, and the *platanus*, or plane-tree; whose leaf and shade, of all others, was the most in request; and, having been brought out of Persia, was such an inclination among the Greeks and Romans that they usually fed it with wine instead of water; they believed this tree loved that liquor, as well as those that used to drink under its shade; which was a great humor and custom, and perhaps gave rise to the other, by observing the growth of the tree, or largeness of the leaves, where much wine was spilt or left, and thrown upon the roots.

'Tis great pity the haste which Virgil seems here to have been in should have hindered him from entering farther into the account or instructions of gardening, which he said he could have given, and which he seems to have so much esteemed and loved, by that admirable picture of this old man's felicity, which he draws like so great a master, with one stroke of a pencil in those four words:

Regum æquabat opes animis.

That in the midst of these small possessions, upon a few acres of barren ground, yet he equalled all the wealth and opulence of kings, in the ease, content, and freedom of his mind.

I am not satisfied with the common acceptance of the *mala aurea* for oranges; nor do I find any passage in the authors of that age, which gives me the opinion that these were otherwise known to the Romans than as fruits of the eastern climates. I should take their *mala aurea* to be rather some kind of apples, so called from the golden color, as some are amongst us; for otherwise, the orange-tree is too noble in the beauty, taste, and smell of its fruit, in the perfume and virtue of its flowers, in the perpetual verdure of its leaves, and in the excellent uses of all these, both for pleasure and health, not to have deserved any particular mention in the writings of an age and nation so refined and exquisite in all sorts of delicious luxury.

The charming description Virgil makes of the happy apple must be intended either for the citron, or for some sort of orange growing in Media, which was either so proper to that country as not to grow in any other (as a certain sort of fig was to Damascus), or to have lost its virtue by changing soils, or to have had its effect of curing some sort of poison that was usual in that country, but particular to it. I cannot forbear inserting those few lines out of the second of Virgil's Georgics, not having ever heard anybody else take notice of them.

*Media fert tristes succos, tardumque saporem
Fœlicis mali; quo non præsentibus ullum,
Pocula si quando sævæ infecere novercæ,
Auxilium venit, ac membris agit atra venena;
Ipsa ingens arbos, faciemque simillima lauro;
Et, si non alios late jactaret odores
Laurus erat: folia haud ullis labentia ventis;
Flos apprima tenax: animas et olentia Medi
Ora fovent illo, ac senibus medicantur anhelis.*

Media brings pois'nous herbs, and the flat taste

Of the bless'd apple, than which ne'er was found

A help more present, when curst step-dames mix

Their mortal cups, to drive the venom out:

'Tis a large tree, and like a bays in hue;

And, did it not such odors cast about,

'Twould be a bays; the leaves with no winds fall,

The flowers all excel: with these the Medes
Perfume their breaths, and cure old pury men.

The tree being so like a bays or laurel, the slow or dull taste of the apple, the virtue of it against poison, seem to describe the citron: the perfume of the flowers and virtues of them, to cure ill scents of mouth or breath, or shortness of wind in pury old men, seem to agree most with the orange. If *flos apprima tenax* mean only the excellence of the flower above all others, it may be intended for the orange; if it signifies the flowers growing most upon the tops of the trees, it may be rather the citron; for I have been so curious as to bring up a citron from a kernel, which at twelve years of age began to flower; and I observed all the flowers to grow upon the

top branches of the tree, but to be nothing so high or sweet-scented as the orange. On the other side I have always heard oranges to pass for a cordial juice, and a great preservative against the plague, which is a sort of venom; so that I know not to which of these we are to ascribe this lovely picture of the happy apple; but I am satisfied by it, that neither of them was at all common, if at all known in Italy, at that time or long after, though the fruit be now so frequent there in fields (at least in some parts) and make so common and delicious a part of gardening, even in these northern climates.

'Tis certain those noble fruits, the citron, the orange, and the lemon, are the native product of those noble regions, Assyria, Media, and Persia; and, though they have been from thence transplanted and propagated in many parts of Europe, yet they have not arrived at such perfection in beauty, taste, or virtue, as in their native soil and climate. This made it generally observed among the Greeks and Romans, that the fruits of the East far excelled those of the West. And several writers have trifled away their time in deducing the reasons of this difference from the more benign or powerful influence of the rising sun. But there is nothing more evident to any man that has the least knowledge of the globe, and gives himself leave to think, than the folly of such wise reasons, since the regions that are East to us are West to some others; and the sun rises alike to all that lie in the same latitude, with the same heat and virtue upon its first approaches as well as in its progress. Besides, if the eastern fruits were the better only for that position of climate, then those of India should excel those of Persia; which we do not find by comparing the accounts of those countries: but Assyria, Media, and Persia, have been ever esteemed, and will be ever found, the true regions of the best and noblest fruits in the world. The reason of it can be no other than that of an excellent and proper soil, being there extended under the best climate for the production of all sorts of the best fruits; which seems to be from about twenty-five to about thirty-five degrees of latitude. Now the regions under this cli-

mate in the present Persian empire (which comprehends most of the other two, called anciently Assyria and Media) are composed of many provinces full of great and fertile plains, bounded by high mountains, especially to the north; watered naturally with many rivers, and those, by art and labor, derived into many more and smaller streams, which all conspire to form a country, in all circumstances, the most proper and agreeable for production of the best and noblest fruits. Whereas if we survey the regions of the western world lying in the same latitude between twenty-five and thirty-five degrees, we shall find them extend either over the Mediterranean Sea, the ocean, or the sandy barren countries of Africa; and that no part of the continent of Europe lies so southward as thirty-five degrees. Which may serve to discover the true genuine reason, why the fruits of the East have been always observed and agreed to transcend those of the West.

In our northwest climates, our gardens are very different from what they were in Greece and Italy, and from what they are now in those regions in Spain or the southern parts of France. And as most general customs in countries grow from the different nature of climate, soils, or situations, and from the necessities or industry they impose, so do these.

In the warmer regions, fruits and flowers of the best sorts are so common and of so easy production, that they grow in fields, and are not worth the cost of inclosing, or the care of more than ordinary cultivating. On the other side, the great pleasures of those climates are coolness of air, and whatever looks cool even to the eyes, and relieves them from the unpleasant sight of dusty streets or parched fields. This makes the gardens of those countries to be chiefly valued by largeness of extent (which gives greater play and openness of air) by shades of trees, by frequency of living streams or fountains, by perspectives, by statues, and by pillars and obelisks of stone scattered up and down, which all conspire to make any place look fresh and cool. On the contrary, the more northern climates, as they suffer little by heat, make little provision against it, and are careless of shade, and

seldom curious in fountains. Good statues are in the reach of few men, and common ones are generally and justly despised or neglected. But no sorts of good fruits or flowers, being natives of the climates, or usual among us (nor indeed the best sort of plants, herbs, salads for our kitchen gardens themselves) and the best fruits, not ripening without the advantage of walls or palisades, by reflection of the faint heat we receive from the sun, our gardens are made of smaller compass, seldom exceeding four, six, or eight acres; inclosed with walls, and laid out in a manner wholly for advantage of fruits, flowers, and the product of kitchen-gardens in all sorts of herbs, salads, plants, and legumes, for the common use of tables.

These are usually the gardens of England and Holland, as the first sort are those of Italy, and were so of old. In the more temperate parts of France, and in Brabant (where I take gardening to be at its greatest height), they are composed of both sorts, the extent more spacious than ours; part laid out for flowers, others for fruits; some standards, some against walls or palisades, some for forest trees, and groves for shade, some parts wild, some exact; and fountains much in request among them.

But after so much ramble into ancient times, and remote places, to return home and consider the present way and humor of our gardening in England; which seem to have grown into such vogue, and to have been so mightily improved in three or four and twenty years of his Majesty's reign, that perhaps few countries are before us, either in the elegance of our gardens, or in the number of our plants; and, I believe, none equals us in the variety of fruits which may be justly called good; and from the earliest cherry and strawberry, to the last apples and pears, may furnish every day of the circling year. For the taste and perfection of what we esteem the best, I may truly say that the French, who have eaten my peaches and grapes at Sheen, in no very ill year, have generally concluded that the last are as good as any they have eaten in France on this side Fontainebleau; and the first as good as any they have eaten in Gascony. I mean those which come from the

stone, and are properly called peaches, not those which are hard, and are termed paxies; for these cannot grow in too warm a climate nor ever be good in a cold; and are better at Madrid than in Gascony itself. Italians have agreed my white figs to be as good as any of that sort in Italy, which is the earlier kind of white fig there; for in the latter kind, and the blue, we cannot come near the warm climates no more than in the Frontignac or Muscat grape.

My orange trees are as large as any I saw when I was young in France, except those of Fontainebleau, or what I have seen since in the Low Countries, except some very old ones of the Prince of Orange's; as laden with flowers as any can well be, as full of fruit as I suffer or desire them, and as well tasted as are commonly brought over, except the best sorts of Seville and Portugal. And thus much I could not but say in defence of our climate, which is so much and so generally decried abroad, by those who never saw it; or, if they have been here, have yet perhaps seen no more of it than what belongs to inns, or to taverns and ordinaries: who accuse our country for their own defaults, and speak ill, not only of our gardens and houses, but of our humors, our breeding, our customs and manners of life, by what they have observed of the meaner and baser sort of mankind; and of company among us, because they wanted themselves, perhaps, either fortune or birth, either quality or merit, to introduce them among the good.

I must needs add one thing more in favor of our climate, which I heard the king say, and I thought new and right, and truly like a king of England, that loved and esteemed his own country. 'Twas in reply to some of the company that were reviling our climate, and extolling those of Italy and Spain, or at least of France. He said, he thought that was the best climate where he could be abroad in the air with pleasure, or at least without trouble or inconvenience, the most days of the year, and the most hours of the day; and this, he thought, he could be in England, more than in any country he knew of in Europe. And I believe it is true, not only of the hot and cold, but even among our neighbors in

France, and the Low Countries themselves; where the heats or the colds, and changes of seasons, are less treatable than they are with us.

The truth is, our climate wants no heat to produce excellent fruits; and the default of it is only the short season of our heats or summers, by which many of the latter are left behind, and imperfect with us. But all such as are ripe before the end of August, are, for aught I know, as good with us as anywhere else. This makes me esteem the true region of gardens in England to be the compass of ten miles about London; where the accidental warmth of air, from the fires and steams of so vast a town, makes fruits, as well as corn, a great deal forwarder than in Hampshire or Wiltshire, though more southward by a full degree.

There are, besides the temper of our climate, two things particular to us that contribute much to the beauty and elegance of our gardens, which are the gravel of our walks, and the fineness and almost perpetual greenness of our turf. The first is not known anywhere else, which leaves all their dry walks, in other countries, very unpleasant and uneasy. The other cannot be found in France or in Holland as we have it, the soil not admitting that fineness of blade in Holland, nor the sun that greenness in France, during most of the summer; nor indeed is it to be found but in the finest of our soils.

Whoever begins a garden ought in the first place and above all to consider the soil, upon which the taste of not only his fruits, but his legumes, and even herbs and salads, will wholly depend. And the default of soil is without remedy: for, although all borders of fruit may be made with what earth you please (if you will be at the charge), yet it must be renewed in two or three years, or it runs into the nature of the ground where 'tis brought. Old trees spread their roots further than anybody's care extends, or the forms of the garden will allow; and, after all, where the soil about you is ill, the air is so too in a degree, and has influence upon the taste of fruit. What Horace says of the productions of kitchen-gardens, under the name of *caulis*, is true of all the best sorts of fruits, and

may determine the choice of soil for all gardens.

*Caule suburbano, qui siccis crevit in agris,
Dulcior; irriguis nihil est elutius hortis.*

Plants from dry fields those of the town excel;

Nothing more tasteless is than watered grounds.

Any man had better throw away his care and his money upon anything else than upon a garden in wet or moist ground. Peaches and grapes will have no taste but upon a sand or gravel; but the richer these are, the better: and neither salads, peas, or beans, have at all the taste upon a clay or rich earth as they have upon either of the others, though the size and color of fruits and plants may, perhaps, be more upon the worse soils.

Next to your choice of soil is to suit your plants to your ground, since of this everyone is not master; though perhaps Varro's judgment, upon this case, is the wisest and the best. For to one that asked him, what he should do if his father or ancestors had left him a seat in an ill air, or upon an ill soil, he answered, Why sell it, and buy another in good. But what if I cannot get half the worth? Why, then take a quarter; but however sell it for anything, rather than live upon it.

Of all sorts of soil the best is that upon a sandy gravel, or a rosiny sand. Whoever lies upon either of these may run boldly into all the best sort of peaches and grapes, how shallow soever the turf be upon them; and whatever other tree will thrive in these soils, the fruits shall be of a much finer taste than any other. A richer soil will do well enough for apricots, plums, pears, or figs; but still the more of the sand in your earth the better, and the worse the more of the clay, which is proper for oaks, and no other tree that I know of.

Fruits should be suited to the climate among us, as well as the soil: for there are degrees of one and the other in England, where it is to little purpose to plant any of the best fruits, as peaches or grapes, hardly, I doubt, beyond Northamptonshire, at the furthest northwards. And I

thought it very prudent in a gentleman of my friends in Staffordshire, who is a great lover of his garden, to pretend no higher, though his soil be good enough, than to the perfection of plums: and in these (by bestowing south walls upon them) he has very well succeeded, which he could never have done in attempts upon peaches and grapes: and a good plum is certainly better than an ill peach.

When I was at Cosevelt, with that Bishop of Munster that made so much noise in his time, I observed no other trees but cherries in a great garden he had made. He told me the reason was, because he found no other fruit would ripen well in that climate, or upon that soil; and therefore, instead of being curious in others, he had only been so in the sorts of that, whereof he had so many, as never to be without them from May to the end of September.

As to the size of a garden, which will perhaps, in time, grow extravagant among us, I think from four or five to seven or eight acres is as much as any gentleman need design, and will furnish as much of all that is expected from it as any nobleman will have occasion to use in his family.

In every garden four things are necessary to be provided for: flowers, fruit, shade, and water; and whoever lays out a garden without all these must not pretend it in any perfection. It ought to lie to the best parts of the house, or to those of the master's commonest use, so as to be but like one of the rooms out of which you step into another. The part of your garden next your house (besides the walks that go round it) should be a parterre for flowers, or grass-plots bordered with flowers; or if, according to the newest mode, it be cast all into grass-plots and gravel walks, the dryness of these should be relieved with fountains, and the plainness of those with statues; otherwise, if large, they have an ill effect upon the eye. However, the part next the house should be open, and no other fruit but upon the walls. If this take up one half of the garden, the other should be fruit trees, unless some grove for shade lie in the middle. If it take up a third part only, then the next third may be dwarf trees, and the last standard fruit; or else, the

second part fruit trees, and the third all sorts of winter greens, which provide for all seasons of the year.

I will not enter upon any account of flowers, having only pleased myself with seeing or smelling them, and not troubled myself with the care, which is more the ladies' part than the men's; but the success is wholly in the gardener. For fruits, the best we have in England, or, I believe, can ever hope for, are, of peaches, the white and red Maudlin, the Minion, the Chevereuse, the Ramboulet, the Musk, the Admirable, which is late; all the rest are either varified by names, or not to be named with these, nor worth troubling a garden, in my opinion. Of the paves or hard peaches, I know none good here but the Newington, nor will that easily hang till 'tis full ripe. The forward peaches are to be esteemed only because they are early, but should find room in a good garden, at least the white and brown Nutmeg, the Persian, and the violet Musk. The only good nectarines are the Murry and the French; of these there are two sorts, one very round, and the other something long, but the round is the best: of the Murry there are several sorts, but, being all hard, they are seldom well ripened with us.

Of grapes, the best are the Chasselas, which is the better sort of our white muscadine (as the name was about Sheen); 'tis called the pearl-grape and ripens well enough in common years, but not so well as the common black, or currand, which is something a worse grape. The Parsley is good, and proper enough to our climate; but all white Frontignacs are difficult, and seldom ripe, unless in extraordinary summers.

I have had the honor of bringing over four sorts into England: the Arboyse, from the Franche Comte, which is a small white grape, or rather runs into some small and some great upon the same bunch; it agrees well with our climate, but is very choice in soil, and must have a sharp gravel; it is the most delicious of all grapes that are not muscat. The Burgundy, which is a grizelin or pale red, and of all others is surest to ripen in our climate, so that I have never known them to fail one summer

these fifteen years, when all others have, and have had it very good upon an east wall. A black muscat, which is called the Dowager, and ripens as well as the common white grape. And the fourth is the Grizelin Frontignac, being of that color, and the highest of that taste, and the noblest of all grapes I ever eat in England; but requires the hottest wall and the sharpest gravel; and must be favored by the summer too, to be very good. All these are, I suppose, by this time, pretty common among some gardeners in my neighborhood, as well as several persons of quality; for I have ever thought all things of this kind, the commoner they are made, the better.

Of figs there are among us the white, the blue, and the tawny: the last is very small, bears ill, and I think but a bauble. Of the blue there are two or three sorts, but little different, one something longer than the other; but that kind which swells most is ever the best. Of the white I know but two sorts, and both excellent, one ripe in the beginning of July, the other in the end of September, and is yellower than the first; but this is hard to be found among us, and difficult to raise, though an excellent fruit.

Of apricots, the best are the common old sort, and the largest Masculin; of which this last is much improved by budding upon a peach stock. I esteem none of this fruit but the Brussels apricot, which grows a standard, and is one of the best fruits we have, and which I first brought over among us.

The number of good pears, especially summer, is very great, but the best are the Blanquet, Robin, Rousselet, Rosati, Sans, Pepin, Jargonel. Of the autumn, the Buree, the Vertelongue, and the Bergamot. Of the winter, the Vergoluz, Chasseray, St. Michael, St. Germain, and Ambret. I esteem the Bon-Cretien with us good for nothing but to bake.

Of plums, the best are St. Julian, St. Catharine, white and blue Pedrigon, Queen-Mother, Sheen-plum, and Cheston.

Beyond the sorts I have named, none I think need trouble himself but multiply these rather than make room for more kinds; and I am content to leave this register, having been so often desired it

by my friends upon their designs of gardening.

I need say nothing of apples, being so well known among us; but the best of our climate, and I believe of all others, is the Golden Pippin; and for all sorts of uses. The next is the Kentish Pippin; but these I think are as far from their perfection with us as grapes, and yield to those of Normandy, as these to those in Anjou, and even these to those in Gascony. In other fruits the defect of sun is in a great measure supplied by the advantage of walls.

The next care to that of suiting trees with the soil, is that of suiting fruits to the position of walls; grapes, peaches, and winter pears, to be good, must be planted upon full south or southeast; figs are best upon southeast, but will do well upon east and southwest; the west are proper for cherries, plums, or apricots; but all of them are improved by a south wall both as to early and taste. North, northwest, or northeast deserve nothing but greens: these should be divided by woodbines or jessamines between every green, and the other walls by a vine between every fruit tree; the best sorts upon the south walls, the common white and black upon east and west, because the other trees being many of them (especially peaches) very transitory; some apt to die with hard winters, others to be cut down and make room for new fruits. Without this method the walls are left for several years unfurnished; whereas the vines on each side cover the void space in one summer, and when the other trees are grown make only a pillar between them of two or three foot broad.

Whoever would have the best fruits in the most perfection our climate will allow should not only take care of giving them as much sun but also as much air as he can; no tree, unless dwarf, should be suffered to grow within forty foot of your best walls, but the farther they lie open is still the better. Of all others this care is most necessary in vines, which are observed abroad to make the best wines where they lie upon sides of hills, and so most exposed to the air and the wind. The way of pruning them too is best learned from the vineyards, where you see nothing in winter but what

looks like a dead stump; and upon our walls they should be left but like a ragged staff, not above two or three eyes at most upon the bearing branches; and the lower the vine and fewer the branches, the grapes will be still the better.

The best figure of a garden is either a square or an oblong, and either upon a flat or a descent; they have all their beauties, but the best I esteem an oblong upon a descent. The beauty, the air, the view makes amends for the expense, which is very great in finishing and supporting the terrace walks, in levelling the parterres, and in the stone stairs that are necessary from one to the other.

The perfectest figure of a garden I ever saw either at home or abroad was that of Moor Park in Hertfordshire, when I knew it about thirty years ago. It was made by the Countess of Bedford, esteemed among the greatest wits of her time, and celebrated by Doctor Donne; and with very great care, excellent contrivance, and much cost. But greater sums may be thrown away without effect or honor, if there want sense in proportion to money, or if nature be not followed; which I take to be the great rule in this, and perhaps in everything else, as far as the conduct not only of our lives but our governments. And whether the greatest of mortal men should attempt the forcing of nature may best be judged by observing how seldom God Almighty does it himself, by so true and undisputed miracles as we see or hear of in the world. For my own part, I know not three wiser precepts for the conduct either of princes or private men than

— *Servare modum, finemque tueri,
Naturamque sequi.*

Because I take the garden I have named to have been in all kinds the most beautiful and perfect, at least in the figure and disposition, that I have ever seen, I will describe it for a model to those that meet with such a situation, and are above the regards of common expense. It lies on the side of a hill (upon which the house stands) but not very steep. The length of the house where the best rooms and of most use or pleasure are, lies upon the breadth of the

garden, the great parlors open into the middle of a terrace gravel walk that lies even with it, and which may be, as I remember, about three hundred paces long, and broad proportion; the border set with standard laurels, and at large distances, which have the beauty of orange trees, out of flower and fruit; from this walk are three descents by many stone steps, in the middle and at each end, into a very large parterre. This is divided into quarters by gravel walks, and adorned with two fountains and eight statues in the several quarters; at the end of the terrace walk are two summer houses, and the sides of the parterre are ranged with two large cloisters open to the garden, upon arches of stone, and ending with two other summer houses even with the cloisters, which are paved with stone, and designed for walks of shade, there being none other in the whole parterre. Over these two cloisters are two terraces covered with lead, and fenced with balusters; and the passage into these airy walks is out of the two summer houses at the end of the first terrace walk. The cloister facing the south is covered with vines, and would have been proper for an orange-house, and the other for myrtles or other more common greens; and had, I doubt not, been cast for that purpose if this piece of gardening had been then in as much vogue as it is now.

From the middle of this parterre is a descent by many steps flying on each side of a grotto that lies between them (covered with lead, and flat) into the lower garden, which is all fruit trees, ranged about the several quarters of a wilderness which is very shady. The walks here are all green, the grotto embellished with figures of shell-rock-work, fountains, and water-works. If the hill had not ended with the lower garden, and the wall were not bounded by a common way that goes through the park, they might have added a third quarter of all greens; but this want is supplied by a garden on the other side of the house, which is all of that sort, very wild, shady, and adorned with rough rock-work and fountains.

This was Moor Park when I was acquainted with it, and the sweetest place, I

think, that I have seen in my life, either before or since, at home or abroad. What it is now, I can give little account, having passed through several hands that have made great changes in gardens as well as houses; but the remembrance of what it was is too pleasant ever to forget, and therefore I do not believe to have mistaken the figure of it, which may serve for a pattern to the best gardens of our manners, and that are most proper for our country and climate.

What I have said of the best forms of gardens is meant only of such as are in some sort regular; for there may be other forms wholly irregular that may, for aught I know, have more beauty than any of the others; but they must owe it to some extraordinary dispositions of nature in the seat, or some great race of fancy or judgment in the contrivance, which may reduce many disagreeing parts into some figure, which shall yet, upon the whole, be very agreeable. Something of this I have seen in some places, but heard more of it from others who have lived much among the Chinese, a people whose way of thinking seems to lie as wide of ours in Europe, as their country does. Among us, the beauty of building and planting is placed chiefly in some certain proportions, symmetries, or uniformities; our walks and our trees ranged so as to answer one another, and at exact distances. The Chinese scorn this way of planting, and say, a boy that can tell an hundred may plant walks of trees in straight lines, and over against one another, and to what length and extent he pleases. But their greatest reach of imagination is employed in contriving figures, where the beauty shall be great, and strike the eye, but without any order or disposition of parts that shall be commonly or easily observed. And, though we have hardly any notion of this sort of beauty, yet they have a particular word to express it, and, where they find it hit their eye at first sight, they say the *sharawadgi* is fine or is admirable, or any such expression of esteem. And whoever observes the work upon the best India gowns, or the painting upon their best screens or porcelains, will find their beauty is all of this kind (that is) without order.

But I should hardly advise any of these attempts in the figure of gardens among us; they are adventures of too hard achievement for any common hands; and, though there may be more honor if they succeed well, yet there is more dishonor if they fail, and 'tis twenty to one they will; whereas, in regular figures, 'tis hard to make any great and remarkable faults.

The picture I have met with in some relations of a garden made by a Dutch Governor of their colony, upon the Cape de Buen Esperace, is admirable, and described to be an oblong figure, of very large extent, and divided into four quarters, by long and cross walks, ranged with all sorts of orange trees, lemons, limes, and citrons; each of these four quarters is planted with the trees, fruits, flowers, and plants that are native and proper to each of the four parts of the world; so as in this one inclosure are to be found the several gardens of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. There could not be, in my mind, a greater thought of a gardener, nor a nobler idea of a garden, nor better suited or chosen for the climate, which is about thirty degrees, and may pass for the Hesperides of our age, whatever or wherever the other was. Yet this is agreed by all to have been in the islands or continent upon the southwest of Africa: but what their forms or their fruits were, none, that I know, pretend to tell; nor whether their golden apples were for taste, or only for sight, as those of Montezuma were in Mexico, who had large trees, with stocks, branches, leaves, and fruits, all admirably composed and wrought of gold; but this was only stupendous in cost and art, and answers not at all, in my opinion, the delicious varieties of nature in other gardens.

What I have said of gardening is, perhaps, enough for any gentleman to know, so as to make no great faults, nor be much imposed upon in the designs of that kind, which I think ought to be applauded and encouraged in all countries; that and building being a sort of creation that raise beautiful fabrics and figures out of nothing, that make the convenience and pleasure of all private habitations, that employ

many hands, and circulate much money among the poorer sort and artisans, that are a public service to one's country, by the example as well as effect; which adorn the scene, improve the earth, and even the air itself in some degree. The rest that belongs to this subject must be a gardener's part; upon whose skill, diligence, and care, the beauty of the grounds and excellence of the fruits will much depend. Though if the soil and sorts be well chosen, well suited, and disposed to the walls, the ignorance or carelessness of the servants can hardly leave the master disappointed.

I will not enter further upon his trade than by three short directions or advices: first, in all plantations, either for his master or himself, to draw his trees out of some nursery that is upon a leaner and lighter soil than his own where he removes them: without this care they will not thrive in several years, perhaps never; and must make way for new, which should be avoided all that can be; for life is too short and uncertain to be renewing often your plantations. The walls of your garden, without their furniture, look as ill as those of your house; so that you cannot dig up your garden too often, nor too seldom cut them down.

The second is, in all trees you raise, to have some regard to the stock, as well as the graft or bud; for the first will have a share in giving taste and season to the fruits it produces, how little soever it is usually observed by our gardeners. I have found grafts of the same tree upon a Bon-Cretien stock bring Chasserau pears that lasted till March, but with a rind green and rough: and others, upon a Metre-John stock, with a smooth and yellow skin, which were rotten in November. I am apt to think, all the difference between the St. Michael and the Ambrette pear (which has puzzled our gardeners) is only what comes from this variety of the stocks; and by this, perhaps, as well as by raising from stones and kernels, most of the new fruits are produced every age. So the grafting a crab upon a white thorn brings the Lazaroli, a fruit esteemed at Rome, though I do not find it worth cultivating here; and I believe the Cidrato (or Hermaphrodite) came from budding a

citron upon an orange. The best peaches are raised by buds of the best fruits upon stocks growing from stones of the best peaches; and so the best apples and pears, from the best kinds grafted upon stocks from kernels also of the best sorts, with respect to the season, as well as beauty and taste. And I believe so many excellent winter pears as have come into France since forty years may have been found out by grafting summer pears of the finest taste and most water upon winter stocks.

The third advice is, to take the greatest care and pains in preserving your trees from the worst disease, to which those of the best fruits are subject in the best soils, and upon the best walls. 'Tis what has not been (that I know of) taken notice of with us, till I was forced to observe it by the experience of my gardens, though I have since met with it in books both ancient and modern. I found my vines, peaches, apricots, and plums upon my best south walls, and sometimes upon my west, apt for several years to a soot or smuttiness upon their leaves first, and then upon their fruits, which were good for nothing the years they were so affected. My orange trees were likewise subject to it, and never prospered while they were so: and I have known some collections quite destroyed by it. But I cannot say that ever I found either my figs or pears infected with it, nor any trees upon my east walls, though I do not well conjecture at the reason. The rest were so spoiled with it that I complained to several of the oldest and best gardeners of England, who knew nothing of it, but that they often fell into the same misfortune, and esteemed it some blight of the spring. I observed after some years that the diseased trees had very frequent, upon their stocks and branches, a small insect of a dark brown color, figured like a shield, and about the size of a large wheat-corn. They stuck close to the bark, and in many places covered it, especially about the joints. In winter they are dry, and thin-shelled, but in spring they begin to grow soft, and to fill with moisture, and to throw a spawn like a black dust upon the stocks, as well as the leaves and fruits.

I met afterwards with the mention of this disease, as known among orange trees, in a book written upon that subject in Holland, and since in Pausanias, as a thing so much taken notice of in Greece that the author describes a certain sort of earth which cures *pediculos vitis*, or, the lice of the vine. This is of all others the most pestilent disease of the best fruit trees, and upon the very best soils of gravel and sand (especially where they are too hungry); and is so contagious that it is propagated to new plants raised from old trees that are infected, and spreads to new ones that are planted near them, which makes me imagine that it lies in the root, and that the best cure were by application there. But I have tried all sorts of soil without effect, and can prescribe no other remedy than to prune your trees as close as you can, especially the tainted wood, then to wash them very clean with a wet brush, so as not to leave one shell upon them that you can discern: and upon your oranges to pick off every one that you can find, by turning every leaf, as well as brushing clean the stocks and branches. Without these cares and diligences, you had better root up any trees that are infected, renew all the mold in your borders or boxes, and plant new sound trees, rather than suffer the disappointments and vexation of your old ones.

I may perhaps be allowed to know something of this trade, since I have so long allowed myself to be good for nothing else, which few men will do, or enjoy their gardens, without often looking abroad to see how other matters play, what motions in the State, and what invitations they may hope for into other scenes.

For my own part, as the country life, and this part of it more particularly, were the inclination of my youth itself, so they are the pleasure of my age; and I can truly say, that, among many great employments that have fallen to my share, I have never asked or sought for any one of them, but often endeavored to escape from them into the ease and freedom of a private scene, where a man may go his own way and his own pace, in the common paths or circles of life.

*Inter cuncta leges et percunctabere doctos
Qua ratione queas traducere leniter ævum,
Quid curas minuât, quid te tibi reddat ami-
cum,
Quid pure tranqillet, honos an dulce lucel-
lum,
An secretum iter, et fallentis semita vitæ.*

But above all the learned read, and ask
By what means you may gently pass your age,
What lessens care, what makes thee thine
own friend,
What truly calms the mind; honor, or wealth,
Or else a private path of stealing life?

These are questions that a man ought at least to ask himself, whether he asks others or no, and to choose his course of life rather by his own humor and temper, than by common accidents, or advice of friends; at least if the Spanish proverb be true, that a fool knows more in his own house than a wise man in another's.

The measure of choosing well is, whether a man likes what he has chosen; which, I thank God, has befallen me; and though, among the follies of my life, building and planting have not been the least, and have cost me more than I have the confidence to own; yet they have been fully recompensed by the sweetness and satisfaction of this retreat, where, since my resolution taken of never entering again into any public employments, I have passed five years without ever going once to town, though I am almost in sight of it, and have a house there always ready to receive me. Nor has this been any sort of affectation, as some have thought it, but a mere want of desire or humor to make so small a remove; for when I am in this corner, I can truly say with Horace,

*Me quoties reficit gelidus Digentia rivus,
Quid sentire putas, quid credis, amice, pre-
care?
Sit mihi, quod nunc est, etiam minus, ut mihi
vivam
Quod superest ævi, si quid superesse volent
Dii.
Sit bona librorum, et provisæ frugis in annum
Copia, ne dubiæ fluitem spe pendulus horæ,
Hoc satis est orasse Jovem, qui donat et
aufert.*

Me when the cold Digentian stream revives,
 What does my friend believe I think or ask?
 Let me yet less possess, so I may live,
 Whate'er of life remains, unto myself.
 May I have books enough, and one year's
 store,
 Not to depend upon each doubtful hour;
 This is enough of mighty Jove to pray,
 Who, as he pleases, gives and takes away.

That which makes the cares of gardening more necessary, or at least more excusable, is, that all men eat fruit that can get it; so as the choice is only, whether one will eat good or ill; and between these the difference is not greater in point of taste and delicacy, than it is of health. For the first, I will only say, that whoever has used to eat good will do very great penance when he comes to ill; and for the other, I think nothing is more evident, than as ill or unripe fruit is extremely unwholesome, and causes so many untimely deaths, or so much sickness about autumn, in all great cities where it is greedily sold as well as eaten; so no part of diet in any season, is so healthful, so natural, and so agreeable to the stomach, as good and well ripened fruits. For this I will make the measure of their being good; and, let the kinds be what they will, if they will not ripen perfectly in our climate, they are better never planted or never eaten. I can say it for myself at least, and all my friends, that the season of summer fruits is ever the season of health with us, which I reckon from the beginning of June to the end of September; and for all sicknesses of the stomach (from which most others are judged to pro-

ceed) I do not think any that are, like me, the most subject to them, shall complain, whenever they eat thirty or forty cherries before meals, or like proportion of strawberries, white figs, soft peaches, or grapes perfectly ripe. But these after Michaelmas I do not think wholesome with us, unless attended by some fit of hot and dry weather, more than is usual after that season: when the frosts or the rain hath taken them, they grow dangerous, and nothing but the autumn and winter pears are to be reckoned in season, besides apples, which, with cherries, are of all others the most innocent food, and perhaps the best physic. Now whoever will be sure to eat good fruit must do it out of a garden of his own; for, besides the choice so necessary in the sorts, the soil, and so many other circumstances that go to compose a good garden and produce good fruits, there is something very nice in gathering them, and choosing the best, even from the same tree. The best sorts of all among us, which I esteem the white figs and the soft peaches, will not carry without suffering. The best fruit that is bought has no more of the master's care than how to raise the greatest gains. His business is to have as much fruit as he can upon as few trees; whereas the way to have it excellent is to have but little upon many trees. So that for all things out of a garden, either of salads or fruits, a poor man will eat better that has one of his own than a rich man that has none. And this is all I think of, necessary and useful to be known upon this subject.

OF HEALTH AND LONG LIFE

(Text: second collected edition, 1731)

I can truly say, that of all the paper I have blotted, which has been a great deal in my time, I have never written anything for the public without the intention of some public good. Whether I have succeeded or no is not my part to judge; and others, in what they tell me, may deceive either me or themselves. Good intentions are at least the seed of good actions; and every man

ought to sow them, and leave it to the soil or the seasons whether they come up or no, and whether he or any other gather the fruit.

I have chosen those subjects of these essays, wherein I take human life to be most concerned, and which are of most common use, or most necessary knowledge; and wherein, though I may not be able to

inform men more than they know, yet I may perhaps give them the occasion to consider more than they do.

This is a sort of instruction that no man can dislike, since it comes from himself, and is made without envy or fear, constraint or obligation, which make us commonly dislike what is taught us by others. All men would be glad to be their own masters, and should not be sorry to be their own scholars, when they pay no more for their learning than their own thoughts, which they have commonly more store of about them than they know what to do with, and which, if they do not apply to something of good use, nor employ about something of ill, they will trifle away upon something vain or impertinent. Their thoughts will be but waking dreams, as their dreams are but sleeping thoughts. Yet, of all sorts of instructions, the best is gained from our own thoughts as well as experience. For though a man may grow learned by other men's thoughts, yet he will grow wise or happy only by his own; the use of other men's towards these ends is but to serve for one's own reflections. Otherwise they are but like meat swallowed down for pleasure or greediness, which only charges the stomach, or fumes into the brain, if it be not well digested, and thereby turned into the very mass or substance of the body that receives it.

Some writers, in casting up the goods most desirable in life, have given them this rank; health, beauty, and riches. Of the first I find no dispute, but to the two others much may be said. For beauty is a good that makes others happy rather than one's self; and how riches should claim so high a rank, I cannot tell, when so great, so wise, and so good a part of mankind have in all ages preferred poverty before them. The Therapeutæ and Ebionites among the Jews, the primitive monks and modern friars among Christians, so many dervishes among the Mahometans, the Brachmans among the Indians, and all the ancient philosophers; who, whatever else they differed in, agreed in this of despising riches, and at best esteeming them an unnecessary trouble or incumbrance of life; so that whether

they are to be reckoned among goods or evils is yet left in doubt.

When I was young and in some idle company, it was proposed that everyone should tell what their three wishes should be, if they were sure to be granted. Some were very pleasant, and some very extravagant; mine were health, and peace, and fair weather; which, though out of the way among young men, yet perhaps might pass well enough among old. They are all of a strain, for health in the body is like peace in the state and serenity in the air. The sun, in our climate at least, has something so reviving, that a fair day is a kind of sensual pleasure, and of all others the most innocent.

Peace is a public blessing, without which no man is safe in his fortunes, his liberty, or his life. Neither innocence or laws are a guard of defence; no possessions are enjoyed but in danger or fear, which equally lose the pleasure and ease of all that fortune can give us. Health is the soul that animates all enjoyments of life, which fade and are tasteless, if not dead, without it. A man starves at the best and the greatest tables, makes faces at the noblest and most delicate wines, is old and impotent in seraglios of the most sparkling beauties, poor and wretched in the midst of the greatest treasures and fortunes. With common diseases strength grows decrepit, youth loses all vigor, and beauty all charms; music grows harsh; and conversation disagreeable; palaces are prisons, or of equal confinement; riches are useless, honor and attendance are cumbersome, and crowns themselves are a burden. But if diseases are painful and violent, they equal all conditions of life, make no difference between a prince and a beggar; and a fit of the stone or the colic puts a king to the rack, and makes him as miserable as he can do the meanest, the worst, and most criminal of his subjects.

To know that the passions or distempers of the mind make our lives unhappy, in spite of all accidents and favors of fortune, a man perhaps must be a philosopher; and requires much thought, and study and deep reflections. To be a Stoic, and grow insensible of pain, as well as poverty or disgrace, one must be perhaps something more

or less than a man, renounce common nature, oppose common truth and constant experience. But there needs little learning or study, more than common thought and observation, to find out that ill health loses not only the enjoyments of fortune, but the pleasures of sense, and even of imagination, and hinders the common operations both of body and mind from being easy and free. Let the philosophers reason and differ about the chief good or happiness of man; let them find it where they can, and place it where they please; but there is no mistake so gross, or opinion so impertinent (how common soever), as to think pleasures arise from what is without us, rather than from what is within; from the impression given us of objects, rather than from the disposition of the organs that receive them. The various effects of the same objects upon different persons, or upon the same persons at different times, make the contrary most evident. Some distempers make things look yellow, others double what we see; the commonest alter our tastes and our smells, and the very foulness of ears changes sounds. The difference of tempers, as well as of age, may have the same effect, by the many degrees of perfection or imperfection in our original tempers, as well as of strength or decay, from the differences of health and of years. From all which 'tis easy, without being a great naturalist, to conclude, that our perceptions are formed, and our imaginations raised upon them, in a very great measure, by the dispositions of the organs through which the several objects make their impressions; and that these vary according to the different frame and temper of the others; as the sound of the same breath passing through an open pipe a flute, or a trumpet.

But to leave philosophy, and return to health. Whatever is true in point of happiness depending upon the temper of the mind, 'tis certain that pleasures depend upon the temper of the body; and that, to enjoy them, a man must be well himself, as a vessel must be sound to have your wine sweet; for otherwise, let it be never so pleasant and so generous, it loses the taste; and pour in never so much, it all turns sour, and were better let alone. Who-

ever will eat well, must have a stomach; who will relish the pleasure of drinks, must have his mouth in taste; who will enjoy a beautiful woman, must be in vigor himself; nay, to find any felicity, or take any pleasure in the greatest advantages of honor and fortune, a man must be in health. Who would not be covetous, and with reason, if this could be purchased with gold? Who not ambitious, if it were at the command of power, or restored by honor? But alas! a white staff will not help gouty feet to walk better than a common cane; nor a blue ribband bind up a wound so well as a fillet; the glitter of gold or of diamonds will but hurt sore eyes, instead of curing them; and an aching head will be no more eased by wearing a crown than a common night-cap.

If health be such a blessing, and the very source of all pleasure, it may be worth the pains to discover the regions where it grows, the springs that feed it, the customs and methods by which 'tis best cultivated and preserved. Towards this end, it will be necessary to consider the examples or instances we meet with of health and long life; which is the consequence of it; and to observe the places, the customs, and the conditions of those who enjoyed them in any degree extraordinary; from whence we may best guess at the causes, and make the truest conclusions.

Of what passed before the Flood, we know little from Scripture itself, besides the length of their lives; so as I shall only observe upon that period of time that men are thought neither to have eat flesh nor drunk wine before it ended. For to Noah first seems to have been given the liberty of feeding upon living creatures, and the prerogative of planting the vine. Since that time we meet with little mention of very long lives in any stories either sacred or profane, besides the Patriarchs of the Hebrews, the Brachmans among the old Indians, and the Brazilians at the time that country was discovered by the Europeans. Many of these were said then to have lived two hundred, some three hundred years. The same terms of life are attributed to the old Brachmans; and how long those of the Patriarchs were is recorded in Scrip-

ture. Upon all these I shall observe, that the Patriarchs' abodes were not in cities, but in open countries and fields: that their lives were pastoral, or employed in some sorts of agriculture: that they were of the same race to which their marriages were generally confined: that their diet was simple, as that of the ancients is generally represented, among whom flesh or wine was seldom used but at sacrifices or solemn feasts. The Brachmans were all of the same races, lived in fields and in woods, after the course of their studies were ended, and fed only upon rice, milk, or herbs. The Brazilians, when first discovered, lived the most natural original lives of mankind, so frequently described in ancient countries, before laws, or property, or arts made entrance among them; and so their customs may be concluded to have been yet more simple than either of the other two. They lived without business or labor, further than for their necessary food, by gathering fruits, herbs, and plants. They knew no drink but water; were not tempted to eat nor drink beyond common thirst or appetite; were not troubled with either public or domestic cares, nor knew any pleasures but the most simple and natural.

From all these examples and customs it may probably be concluded, that the common ingredients of health and long life (where births are not impaired from the conception by any derived infirmities of the race they come from) are great temperance, open air, easy labor, little care, simplicity of diet, rather fruits and plants than flesh, which easier corrupts; and water, which preserves the radical moisture, without too much increasing the radical heat: whereas sickness, decay, and death proceed commonly from the one preying too fast upon the other, and at length wholly extinguishing it.

I have sometimes wondered that the regions of so much health and so long lives were all under very hot climates; whereas the most temperate are allowed to produce the strongest and most vigorous bodies. But weaker constitutions may last as long as the strong, if better preserved from accidents; so Venice glass, as long as an earthen pitcher, if carefully kept; and, for

one life that ends by mere decay of nature or age, millions are intercepted by accidents from without or diseases within; by untimely deaths or decays; from the effects of excess and luxury, immoderate repletion or exercise; the preying of our minds upon our bodies by long passions or consuming cares, as well as those accidents which are called violent. Men are perhaps most betrayed to all these dangers by great strength and vigor of constitution, by more appetite and larger fare in colder climates: in the warm, excesses are found more pernicious to health, and so more avoided; and, if experience and reflection do not cause temperance among them, yet it is forced upon them by the faintness of the appetite. I can find no better account of a story Sir Francis Bacon tells, of a very old man, whose customs and diet he inquired; but he said he observed none besides eating before he was hungry and drinking before he was dry; for by that rule he was sure never to eat nor drink much at a time. Besides, the warmth of air keeps the pores open, and by continual perspiration breathes out those humors, which breed most diseases, if in cooler climates it be not helped by exercise. And this I take to be the reason of our English constitutions finding so much benefit by the air of Montpelier, especially in long colds or consumptions, or rather lingering diseases; though I have known some who attributed the restoring of their health there as much to the fruits as the air of that place.

I know not whether there may be anything in the climate of Brazil more propitious to health than in other countries: for, besides what was observed among the natives upon the first European discoveries, I remember Don Francisco de Melo, a Portugal Ambassador in England, told me, it was frequent in his country for men spent with age or other decays, so as they could not hope for above a year or two of life, to ship themselves away in a Brazil fleet, and after their arrival there to go on a great length, sometimes of twenty or thirty years, or more, by the force of that vigor they recovered with that remove. Whether such an effect might grow from the air, or the fruits of that climate, or by approaching nearer

the sun, which is the fountain of life and heat, when their natural heat was so far decayed; or whether the piecing out of an old man's life were worth the pains, I cannot tell: perhaps the play is not worth the candle.

I do not remember, either in story or modern observation, any examples of long life common to any parts of Europe, which the temper of the climate has probably made the scene of luxury and excesses in diet. Greece and Rome were of old celebrated, or rather defamed, for those customs, when they were not known in Asia nor Africa; and how guilty our colder climates are in this point, beyond the warmer of Spain and Italy, is but too well known. It is common among Spaniards of the best quality not to have tasted pure wine at forty years old. 'Tis an honor to their laws, that a man loses his testimony who can be proved once to have been drunk; and I never was more pleased with any reply than that of a Spaniard, who, having been asked whether he had a good dinner at a friend's house, said, *Sí, señor, a via sabrado*; Yes, Sir, for there was something left. The great trade in Italy, and resort of strangers, especially of Germans, has made the use of wine something more frequent there, though not much among the persons of rank, who are observed to live longer at Rome and Madrid than in any other towns of Europe, where the qualities of the air force upon them the greatest temperance, as well as care and precaution. We read of many kings very long-lived in Spain, one I remember that reigned above seventy years. But Philip de Comines observes that none in France had lived to three score, from Charlemagne's time to that of Louis XI, whereas in England, from the Conquest to the end of Queen Elizabeth (which is a much shorter period of time), there have reigned five kings and one queen, whereof two lived sixty-five years, two sixty-eight, and two reached at least the seventieth year of their age. I wondered upon this subject when Monsieur Pomponne, French Ambassador in my time at The Hague, a person of great worth and learning, as well as observation, told me there, that in his life he had never heard of any man in France that arrived at a hundred

years; and I could imagine no reason for it, unless it be that the excellence of their climate, subject neither to much cold nor heat, gave them such a liveliness of temper and humor as disposed them to more pleasures of all kinds than any other countries. And, I doubt, pleasures too long continued, or rather too frequently repeated, may spend the spirits, and thereby life, too fast, to leave it very long; like blowing a fire too often, which makes it indeed burn the better, but last the less. For as pleasures perish themselves in the using, like flowers that fade with gathering, so it is neither natural nor safe to continue them long, to renew them without appetite, or ever to provoke them by arts or imagination where nature does not call, who can best tell us when and how much we need, or what is good for us, if we were so wise as to consult her. But a short life and a merry carries it, and is without doubt better than a long with sorrow and pain.

For the honor of our climate, it has been observed by ancient authors, that the Britons were longer-lived than any other nation to them known. And in modern times there have been more and greater examples of this kind than in any other countries of Europe. The story of old Parr is too late to be forgotten by many now alive, who was brought out of Derbyshire to the court in King Charles I's time, and lived to a hundred and fifty-three years old; and might have, as was thought, gone further, if the change of country air and diet for that of the town had not carried him off, perhaps untimely, at that very age. The late Robert Earl of Leicester, who was a person of great learning and observation, as well as of truth, told me several stories very extraordinary upon this subject; one, of a Countess of Desmond, married out of England in Edward IV's time, and who lived far in King James's reign, and was counted to have died some years above a hundred and forty; at which age she came from Bristol to London to beg some relief at court, having long been very poor by the ruin of that Irish family into which she was married.

Another he told me was of a beggar at a bookseller's shop, where he was some weeks

after the death of Prince Henry; and observing those that passed by, he was saying to his company, that never such a mourning had he seen in England. This beggar said, No, never since the death of Prince Arthur. My Lord Leicester, surprised, asked what she meant, and whether she remembered it. She said, Very well; and upon his more curious inquiry, told him that her name was Rainsford, of a good family in Oxfordshire: that, when she was about twenty years old, upon the falseness of a lover, she fell distracted; how long she had been so, nor what passed in that time, she knew not; that, when she was thought well enough to go abroad, she was fain to beg for her living; that she was some time at this trade before she recovered any memory of what she had been, or where bred; that, when this memory returned, she went down into her country, but hardly found the memory of any of her friends she had left there; and so returned to a parish in Southwark, where she had some allowance among other poor, and had been for many years; and once a week walked into the city, and took what alms were given her. My Lord Leicester told me he sent to inquire at the parish, and found their account agree with the woman's: upon which he ordered her to call at his house once a week, which she did for some time; after which he heard no more of her. This story raised some discourse upon a remark of some in the company that mad people are apt to live long. They alleged examples of their own knowledge: but the result was, that, if it were true, it must proceed from the natural vigor of their tempers, which disposed them to passions so violent as ended in frenzies; and from the great abstinence and hardships of diet they are forced upon by the methods of their cure, and severity of those who had them in care; no other drink but water being allowed them, and very little meat.

The last story I shall mention from that noble person, upon this subject, was of a morrice-dancer in Herefordshire; whereof, he said, he had a pamphlet still in his library, written by a very ingenious gentleman of that county, and which gave an account how such a year of King James's reign, there went about the country a set

of morrice-dancers, composed of ten men who danced, a Maid Marian, and a tabor and pipe: and how these twelve, one with another, made up twelve hundred years. It is not so much that so many in one small county should live to that age as that they should be in vigor and in humor to travel and to dance.

I have, in my life, met with two of above a hundred and twelve; whereof the woman had passed her life in service, and the man in common labor, till he grew old, and fell upon the parish. But I met with one who had gone a much greater length, which made me more curious in my inquiries. 'Twas an old man, who begged usually at a lonely inn upon the road in Staffordshire, who told me he was a hundred twenty-four years old; that he had been a soldier in the Calais voyage, under the Earl of Essex, of which he gave me a sensible account. That, after his return, he fell to labor in his own parish, which was about a mile from the place where I met him; that he continued to work till a hundred and twelve, when he broke one of his ribs by a fall from a cart, and being thereby disabled, he fell to beg. This agreeing with what the master of the house told me was reported and believed by all his neighbors, I asked him what his usual food was; he said, milk, bread, and cheese, and flesh when it was given him. I asked him what he used to drink; he said, O, Sir, we have the best water in our parish that is in all the neighborhood. Whether he never drank anything else? he said, Yes, if anybody gave it him, but not otherwise. And the host told me, he had got many a pound in his house, but never spent one penny. I asked if he had any neighbors as old as he; and he told me but one, who had been his fellow-soldier at Calais, and was three years older; but he had been most of his time in a good service, and had something to live on now he was old.

I have heard, and very credibly, of many in my life, above a hundred years old, brought as witnesses upon trials of titles, and bounds of land: but I have observed most of them have been of Derbyshire, Staffordshire, or Yorkshire, and none above the rank of common farmers. The oldest I

ever knew any persons of quality, or indeed any gentleman, either at home or abroad, was fourscore and twelve. This, added to all the former recites or observations, either of long-lived races or persons in any age or country, makes it easy to conclude, that health and long life are usually blessings of the poor, not of the rich, and the fruits of temperance rather than of luxury and excess. And, indeed, if a rich man does not in many things live like a poor, he will certainly be the worse for his riches: if he does not use exercise, which is but voluntary labor; if he does not restrain appetite by choice, as the others do by necessity. If he does not practise sometimes even abstinence and fasting, which is the last extreme of want and poverty: if his cares and troubles increase with his riches, or his passions with his pleasures, he will certainly impair in health whilst he improves his fortunes, and lose more than he gains by the bargain; since health is the best of all human possessions, and without which the rest are not relished or kindly enjoyed.

It is observable in story that the ancient philosophers lived generally very long; which may be attributed to their great temperance, and their freedom from common passions as well as cares of the world. But the friars, in many orders, seem to equal them in all these, and yet are not observed to live long, so as some other reason may be assigned. I can give none, unless it be the great and constant confinement of the last, and liberty of the others. I mean not only that of their persons to their cloisters (which is not universal among them), but their condition of life, so tied to rules, and so absolutely subject to their superiors' commands, besides the very confinement of their minds and thoughts to a certain compass of notions, speculations, and opinions. The philosophers took the greatest liberty that could be, and allowed their thoughts, their studies, and inventions, the most unconfined range over the whole universe. They both began and continued their profession and condition of life at their own choice, as well as their abodes; whereas among the friars, though they may be voluntary at first, yet, after their vows made, they grow necessary and thereby

constrained. Now 'tis certain that as nothing damps or depresses the spirits like great subjection or slavery, either of body or mind, so nothing nourishes, revives, and fortifies them like great liberty; which may possibly enter, among other reasons, of what has been observed about long life being found more in England than in others of our neighbor countries.

Upon the general and particular surveys already made, it may seem that the mountainous or barren countries are usually the scenes of health and long life; that they have been found rather in the hills of Palestine and Arcadia, than in the plains of Babylon or of Thessaly; and among us in England, rather upon the peak of Derbyshire, and the heaths of Staffordshire, than the fertile soils of other counties, that abound more in people and in riches. Whether this proceeds from the air being clearer of gross and damp exhalations, or from the meaner condition, and thereby harder fare, and more simple diet, or from the stronger nourishment of those grains and roots which grow in dry soils, I will not determine; but think it is evident, from common experience, that the natives and inhabitants of hilly and barren countries have not only more health in general, but also more vigor, than those of the plains or fertile soils, and usually exceed them even in size and stature: so the largest bodies of men that are found in these parts of Europe are the Switzers, the Highlanders of Scotland, and the northern Irish. I remember King Charles the Second (a prince of much and various knowledge, and curious observation) upon this subject, falling in discourse, asked me, what could be the reason that in mountainous countries the men were commonly larger, and yet the cattle of all sorts smaller, than in others. I could think of none, unless it were that appetite being more in both, from the air of such places, it happened that, by the care of parents in the education of children, these seldom wanted food of some sort or other enough to supply nature and satisfy appetite during the age of their growth, which must be the greater by the sharpness of hunger and strength of digestion in drier airs: for milk, roots, and oats

abound in such countries, though there may be scarcity of other food or grain. But the cattle, from the shortness of pasture and of fodder, have hardly enough to feed in summer; and very often want, in winter, even necessary food for sustenance of life; many are starved, and the rest stunted in their growth, which, after a certain age, never advances. Whether this be a good reason, or a better may be found, I believe one part of it will not be contested by any man that tries; which is, that the open dry air of hilly countries gives more stomach than that of plains and valleys, in which cities are commonly built, for the convenience of water, of trade, and the plenty of fruits and grains produced by the earth, with much greater increase and less labor in softer than in harder grounds. The faintness of appetite in such places, especially in great cities, makes the many endeavors to relieve and provoke it by art, where nature fails; and this is one great ground of luxury, and so many and various and extravagant inventions to heighten and improve it; which may serve perhaps for some refinement on pleasure, but not at all for any advantages of health or of life: on the contrary, all the great cities, celebrated most by the concourse of mankind, and by the inventions and customs of the greatest and most delicate luxury, are the scenes of the most frequent and violent plagues, as well as other diseases. Such are in our age Grand Cairo, Constantinople, Naples, and Rome; though the exact and constant care, in this last, helps them commonly to escape better than the others.

This introduces the use, and indeed the necessity, of physic in great towns and very populous countries, which remoter and more barren and desolate places are scarce acquainted with: for in the course of common life a man must often exercise, or fast, or take physic, or be sick; and the choice seems left to everyone as he likes. The two first are the best methods and means of preserving health; the use of physic is for restoring it, and curing those diseases which are generally caused by the want or neglect of the others; but is neither necessary, nor perhaps useful, for confirming the health, or to the length of life, being generally a

force upon nature; though the end of it seems to be rather assisting nature than opposing it in its course.

How ancient, how general the study or profession of this science has been in the world, and how various the practice, may be worth a little inquiry and observation, since it so nearly concerns our healths and lives. Greece must be allowed to have been the mother of this, as much or more than of other sciences, most whereof are transplanted thither from more ancient and more eastern nations. But this seems to have first risen there, and with good reason; for Greece having been the first scene of luxury we meet with in story, and having thereby occasioned more diseases, seemed to owe the world that justice of providing the remedies. Among the more simple and original customs and lives of other nations it entered late, and was introduced by the Grecians. In ancient Babylon, how great and populous soever, no physicians were known, nor other methods for the cure of diseases, besides abstinence, patience, domestic care; or when these succeeded not, exposing the patient in the market, to receive the instructions of any persons that passed by, and pretended by experience or inquiries to have learned any remedies for such an illness. The Persian emperors sent into Greece for the physicians they needed, upon some extremity at first, but afterwards kept them residing with them. In old Rome they were long unknown; and, after having entered there, and continued for some time, they were all banished, and returned not in many years, till their fondness of all the Grecian arts and customs restored this, and introduced all the rest among them; where they continued in use and esteem during the greatness of that empire. With the rise and progress of the fierce northern powers and arms, this, as well as all other learning, was in a manner extinguished in Europe. But when the Saracen empire grew to such a height in the more eastern and southern parts of the world, all arts and sciences, following the traces of greatness and security in states or governments, began to flourish there, and this among the rest. The Arabians seem to have first retrieved and restored it in the Mahometan dominions; and

the Jews in Europe, who were long the chief professors of it in the Gothic kingdoms; having been always a nation very mercenary, of great genius and application to all sorts of learning, after their dispersion; till they were discouraged by the persecutions of their religion and their persons among most of the Christian states. In the vast territories of India there are few physicians, or little esteemed, besides some European, or else of the race either of Jews or Arabs.

Through these hands and places this science has passed with greatest honor and applause: among others it has been less used or esteemed.

For the antiquity of it, and original in Greece, we must have recourse to Æsculapius, who lived in the age before the Trojan war, and whose son Macaon is mentioned to have assisted there; but whether as a physician or a surgeon, I do not find. How simple the beginnings of this art were, may be observed by the story of Æsculapius going about the country with a dog and a she-goat always following, both which he used much in his cures; the first for licking all ulcerated wounds, and the goat's milk for diseases of the stomach and lungs. We find little more recorded of either his methods or medicines; though he was so successful by his skill, or so admired for the novelty of his profession, as to have been honored with statues, esteemed son of Apollo, and worshipped as a god.

Whoever was accounted the god of physic, the prince of this science must be by all, I think, allowed to have been Hippocrates. He flourished in the time of the first renowned philosophers of Greece (the chief of whom was Democritus), and his writings are the most ancient of any that remain to posterity; for those of Democritus, and others of that age, are all lost, though many were preserved until the time of Antoninus Pius, and perhaps something later: and, it is probable, were suppressed by the pious zeal of some fathers, under the first Christian emperor. Those of Hippocrates escaped this fate of his age by being esteemed so useful to human life, as well as the most excellent upon all subjects he treats: for he was a great philosopher and naturalist before he began the study of physic, to

which both these are perhaps necessary. His rules and methods continued in practice as well as esteem without any dispute for many ages till the time of Galen; and I have heard a great physician say that his aphorisms are still the most certain and uncontrolled of any that science has produced. I will judge but of one, which, in my opinion, has the greatest race and height both of sense and judgment that I have read in few words, and the best expressed, *Ars longa, vita brevis, experientia fallax, occasio præceps, judicium difficile*. By which alone, if no more remained of that admirable person, we may easily judge how great a genius he was, and how perfectly he understood both nature and art.

In the time of Adrian, Galen began to change the practice and methods of physic, derived to that age from Hippocrates; and those of his new institution continue generally observed in our time. Yet Paracelsus, about two hundred years ago, endeavored to overthrow the whole scheme of Galen, and introduce a new one of his own, as well as the use of chemical medicines; and has not wanted his followers and admirers ever since, who have, in some measure, compounded with the Galenists, and brought a mixed use of chemical medicines into the present practice.

Dr. Harvey gave the first credit, if not rise, to the opinion about the circulation of the blood, which was expected to bring in great and general innovations into the whole practice of physic, but has had no such effect. Whether the opinion has not had the luck to be so well believed as proved, sense and experience having not well agreed with reason and speculation; or whether the scheme has not been pursued so far as to draw it into practice; or whether it be too fine to be capable of it, like some propositions in mathematics, how true and demonstrative soever, I will not pretend to determine.

These great changes or revolutions in the physical empire have given ground to many attacks that have been made against it, upon the score of its uncertainty, by several wise and learned men, as well as by many ignorant and malicious. Montaigne has written a great deal, and very ingen-

iously, upon this point; and some sharp Italians; and many physicians are too free upon the subject, in the conversation of their friends. But, as the noble Athenian inscription told Demetrius, that he was in so much a god as he acknowledged himself to be a man; so we may say of physicians, that they are the greater in so much as they know and confess the weakness of their art. It is certain, however, that the study of physic is not achieved in any eminent degree, without very great advancements in other sciences; so that, whatever the profession is, the professors have been generally very much esteemed upon that account, as well as of their own art, as the most learned men of their ages, and thereby shared with the two other great professions in those advantages most commonly valued and most eagerly pursued; whereof the divines seem to have had the most honor, the lawyers the most money, and the physicians the most learning. I have known, in my time, at least five or six, that, besides their general learning, were the greatest wits in the compass of my conversation. And whatever can be said of the uncertainty of their art, or disagreement of its professors, they may, I believe, confidently undertake, that when divines arrive at certainty in their schemes of divinity, or lawyers in those of law, or politicians in those of civil government, the physicians will do it likewise in the methods and practice of physic; and have the honor of finding out the universal medicine, at least as soon as the chemists shall the philosopher's stone.

The great defects in this excellent science seem to me chiefly to have proceeded from the professors' application (especially since Galen's time) running so much upon method, and so little upon medicine; and in this to have addicted themselves so much to composition, and neglected too much the use of simples, as well as the inquiries and records of specific remedies.

Upon this occasion, I have sometimes wondered why a registry has not been kept in the colleges of physicians, of all such as have been invented by any professors of every age, found out by study or by chance, learned by inquiry, and approved by their

practice and experience. This would supply the want of skill and study; arts would be improved by the experience of many ages, and derived by the succession of ancestors. As many professions are tied to certain races in several nations, so this of physic has been in some, by which parents were induced to the cares of improving and augmenting their knowledge, as others do their estates; because they were to descend to their posterity, and not die with themselves, as learning does in vulgar hands. How many methods as well as remedies are lost for want of this custom in the course of ages! and which perhaps were of greater effect, and of more common benefit, than those that, succeeding in their places, have worn out the memory of the former, either by chance or negligence, or different humors of persons and times.

Among the Romans there were four things much in use, whereof some are so far out of practice in ours, and other late ages, as to be hardly known any more than by their names; these were bathing, fumigation, friction, and jactation. The first, though not wholly disused among us, yet is turned out of the service of health to that of pleasure; but may be of excellent effect in both. It not only opens the pores, provokes sweat, and thereby allays heat; supple the joints and sinews; unwearies and refreshes more than anything, after too great labor and exercise; but is of great effect in some acute pains, as of the stone and colic; and disposes to sleep, when many other remedies fail. Nor is it improbable that all good effects of any natural baths may be imitated by the artificial, if composed with care and skill of able naturalists or physicians.

Fumigation, or the use of scents, is not, that I know, at all practised in our modern physic, nor the power and virtue of them considered among us; yet they may have as much to do good, for aught I know, as to do harm, and contribute to health as well as to diseases; which is too much felt by experience in all that are infectious, and by the operations of some poisons that are received only by the smell. How reviving as well as pleasing some scents of herbs or flowers are, is obvious to all: how great

virtues they may have in diseases, especially of the head, is known to few, but may be easily conjectured by any thinking man. What is recorded of Democritus is worth remarking upon this subject; that being spent with age, and just at the point of death, and his sister bewailing that he should not live till the feast of Ceres, which was to be kept three or four days after; he called for loaves of new bread to be brought him, and with the steam of them under his nose prolonged his life till the feast was passed, and then died. Whether a man may live some time, or how long, by the steam of meat, I cannot tell; but the justice was great, if not the truth, in that story of a cook, who observing a man to use it often in his shop, and asking money, because he confessed to save his dinner by it, was adjudged to be paid by the chinking of his coin. I remember, that walking in a long gallery of the Indian House at Amsterdam, where vast quantities of mace, cloves, and nutmegs were kept in great open chests ranged all along one side of the room, I found something so reviving by the perfumed air, that I took notice of it to the company with me, which was a great deal, and they were all sensible of the same effect: which is enough to show the power of smells, and their operations both upon health and humor.

Friction is of great and excellent use, and of very general practice in the eastern countries, especially after their frequent bathings; it opens the pores, and is the best way of all forced perspiration; is very proper and effectual in all swellings and pains of the joints, or others in the flesh, which are not to be drawn to a head and break. It is a saying among the Indians that none can be much troubled with the gout who have slaves enough to rub them; and is the best natural account of some stories I have heard of persons who were said to cure several diseases by stroking.

Jactations were used for some amusement and allay in great and constant pains, and to relieve that intranquillity which attends most diseases, and makes men often impatient of lying still in their beds. Besides, they help or occasion sleep, as we find by the common use and experience of

rocking froward children in cradles, or dandling them in their nurse's arms. I remember an old Prince Maurice of Nassau, who had been accustomed to hammocks in Brazil, and used them frequently all his life after, upon the pains he suffered by the stone or gout; and thought he found ease, and was allured to sleep by the constant motion or swinging of those airy beds, which was assisted by a servant, if they moved too little by the springs upon which they hung.

In Egypt of old, and at this time in Barbary, the general method of cures in most diseases is by burning with a hot iron; so as the bodies of their slaves are found often to have many scars upon them remaining of these operations. But this, and other uses and effects of fire, I have taken notice enough of, in an *Essay Upon the Indian Cure by Moxa in the Gout*.

The ancient native Irish, and the Americans at the time of the first European discoveries and conquests there, knew nothing of physic beyond the virtues of herbs and plants. And, in this, the most polished nation agrees in a great measure with those that were esteemed most barbarous; and where the learning and voluptuousness are as great as were the native simplicity and ignorance of the others. For in China, though their physicians are admirable in the knowledge of the pulse, and by that, in discovering the causes of all inward diseases, yet their practice extends little further in the cures beyond the methods of diet, and the virtues of herbs and plants either inwardly taken or outwardly applied.

In the course of my life I have often pleased or entertained myself with observing the various and fantastical changes of the diseases generally complained of, and of the remedies in common vogue, which were like birds of passage, very much seen or heard of at one season, and disappeared at another, and commonly succeeded by some of a very different kind. When I was very young nothing was so much feared or talked of as rickets among children, and consumptions among young people of both sexes. After these the spleen came in play, and grew a formal disease: then the scurvy, which was the general complaint, and both were thought to appear in many various

guises. After these, and for a time, nothing was so much talked of as the ferment of the blood, which passed for the cause of all sorts of ailments that neither physicians nor patients knew well what to make of. And to all these succeeded vapors, which serve the same turn, and furnish occasion of complaint among persons whose bodies or minds ail something, but they know not what; and, among the Chinese, would pass for mists of the mind or fumes of the brain, rather than indispositions of any other parts. Yet these employ our physicians perhaps more than other diseases, who are fain to humor such patients in their fancies of being ill, and to prescribe some remedies, for fear of losing their practice to others that pretend more skill in finding out the cause of diseases, or care in advising remedies, which neither they nor their patients find any effect of, besides some gains to one, and amusement to the other. This, I suppose, may have contributed much to the mode of going to the waters either cold or hot, upon so many occasions, or else upon none besides that of entertainment, and which commonly may have no other effect. And it is well if this be the worst of the frequent use of those waters, which, though commonly innocent, yet are sometimes dangerous, if the temper of the person or cause of the indisposition be unhappily mistaken, especially in people of age.

As diseases have changed vogue, so have remedies, in my time and observation. I remember at one time the taking of tobacco, at another the drinking of warm beer, proved for universal remedies; then swallowing of pebble stones, in imitation of falconers curing hawks. One doctor pretended to help all heats and fevers, by drinking as much cold spring water as the patient could bear; at another time, swallowing up a spoonful of powder of sea-biscuit after meals was infallible for all indigestion, and so preventing diseases: then coffee and tea began their successive reigns. The infusions of powder of steel have had their turns, and certain drops, of several names and compositions; but none that I find have established their authority, either long or generally, by any constant and sensible successes of their reign, but have rather passed

like a mode, which everyone is apt to follow, and finds the most convenient or graceful while it lasts; and begins to dislike in both those respects when it goes out of fashion.

Thus men are apt to play with their healths and their lives, as they do with their clothes; which may be the better excused since both are so transitory, so subject to be spoiled with common use, to be torn by accidents, and at best to be so soon worn out. Yet the usual practice of physic among us runs still the same course, and turns, in a manner, wholly upon evacuation, either by bleeding, vomits, or some sorts of purgation; though it be not often agreed among physicians in what cases or what degrees any of these are necessary; nor among other men, whether any of them are necessary or no. Montaigne questions whether purging ever be so, and from many ingenious reasons: the Chinese never let blood; and, for the other, it is very probable that nature knows her own wants and times so well, and so easily finds her own relief that way, as to need little assistance, and not well to receive the common violences that are offered her. I remember three in my life and observation who were downright killed with vomits, as they could have been with daggers; and I can say for myself, upon an accident very near mortal, when I was young, that, sending for the two best physicians of the town, the first prescribed me a vomit, and immediately sent it me: I had the grace or sense to refuse it till the other came, who told me, if I had taken it, I could not have lived half an hour. I observed a consult of physicians, in a fever of one of my near friends, perplexed to the last degree whether to let him blood or no, and not able to resolve, till the course of the disease had declared itself, and thereby determined them. Another of my friends was so often let blood, by his first physician, that a second who was sent for questioned whether he would recover it; the first persisted the blood must be drawn till some good appeared; the other affirmed that in such diseases the whole mass was corrupted, but would purify again when the accident was past, like wine after a fermentation, which

makes all in the vessel thick and foul for a season; but, when that is past, grows clear again of itself. So much is certain, that it depends a great deal upon the temper of the patient, the nature of the disease in its first causes, upon the skill and care of the physician to decide whether any of these violences upon nature are necessary or no, and whether they are like to do good or harm.

The rest of our common practice consists in various compositions of innocent ingredients, which feed the hopes of the patient, and the apothecary's gains, but leave nature to her course, who is the sovereign physician in most diseases, and leaves little for others to do, further than to watch accidents; where they know no specific remedies, to prescribe diets; and, above all, to prevent disorders from the stomach, and take care that nature be not employed in the kitchen, when she should be in the field to resist her enemy; and that she should not be weakened in her spirits and strength, when they are most necessary to support and relieve her. It is true, physicians must be in danger of losing their credit with the vulgar, if they should often tell a patient he has no need of physic, and prescribe only rules of diet or common use; most people would think they had lost their fee; but the excellence of a physician's skill and care is discovered by resolving first whether it be best in the case to administer any physic or none, to trust to nature or to art; and the next, to give such prescriptions, as, if they do no good, may be sure to do no harm.

In the midst of such uncertainties of health and of physic, for my own part I have, in the general course of my life, and of many acute diseases, as well as some habitual, trusted to God Almighty, to nature, to temperance, or abstinence, and the use of common remedies, either vulgarly known and approved like proverbs by long observation and experience, either of my own or such persons as have fallen in the way of my observation or inquiry.

Among the plants of our soil and climate, those I esteem of greatest virtue and most friendly to health, are sage, rue, saffron, alehoof, garlic, and elder. Sage deserves

not only the just reputation it has been always in of a very wholesome herb, in common uses and generally known, but is admirable in consumptive coughs, of which I have cured some very desperate, by a draft every morning of spring water, with a handful of sage boiled in it, and continued for a month. I do not question that, if it were used as tea, it would have at least in all kinds as good an effect upon health, if not of so much entertainment to the taste, being perhaps not so agreeable; and I had reason to believe when I was in Holland that vast quantities of sage were carried to the Indies yearly, as well as of tea brought over from those countries into ours.

Rue is of excellent use for all illnesses of the stomach that proceed from cold or moist humors; a great digester and restorer of appetite; dispels wind, helps perspiration, drives out ill humors, and thereby comes to be so much prescribed, and so commonly used in pestilential airs, and upon apprehensions of any contagion. The only ill of it lies in the too much or too frequent use, which may lessen or impair the natural heat of the stomach, by the greater heat of an herb very hot and dry; and therefore the juice made up with sugar into small pills, and swallowed only two or three at nights or mornings, and only when there is occasion, is the most innocent way of using it.

Saffron is, of all others, the safest and most simple cordial, the greatest reviver of the heart and cheerer of the spirits and cannot be of too common use in diet, any more than in medicine. The spirit of saffron is, of all others, the noblest and most innocent, and yet of the greatest virtue. I have known it restore a man out of the very agonies of death, when left by all physicians as wholly desperate. But the use of this and all spirits ought to be employed only in cases very urgent, either of decays or pains; for all spirits have the same effect with that mentioned of rue, which is, by frequent use, to destroy, and at last to extinguish the natural heat of the stomach; as the frequent drinking wine at meals does in a degree, and with time, but that of all strong waters more sensibly and more dangerously. Yet a long custom of either cannot

be suddenly broken without danger too, and must be changed with time, with lessening the proportions by degrees, with shorter first, and then with longer intermissions.

Alehoof, or ground-ivy is, in my opinion, of the most excellent and most general use and virtue of plants we have among us. It is allowed to be most sovereign for the eyes, admirable in frenzies, either taken inwardly or outwardly applied. Besides, if there be a specific remedy or prevention of the stone, I take it to be the constant use of alehoof ale, whereof I have known several experiences by others, and can, I thank God, allege my own for about ten years past. This is the plant with which all our ancestors made their common drink, when the inhabitants of this island were esteemed the longest livers of any in the known world; and the stone is said to have first come among us after hops were introduced here, and the staleness of beer brought into custom by preserving it long. It is known enough, how much this plant has been decried, how generally soever it has been received in these maritime northern parts; and the chief reason, which I believe gave it vogue at first, was the preserving beer upon long sea voyages: but for common health, I am apt to think the use of heath or broom had been of much more advantage, though none yet invented of so great and general as that of alehoof, which is certainly the greatest cleanser of any plant known among us; and which in old England signified that which was necessary to the drinking of ale, the common or rather universal drink heretofore of our nation.

Garlic has of all our plants the greatest strength, affords most nourishment, and supplies most spirits to those who eat little flesh, as the poorer people seldom do in the hotter, and especially the more eastern climates; so that the labor of the world seems to be performed by the force and virtue of garlic, leeks, and onions, no other food of herbs or plants yielding strength enough for much labor. Garlic is of great virtue in all colics, a great strengthener of the stomach upon decays of appetite or indigestion, and I believe is (if at least there be any such) a specific remedy of the gout.

I have known great testimonies of this kind within my acquaintance, and have never used it myself upon this occasion, without an opinion of some success or advantage. But I could never long enough bear the constraint of a diet I found not very agreeable myself, and at least fancied offensive to the company I conversed with.

Besides, this disease is to me so hereditary, and comes into my veins from so many ancestors, that I have reason to despair of any cure but the last, and content myself to fence against it by temperance and patience, without hopes of conquering such an inveterate enemy. Therefore I leave the use of garlic to such as are inveigled into the gout by the pleasure of too much drinking, the ill effects whereof are not more relieved by any other diet than by this plant, which is so great a drier and opener, especially by perspiration. Nor is it less used in many parts abroad as physic than as food. In several provinces of France it is usual to fall into a diet of garlic for a fortnight or three weeks, upon the first fresh butter of the spring; and the common people esteem it a preservative against the diseases of the ensuing year; and a broth of garlic or onions is so generally used the next day after a debauch as to be called *soupe à l'ivrogne*. This is enough to show the use as well as virtues of this northern spice, which is in mighty request among the Indians themselves, in the midst of so many others that enrich and perfume those noble regions.

Elder is of great virtue of all indispositions arising from any watery humors; and not only the flowers and berries, but even the green bark, are used with effect and perhaps equal success in their seasons. I have been told of some great cures of the gout by the succeeding use of all three throughout the year; but I have been always too libertine, for any great and long subjections, to make the trials. The spirit of elder is sovereign in colics; and the use of it, in general, very beneficial in scurvies and dropsies: though, in the last, I esteem broom yet of more virtue, either brewed in common drink, or the ashes taken in white wine every morning: which may perhaps pass for a specific remedy; whereof

we may justly complain, that, after so long experience of so learned a profession as physic, we yet know so very few.

That which has passed of latter years for the most allowed in this kind, has been the quinquina, or Jesuits' powder, in fevers, but especially agues. I can say nothing of it upon any experience of my own, nor any within my knowledge. I remember its entrance upon our stage with some disadvantage, and the repute of leaving no cures without danger of worse returns. But the credit of it seems now to be established by common use and prescription, and to be improved by new and singular preparations; whereof I have very good and particular reasons to affirm that they are all amusements; and that what virtue there is in this remedy lies in the naked simple itself, as it comes over from the Indies, and in the choice of that which is least dried, or perished by the voyage.

The next specific I esteem to be that little insect called millepedes: the powder whereof, made up into little balls with fresh butter, I never knew fail of curing any sore throat: it must lie at the root of the tongue, and melt down at leisure upon going to bed. I have been assured that Doctor Mayerne used it as a certain cure for all cancers in the breast; and should be very tedious if I should tell here how much the use of it has been extolled by several within my knowledge, upon the admirable effects for the eyes, the scurvy, and the gout; but there needs no more to value it, than what the ancient physicians affirm of it in those three words:

<i>Digerit,</i>	<i>Aperit,</i>	<i>Abstergit.</i>
It digests,	It opens,	It cleanses.

For rheums in the eyes and the head, I take a leaf of tobacco, put into the nostrils for an hour each morning, to be a specific medicine: or betony, if the other be too strong or offensive. The effect of both is to draw rheums off the head, through their proper and natural channel. And, as old Prince Maurice of Nassau told me, he had by this preserved his eyes, to so great an age, after the danger of losing them at thirty years old; and I have ever since used it with the same success, after great rea-

sons near that age to apprehend the loss or decays of mine.

In times and places of great contagion, the strongest preservative yet known is a piece of myrrh held in the mouth when or where the danger is most apprehended; which I have both practised and taught many others with success, in several places where cruel plagues have raged: though in such cases, after all, the best and safest is to run away as soon as one can. Yet, upon this occasion, I think myrrh may pass for a specific in prevention; and may, for aught I know, be of use in remedies, as the greatest remedy of corruption; which is known by the use of embalmings in the East.

For all illnesses of stomach, or indigestions, proceeding from hot or sharp humors, to which my whole family has been much subject, as well as very many of my acquaintance, and for which, powder of crabs'-eyes and claws and burnt egg-shells are often prescribed as sweeteners of any sharp humors, I have never found anything of much or certain effect, besides the eating of strawberries, common cherries, white figs, soft peaches, or grapes, before every meal during their seasons; and when those are past, apples after meals; but all must be very ripe. And this, by my own and all my friends' experience who have tried it, I reckon for a specific medicine in this illness, so frequently complained of; at least, for the two first I never knew them fail; and the usual quantity is about forty cherries, without swallowing either skin or stone. I observe this the rather, because the recourse commonly made in this case to strong waters I esteem very pernicious, and which inevitably destroys the stomach with frequent use. The best, at least most innocent of all distilled liquors, is milk-water, made with balm, carduus, mint, and wormwood; which has many good effects in illnesses of the stomach, and none ill. The best and safest strong water, if any be so, for common use, I esteem to be that made of juniper berries especially in accidents of stone or colic.

Of all cordials, I esteem my Lady Kent's powder the best, the most innocent, and the most universal; though the common prac-

tice of physic abounds in nothing more, and the virtue seems to be little else, besides an allusion of the name to the heart.

Upon the gout I have writ what I had known or practised, in an essay of moxa; and upon the spleen, what I had observed, in a chapter upon the dispositions of the people in the Netherlands. I shall only add for the help of my fellow-sufferers in the first, that, besides what is contained in the former essay, and since those pains have grown more diffused, and less fixed in one point, so as to be burned with moxa, which never failed of giving me present ease, I have found the most benefit from three methods. The first is, that of moving the joint where the pain begins as long as I am in my bed; which I have often done, and counted five or six hundred times or more, till I found first a great heat, and then perspiration, in the part; the heat spends or disperses the humor within, and the perspiration drives it out; and I have escaped many threats of ill fits by these motions. If they go on, the only poultice or plaster I have dealt with is wool from the belly of a fat sheep, which has often given me ease in a very little time. If the pains grow sharp and the swellings so diffused as not to be burned with moxa, the best remedy I have found is a piece of scarlet dipped in scalding brandy, laid upon the afflicted part, and the heat often renewed by dropping it upon the scarlet as hot as can be endured. And from this I have often found the same success as from moxa, and without breaking the skin or leaving any sore.

To what I have said in another place of the spleen, I shall only add here, that whatever the spleen is, whether a disease of the part so called, or of people that ail something, but they know not what; it is certainly a very ill ingredient into any other disease, and very often dangerous. For, as hope is the sovereign balsam of life, and the best cordial in all distempers both of body or mind; so fear, and regret, and melancholy apprehensions, which are the usual effects of the spleen, with the distractions, disquiets, or at least intranquillity they occasion, are the worst accidents that can attend any diseases; and make them

often mortal, which would otherwise pass, and have had but a common course. I have known the most busy ministers of state, most fortunate courtiers, most vigorous youths, most beautiful virgins, in the strength or flower of their age, sink under common distempers, by the force of such weights, and the cruel damps and disturbances thereby given their spirits and their blood. It is no matter what is made the occasion, if well improved by spleen and melancholy apprehensions; a disappointed hope, a blot of honor, a strain of conscience, an unfortunate love, an aching jealousy, a repining grief, will serve the turn, and all alike.

I remember an ingenious physician, who told me, in the fanatic times, he found most of his patients so disturbed by troubles of conscience that he was forced to play the divine with them, before he could begin the physician; whose greatest skill perhaps often lies in the infusing of hopes, and inducing some composure and tranquillity of mind, before they enter upon the other operations of their art; and this ought to be the first endeavor of the patient too; without which, all other medicines may lose their virtue.

The two greatest blessings of life are, in my opinion, health and good humor; and none contribute more to one another. Without health, all will allow life to be but a burden, and the several conditions of fortune to be all wearisome, dull, or disagreeable, without good humor; nor does any seem to contribute towards the true happiness of life but as it serves to increase that treasure or to preserve it. Whatever other differences are commonly apprehended in the several conditions of fortune, none perhaps will be found so true or so great as what is made by those two circumstances, so little regarded in the common course of pursuits of mortal men.

Whether long life be a blessing or no, God Almighty only can determine, who alone knows what length it is like to run, and how it is like to be attended. Socrates used to say that it was pleasant to grow old with good health and a good friend; and he might have reason. A man may be content to live while he is no trouble to him-

self or his friends; but, after that, it is hard if he be not content to die. I knew and esteemed a person abroad, who used to say, a man must be a mean wretch that desired to live after threescore years old. But so much, I doubt, is certain, that in life, as in wine, he that will drink it good must not draw it to dregs.

Where this happens, one comfort of age may be that whereas younger men are usually in pain when they are not in pleasure, old men find a sort of pleasure whenever they are out of pain. And, as young men often lose or impair their present enjoyments by raving after what is to come, by vain hopes, or fruitless fears, so old men relieve the wants of their age, by pleasing reflections upon what is past. Therefore men in the health and vigor of their age should endeavor to fill their lives with reading, with travel, with the best conversation, and the worthiest actions, either in their public or their private stations; that they may have something agreeable left to feed on when they are old, by pleasing remembrances.

But, as they are only the clean beasts which chew the cud, when they have fed enough; so they must be clean and virtuous men that can reflect with pleasure upon the past accidents or courses of their lives. Besides, men who grow old with good sense, or good fortunes, and good nature, cannot want the pleasure of pleasing others, by assisting with their gifts, their credit, and their advice, such as deserve it; as well as their care of children, kindness to friends, and bounty to servants.

But there cannot indeed live a more unhappy creature than an ill-natured old man, who is neither capable of receiving pleasures, nor sensible of doing them to others; and, in such a condition, it is time to leave them.

Thus have I traced in this essay whatever has fallen in my way or thoughts to observe concerning life and health, and which I conceived might be of any public use to be known or considered. The plainness wherewith it is written easily shows there could be no other intention; and it may at least pass like a Derbyshire charm, which is used among sick cattle, with these words, If it does thee no good, it will do thee no harm.

To sum up all, the first principle of health and long life is derived from the strength of our race or our birth; which gave occasion to that saying, *Gaudeant bene nati*, Let them rejoice that are happily born. Accidents are not in our power to govern; so that the best cares or provisions for life and health that are left us consist in the discreet and temperate government of diet and exercise: in both which all excess is to be avoided, especially in the common use of wine, whereof the first glass may pass for health, the second for good humor, the third for our friends, but the fourth is for our enemies.

For temperance in other kinds, or in general, I have given its character and virtues in the essay of moxa, so as to need no more upon that subject here.

When, in default or despite of all these cares, or by the effect of ill airs and seasons, acute or strong diseases may arise, recourse must be had to the best physicians that are in reach, whose success will depend upon thought and care, as much as skill. In all diseases of body or mind, it is happy to have an able physician for a friend, or discreet friend for a physician; which is so great a blessing that the wise man will have it to proceed only from God, where he says, "A faithful friend is the medicine of life, and he that fears the Lord shall find him."

JOHN DRYDEN

(1631-1700)

Dryden's dates are very suggestive to the student of English literature. Born fifteen years after Shakespeare's death, and in the year that Donne and Drayton died, his life spanned the rest of the century, all the important changes of which he saw, and a great part of which he was. He passed away on the last May Day of the old century, in the year that ushered in James Thomson, the forerunner of a new and different order of literature. Dryden's family were of Puritan stock and became Commonwealth men. His early education was received at Westminster School, and he entered Cambridge in 1650, at the age of nineteen. Like Bacon and Milton, he had some conflicts with the academic authorities, was "discommuned" and obliged to apologize to the vice-master. He was a confirmed Londoner, like those other kings of English letters, Ben Jonson, Mr. Pope, and Dr. Johnson, and he would have agreed with the latter that he who could not be happy in London was incapable of being happy anywhere. Dryden came to the capital at the age of twenty-six to seek his fortune, and remained for the rest of his life, supporting himself largely by writing plays. In 1663 he married Lady Elizabeth Howard, the sister of his friend, Sir Robert Howard, the "Crites" of the *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*.

Dryden's genius kindled slowly. His first play, *The Wild Gallant*, was notably unsuccessful, and his first long poem, *Annus Mirabilis*, is sufficiently faulty. But he was indefatigable, and within some fifteen years he produced no fewer than eighteen plays, of almost as many different styles and degrees of merit. The *Essay of Dramatic Poesy* appeared in 1668, continuing an earlier controversy with Sir Robert Howard with respect to the use of rhyme in tragic scenes, and extending to a multilateral discussion of the relative merits of ancients and moderns, French and English, and of regular and irregular drama. In 1670 he was appointed Poet Laureate, the last of the giants to hold that office before the flood of mediocrities which lasted until the nineteenth century. The so-called Popish Plot of 1681 gave him the occasion to try his hand at political satire, and his *Absalom and Achitophel*, published a few days before the trial of Shaftesbury in November of that year, went through two editions in the first month. It is still, perhaps, the greatest political satire in English. When Shadwell attacked Dryden as Poet Laureate in *The Medal of John Bayes*, Dryden turned and rent him in the terribly satirical *MacFlecknoe*.

Having succeeded in political controversy, he next turned his pen to theology, and in his *Religio Laici*, 1682, he expounded and defended the faith of the Church of England. It is interesting and characteristic that the next important work from his pen was a defence of the Church of Rome — *The Hind and the Panther*, 1687 — the ablest perhaps of all his poems. Between the composition of these two poems he had, of course, changed his religion. When, in 1688, the Catholic James II fled and the new sovereigns, William and Mary, entered, Dryden lost all his hopes and his holdings, and had the supreme mortification of seeing the despised Shadwell succeed him as Poet Laureate. Although now nearly sixty, he bravely started in to producing more plays, translated Virgil, Persius, and Juvenal, wrote at one sitting the fine ode, *Alexander's Feast*, and finally, in November, 1699, finished his *Fables*. He died in the following May and was given one of the most elaborate funerals in literary annals, and buried between Chaucer and Cowley in Westminster Abbey.

Every discussion of Dryden must sooner or later touch on the question of his inconsistencies, religious, political, and literary. And English history affords few examples of inconsistency more striking than that of Dryden. He could in one year, 1659, pen *Heroic Stanzas* to the memory of Oliver Cromwell, and in the next year write *Astræa Redux* to celebrate the Restoration, and follow this in 1661 with a Panegyric on the Coronation. We have already noted his agility in reversing his position from that of a defender of the Church of England to that of an antagonist who could represent it as a panther attacking the true Church of Rome. He could and did, by example and precept, uphold the use of rhyme in tragedy, and

then, for a while at least, fell under the romantic Shakespeare's influence and repudiated the use of it. Perhaps the most and the best that can be said for him is that he was too easily swayed by current opinions, forces, and emotions, and, when one stimulus had passed and another had arrived, he responded as readily to the new impulse as he had to the old. He escaped mental stagnation by such a course, but it must be said that he illustrates as well as any figure in our literature Newton's laws of motion as applied to the realm of humanity. Good-natured and easy-going, friendly and modest and entirely lacking in aggressiveness, he was, in his chair at Will's Coffee House, the centre of literary London. But once he had an enemy to attack, or a thesis to support, he threw discretion and generosity and often truth itself to the winds, and produced epigrammatic verse and prose which are among the most striking in the language.

It is strange that, although Dryden is one of the most prolific writers of English drama, his plays are now rarely read and never performed, and constitute a relatively unimportant part of the corpus of English dramatic literature. As a poet he is not of the first rank, although he is always mentioned with poets of the first rank. It is curious, too, that the great Poet Laureate should survive chiefly as one of the great prose-writers of modern English. He thought in prose rather than in verse, and the pithy and vigorous sentences of his essays represent a complete antithesis to the long, sonorous Latinized sentences of Raleigh, Donne, and Browne. He is, moreover, one of the earliest examples of that modern type, the man of letters, the man who lives by his pen, and whose every line is written with a sense of its commercial value somewhere in his mind. He is properly and happily styled the father of English criticism, and herein again his modernity is attested. But his essays are marked by something more than modernity, for the soundness and saneness of much of his criticism, and the unflinching good sense of such a work as the Preface to the Fables, is timeless and permanent. The year of his death, 1700, marks more than the close of a century. It is the end of an era in English literature of which he was the last great figure.

AN ESSAY OF DRAMATIC POESY

(Text: third edition, 1693)

TO THE READER

The drift of the ensuing discourse was chiefly to vindicate the honor of our English writers, from the censure of those who unjustly prefer the French before them. This I intimate, lest any should think me so exceedingly vain as to teach others an art which they understand much better than myself. But if this incorrect Essay, written in the country without the help of books or advice of friends, shall find any acceptance in the world, I promise to myself a better success of the Second Part, wherein I shall more fully treat of the virtues and faults of the English poets, who have written either in this, the epic, or the lyric way.

AN ESSAY OF DRAMATIC POESY

It was that memorable day,¹ in the first summer of the late war, when our navy engaged the Dutch; a day wherein the two

most mighty and best appointed fleets which any age had ever seen disputed the command of the greater half of the globe, the commerce of nations, and the riches of the universe: while these vast floating bodies, on either side, moved against each other in parallel lines, and our countrymen, under the happy conduct of his royal highness, went breaking, by little and little, into the line of the enemies; the noise of the cannon from both navies reached our ears about the city, so that all men being alarmed with it, and in a dreadful suspense of the event, which they knew was then deciding, everyone went following the sound as his fancy led him; and leaving the town almost empty, some took towards the park, some cross the river, others down it; all seeking the noise in the depth of silence.

Among the rest, it was the fortune of Eugenius,² Crites,³ Lisideius,⁴ and Nean-

¹ June 3, 1665.

² Charles Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, later sixth Earl of Dorset.

³ Sir Robert Howard, brother of Dryden's wife.

⁴ Sir Charles Sedley.

der,⁵ to be in company together; three of them persons whom their wit and quality have made known to all the town; and whom I have chose to hide under these borrowed names, that they may not suffer by so ill a relation as I am going to make of their discourse.

Taking then a barge, which a servant of Lisideius had provided for them, they made haste to shoot the bridge, and left behind them that great fall of waters which hindered them from hearing what they desired: after which, having disengaged themselves from many vessels which rode at anchor in the Thames, and almost blocked up the passage towards Greenwich, they ordered the watermen to let fall their oars more gently; and then, everyone favoring his own curiosity with a strict silence, it was not long ere they perceived the air to break about them like the noise of distant thunder, or of swallows in a chimney: those little undulations of sound, though almost vanishing before they reached them, yet still seeming to retain somewhat of their first horror, which they had betwixt the fleets. After they had attentively listened till such time as the sound by little and little went from them, Eugenius, lifting up his head, and taking notice of it, was the first who congratulated to the rest that happy omen of our nation's victory: adding, that we had but this to desire in confirmation of it, that we might hear no more of that noise, which was now leaving the English coast. When the rest had concurred in the same opinion, Crites, a person of a sharp judgment, and somewhat too delicate a taste in wit, which the world have mistaken in him for ill-nature, said, smiling to us, that if the concernment of this battle had not been so exceeding great, he could scarce have wished the victory at the price he knew he must pay for it, in being subject to the reading and hearing of so many ill verses as he was sure would be made on that subject. Adding, that no argument could scape some of those eternal rhymers, who watch a battle with more diligence than the ravens and birds of prey; and the worst of them surest to be first upon the

quarry: while the better able, either out of modesty writ not at all, or set that due value upon their poems, as to let them be often desired and long expected. "There are some of those impertinent people of whom you speak," answered Lisideius, "who to my knowledge are already so provided, either way, that they can produce not only a panegyric upon the victory, but, if need be, a funeral elegy on the duke; wherein, after they have crowned his valor with many laurels, they will at last deplore the odds under which he fell, concluding that his courage deserved a better destiny." All the company smiled at the conceit of Lisideius; but Crites, more eager than before, began to make particular exceptions against some writers, and said the public magistrate ought to send betimes to forbid them; and that it concerned the peace and quiet of all honest people, that ill poets should be as well silenced as seditious preachers. "In my opinion," replied Eugenius, "you pursue your point too far; for as to my own particular, I am so great a lover of poesy, that I could wish them all rewarded who attempt but to do well; at least, I would not have them worse used than one of their brethren was by Sylla the Dictator: — *Quem in concione vidimus* (says Tully), *cum ei libellum malus poeta de populo subjecisset, quod epigramma in eum fecisset tantummodo alternis versibus longiusculis, statim ex iis rebus quas tunc vendebat jubere ei præmium tribui, sub ea conditione ne quid postea scriberet.*" "I could wish with all my heart," replied Crites, "that many whom we know were as bountifully thanked upon the same condition,—that they would never trouble us again. For amongst others, I have a moral apprehension of two poets, whom this victory, with the help of both her wings, will never be able to escape." "'Tis easy to guess whom you intend," said Lisideius; "and without naming them, I ask you, if one of them does not perpetually pay us with clenches⁶ upon words, and a certain clownish kind of railery? if now and then he does not offer at a catachresis or Clevelandism,⁷ wresting and torturing a word into

⁵ Dryden.

⁷ John Cleveland, one of the Cavalier satirists, was noted for his harshness.

⁶ Puns.

another meaning: in fine, if he be not one of those whom the French would call *un mauvais buffon*; one who is so much a well-willer to the satire, that he intends at least to spare no man; and though he cannot strike a blow to hurt any, yet he ought to be punished for the malice of the action, as our witches are justly hanged, because they think themselves to be such; and suffer deservedly for believing they did mischief, because they meant it." "You have described him," said Crites, "so exactly, that I am afraid to come after you with my other extremity of poetry. He is one of those who, having had some advantage of education and converse, knows better than the other what a poet should be, but puts it into practice more unskilfully than any man; his style and matter are everywhere alike: he is the most calm, peaceable writer you ever read: he never disquiets your passions with the least concernment, but still leaves you in as even a temper as he found you; he is a very leveller in poetry: he creeps along with ten little words in every line, and helps out his numbers with *For to*, and *Unto*, and all the pretty expletives he can find, till he drags them to the end of another line; while the sense is left tired half way behind it: he doubly starves all his verses, first for want of thought, and then of expression; his poetry neither has wit in it, nor seems to have it; like him in Martial:

Pauper videri Cinna vult, et est pauper.

"He affects plainness, to cover his want of imagination: when he writes the serious way, the highest flight of his fancy is some miserable antithesis, or seeming contradiction; and in the comic he is still reaching at some thin conceit, the ghost of a jest, and that too flies before him, never to be caught; these swallows which we see before us on the Thames are the just resemblance of his wit: you may observe how near the water they stoop, how many proffers they make to dip, and yet how seldom they touch it; and when they do, it is but the surface: they skim over it but to catch a

gnat, and then mount into the air and leave it."

"Well, gentlemen," said Eugenius, "you may speak your pleasure of these authors; but though I and some few more about the town may give you a peaceable hearing, yet assure yourselves, there are multitudes who would think you malicious and them injured: especially him whom you first described; he is the very Withers⁸ of the city: they have bought more editions of his works than would serve to lay under all their pies at the lord mayor's Christmas. When his famous poem first came out in the year 1660, I have seen them reading it in the midst of 'Change time; nay, so vehement they were at it, that they lost their bargain by the candles' ends;⁹ but what will you say if he has been received amongst great persons? I can assure you this day he is the envy of one who is lord in the art of quibbling, and who does not take it well that any man should intrude so far into his province." "All I would wish," replied Crites, "is, that they who love his writings, may still admire him, and his fellow poet: *Qui Bavium non odit*, etc.,¹⁰ is curse sufficient." "And farther," added Lisideius, "I believe there is no man who writes well, but would think he had hard measure, if their admirers should praise anything of his: *Nam quos contemnimus eorum quoque laudes contemnimus*." "There are so few who write well in this age," said Crites, "that methinks any praises should be welcome; they neither rise to the dignity of the last age, nor to any of the ancients: and we may cry out of the writers of this time, with more reason than Petronius of his, *Pace vestra liceat dixisse, primi omnium eloquentium perdidistis*: you have debauched the true old poetry so far, that nature, which is the soul of it, is not in any of your writings."

"If your quarrel," said Eugenius, "to those who now write, be grounded only on your reverence to antiquity, there is no man more ready to adore those great Greeks and Romans than I am: but on the other side, I cannot think so contemptibly of the

⁸ George Withers, or Withers (1588-1667), a poet of the Spenserian School.

⁹ Bids for goods sold at auction were accepted so long as the candle-end kept burning.

¹⁰ "Who hates not Bavus, let him love thy songs." (Virgil, *Eclogues* iii. 90.)

age in which I live, or so dishonorably of my own country, as not to judge we equal the ancients in most kinds of poesy, and in some surpass them; neither know I any reason why I may not be as zealous for the reputation of our age as we find the ancients themselves were in reference to those who lived before them. For you hear your Horace saying,

*Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia
crassé
Compositum, illepidève putetur, sed quia
nuper.*¹¹

And after:

*Si meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit,
Scire velim, pretim chartis quotus arroget
annus?*¹²

“But I see I am engaging in a wide dispute, where the arguments are not like to reach close on either side; for poesy is of so large an extent, and so many both of the ancients and moderns have done well in all kinds of it, that in citing one against the other, we shall take up more time this evening than each man’s occasions will allow him: therefore I would ask Crites to what part of poesy he would confine his arguments, and whether he would defend the general cause of the ancients against the moderns, or oppose any age of the moderns against this of ours?”

Crites, a little while considering upon this demand, told Eugenius, that if he pleased, he would limit their dispute to Dramatic Poesy; in which he thought it not difficult to prove, either that the ancients were superior to the moderns, or the last age of this of ours.

Eugenius was somewhat surprised, when he heard Crites make choice of that subject. “For aught I see,” said he, “I have undertaken a harder province than I imagined; for though I never judged the plays of the Greek or Roman poets comparable to ours, yet, on the other side, those we now see acted come short of many which were written in the last age: but my comfort is,

if we are overcome, it will be only by our own countrymen: and if we yield to them in this one part of poesy, we may surpass them in all the other: for in the epic or lyric way, it will be hard for them to show us one such amongst them, as we have many now living, or who lately were: they can produce nothing so courtly writ, or which expresses so much the conversation of a gentleman, as Sir John Suckling; nothing so even, sweet, and flowing as Mr. Waller; nothing so majestic, so correct, as Sir John Denham; nothing so elevated, so copious, and full of spirit as Mr. Cowley; as for the Italian, French, and Spanish plays, I can make it evident, that those who now write surpass them; and that the drama is wholly ours.”

All of them were thus far of Eugenius his opinion, that the sweetness of English verse was never understood or practised by our fathers; even Crites himself did not much oppose it; and everyone was willing to acknowledge how much our poesy is improved by the happiness of some writers yet living; who first taught us to mold our thoughts into easy and significant words, — to retrench the superfluities of expression, — and to make our rhyme so properly a part of the verse, that it should never mislead the sense, but itself be led and governed by it.

Eugenius was going to continue this discourse, when Lisideius told him that it was necessary, before they proceeded further, to take a standing measure of their controversy; for how was it possible to be decided who writ the best plays, before we know what a play should be? But, this once agreed on by both parties, each might have recourse to it, either to prove his own advantages, or to discover the failings of his adversary.

He had no sooner said this, but all desired the favor of him to give the definition of a play; and they were the more importunate, because neither Aristotle, nor Horace, nor any other, who had writ of that subject, had ever done it.

¹¹ Epistles II, i. 76, 77. “I lose my patience, and I own it, too,
When works are censured not as bad but new.” (Pope.)

¹² *Ibid.* 34, 35. “If time improve our wits as well as wine,
Say at what age a Poet grows divine.” (Pope.)

Lisideius, after some modest denials, at last confessed he had a rude notion of it; indeed, rather a description than a definition; but which served to guide him in his private thoughts, when he was to make a judgment of what others writ: that he conceived a play ought to be, *A just and lively image of human nature, representing its passions and humors, and the changes of fortune to which it is subject, for the delight and instruction of mankind.*

This definition, though Crites raised a logical objection against it—that it was only a *genere et fine*, and so not altogether perfect, was yet well received by the rest; and after they had given order to the waterman to turn their barge, and row softly, that they might take the cool of the evening in their return, Crites, being desired by the company to begin, spoke on behalf of the ancients, in this manner:

“If confidence presage a victory, Eugenius, in his own opinion, has already triumphed over the ancients: nothing seems more easy to him than to overcome those whom it is our greatest praise to have imitated well; for we do not only build upon their foundations, but by their models. Dramatic Poesy had time enough, reckoning from Thespis (who first invented it) to Aristophanes, to be born, to grow up, and to flourish in maturity. It has been observed of arts and sciences, that in one and the same century they have arrived to great perfection; and no wonder, since every age has a kind of universal genius, which inclines those that live in it to some particular studies: the work then, being pushed on by many hands, must of necessity go forward.

“Is it not evident, in these last hundred years, when the study of philosophy has been the business of all the Virtuosi in Christendom, that almost a new nature has been revealed to us? That more errors of the School have been detected, more useful experiments in philosophy have been made, more noble secrets in optics, medicine, anatomy, astronomy, discovered, than in all those credulous and doting ages from Aristotle to us?—so true it is, that nothing spreads more fast than science, when rightly and generally cultivated.

“Add to this, the more than common emulation that was in those times of writing well; which though it be found in all ages and all persons that pretend to the same reputation, yet poesy, being then in more esteem than now it is, had greater honors decreed to the professors of it, and consequently the rivalry was more high between them; they had judges ordained to decide their merit, and prizes to reward it; and historians have been diligent to record of Æschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, Lycophron, and the rest of them, both who they were that vanquished in these wars of the theatre, and how often they were crowned: while the Asian kings and Grecian commonwealths scarce afforded them a nobler subject than the unmanly luxuries of a debauched court, or giddy intrigues of a factious city:—*Alit æmulation ingenia* (saith Paternulus), *et nunc invidia, nunc admiratio incitationem accendit*: Emulation is the spur of wit; and sometimes envy, sometimes admiration, quickens our endeavors.

“But now, since the rewards of honor are taken away, that virtuous emulation is turned into direct malice; yet so slothful, that it contents itself to condemn and cry down others, without attempting to do better: ’tis a reputation too unprofitable, to take the necessary pains for it; yet, wishing they had it, that desire is incitement enough to hinder others from it. And this, in short, Eugenius, is the reason why you have now so few good poets, and so many severe judges. Certainly, to imitate the ancients well, much labor and long study is required; which pains, I have already shown, our poets would want encouragement to take if yet they had ability to go through the work. Those ancients have been faithful imitators and wise observers of that nature which is so torn and ill represented in our plays; they have handed down to us a perfect resemblance of her; which we, like ill copiers, neglecting to look on, have rendered monstrous, and disfigured. But, that you may know how much you are indebted to those your masters, and be ashamed to have so ill requited them, I must remember you, that all the rules by which we practise the drama at this

day (either such as relate to the justness and symmetry of the plot, or the episodical ornaments, such as descriptions, narrations, and other beauties, which are not essential to the play) were delivered to us from the observations which Aristotle made of those poets who either lived before him, or were his contemporaries: we have added nothing of our own, except we have the confidence to say our wit is better; of which, none boast in this our age, but such as understand not theirs. Of that book which Aristotle has left us, *περὶ τῆς Ποιητικῆς*, Horace his Art of Poetry is an excellent comment, and, I believe, restores to us that second book of his concerning Comedy, which is wanting in him.

“Out of these two have been extracted the famous rules, which the French call *Des Trois Unités*, or, The Three Unities, which ought to be observed in every regular play; namely, of Time, Place, and Action.

“The unity of time they comprehend in twenty-four hours, the compass of a natural day, or as near as it can be contrived; and the reason of it is obvious to everyone,—that the time of the feigned action, or fable of the play, should be proportioned as near as can be to the duration of that time in which it is represented: since, therefore, all plays are acted on the theatre in the space of time much within the compass of twenty-four hours, that play is to be thought the nearest imitation of nature, whose plot or action is confined within that time; and, by the same rule which concludes this general proportion of time, it follows, that all the parts of it are (as near as may be) to be equally subdivided; namely, that one act take not up the supposed time of half a day, which is out of proportion to the rest; since the other four are then to be straitened within the compass of the remaining half: for it is unnatural that one act, which being spoke or written is not longer than the rest, should be supposed longer by the audience; it is therefore the poet's duty to take care that no act should be imagined to exceed the time in which it is represented on the stage; and that the intervals and inequalities of time be supposed to fall out between the acts.

“This rule of time, how well it has been

observed by the ancients, most of their plays will witness; you see them in their tragedies (wherein to follow this rule is certainly most difficult), from the very beginning of their plays, falling close into that part of the story which they intend for the action or principal object of it, leaving the former part to be delivered by narration: so that they set the audience, as it were, at the post where the race is to be concluded; and, saving them the tedious expectation of seeing the poet set out and ride the beginning of the course, they suffer you not to behold him, till he is in sight of the goal, and just upon you.

“For the second unity, which is that of Place, the ancients meant by it, that the scene ought to be continued through the play, in the same place where it was laid in the beginning: for, the stage on which it is represented being but one and the same place, it is unnatural to conceive it many,—and those far distant from one another. I will not deny but, by the variation of painted scenes, the fancy, which in these cases will contribute to its own deceit, may sometimes imagine it several places, with some appearance of probability; yet it still carries the greater likelihood of truth if those places be supposed so near each other as in the same town or city; which may all be comprehended under the larger denominations of one place; for a greater distance will bear no proportion to the shortness of time which is allotted, in the acting, to pass from one of them to another; for the observation of this, next to the ancients, the French are to be most commended. They tie themselves so strictly to the unity of place that you never see in any of their plays a scene changed in the middle of an act: if the act begins in a garden, a street, or chamber, 'tis ended in the same place; and that you may know it to be the same, the stage is so supplied with persons, that it is never empty all the time: he who enters second, has business with him who was on before; and before the second quits the stage, a third appears who has business with him. This Corneille calls *la liaison des scènes*, the continuity or joining of the scenes; and 'tis a good mark of a well-contrived play, when all the persons are

known to each other, and every one of them has some affairs with all the rest.

"As for the third unity, which is that of Action, the ancients meant no other by it than what the logicians do by their *finis*, the end or scope of any action; that which is the first in intention, and last in execution: now the poet is to aim at one great and complete action, to the carrying on of which all things in his play, even the very obstacles, are to be subservient; and the reason of this is as evident as any of the former. For two actions, equally labored and driven on by the writer, would destroy the unity of the poem; it would be no longer one play, but two: not but that there may be many actions in a play, as Ben Jonson has observed in his *Discoveries*; but they must be all subservient to the great one, which our language happily expresses in the name of *under-plots*: such as in Terence's *Eunuch* is the difference and reconciliation of Thais and Phædria, which is not the chief business of the play, but promotes the marriage of Chærea and Chremes's sister, principally intended by the poet. There ought to be but one action, says Corneille, that is, one complete action, which leaves the mind of the audience in a full repose; but this cannot be brought to pass but by many other imperfect actions, which conduce to it, and hold the audience in a delightful suspense of what will be.

"If by these rules (to omit many other drawn from the precepts and practice of the ancients) we should judge our modern plays, 'tis probable that few of them would endure the trial: that which should be the business of a day takes up in some of them an age; instead of one action, they are the epitomes of a man's life; and for one spot of ground, which the stage should represent, we are sometimes in more countries than the map can show us.

"But if we allow the ancients to have contrived well, we must acknowledge them to have written better. Questionless we are deprived of a great stock of wit in the loss of Menander among the Greek poets, and of Cæcilius, Afranius, and Varius, among the Romans; we may guess at Menander's excellency by the plays of Terence, who translated some of his; and yet wanted so much

of him, that he was called by C. Cæsar the half-Menander; and may judge of Varius, by the testimonies of Horace, Martial, and Velleius Paterculus. 'Tis probable that these, could they be recovered, would decide the controversy; but so long as Aristophanes and Plautus are extant, while the tragedies of Euripides, Sophocles and Seneca are in our hands, I can never see one of these plays which are now written but it increases my admiration of the ancients. And yet I must acknowledge further, that to admire them as we ought, we should understand them better than we do. Doubtless many things appear flat to us, the wit of which depended on some custom or story, which never came to our knowledge; or perhaps on some criticism in their language, which being so long dead, and only remaining in their books, 'tis not possible they should make us understand perfectly. To read Macrobius, explaining the propriety and elegance of many words in Virgil, which I had before passed over without consideration as common things, is enough to assure me that I ought to think the same of Terence; and that in the purity of his style (which Tully so much valued that he ever carried his works about him) there is yet left in him great room for admiration, if I knew but where to place it. In the meantime I must desire you to take notice that the greatest man of the last age, Ben Jonson, was willing to give place to them in all things: he was not only a professed imitator of Horace, but a learned plagiary of all the others; you track him everywhere in their snow: if Horace, Lucan, Petronius Arbiter, Seneca, and Juvenal had their own from him, there are few serious thoughts which are new in him: you will pardon me, therefore, if I presume he loved their fashion, when he wore their clothes. But since I have otherwise a great veneration for him, and you, Eugenius, prefer him above all other poets, I will use no farther arguments to you than his example: I will produce before you Father Ben, dressed in all the ornaments and colors of the ancients; you will need no other guide to our party, if you follow him; and whether you consider the bad plays of our age, or regard the good plays of the last,

both the best and worst of the modern poets will equally instruct you to admire the ancients."

Crites had no sooner left speaking, but Eugenius, who had waited with some impatience for it, thus began:

"I have observed in your speech, that the former part of it is convincing as to what the moderns have profited by the rules of the ancients; but in the latter you are careful to conceal how much they have excelled them; we own all the helps we have from them, and want neither veneration nor gratitude, while we acknowledge that, to overcome them, we must make use of the advantages we have received from them: but to these assistances we have joined our own industry; for, had we sat down with a dull imitation of them, we might then have lost somewhat of the old perfection, but never acquired any that was new. We draw not therefore after their lines, but those of nature; and having the life before us, besides the experience of all they knew, it is no wonder if we hit some airs and features which they have missed. I deny not what you urge of arts and sciences, that they have flourished in some ages more than others; but your instance in philosophy makes for me: for if natural causes be more known now than in the time of Aristotle, because more studied, it follows that poesy and other arts may, with the same pains, arrive still nearer to perfection; and, that granted, it will rest for you to prove that they wrought more perfect images of human life than we; which seeing in your discourse you have avoided to make good, it shall now be my task to show you some part of their defects, and some few excellencies of the moderns. And I think there is none among us can imagine I do it enviously, or with purpose to detract from them; for what interest of fame or profit can the living lose by the reputation of the dead? On the other side, it is a great truth which Velleius Paterculus affirms: *Audita visis libentius laudamus; et præsentia invidia præterita admiratione prosequimur; et his nos obrui, illis instrui credimus*: that praise or censure is certainly the most sincere, which unbribed posterity shall give us.

"Be pleased then in the first place to take

notice that the Greek poesy, which Crites has affirmed to have arrived to perfection in the reign of the old comedy, was so far from it that the distinction of it into acts was not known to them; or if it were, it is yet so darkly delivered to us that we cannot make it out.

"All we know of it is from the singing of their Chorus; and that too is so uncertain, that in some of their plays we have reason to conjecture they sung more than five times. Aristotle indeed divides the integral parts of a play into four. First, the *Protasis*, or entrance, which gives light only to the characters of the persons, and proceeds very little into any part of the action. Secondly, the *Epitasis*, or working up of the plot, where the play grows warmer; the design or action of it is drawing on, and you see something promising that it will come to pass. Thirdly, the *Catastasis*, called by the Romans, *Status*, the height and full growth of the play: we may call it properly the counter-turn, which destroys that expectation, embroils the action in new difficulties, and leaves you far distant from that hope in which it found you; as you may have observed in a violent stream resisted by a narrow passage—it runs round to an eddy, and carries back the waters with more swiftness than it brought them on. Lastly, the *Catastrophe*, which the Grecians called *λύσις* the French *le dénouement*, and we the discovery, or unravelling of the plot: there you see all things settling again upon their first foundations; and, the obstacles which hindered the design or action of the play once removed, it ends with that resemblance of truth and nature that the audience are satisfied with the conduct of it. Thus this great man delivered to us the image of a play; and I must confess it is so lively, that from thence much light has been derived to the forming it more perfectly into acts and scenes: but what poet first limited to five the number of the acts, I know not; only we see it so firmly established in the time of Horace, that he gives it for a rule in comedy—*Neu brevior quinto, neu sit productior actu*. So that you see the Grecians cannot be said to have consummated this art; writing rather by entrances than by acts, and having rather

a general indigested notion of a play, than knowing how and where to bestow the particular graces of it.

"But since the Spaniards at this day allow but three acts, which they call *Jornadas*, to a play, and the Italians in many of theirs follow them, when I condemn the ancients, I declare it is not altogether because they have not five acts to every play, but because they have not confined themselves to one certain number: 'tis building an house without a model; and when they succeeded in such undertakings, they ought to have sacrificed to Fortune, not to the Muses.

"Next, for the plot, which Aristotle called *τὸ μῦθος*, and often *τῶν πραγμάτων σύνθεσις*, [and from him the Romans *Fabula*;] it has already been judiciously observed by a late writer, that in their tragedies it was only some tale derived from Thebes or Troy, or at least something that happened in those two ages; which was worn so threadbare by the pens of all the epic poets, and even by tradition, itself of the talkative Greeklings (as Ben Jonson calls them), that before it came upon the stage it was already known to all the audience: and the people, so soon as ever they heard the name of *Œdipus*, knew as well as the poet, that he had killed his father by a mistake, and committed incest with his mother, before the play; that they were now to hear of a great plague, an oracle, and the ghost of *Laius*: so that they sat with a yawning kind of expectation, till he was to come with his eyes pulled out, and speak a hundred or more verses in a tragic tone, in complaint of his misfortunes. But one *Œdipus*, *Hercules*, or *Medea*, had been tolerable: poor people, they escaped not so good cheap; they had still the *chapon bouillé* set before them, till their appetites were cloyed with the same dish, and, the novelty being gone, the pleasure vanished; so that one main end of Dramatic Poesy in its definition, which was to cause delight, was of consequence destroyed.

"In their comedies, the Romans generally borrowed their plots from the Greek poets; and theirs was commonly a little girl stolen or wandered from her parents, brought back unknown to the city, there

got with child by some young fellow, who, by the help of his servant, cheats his father; and when her time comes, to cry, *Juno Lucina, fer opem*, one or other sees a little box or cabinet which was carried away with her, and so discovers her to her friends, if some god do not prevent it, by coming down in a machine, and taking the thanks of it to himself.

"By the plot you may guess much of the characters of the persons. An old father, who would willingly, before he dies, see his son well married; his debauched son, kind in his nature to his mistress, but miserably in want of money; a servant or slave, who has so much wit to strike in with him, and help to dupe his father; a braggadocio captain, a parasite, and a lady of pleasure.

"As for the poor honest maid, on whom the story is built, and who ought to be one of the principal actors in the play, she is commonly a mute in it: she has the breeding of the old Elizabeth way, which was for maids to be seen and not to be heard; and it is enough you know she is willing to be married when the fifth act requires it.

"These are plots built after the Italian mode of houses—you see through them all at once: the characters are indeed the imitation of nature, but so narrow, as if they had imitated only an eye or an hand, and did not dare to venture on the lines of a face, or the proportion of a body.

"But in how strait a compass soever they have bounded their plots and characters, we will pass it by, if they have regularly pursued them, and perfectly observed those three unities of time, place, and action; the knowledge of which you say is derived to us from them. But in the first place give me leave to tell you, that the unity of place, however it might be practised by them, was never any of their rules: we neither find it in Aristotle, Horace, or any who have written of it, till in our age the French poets first made it a precept of the stage. The unity of time, even Terence himself, who was the best and most regular of them, has neglected: his *Heautontimoroumenos*, or Self-Punisher, takes up visibly two days, says Scaliger; the two first acts concluding the first day, the three

last acts the day ensuing; and Euripides, in tying himself to one day, has committed an absurdity never to be forgiven him; for in one of his tragedies he has made Theseus go from Athens to Thebes, which was about forty English miles, under the walls of it to give battle, and appear victorious in the next act; and yet, from the time of his departure to the return of the Nuntius, who gives the relation of his victory, Æthra and the Chorus have but thirty-six verses; which is not for every mile a verse.

"The like error is as evident in Terence his Eunuch, when Laches, the old man, enters by mistake into the house of Thais; where, betwixt his exit and the entrance of Pythias, who comes to give an ample relation of the disorders he has raised within, Parmeno, who was left upon the stage, has not above five lines to speak. *C'est bien employer un temps si court*, says the French poet, who furnished me with one of the observations: and almost all their tragedies will afford us examples of the like nature.

"'Tis true, they have kept the continuity, or, as you called it, *liaison des scènes*, somewhat better: two do not perpetually come in together, talk, and go out together; and other two succeed them, and do the same throughout the act, which the English call by the name of single scenes; but the reason is, because they have seldom above two or three scenes, properly so called, in every act; for it is to be accounted a new scene, not only every time the stage is empty, but every person who enters, though to others, makes it so; because he introduces a new business. Now the plots of their plays being narrow, and the persons few, one of their acts was written in a less compass than one of our well-wrought scenes; and yet they are often deficient even in this. To go no further than Terence; you find in the Eunuch, Antipho entering single in the midst of the third act, after Chremes and Pythias were gone off; in the same play you have likewise Dorias beginning the fourth act alone; and after she had made a relation of what was done at the Soldiers' entertainment (which by the way was very inartificial, because she was presumed to speak directly to the audience, and to acquaint them with what was necessary to

be known, but yet should have been so contrived by the poet as to have been told by persons of the drama to one another, and so by them to have come to the knowledge of the people), she quits the stage, and Phædria enters next, alone likewise: he also gives you an account of himself, and of his returning from the country, in monologue; to which unnatural way of narration Terence is subject in all his plays. In his *Adelphi*, or Brothers, Syrus and Demea enter after the scene was broken by the departure of Sostrata, Geta, and Canthara; and indeed you can scarce look unto any of his comedies where you will not presently discover the same interruption.

"But as they have failed both in laying of their plots, and in the management, swerving from the rules of their own art by misrepresenting nature to us, in which they have ill satisfied one intention of a play, which was delight; so in the instructive part they have erred worse: instead of punishing vice and rewarding virtue, they have often shown a prosperous wickedness, and an unhappy piety: they have set before us a bloody image of revenge in Medea, and given her dragons to convey her safe from punishment; a Priam and Astyanax murdered, and Cassandra ravished, and the lust and murder ending in the victory of him who acted them: in short, there is no indecorum in any of our modern plays, which if I would excuse, I could not shadow with some authority from the ancients.

"And one farther note of them let me leave you: tragedies and comedies were not writ then as they are now, promiscuously, by the same person; but he who found his genius bending to the one, never attempted the other way. This is so plain that I need not instance to you, that Aristophanes, Plautus, Terence, never any of them writ a tragedy; Æschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, and Seneca never meddled with comedy: the sock and buskin were not worn by the same poet. Having then so much care to excel in one kind, very little is to be pardoned them if they miscarried in it; and this would lead me to the consideration of their wit, had not Crites given me sufficient warning not to be too bold in my judgment of it; because, the languages be-

ing dead, and many of the customs and little accidents on which it depended lost to us, we are not competent judges of it. But though I grant that here and there we may miss the application of a proverb or a custom, yet a thing well said will be wit in all languages; and though it may lose something in the translation, yet to him who reads it in the original, 'tis still the same: he has an idea of its excellency, though it cannot pass from his mind into any other expression or words than those in which he finds it. When Phædria, in the Eunuch, had a command from his mistress to be absent two days, and, encouraging himself to go through with it, said, *Tandem ego non illa caream, si sit opus, vel totum triduum?* — Parmeno, to mock the softness of his master, lifting up his hands and eyes, cries out, as it were in admiration, *Hui! universum triduum!* the elegancy of which *universum*, though it cannot be rendered in our language, yet leaves an impression on our souls: but this happens seldom in him; in Plautus oftener, who is infinitely too bold in his metaphors and coining words, out of which many times his wit is nothing; which questionless was one reason why Horace falls upon him so severely in those verses:

*Sed proavi nostri Plautinos et numeros et
Laudavere sales, nimium patienter utrumque.
Ne dicam stolidè.*¹³

For Horace himself was cautious to obtrude a new word on his readers, and makes custom and common use the best measure of receiving it into our writings:

*Multa renascentur quæ nunc cecidere, cadentque
Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet
usus,
Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus, et norma
loquendi.*¹⁴

"The not observing this rule is that which the world has blamed in our satirist, Cleveland: to express a thing hard and unnaturally, in his new way of elocution. 'Tis true, no poet but may sometimes use a catachresis: Virgil does it —

Mistaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho —¹⁵

in his eclogue of Pollio; and in his seventh Æneid:

*mirantur et undæ,
Miratur nemus insuetum fulgentia longe
Scuta virum fluvio pictasque innare carinas.*

And Ovid once so modestly, that he asks leave to do it:

*quem, si verbo audacia detur,
Haud metuam summi dixisse Palatia cæli.*

calling the court of Jupiter by the name of Augustus his palace; though in another place he is more bold, where he says, — *et longas visent Capitolia pompas*. But to do this always, and never be able to write a line without it, though it may be admired by some few pedants, will not pass upon those who know that wit is best conveyed to us in the most easy language; and is most to be admired when a great thought comes dressed in words so commonly received, that it is understood by the meanest apprehensions, as the best meat is the most easily digested: but we cannot read a verse of Cleveland's without making a face at it, as if every word were a pill to swallow: he gives us many times a hard nut to break our teeth, without a kernel for our pains. So that there is this difference betwixt his Satires and Doctor Donne's; that the one gives us deep thoughts in common language, though rough cadence; the other gives us common thoughts in abstruse words: 'tis true, in some places his wit is independent of his words, as in that of the rebel Scot:

13 "Our forefathers, good-natured, easy folks,
Extolled the numbers and enjoyed the jokes
Of Plautus, prompt both these and those to hear
With tolerant — not to say with tasteless — ear."

(*De Arte Poetica*, 270, 271; Howes's translation.)

14 "Full many a word, now lost, again shall rise,
And many a word shall droop which now we prize,
As shifting fashion stamps the doom of each,
Sole umpire, arbitress, and guide of speech."

(*De Arte Poetica*, 70-72; Howes.)

15 [The lavish earth] shall spread the lily, mingled with the laughing acanthus.

Had Cain been Scot, God would have
chang'd his doom;
Not forc'd him wander, but confin'd him
home.

"*Si sic omnia dixisset!* This is wit in all
languages: it is like Mercury, never to be
lost or killed: — and so that other —

For beauty, like white powder, makes no
noise,
And yet the silent hypocrite destroys.

You see the last line is highly metaphorical,
but it is so soft and general, that it does
not shock us as we read it.

"But, to return from whence I have
digressed, to the consideration of the
ancients' writing, and their wit (of which
by this time you will grant us in some
measure to be fit judges). Though I see
many excellent thoughts in Seneca, yet he
of them who had a genius most proper for
the stage, was Ovid; he had a way of
writing so fit to stir up a pleasing admira-
tion and concernment, which are the ob-
jects of a tragedy, and to show the various
movements of a soul combating betwixt two
different passions, that, had he lived in our
age, or in his own could have writ with our
advantages, no man but must have yielded
to him; and therefore I am confident the
Medea is none of his: for, though I esteem
it for the gravity and sententiousness of it,
which he himself concludes to be suitable
to a tragedy — *Omne genus scripti gravitate
tragædia vincit* — yet it moves not my
soul enough to judge that he, who in the
epic way wrote things so near the drama as
the story of Myrrha, of Caunus and Biblis,
and the rest, should stir up no more con-
cernment where he most endeavored it. The
masterpiece of Seneca I hold to be that
scene in the *Troades*, where Ulysses is seek-
ing for Astyanax to kill him: there you see
the tenderness of a mother so represented in
Andromache, that it raises compassion to
a high degree in the reader, and bears the
nearest resemblance of anything in the
tragedies of the ancients to the excellent
scenes of passion in Shakespeare, or in
Fletcher: for love-scenes, you will find few
among them; their tragic poets dealt not
with that soft passion, but with lust,

cruelty, revenge, ambition, and those bloody
actions they produced; which were more
capable of raising horror than compassion
in an audience: leaving love untouched,
whose gentleness would have tempered
them; which is the most frequent of all the
passions, and which, being the private con-
cernment of every person, is soothed by
viewing its own image in a public enter-
tainment.

"Among their comedies, we find a scene
or two of tenderness, and that where you
would least expect it, in Plautus; but to
speak generally, their lovers say little, when
they see each other, but *anima mea vita
mea*; *Ζωὴ καὶ ψυχὴ*, as the women in Juve-
nal's time used to cry out in the fury of
their kindness. Any sudden gust of passion
(as an ecstasy of love in an unexpected
meeting) cannot better be expressed than
in a word and a sigh, breaking one another.
Nature is dumb on such occasions; and to
make her speak would be to represent her
unlike herself. But there are a thousand
other concernments of lovers, as jealousies,
complaints, contrivances, and the like,
where not to open their minds at large to
each other were to be wanting to their own
love, and to the expectation of the audi-
ence; who watch the movements of their
minds, as much as the changes of their for-
tunes. For the imaging of the first is prop-
erly the work of a poet; the latter he bor-
rows from the historian."

Eugenius was proceeding in that part of
his discourse, when Crites interrupted him.
"I see," said he, "Eugenius and I are never
like to have this question decided betwixt
us; for he maintains the moderns have ac-
quired a new perfection in writing; I can
only grant they have altered the mode of
it. Homer described his heroes men of
great appetites, lovers of beef broiled upon
the coals, and good fellows; contrary to the
practice of the French Romances, whose
heroes neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep, for
love. Virgil makes Æneas a bold avower of
his own virtues:

Sum pius Æneas, fama super æthera notus;

which, in the civility of our poets is the
character of a fanfaron or Hector: for with
us the knight takes occasion to walk out, or

sleep, to avoid the vanity of telling his own story, which the trusty 'squire is ever to perform for him. So in their love-scenes, of which Eugenius spoke last, the ancients were more hearty, were more talkative: they writ love as it was then the mode to make it; and I will grant thus much to Eugenius, that perhaps one of their poets, had he lived in our age, *si foret hoc nostrum fato delapsus in ævum* (as Horace says of Lucilius), he had altered many things; not that they were not natural before, but that he might accommodate himself to the age in which he lived. Yet in the meantime, we are not to conclude anything rashly against those great men, but preserve to them the dignity of masters, and give that honor to their memories, *quos Libitina sacravit*, part of which we expect may be paid to us in future times."

This moderation of Crites, as it was pleasing to all the company, so it put an end to that dispute; which Eugenius, who seemed to have the better of the argument, would urge no farther: but Lisideius, after he had acknowledged himself of Eugenius his opinion concerning the ancients, yet told him, he had forbore, till his discourse were ended, to ask him why he preferred the English plays above those of other nations? and whether we ought not to submit our stage to the exactness of our next neighbors?

"Though," said Eugenius, "I am at all times ready to defend the honor of my country against the French, and to maintain we are as well able to vanquish them with our pens, as our ancestors have been with their swords; yet, if you please," added he, looking upon Neander, "I will commit this cause to my friend's management; his opinion of our plays is the same with mine, and besides, there is no reason, that Crites and I, who have now left the stage, should re-enter so suddenly upon it; which is against the laws of comedy."

"If the question had been stated," replied Lisideius, "who had writ best, the French or English, forty years ago, I should have been of your opinion, and adjudged the honor to our own nation; but since that time" (said he, turning towards Neander), "we have been so long together

bad Englishmen that we had not leisure to be good poets. Beaumont, Fletcher, and Jonson (who were only capable of bringing us to that degree of perfection which we have) were just then leaving the world; as if in an age of so much horror, wit and those milder studies of humanity had no farther business among us. But the Muses, who ever follow peace, went to plant in another country: it was then that the great Cardinal of Richelieu began to take them into his protection; and that, by his encouragement, Corneille, and some other Frenchmen, reformed their theatre (which before was as much below ours, as it now surpasses it and the rest of Europe). But because Crites in his discourse for the ancients has prevented me, by observing many rules of the stage which the moderns have borrowed from them, I shall only, in short, demand of you, whether you are not convinced that of all nations the French have best observed them? In the unity of time you find them so scrupulous that it yet remains a dispute among their poets, whether the artificial day of twelve hours, more or less, be not meant by Aristotle, rather than the natural one of twenty-four; and consequently, whether all plays ought not to be reduced into that compass. This I can testify, that in all their dramas writ within these last twenty years and upwards, I have not observed any that have extended the time to thirty hours: in the unity of place they are full as scrupulous; for many of their critics limit it to that very spot of ground where the play is supposed to begin; none of them exceed the compass of the same town or city. The unity of action in all their plays is yet more conspicuous; for they do not burden them with under-plots, as the English do: which is the reason why many scenes of our tragicomedies carry on a design that is nothing of kin to the main plot; and that we see two distinct webs in a play, like those in ill-wrought stuffs; and two actions, that is, two plays, carried on together, to the confounding of the audience; who, before they are warm in their concernments for one part, are diverted to another; and by that means espouse the interest of neither. From hence likewise it arises that the one

half of our actors are not known to the other. They keep their distances, as if they were Montagues and Capulets, and seldom begin an acquaintance till the last scene of the fifth act, when they are all to meet upon the stage. There is no theatre in the world has anything so absurd as the English tragi-comedy; 'tis a drama of our own invention, and the fashion of it is enough to proclaim it so; here a course of mirth, there another of sadness and passion, and a third of honor and a duel: thus, in two hours and a half, we run through all the fits of Bedlam. The French affords you as much variety on the same day, but they do it not so unseasonably, or *mal à propos*, as we: our poets present you the play and the farce together; and our stages still retain somewhat of the original civility of the Red Bull:

*Atque ursum et pugiles media inter carmina
poscunt.*¹⁶

The end of tragedies or serious plays, says Aristotle, is to beget admiration, compassion, or concernment; but are not mirth and compassion things incompatible? and is it not evident that the poet must of necessity destroy the former by intermingling of the latter? that is, he must ruin the sole end and object of his tragedy, to introduce somewhat that is forced into it, and is not of the body of it. Would you not think that physician mad, who, having prescribed a purge, should immediately order you to take restringents?

"But to leave our plays, and return to theirs. I have noted one great advantage they have had in the plotting of their tragedies; that is, they are always grounded upon some known history: according to that of Horace, *Ex noto fictum carmen sequar*; and in that they have so imitated the ancients that they have surpassed them. For the ancients, as was observed before, took for the foundation of their plays some poetical fiction, such as under that consideration could move but little

concernment in the audience, because they already knew the event of it. But the French goes farther:

*Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet
inum.*¹⁷

He so interweaves truth with probable fiction that he puts a pleasing fallacy upon us; mends the intrigues of fate, and dispenses with the severity of history, to reward that virtue which has been rendered to us there unfortunate. Sometimes the story has left the success so doubtful that the writer is free, by the privilege of a poet, to take that which of two or more relations will best suit with his design: as for example, in the death of Cyrus, whom Justin and some others report to have perished in the Scythian war, but Xenophon affirms to have died in his bed of extreme old age. Nay, more, when the event is past dispute, even then we are willing to be deceived, and the poet, if he contrives it with appearance of truth, has all the audience of his party; at least during the time his play is acting: so naturally we are kind to virtue, when our own interest is not in question, that we take it up as the general concernment of mankind. On the other side, if you consider the historical plays of Shakespeare, they are rather so many chronicles of kings, or the business many times of thirty or forty years, cramped into a representation of two hours and a half; which is not to imitate or paint nature, but rather to draw her in miniature, to take her in little; to look upon her through the wrong end of a perspective, and receive her images not only much less, but infinitely more imperfect than the life: this, instead of making a play delightful, renders it ridiculous:

Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.

For the spirit of man cannot be satisfied but with truth, or at least verisimilitude; and a poem is to contain, if not *τὰ ἔρμια*, yet

¹⁶ In the midst of the verses they demand the bear and the pugilists.

¹⁷ "And so adroitly mingles false with true,

So with his fair illusions cheats the view,

That all the parts — beginning, middle, end —

In one harmonious compound sweetly blend."

(*De Arte Poetica*, 151, 152; Howes.)

ἐπιμύσειν ὁμοῖα, as one of the Greek poets has expressed it.

"Another thing in which the French differ from us and from the Spaniards, is that they do not embarrass, or cumber themselves with too much plot; they only represent so much of a story as will constitute one whole and great action sufficient for a play; we, who undertake more, do but multiply adventures which, not being produced from one another, as effects from causes, but rarely following, constitute many actions in the drama, and consequently make it many plays.

"But by pursuing closely one argument, which is not cloyed with many turns, the French have gained more liberty for verse, in which they write; they have leisure to dwell on a subject which deserves it; and to represent the passions (which we have acknowledged to be the poet's work), without being hurried from one thing to another, as we are in the plays of Calderón, which we have seen lately upon our theatres under the name of Spanish plots. I have taken notice but of one tragedy of ours whose plot has that uniformity and unity of design in it which I have commended in the French; and that is Rollo, or rather, under the name of Rollo, the Story of Basianus and Geta in Herodian: there indeed the plot is neither large nor intricate, but just enough to fill the minds of the audience, not to cloy them. Besides, you see it founded upon the truth of history—only the time of the action is not reducible to the strictness of the rules; and you see in some places a little farce mingled, which is below the dignity of the other parts, and in this all our poets are extremely peccant: even Ben Jonson himself, in Sejanus and Catiline, has given us this oleo of a play, this unnatural mixture of comedy and tragedy; which to me sounds just as ridiculously as the history of David with the merry humors of Golia's. In Sejanus you may take notice of the scene betwixt Livia and the physician which is a pleasant satire upon the artificial helps of beauty: in Catiline you may see the parliament of women; the little envies of them to one another; and all that passes betwixt Curio and Fulvia: scenes

admirable in their kind, but of an ill mingle with the rest.

"But I return again to the French writers, who, as I have said, do not burden themselves too much with plot, which has been reproached to them by an ingenious person of our nation as a fault; for, he says, they commonly make but one person considerable in a play; they dwell on him, and his concerns, while the rest of the persons are only subservient to set him off. If he intends this by it—that there is one person in the play who is of greater dignity than the rest, he must tax, not only theirs, but those of the ancients, and which he would be loth to do, the best of ours; for it is impossible but that one person must be more conspicuous in it than any other, and consequently the greatest share in the action must devolve on him. We see it so in the management of all affairs; even in the most equal aristocracy, the balance cannot be so justly poised but some one will be superior to the rest, either in parts, fortune, interest, or the consideration of some glorious exploit; which will reduce the greatest part of business into his hands.

"But, if he would have us to imagine, that in exalting one character the rest of them are neglected, and that all of them have not some share or other in the action of the play, I desire him to produce any of Corneille's tragedies, wherein every person, like so many servants in a well-governed family, has not some employment, and who is not necessary to the carrying on of the plot, or at least to your understanding it.

"There are indeed some protatic persons in the ancients, whom they make use of in their plays, either to hear or to give the relation: but the French avoid this with great address, making their narrations only to, or by such, who are some way interested in the main design. And now I am speaking of relations, I cannot take a fitter opportunity to add this in favor of the French, that they often use them with better judgment and more *à propos* than the English do. Not that I commend narrations in general—but there are two sorts of them. One of those things which are antecedent

to the play, and are related to make the conduct of it more clear to us. But 'tis a fault to choose such subjects for the stage as will force us on that rock because we see they are seldom listened to by the audience, and that is many times the ruin of the play; for, being once let pass without attention, the audience can never recover themselves to understand the plot: and indeed it is somewhat unreasonable that they should be put to so much trouble, as that, to comprehend what passes in their sight, they must have recourse to what was done, perhaps, ten or twenty years ago.

"But there is another sort of relations, that is, of things happening in the action of the play, and supposed to be done behind the scenes; and this is many times both convenient and beautiful; for by it the French avoid the tumult to which we are subject in England, by representing duels, battles, and the like; which renders our stage too like the theatres where they fight for prizes. For what is more ridiculous than to represent an army with a drum and five men behind it; all which the hero of the other side is to drive in before him; or to see a duel fought, and one slain with two or three thrusts of the foils, which we know are so blunted that we might give a man an hour to kill another in good earnest with them.

"I have observed that in all our tragedies, the audience cannot forbear laughing when the actors are to die; it is the most comic part of the whole play. All *passions* may be lively represented on the stage, if to the well-writing of them the actor supplies a good commanded voice, and limbs that move easily, and without stiffness; but there are many *actions* which can never be imitated to a just height: dying especially is a thing which none but a Roman gladiator could naturally perform on the stage, when he did not imitate or represent, but do it; and therefore it is better to omit the representation of it.

"The words of a good writer, which describe it lively, will make a deeper impression of belief in us than all the actor can insinuate into us, when he seems to fall dead before us; as a poet in the description

of a beautiful garden, or a meadow, will please our imagination more than the place itself can please our sight. When we see death represented, we are convinced it is but fiction; but when we hear it related, our eyes, the strongest witnesses, are wanting, which might have undeceived us; and we are all willing to favor the sleight, when the poet does not too grossly impose on us. They therefore who imagine these relations would make no concernment in the audience, are deceived, by confounding them with the other, which are of things antecedent to the play: those are made often in cold blood, as I may say, to the audience; but these are warmed with our concerns, which were before awakened in the play. What the philosophers say of motion, that, when it is once begun, it continues of itself, and will do so to eternity, without some stop put to it, is clearly true on this occasion: the soul being already moved with the characters and fortunes of those imaginary persons, continues going of its own accord; and we are no more weary to hear what becomes of them when they are not on the stage, than we are to listen to the news of an absent mistress. But it is objected, that if one part of the play may be related, then why not all? I answer, some parts of the action are more fit to be represented, some to be related. Corneille says judiciously that the poet is not obliged to expose to view all particular actions which conduce to the principal: he ought to select such of them to be seen, which will appear with the greatest beauty, either by the magnificence of the show or the vehemence of the passions they produce, or some other charm which they have in them; and let the rest arrive to the audience by narration. 'Tis a great mistake in us to believe the French present no part of the action on the stage; every alteration or crossing of a design, every new-sprung passion, and turn of it, is a part of the action, and much the noblest, except we conceive nothing to be action till the players come to blows; as if the painting of the hero's mind were not more properly the poet's work than the strength of his body. Nor does this anything contradict the opinion of Horace, where he tells us,

*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.*¹⁸

For he says immediately after,

*Non tamen intus
Digna geri promes in scenam; multa que;
tolles*

*Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens.*¹⁹

Among which many he recounts some:

*Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet,
Aut in avem Progne mutetur, Cadmus in
anguem, etc.*²⁰

That is, those actions which by reason of their cruelty will cause aversion in us, or by reason of their impossibility, unbelief, ought either wholly to be avoided by a poet, or only delivered by narration. To which we may have leave to add, such as, to avoid tumult (as was before hinted), or to reduce the plot into a more reasonable compass of time, or for defect of beauty in them, are rather to be related than presented to the eye. Examples of all these kinds are frequent, not only among all the ancients, but in the best received of our English poets. We find Ben Jonson using them in his *Magnetic Lady*, where one comes out from dinner, and relates the quarrels and disorders of it, to save the undecent appearance of them on the stage, and to abbreviate the story; and this in express imitation of Terence, who had done the same before him in his *Eunuch*, where Pythias makes the like relation of what happened within at the soldiers' entertainment. The relations likewise of Sejanus's death, and the prodigies before it, are remarkable; the one of which was hid from sight, to avoid the horror and tumult of the representation; the other, to shun the introducing of things impossible to be be-

lieved. In that excellent play, *The King and no King*, Fletcher goes yet farther; for the whole unravelling of the plot is done by narration in the fifth act, after the manner of the ancients; and it moves great concernment in the audience, though it be only a relation of what was done many years before the play. I could multiply other instances, but these are sufficient to prove that there is no error in choosing a subject which requires this sort of narrations; in the ill management of them, there may.

"But I find I have been too long in this discourse, since the French have many other excellencies not common to us; as that you never see any of their plays end with a conversion, or simple change of will, which is the ordinary way which our poets use to end theirs. It shows little art in the conclusion of a dramatic poem, when they who have hindered the felicity during the four acts, desist from it in the fifth, without some powerful cause to take them off their design; and though I deny not but such reasons may be found, yet it is a path that is cautiously to be trod, and the poet is to be sure he convinces the audience that the motive is strong enough. As for example, the conversion of the Usurer in *The Scornful Lady* seems to me a little forced; for, being an Usurer, which implies a lover of money to the highest degree of covetousness,—and such the poet has represented him,—the account he gives for the sudden change is, that he has been duped by the wild young fellow; which in reason might render him more wary another time, and make him punish himself with harder fare and coarser clothes, to get up again what he had lost: but that he should look on it as a judgment, and so repent, we may expect to hear in a sermon, but I should never endure it in a play.

18 "Those which a tale shall through the ear impart,
With fainter characters impress the heart
Than those which, subject to the eye's broad gaze
[The pleased spectator to himself conveys]."

(*De Arte Poetica*, 180-182.)

19 "Yet drag not on the stage each horrid scene,
Nor shock the sight with what should pass within.
This let description's milder medium show,
And leave to eloquence her tale of woe." (*Ibid.*, 182-184.)

20 "Let not the cruel Colchian mother slay
Her smiling infants in the face of day; . . .
Nor Procne's form the rising plumage take,
Nor Cadmus sink into a slimy snake." (*Ibid.*, 185-187.)

"I pass by this; neither will I insist on the care they take that no person after his first entrance shall ever appear but the business which brings him upon the stage shall be evident; which rule, if observed, must needs render all the events in the play more natural; for there you see the probability of every accident, in the cause that produced it; and that which appears chance in the play will seem so reasonable to you, that you will there find it almost necessary: so that in the exit of the actor you have a clear account of his purpose and design in the next entrance (though, if the scene be well wrought, the event will commonly deceive you); for there is nothing so absurd, says Corneille, as for an actor to leave the stage only because he has no more to say.

"I should now speak of the beauty of their rhyme, and the just reason I have to prefer that way of writing in tragedies before ours in blank verse; but because it is partly received by us, and therefore not altogether peculiar to them, I will say no more of it in relation to their plays. For our own, I doubt not but it will exceedingly beautify them; and I can see but one reason why it should not generally obtain, that is, because our poets write so ill in it. This indeed may prove a more prevailing argument than all others which are used to destroy it, and therefore I am only troubled when great and judicious poets, and those who are acknowledged such, have writ or spoke against it: as for others, they are to be answered by that one sentence of an ancient author:—*Sed ut primo ad consequendos eos quos priores ducimus, accendimur, ita ubi aut præteriri, aut æquari eos posse desperavimus, studium cum spe senescit: quod, scilicet, assequi non potest, sequi desinit; . . . præteritoque eo in quo eminere non possumus, aliquid in quo nitamur, conquirimus.*"

Lisideus concluded in this manner; and Neander, after a little pause, thus answered him:

"I shall grant Lisideus, without much dispute, a great part of what he has urged against us; for I acknowledge that the French contrive their plots more regularly, and observe the laws of comedy and de-

corum of the stage (to speak generally) with more exactness than the English. Farther, I deny not but he has taxed us justly in some irregularities of ours, which he has mentioned; yet, after all, I am of opinion that neither our faults nor their virtues are considerable enough to place them above us.

"For the lively imitation of nature being in the definition of a play, those which best fulfil that law ought to be esteemed superior to the others. 'Tis true, those beauties of the French poesy are such as will raise perfection higher where it is, but are not sufficient to give it where it is not: they are indeed the beauties of a statue, but not of a man, because not animated with the soul of poesy, which is imitation of humor and passions: and this Lisideus himself, or any other, however biassed to their party, cannot but acknowledge, if he will either compare the humors of our comedies, or the characters of our serious plays, with theirs. He who will look upon theirs which have been written till these last ten years, or thereabouts, will find it a hard matter to pick out two or three passable humors amongst them. Corneille himself, their arch-poet, what has he produced except *The Liar*, and you know how it was cried up in France; but when it came upon the English stage, though well translated, and that part of Durant acted to so much advantage as I am confident never received in its own country, the most favorable to it would not put it in competition with many of Fletcher's or Ben Jonson's. In the rest of Corneille's comedies you have little humor; he tells you himself his way is first to show two lovers in good intelligence with each other; in the working up of the play to embroil them by some mistake, and in the latter end to clear it and reconcile them.

"But of late years Molière, the younger Corneille, Quinault, and some others, have been imitating afar off the quick turns and graces of the English stage. They have mixed their serious plays with mirth, like our tragi-comedies, since the death of Cardinal Richelieu; which Lisideus and many others not observing, have commended that in them for a virtue which they themselves no longer practise. Most of their new plays

are, like some of ours, derived from the Spanish novels. There is scarce one of them without a veil, and a trusty Diego, who drolls much after the rate of *The Adventures*. But their humors, if I may grace them with that name, are so thin-sown, that never above one of them comes up in any play. I dare take upon me to find more variety of them in some one play of Ben Jonson's than in all theirs together; as he who has seen *The Alchemist*, *The Silent Woman*, or *Bartholomew Fair*, cannot but acknowledge with me.

"I grant the French have performed what was possible on the ground-work of the Spanish plays; what was pleasant before, they have made regular: but there is not above one good play to be writ on all those plots; they are too much alike to please often; which we need not the experience of our own stage to justify. As for their new way of mingling mirth with serious plot, I do not, with *Lisideius*, condemn the thing, though I cannot approve of their manner of doing it. He tells us, we cannot so speedily recollect ourselves after a scene of great passion and concernment, as to pass to another of mirth and humor, and to enjoy it with any relish: but why should he imagine the soul of man more heavy than his senses? Does not the eye pass from an unpleasant object to a pleasant in a much shorter time than is required to this? and does not the unpleasantness of the first commend the beauty of the latter? The old rule of logic might have convinced him, that contraries, when placed near, set off each other. A continued gravity keeps the spirit too much bent; we must refresh it sometimes, as we bait in a journey that we may go on with greater ease. A scene of mirth, mixed with tragedy, has the same effect upon us which our music has betwixt the acts; which we find a relief to us from the best plots and language of the stage, if the discourses have been long. I must therefore have stronger arguments, ere I am convinced that compassion and mirth in the same subject destroy each other; and in the meantime cannot but conclude, to the honor of our nation, that we have invented, increased, and perfected a more pleasant way of

writing for the stage, than was ever known to the ancients or moderns of any nation, which is *tragi-comedy*.

"And this leads me to wonder why *Lisideius* and many others should cry up the barrenness of the French plots above the variety and copiousness of the English. Their plots are single; they carry on one design, which is pushed forward by all the actors, every scene in the play contributing and moving towards it. Our plays, besides the main design, have under-plots or by-concernments, of less considerable persons and intrigues, which are carried on with the motion of the main plot; as they say the orb of the fixed stars, and those of the planets, though they have motions of their own, are whirled about by the motion of the *primum mobile*, in which they are contained. That similitude expresses much of the English stage; for if contrary motions may be found in nature to agree; if a planet can go east and west at the same time; — one way by virtue of his own motion, the other by the force of the first mover; — it will not be difficult to imagine how the under-plot, which is only different, not contrary to the great design, may naturally be conducted along with it.

"*Eugenius* has already shown us, from the confessions of the French poets, that the unity of action is sufficiently preserved, if all the imperfect actions of the play are conducing to the main design; but when those petty intrigues of a play are so ill ordered that they have no coherence with the other, I must grant that *Lisideius* has reason to tax that want of due connection; for co-ordination in a play is as dangerous and unnatural as in a state. In the meantime he must acknowledge, our variety, if well ordered, will afford a greater pleasure to the audience.

"As for his other argument, that by pursuing one single theme they gain an advantage to express and work up the passions, I wish any example he could bring from them would make it good; for I confess their verses are to me the coldest I have ever read. Neither, indeed, is it possible for them, in the way they take, so to express passion, as that the effects of it should appear in the concernment of an audience,

their speeches being so many declamations, which tire us with their length; so that instead of persuading us to grieve for their imaginary heroes, we are concerned for our own trouble, as we are in tedious visits of bad company; we are in pain till they are gone. When the French stage came to be reformed by Cardinal Richelieu, those long harangues were introduced to comply with the gravity of a churchman. Look upon the Cinna and the Pompey; they are not so properly to be called plays, as long discourses of reason of state; and Polieucte in matters of religion is as solemn as the long stops upon our organs. Since that time it is grown into a custom, and their actors speak by the hour-glass, like our parsons; nay, they account it the grace of their parts, and think themselves disparaged by the poet, if they may not twice or thrice in a play entertain the audience with a speech of an hundred lines. I deny not but this may suit well enough with the French; for as we, who are a more sullen people, come to be diverted at our plays, so they, who are of an airy and gay temper, come thither to make themselves more serious: and this I conceive to be one reason why comedies are more pleasing to us, and tragedies to them. But to speak generally: it cannot be denied that short speeches and replies are more apt to move the passions and beget concernment in us, than the other; for it is unnatural for anyone in a gust of passion to speak long together, or for another in the same condition to suffer him, without interruption. Grief and passion are like floods raised in little brooks by a sudden rain; they are quickly up; and if the concernment be poured unexpectedly in upon us, it overflows us: but a long sober shower gives them leisure to run out as they came in, without troubling the ordinary current. As for comedy, repartee is one of its chiefest graces; the greatest pleasure of the audience is a chase of wit, kept up on both sides, and swiftly managed. And this our forefathers, if not we, have had in Fletcher's plays, to a much higher degree of perfection than the French poets can reasonably hope to reach.

"There is another part of *Lisideus* his discourse, in which he rather excused our

neighbors than commended them; that is, for aiming only to make one person considerable in their plays. 'Tis very true what he has urged, that one character in all plays, even without the poet's care, will have advantage of all the others; and that the design of the whole drama will chiefly depend on it. But this hinders not that there may be more shining characters in the play: many persons of a second magnitude, nay, some so very near, so almost equal to the first, that greatness may be opposed to greatness, and all the persons be made considerable, not only by their quality, but their action. 'Tis evident that the more the persons are, the greater will be the variety of the plot. If then the parts are managed so regularly, that the beauty of the whole be kept entire, and that the variety become not a perplexed and confused mass of accidents, you will find it infinitely pleasing to be led in a labyrinth of design, where you see some of your way before you, yet discern not the end till you arrive at it. And that all this is practicable, I can produce for examples many of our English plays: as *The Maid's Tragedy*, *The Alchemist*, *The Silent Woman*. I was going to have named *The Fox*, but that the unity of design seems not exactly observed in it; for there appear two actions in the play; the first naturally ending with the fourth act; the second forced from it in the fifth; which yet is the less to be condemned in him, because the disguise of *Volpone*, though it suited not with his character as a crafty or covetous person, agreed well enough with that of a voluptuary; and by it the poet gained the end at which he aimed, the punishment of vice, and the reward of virtue, both which that disguise produced. So that to judge equally of it, it was an excellent fifth act, but not so naturally proceeding from the former.

"But to leave this, and pass to the latter part of *Lisideus* his discourse, which concerns relations: I must acknowledge with him, that the French have reason to hide that part of the action which would occasion too much tumult on the stage, and to choose rather to have it made known by narration to the audience. Farther, I think it very convenient, for the reasons he has

given, that all incredible actions were removed; but whether custom has so insinuated itself into our countrymen, or nature has so formed them to fierceness, I know not; but they will scarcely suffer combats and other objects of horror to be taken from them. And indeed, the indécency of tumults is all which can be objected against fighting: for why may not our imagination as well suffer itself to be deluded with the probability of it, as with any other thing in the play? For my part, I can with as great ease persuade myself that the blows are given in good earnest, as I can that they who strike them are kings or princes, or those persons which they represent. For objects of incredibility, — I would be satisfied from Lisideius, whether we have any so removed from all appearance of truth, as are those of Corneille's *Andromede*; a play which has been frequented the most of any he has writ. If the *Perseus*, or the son of a heathen god, the *Pegasus*, and the *Monster*, were not capable to choke a strong belief, let him blame any representation of ours hereafter. Those indeed were objects of delight; yet the reason is the same as to the probability: for he makes it not a ballet or masque, but a play, which is to resemble truth. But for death, that it ought not to be represented, I have, besides the arguments alleged by Lisideius, the authority of Ben Jonson, who has forborne it in his tragedies; for both the death of *Sejanus* and *Catiline* are related: though in the latter I cannot but observe one irregularity of that great poet; he has removed the scene in the same act from *Rome* to *Catiline's* army, and from thence again to *Rome*; and besides, has allowed a very inconsiderable time, after *Catiline's* speech, for the striking of the battle, and the return of *Petreibus*, who is to relate the event of it to the senate: which I should not animadvert on him, who was otherwise a painful observer of τὸ πρέπον, or the *decorum* of the stage, if he had not used extreme severity in his judgment on the incomparable *Shakespeare* for the same fault. — To conclude on this subject of relations; if we are to be blamed for showing too much of the action, the French are as faulty for discovering too little of it: a mean betwixt

both should be observed by every judicious writer, so as the audience may neither be left unsatisfied by not seeing what is beautiful, or shocked by beholding what is either incredible or undecent.

"I hope I have already proved in this discourse, that though we are not altogether so punctual as the French in observing the laws of comedy, yet our errors are so few, and little, and those things wherein we excel them so considerable, that we ought of right to be preferred before them. But what will Lisideius say, if they themselves acknowledge they are too strictly bounded by those laws, for breaking which he has blamed the English? I will allege Corneille's words, as I find them in the end of his *Discourse of the Three Unities*: *Il est facile aux spéculatifs d'estre sévères*, etc. 'Tis easy for speculative persons to judge severely; but if they would produce to public view ten or twelve pieces of this nature, they would perhaps give more latitude to the rules than I have done, when by experience they had known how much we are limited and constrained by them, and how many beauties of the stage they banished from it.' To illustrate a little what he has said: By their servile observations of the unities of time and place, and integrity of scenes, they have brought on themselves that dearth of plot, and narrowness of imagination, which may be observed in all their plays. How many beautiful accidents might naturally happen in two or three days, which cannot arrive with any probability in the compass of twenty-four hours? There is time to be allowed also for maturity of design, which, amongst great and prudent persons, such as are often represented in tragedy, cannot, with any likelihood of truth, be brought to pass at so short a warning. Farther; by tying themselves strictly to the unity of place, and unbroken scenes, they are forced many times to omit some beauties which cannot be shown where the act began; but might, if the scene were interrupted, and the stage cleared for the persons to enter in another place; and therefore the French poets are often forced upon absurdities; for if the act begins in a chamber, all the persons in the play must have some business or other

to come thither, or else they are not to be shown that act; and sometimes their characters are very unfitting to appear there: as, suppose it were the king's bed-chamber; yet the meanest man in the tragedy must come and dispatch his business there, rather than in the lobby or courtyard (which is fitter for him), for fear the stage should be cleared, and the scenes broken. Many times they fall by it in a greater inconvenience; for they keep their scenes unbroken, and yet change the place; as in one of their newest plays, where the act begins in the street. There a gentleman is to meet his friend; he sees him with his man, coming out from his father's house; they talk together, and the first goes out: the second, who is a lover, has made an appointment with his mistress; she appears at the window, and then we are to imagine the scene lies under it. This gentleman is called away, and leaves his servant with his mistress; presently her father is heard from within; the young lady is afraid the serving-man should be discovered, and thrusts him into a place of safety, which is supposed to be her closet. After this, the father enters to the daughter, and now the scene is in a house; for he is seeking from one room to another for this poor Philipin, or French Diego, who is heard from within, drolling and breaking many a miserable conceit on the subject of his sad condition. In this ridiculous manner the play goes forward, the stage being never empty all the while: so that the street, the window, the houses, and the closet, are made to walk about, and the persons to stand still. Now what, I beseech you, is more easy than to write a regular French play, or more difficult than to write an irregular English one, like those of Fletcher, or of Shakespeare?

"If they content themselves, as Corneille did, with some flat design, which, like an ill riddle, is found out ere it be half proposed, such plots we can make every way regular, as easily as they; but whenever they endeavor to rise to any quick turns and counterturns of plot, as some of them have attempted, since Corneille's plays have been less in vogue, you see they write as irregularly as we, though they cover it more speciously. Hence the reason is perspicuous

why no French plays, when translated, have, or ever can succeed on the English stage. For, if you consider the plots, our own are fuller of variety; if the writing, ours are more quick and fuller of spirit; and therefore 'tis a strange mistake in those who decry the way of writing plays in verse, as if the English therein imitated the French. We have borrowed nothing from them; our plots are weaved in English looms: we endeavor therein to follow the variety and greatness of characters which are derived to us from Shakespeare and Fletcher; the copiousness and well-knitting of the intrigues we have from Jonson; and for the verse itself we have English precedents of elder date than any of Corneille's plays. Not to name our old comedies before Shakespeare, which were all writ in verse of six feet, or Alexandrines, such as the French now use—I can show in Shakespeare many scenes of rhyme together, and the like in Ben Jonson's tragedies: in *Catiline* and *Sejanus* sometimes thirty or forty lines—I mean besides the Chorus, or the monologues; which, by the way, showed Ben no enemy to this way of writing, especially if you read his *Sad Shepherd*, which goes sometimes on rhyme, sometimes on blank verse, like an horse who eases himself on trot and amble. You find him likewise commending Fletcher's pastoral of *The Faithful Shepherdess*, which is for the most part in rhyme, though not refined to that purity to which it hath since been brought. And these examples are enough to clear us from a servile imitation of the French.

"But to return whence I have digressed: I dare boldly affirm these two things of the English drama;—First, that we have many plays of ours as regular as any of theirs, and which, besides, have more variety of plot and characters; and secondly, that in most of the irregular plays of Shakespeare or Fletcher (for Ben Jonson's are for the most part regular), there is a more masculine fancy and greater spirit in the writing than there is in any of the French. I could produce, even in Shakespeare's and Fletcher's works, some plays which are almost exactly formed; as *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *The Scornful*

Lady: but because (generally speaking) Shakespeare, who writ first, did not perfectly observe the laws of comedy, and Fletcher, who came nearer to perfection, yet through carelessness made many faults; I will take the pattern of a perfect play from Ben Jonson, who was a careful and learned observer of the dramatic laws, and from all his comedies I shall select *The Silent Woman*; of which I will make a short examen, according to those rules which the French observe."

As Neander was beginning to examine *The Silent Woman*, Eugenius, earnestly regarding him; "I beseech you, Neander," said he, "gratify the company, and me in particular, so far, as before you speak of the play, to give us a character of the author; and tell us frankly your opinion, whether you do not think all writers, both French and English, ought to give place to him."

"I fear," replied Neander, "that in obeying your commands I shall draw some envy on myself. Besides, in performing them, it will be first necessary to speak somewhat of Shakespeare and Fletcher, his rivals in poesy; and one of them, in my opinion, at least his equal, perhaps his superior."

"To begin, then, with Shakespeare. He was the man who of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them, not laboriously, but luckily; when he describes anything, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great when some great occasion is presented to him; no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit

and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

*Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.*²¹

The consideration of this made Mr. Hales²² of Eaton say, that there is no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better done in Shakespeare; and however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him Fletcher and Jonson, never equalled them to him in their esteem: and in the last king's court, when Ben's reputation was at highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakespeare far above him.

"Beaumont and Fletcher, of whom I am next to speak, had, with the advantage of Shakespeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved by study: Beaumont especially being so accurate a judge of plays, that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure, and, 'tis thought, used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving, all his plots. What value he had for him, appears by the verses he writ to him; and therefore I need speak no farther of it. The first play that brought Fletcher and him in esteem was their *Philaster*: for before that, they had written two or three very unsuccessfully, as the like is reported of Ben Jonson, before he writ *Every Man in His Humor*. Their plots were generally more regular than Shakespeare's, especially those which were made before Beaumont's death; and they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better; whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of wit in repartees, no poet before them could paint as they have done. Humor, which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe: they represented all the passions very lively, but above all, love. I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection: what words have since been taken in, are rather superfluous than ornamental. Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the

21 As the cypresses tower among the humbler trees of the wayside.

22 John Hales, author of *The Golden Remains*, 1659.

stage; two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakespeare's or Jonson's: the reason is, because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies, and pathos in their more serious plays, which suit generally with all men's humors. Shakespeare's language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs.

"As for Jonson, to whose character I am now arrived, if we look upon him while he was himself (for his last plays were but his dotage), I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself, as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit, and language, and humor also in some measure we had before him; but something of art was wanting to the drama till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavoring to move the passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such an height. Humor was his proper sphere; and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people. He was deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them: there is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times whom he has not translated in Sejanus and Catiline. But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch; and what would be theft in other poets is only victory in him. With the spoils of these writers he so represents old Rome to us, in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language, 'twas that he weaved it too closely and laboriously, in his comedies especially: perhaps, too, he did a little too much Romanize our tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latin as he found them: wherein, though he learnedly followed their language, he did not enough comply with the idiom of ours.

If I would compare him with Shakespeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakespeare the greater wit. Shakespeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets; Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing; I admire him, but I love Shakespeare. To conclude of him; as he has given us the most correct plays, so in the precepts which he has laid down in his Discoveries, we have as many and profitable rules for perfecting the stage, as any wherewith the French can furnish us.

"Having thus spoken of the author, I proceed to the examination of his comedy, *The Silent Woman*.

EXAMEN OF THE SILENT WOMAN

"To begin first with the length of the action; it is so far from exceeding the compass of a natural day, that it takes not up an artificial one. 'Tis all included in the limits of three hours and a half, which is no more than is required for the presentment on the stage: a beauty perhaps not much observed; if it had, we should not have looked on the Spanish translation of *Five Hours* with so much wonder. The scene of it is laid in London; the latitude of place is almost as little as you can imagine; for it lies all within the compass of two houses, and after the first act, in one. The continuity of scenes is observed more than in any of our plays, except his own *Fox* and *Alchemist*. They are not broken above twice or thrice at most in the whole comedy; and in the two best of Corneille's plays, the *Cid* and *Cinna*, they are interrupted once. The action of the play is entirely one; the end or aim of which is the settling Morose's estate on Dauphine. The intrigue of it is the greatest and most noble of any pure unmixed comedy in any language; you see in it many persons of various characters and humors, and all delightful. As first, Morose, or an old man, to whom all noise but his own talking is offensive. Some who would be thought critics, say this humor of his is forced: but to remove that objection, we may consider him first to be naturally of a delicate hearing, as many are, to whom all sharp sounds are unpleasant; and secondly, we may at-

tribute much of it to the peevishness of his age, or the wayward authority of an old man in his own house, where he may make himself obeyed; and to this the poet seems to allude in his name Morose. Besides this, I am assured from divers persons, that Ben Jonson was actually acquainted with such a man, one altogether as ridiculous as he is here represented. Others say, it is not enough to find one man of such an humor; it must be common to more, and the more common the more natural. To prove this, they instance in the best of comical characters, Falstaff. There are many men resembling him; old, fat, merry, cowardly, drunken, amorous, vain, and lying. But to convince these people, I need but tell them that humor is the ridiculous extravagance of conversation, wherein one man differs from all others. If then it be common, or communicated to many, how differs it from other men's? or what indeed causes it to be ridiculous so much as the singularity of it? As for Falstaff, he is not properly one humor, but a miscellany of humors or images, drawn from so many several men: that wherein he is singular is his wit, or those things he says *præter expectatum*, unexpected by the audience; his quick evasions, when you imagine him surprised, which, as they are extremely diverting of themselves, so receive a great addition from his person; for the very sight of such an unwieldy old debauched fellow is a comedy alone. And here, having a place so proper for it, I cannot but enlarge somewhat upon this subject of humor into which I am fallen. The ancients had little of it in their comedies; for the τὸ γελοῖον of the old comedy, of which Aristophanes was chief, was not so much to imitate a man, as to make the people laugh at some odd conceit, which had commonly somewhat of unnatural or obscene in it. Thus, when you see Socrates brought upon the stage, you are not to imagine him made ridiculous by the imitation of his actions, but rather by making him perform something very unlike himself; something so childish and absurd, as by comparing it with the gravity of the true Socrates, makes a ridiculous object for the spectators. In their new comedy which succeeded, the poets sought indeed to ex-

press the ἥθος, as in their tragedies the πάθος of mankind. But this ἥθος contained only the general characters of men and manners; as old men, lovers, serving-men, courtizans, parasites, and such other persons as we see in their comedies; all which they made alike: that is, one old man or father, one lover, one courtizan, so like another, as if the first of them had begot the rest of every sort: *Ex homine hunc natum dicas*. The same custom they observed likewise in their tragedies. As for the French, though they have the word *humeur* among them, yet they have small use of it in their comedies or farces; they being but ill imitations of the *ridiculum*, or that which stirred up laughter in the old comedy. But among the English 'tis otherwise: where by humor is meant some extravagant habit, passion, or affection, particular (as I have said before) to some one person, by the oddness of which, he is immediately distinguished from the rest of men; which being lively and naturally represented, most frequently begets that malicious pleasure in the audience which is testified by laughter; as all things which are deviations from customs are ever the aptest to produce it: though by the way this laughter is only accidental, as the person represented is fantastic or bizarre; but pleasure is essential to it, as the imitation of what is natural. The description of these humors, drawn from the knowledge and observation of particular persons, was the peculiar genius and talent of Ben Jonson; to whose play I now return.

"Besides Morose, there are at least nine or ten different characters and humors in *The Silent Woman*; all which persons have several concernments of their own, yet are all used by the poet to the conducting of the main design to perfection. I shall not waste time in commending the writing of this play; but I will give you my opinion, that there is more wit and acuteness of fancy in it than in any of Ben Jonson's. Besides that he has here described the conversation of gentlemen in the persons of *True-Wit*, and his friends, with more gaiety, air, and freedom, than in the rest of his comedies. For the contrivance of the plot, 'tis extreme, elaborate, and yet withal easy; for the λύσις, or untying of it, 'tis so ad-

mirable, that when it is done, no one of the audience would think the poet could have missed it; and yet it was concealed so much before the last scene, that any other way would sooner have entered into your thoughts. But I dare not take upon me to commend the fabric of it, because it is altogether so full of art, that I must unravel every scene in it to commend it as I ought. And this excellent contrivance is still the more to be admired, because 'tis comedy, where the persons are only of common rank, and their business private, not elevated by passions or high concerns, as in serious plays. Here everyone is a proper judge of all he sees, nothing is represented but that with which he daily converses: so that by consequence all faults lie open to discovery, and few are pardonable. 'Tis this which Horace has judiciously observed:

*Creditur, ex medio quia res arcessit, habere
Sudoris minimum; sed habet Comedia tanto
Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus.*

"But our poet who was not ignorant of these difficulties has made use of all advantages; as he who designs a large leap takes his rise from the highest ground. One of these advantages is that which Corneille has laid down as the greatest which can arrive to any poem, and which he himself could never compass above thrice in all his plays; *viz.*, the making choice of some signal and long-expected day, whereon the action of the play is to depend. This day was that designed by Dauphine for the settling of his uncle's estate upon him; which to compass, he contrives to marry him. That the marriage had been plotted by him long beforehand, is made evident by what he tells True-Wit in the second act, that in one moment he had destroyed what he had been raising many months.

"There is another artifice of the poet, which I cannot here omit, because by the frequent practice of it in his comedies he has left it to us almost as a rule; that is, when he has any character or humor wherein he would show a *coup de maître*, or his highest skill, he recommends it to your observation by a pleasant description of it before the person first appears. Thus,

in Bartholomew Fair he gives you the pictures of Numps and Cokes, and in this those of Daw, Lafoole, Morose, and the Collegiate Ladies; all which you hear described before you see them. So that before they come upon the stage, you have a long-ing expectation of them, which prepares you to receive them favorably; and when they are there, even from their first appearance you are so far acquainted with them, that nothing of their humor is lost to you.

"I will observe yet one thing further of this admirable plot; the business of it rises in every act. The second is greater than the first; the third than the second; and so forward to the fifth. There too you see, till the very last scene, new difficulties arising to obstruct the action of the play; and when the audience is brought into despair that the business can naturally be effected, then, and not before, the discovery is made. But that the poet might entertain you with more variety all this while, he reserves some new characters to show you, which he opens not till the second and third act; in the second Morose, Daw, the Barber, and Otter; in the third the Collegiate Ladies: all which he moves afterwards in by-walks, or under-plots, as diversions to the main design, lest it should grow tedious, though they are still naturally joined with it, and somewhere or other subservient to it. Thus, like a skilful chess-player, by little and little he draws out his men, and makes his pawns of use to his greater persons.

"If this comedy and some others of his were translated into French prose (which would now be no wonder to them, since Molière has lately given them plays out of verse, which have not displeased them), I believe the controversy would soon be decided betwixt the two nations, even making them the judges. But we need not call our heroes to our aid. Be it spoken to the honor of the English, our nation can never want in any age such who are able to dispute the empire of wit with any people in the universe. And though the fury of a civil war, and power for twenty years together abandoned to a barbarous race of men, enemies of all good learning, had buried the muses under the ruins of monarchy; yet, with the

restoration of our happiness, we see revived poesy lifting up its head, and already shaking off the rubbish which lay so heavy on it. We have seen since his Majesty's return, many dramatic poems which yield not to those of any foreign nation, and which deserve all laurels but the English. I will set aside flattery and envy: it cannot be denied but we have had some little blemish either in the plot or writing of all those plays which have been made within these seven years; (and perhaps there is no nation in the world so quick to discern them, or so difficult to pardon them, as ours:) yet if we can persuade ourselves to use the candor of that poet, who, though the most severe of critics, has left us this caution by which to moderate our censures —

*ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis; —*²³

if, in consideration of their many and great beauties, we can wink at some and little imperfections, if we, I say, can be thus equal to ourselves, I ask no favor from the French. And if I do not venture upon any particular judgment of our late plays, 'tis out of the consideration which an ancient writer gives me: *vivorum ut magna admiratio, ita censura difficilis*: betwixt the extremes of admiration and malice, 'tis hard to judge uprightly of the living. Only I think it may be permitted me to say, that as it is no lessening to us to yield to some plays, and those not many, of our own nation in the last age, so can it be no addition to pronounce of our present poets, that they have far surpassed all the ancients, and the modern writers of other countries."

This was the substance of what was then spoken on that occasion; and Lisideius, I think, was going to reply, when he was prevented thus by Crites: "I am confident," said he, "that the most material things that can be said have been already urged on either side; if they have not, I must beg of Lisideius that he will defer his answer till another time: for I confess I have a joint quarrel to you both, because you have concluded, without any reason given for it,

that rhyme is proper for the stage. I will not dispute how ancient it hath been among us to write this way; perhaps our ancestors knew no better till Shakespeare's time. I will grant it was not altogether left by him, and that Fletcher and Ben Jonson used it frequently in their Pastorals, and sometimes in other plays. Farther, — I will not argue whether we received it originally from our countrymen, or from the French; for that is an inquiry of as little benefit, as theirs who, in the midst of the great plague, were not so solicitous to provide against it, as to know whether we had it from the malignity of our own air, or by transportation from Holland. I have therefore only to affirm, that it is not allowable in serious plays; for comedies, I find you already concluding with me. To prove this, I might satisfy myself to tell you, how much in vain it is for you to strive against the stream of the people's inclination; the greatest part of which are prepossessed so much with those excellent plays of Shakespeare, Fletcher, and Ben Jonson, which have been written out of rhyme, that except you could bring them such as were written better in it, and those too by persons of equal reputation with them, it will be impossible for you to gain your cause with them, who will still be judges. This it is to which, in fine, all your reasons must submit. The unanimous consent of an audience is so powerful, that even Julius Cæsar (as Macrobius reports of him), when he was perpetual dictator, was not able to balance it on the other side; but when Laberius, a Roman Knight, at his request contended in the *Mime* with another poet, he was forced to cry out, *Etiam favente me victus es, Laberi*. But I will not on this occasion take the advantage of the greater number, but only urge such reasons against rhyme, as I find in the writings of those who have argued for the other way. First, then, I am of opinion that rhyme is unnatural in a play, because dialogue there is presented as the effect of sudden thought: for a play is the imitation of nature; and since no man, without premeditation, speaks in rhyme, neither ought he to do it on the

²³ "If then a poem charm me in the main,
Slight faults I'll not too rigidly arraign."

(Horace, *De Arte Poetica*, 351, 352.)

stage. This hinders not but the fancy may be there elevated to an higher pitch of thought than it is in ordinary discourse; for there is a probability that men of excellent and quick parts may speak noble things *extempore*: but those thoughts are never fettered with the numbers or sound of verse without study, therefore it cannot be but unnatural to present the most free way of speaking in that which is the most constrained. For this reason, says Aristotle, 'tis best to write tragedy in that kind of verse which is the least such, or which is nearest prose: and this amongst the ancients was the Iambic, and with us is blank verse, or the measure of verse kept exactly without rhyme. These numbers therefore are fittest for a play; the others for a paper of verses, or a poem; blank verse being as much below them as rhyme is improper for the drama. And if it be objected that neither are blank verses made *extempore*, yet, as nearest nature, they are still to be preferred. — But there are two particular exceptions, which many besides myself have had to verse; by which it will appear yet more plainly how improper it is in plays. And the first of them is grounded on that very reason for which some have commended rhyme; they say, the quickness of repartees in argumentative scenes receives an ornament from verse. Now what is more unreasonable than to imagine that a man should not only light upon the wit, but the rhyme too, upon the sudden? This nicking of him who spoke before both in sound and measure, is so great an happiness, that you must at least suppose the persons of your play to be born poets: *Arcades omnes, et cantare pares, et respondere parati*: they must have arrived to the degree of *quicquid conabar dicere*; — to make verses almost whether they will or no. If they are anything below this, it will look rather like the design of two, than the answer of one: it will appear that your actors hold intelligence together; that they perform their tricks like fortune-tellers, by confederacy. The hand of art will be too visible in it, against that maxim of all professions — *Ars est celare artem*; that it is the greatest perfection of art to keep itself undiscovered. Nor will it serve you to object, that how-

ever you manage it, 'tis still known to be a play; and, consequently, the dialogue of two persons understood to be the labor of one poet. For a play is still an imitation of nature; we know we are to be deceived, and we desire to be so; but no man ever was deceived but with a probability of truth; for who will suffer a gross lie to be fastened on him? Thus we sufficiently understand that the scenes which represent cities and countries to us are not really such, but only painted on boards and canvas; but shall that excuse the ill painture or designment of them? Nay, rather ought they not be labored with so much the more diligence and exactness, to help the imagination? since the mind of man does naturally tend to truth; and therefore the nearer anything comes to the imitation of it, the more it pleases.

“ Thus, you see, your rhyme is incapable of expressing the greatest thoughts naturally, and the lowest it cannot with any grace: for what is more unbefitting the majesty of verse, than to call a servant, or bid a door be shut in rhyme? and yet you are often forced on this miserable necessity. But verse, you say, circumscribes a quick and luxuriant fancy, which would extend itself too far on every subject, did not the labor which is required to well-turned and polished rhyme set bounds to it. Yet this argument, if granted, would only prove that we may write better in verse, but not more naturally. Neither is it able to evince that; for he who wants judgment to confine his fancy in blank verse, may want it as much in rhyme: and he who has it will avoid errors in both kinds. Latin verse was as great a confinement to the imagination of those poets as rhyme to ours; and yet you find Ovid saying too much on every subject. *Nescivit* (says Seneca) *quod bene cessit relinquere*: of which he gives you one famous instance in his description of the deluge:

*Omnia pontus erat, deerant quoque litora
ponto.*

Now all was sea, nor had that sea a shore.

Thus Ovid's fancy was not limited by verse, and Virgil needed not verse to have bounded his.

“ In our own language we see Ben Jonson

confining himself to what ought to be said, even in the liberty of blank verse; and yet Corneille, the most judicious of the French poets, is still varying the same sense an hundred ways, and dwelling eternally on the same subject, though confined by rhyme. Some other exceptions I have to verse; but since these I have named are for the most part already public, I conceive it reasonable they should first be answered."

"It concerns me less than any," said Neander (seeing he had ended), "to reply to this discourse; because when I should have proved that verse may be natural in plays, yet I should always be ready to confess, that those which I have written in this kind come short of that perfection which is required. Yet since you are pleased I should undertake this province, I will do it, though with all imaginable respect and deference, both to that person from whom you have borrowed your strongest arguments, and to whose judgment, when I have said all, I finally submit. But before I proceed to answer your objections, I must first remember you, that I exclude all comedy from my defence; and next that I deny not but blank verse may be also used; and content myself only to assert, that in serious plays where the subject and characters are great, and the plot unmixed with mirth, which might allay or divert these concerns which are produced, rhyme is there as natural and more effectual than blank verse.

"And now having laid down this as a foundation—to begin with Crites—I must crave leave to tell him, that some of his arguments against rhyme reach no farther than, from the faults and defects of ill rhyme, to conclude against the use of it in general. May not I conclude against blank verse by the same reason? If the words of some poets who write in it are either ill chosen, or ill placed, which makes not only rhyme, but all kind of verse in any language unnatural, shall I, for their vicious affectation, condemn those excellent lines of Fletcher, which are written in that kind? Is there anything in rhyme more constrained than this line in blank verse?—*I heaven invoke, and strong resistance make;*

where you see both the clauses are placed unnaturally, that is, contrary to the common way of speaking, and that without the excuse of a rhyme to cause it: yet you would think me very ridiculous, if I should accuse the stubbornness of blank verse for this, and not rather the stiffness of the poet. Therefore, Crites, you must either prove that words, though well chosen, and duly placed, yet render not rhyme natural in itself; or that, however natural and easy the rhyme may be, yet it is not proper for a play. If you insist on the former part, I would ask you, what other conditions are required to make rhyme natural in itself, besides an election of apt words, and a right disposition of them? For the due choice of your words expresses your sense naturally, and the due placing them adapts the rhyme to it. If you object that one verse may be made for the sake of another, though both the words and rhyme be apt, I answer, it cannot possibly so fall out; for either there is a dependence of sense betwixt the first line and the second, or there is none: if there be that connection, then in the natural position of the words the latter line must of necessity flow from the former; if there be no dependence, yet still the due ordering of words makes the last line as natural in itself as the other: so that the necessity of a rhyme never forces any but bad or lazy writers to say what they would not otherwise. 'Tis true, there is both care and art required to write in verse. A good poet never establishes the first line till he has sought out such a rhyme as may fit the sense, already prepared to heighten the second: many times the close of the sense falls into the middle of the next verse, or farther off, and he may often prevail himself of the same advantages in English which Virgil had in Latin—he may break off in the hemistich, and begin another line. Indeed, the not observing these two last things makes plays which are writ in verse so tedious: for though, most commonly, the sense is to be confined to the couplet, yet nothing that does *perpetuo tenore fluere*—run in the same channel, can please always. 'Tis like the murmuring of a stream, which not varying in the fall, causes at first attention, at last drowsiness. Variety of cadences

is the best rule; the greatest help to the actors, and refreshment to the audience.

"If then verse may be made natural in itself, how becomes it unnatural in a play? You say the stage is the representation of nature, and no man in ordinary conversation speaks in rhyme. But you foresaw when you said this, that it might be answered — neither does any man speak in blank verse, or in measure without rhyme. Therefore you concluded, that which is nearest nature is still to be preferred. But you took no notice that rhyme might be made as natural as blank verse, by the well placing of the words, etc. All the difference between them, when they are both correct, is, the sound in one, which the other wants; and if so, the sweetness of it, and all the advantage resulting from it, which are handled in the Preface to *The Rival Ladies*, will yet stand good. As for that place of Aristotle, where he says, plays should be writ in that kind of verse which is nearest prose, it makes little for you; blank verse being properly but measured prose. Now measure alone, in any modern language, does not constitute verse; those of the ancients in Greek and Latin consisted in quantity of words, and a determinate number of feet. But when, by the inundation of the Goths and Vandals into Italy, new languages were introduced, and barbarously mingled with the Latin, of which the Italian, Spanish, French, and ours (made out of them and the Teutonic) are dialects, a new way of poesy was practised; new, I say, in those countries, for in all probability it was that of the conquerors in their own nations: at least we are able to prove, that the eastern people have used it from all antiquity (*vide* Daniel his Defence of Rhyme). This new way consisted in measure or number of feet, and rhyme; the sweetness of rhyme, and observation of accent, supplying the place of quantity in words, which could neither exactly be observed by those barbarians, who knew not the rules of it, neither was it suitable to their tongues, as it had been to the Greek and Latin. No man is tied in modern poesy to observe any farther rule in the feet of his verse, but that they be dissyllables; whether Spondee, Trochee, or Iambic, it matters not; only he is obliged

to rhyme: neither do the Spanish, French, Italian, or Germans, acknowledge at all, or very rarely, any such kind of poesy as blank verse amongst them. Therefore, at most 'tis but a poetic prose, a *sermo pedestris*; and as such, most fit for comedies, where I acknowledge rhyme to be improper. — Farther; as to that quotation of Aristotle, our couplet verses may be rendered as near prose as blank verse itself, by using those advantages I lately named — as breaks in an hemistich, or running the sense into another line — thereby making art and order appear as loose and free as nature: or not tying ourselves to couplets strictly, we may use the benefit of the Pindaric way practised in *The Siege of Rhodes*; where the numbers vary, and the rhyme is disposed carelessly, and far from often chiming. Neither is that other advantage of the ancients to be despised, of changing the kind of verse when they please, with the change of the scene, or some new entrance; for they confine not themselves always to iambics, but extend their liberty to all lyric numbers, and sometimes even to hexameter. But I need not go so far as to prove that rhyme, as it succeeds to all other offices of Greek and Latin verse, so especially to this of plays, since the custom of nations at this day confirms it; the French, Italian, and Spanish tragedies are generally writ in it; and sure the universal consent of the most civilized parts of the world ought in this, as it doth in other customs, to include the rest.

"But perhaps you may tell me, I have proposed such a way to make rhyme natural, and consequently proper to plays, as is unpracticable; and that I shall scarce find six or eight lines together in any play, where the words are so placed and chosen as is required to make it natural. I answer, no poet need constrain himself at all times to it. It is enough he makes it his general rule; for I deny not but sometimes there may be a greatness in placing the words otherwise; and sometimes they may sound better; sometimes also the variety itself is excuse enough. But if, for the most part, the words be placed as they are in the negligence of prose, it is sufficient to denominate the way practicable; for we esteem

that to be such, which in the trial oftener succeeds than misses. And thus far you may find the practice made good in many plays: where you do not, remember still, that if you cannot find six natural rhymes together, it will be as hard for you to produce as many lines in blank verse, even among the greatest of our poets, against which I cannot make some reasonable exception.

"And this, Sir, calls to my remembrance the beginning of your discourse, where you told us we should never find the audience favorable to this kind of writing, till we could produce as good plays in rhyme as Ben Jonson, Fletcher, and Shakespeare had writ out of it. But it is to raise envy to the living, to compare them with the dead. They are honored, and almost adored by us, as they deserve; neither do I know any so presumptuous of themselves as to contend with them. Yet give me leave to say thus much, without injury to their ashes; that not only we shall never equal them, but they could never equal themselves, were they to rise and write again. We acknowledge them our fathers in wit; but they have ruined their estates themselves, before they came to their children's hands. There is scarce an humor, a character, or any kind of plot, which they have not used. All comes sullied or wasted to us: and were they to entertain this age, they could not now make so plenteous treatments out of such decayed fortunes. This therefore will be a good argument to us, either not to write at all, or to attempt some other way. There is no bays to be expected in their walks: *tentanda via est, quâ me quoque possum tollere humo*.

"This way of writing in verse they have only left free to us; our age is arrived to a perfection in it, which they never knew; and which (if we may guess by what of theirs we have seen in verse, as *The Faithful Shepherdess*, and *Sad Shepherd*) 'tis probable they never could have reached. For the genius of every age is different; and though ours excel in this, I deny not but to imitate nature in that perfection which they did in prose, is a greater commendation than to write in verse exactly. As for what you have added — that the people are not generally inclined to like this way, — if it were

true, it would be no wonder, that betwixt the shaking off of an old habit, and the introducing of a new, there should be difficulty. Do we not see them stick to Hopkins' and Sternhold's psalms, and forsake those of David, I mean Sandys his translation of them? If by the people you understand the multitude, the *οἱ πολλοί*, 'tis no matter what they think; they are sometimes in the right, sometimes in the wrong: their judgment is a mere lottery. *Est ubi plebs rectè putat, est ubi peccat*. Horace says it of the vulgar, judging poesy. But if you mean the mixed audience of the populace and the noblesse, I dare confidently affirm that a great part of the latter sort are already favorable to verse; and that no serious plays written since the king's return have been more kindly received by them than *The Siege of Rhodes*, the *Mustapha*, *The Indian Queen*, and *Indian Emperor*.

"But I come now to the inference of your first argument. You said that the dialogue of plays is presented as the effect of sudden thought, but no man speaks suddenly, or *extempore*, in rhyme; and you inferred from thence, that rhyme, which you acknowledge to be proper to epic poesy, cannot equally be proper to dramatic, unless we could suppose all men born so much more than poets, that verses should be made in them, not by them.

"It has been formerly urged by you, and confessed by me, that since no man spoke any kind of verse *extempore*, that which was nearest nature was to be preferred. I answer you, therefore, by distinguishing betwixt what is nearest to the nature of comedy, which is the imitation of common persons and ordinary speaking, and what is nearest the nature of a serious play: this last is indeed the representation of nature, but 'tis nature wrought up to a higher pitch. The plot, the characters, the wit, the passions, the descriptions, are all exalted above the level of common converse, as high as the imagination of the poet can carry them, with proportion to verisimilitude. Tragedy, we know, is wont to image to us the minds and fortunes of noble persons, and to portray these exactly; heroic rhyme is nearest nature, as being the noblest kind of modern verse.

*Indignatur enim privatis et prope socco
Dignis carminibus narrari cæna Thyestæ,*²⁴

says Horace: and in another place,

*Effutire leves indigna tragoedia versus.*²⁵

Blank verse is acknowledged to be too low for a poem, nay more, for a paper of verses; but if too low for an ordinary sonnet, how much more for tragedy, which is by Aristotle, in the dispute betwixt the epic poesy and the dramatic, for many reasons he there alleges, ranked above it?

“But setting this defence aside, your argument is almost as strong against the use of rhyme in poems as in plays; for the epic way is everywhere interlaced with dialogue, or discursive scenes; and therefore you must either grant rhyme to be improper there, which is contrary to your assertion, or admit it into plays by the same title which you have given it to poems. For though tragedy be justly preferred above the other, yet there is a great affinity between them, as may easily be discovered in that definition of a play which Lysideius gave us. The *genus* of them is the same—a just and lively image of human nature, in its actions, passions, and traverses of fortune: so is the end—namely, for the delight and benefit of mankind. The characters and persons are still the same, *viz.*, the greatest of both sorts; only the manner of acquainting us with those actions, passions, and fortunes, is different. Tragedy performs it *viva voce*, or by action, in dialogue; wherein it excels the epic poem, which does it chiefly by narration, and therefore is not so lively an image of human nature. However, the agreement betwixt them is such, that if rhyme be proper for one, it must be for the other. Verse, ’tis true, is not the effect of sudden thought; but this hinders not that sudden thought may be represented in verse, since those thoughts are such as must be higher than nature can raise them without premeditation, especially to a continuance of them, even out of verse; and consequently you cannot imag-

ine them to have been sudden either in the poet or in the actors. A play, as I have said, to be like nature, is to be set above it; as statues which are placed on high are made greater than the life, that they may descend to the sight in their just proportion.

“Perhaps I have insisted too long on this objection; but the clearing of it will make my stay shorter on the rest. You tell us, Crites, that rhyme appears most unnatural in repartees, or short replies: when he who answers (it being presumed he knew not what the other would say, yet) makes up that part of the verse which was left incomplete, and supplies both the sound and measure of it. This, you say, looks rather like the confederacy of two, than the answer of one.

“This, I confess, is an objection which is in every man’s mouth, who loves not rhyme: but suppose, I beseech you, the repartee were made only in blank verse, might not part of the same argument be turned against you? for the measure is as often supplied there as it is in rhyme; the latter half of the hemistich as commonly made up, or a second line subjoined as a reply to the former; which any one leaf in Jonson’s plays will sufficiently clear to you. You will often find in the Greek tragedians, and in Seneca, that when a scene grows up into the warmth of repartees, which is the close fighting of it, the latter part of the trimeter is supplied by him who answers; and yet it was never observed as a fault in them by any of the ancient or modern critics. The case is the same in our verse, as it was in theirs; rhyme to us being in lieu of quantity to them. But if no latitude is to be allowed a poet, you take from him not only his license of *quidlibet audendi*, but you tie him up in a straiter compass than you would a philosopher. This is indeed *Musas colere severiores*. You would have him follow nature, but he must follow her on foot: you have dismounted him from his Pegasus. But you tell us, this supplying the last half of a verse, or adjoining a whole second to the former, looks more like the design of

²⁴ “Thyestes’ horrid feast disdains
The Sock’s light chit-chat and colloquial strains.”
(*De Arte Poetica*, 90, 91.)

²⁵ “The Tragic Muse, with bashfulness severe,
Disdaining the base gibe and trivial jeer.”
(*Ibid.*, 231.)

two, than the answer of one. Suppose we acknowledge it: how comes this confederacy to be more displeasing to you, than in a dance which is well contrived? You see there the united design of many persons to make up one figure: after they have separated themselves in many petty divisions, they rejoin one by one into gross: the confederacy is plain amongst them, for chance could never produce anything so beautiful; and yet there is nothing in it that shocks your sight. I acknowledge the hand of art appears in repartee, as of necessity it must in all kinds of verse. But there is also the quick and poignant brevity of it (which is an high imitation of nature in those sudden gusts of passion) to mingle with it; and this, joined with the cadency and sweetness of the rhyme, leaves nothing in the soul of the hearer to desire. 'Tis an art which appears; but it appears only like the shadowings of painture, which being to cause the rounding of it, cannot be absent; but while that is considered, they are lost: so while we attend to the other beauties of the matter, the care and labor of the rhyme is carried from us, or at least drowned in its own sweetness, as bees are sometimes buried in their honey. When a poet has found the repartee, the last perfection he can add to it, is to put it into verse. However good the thought may be, however apt the words in which 'tis couched, yet he finds himself at a little unrest, while rhyme is wanting: he cannot leave it till that comes naturally, and then is at ease, and sits down contented.

"From replies, which are the most elevated thoughts of verse, you pass to those which are most mean, and which are common with the lowest of household conversation. In these, you say, the majesty of verse suffers. You instance in the calling of a servant, or commanding a door to be shut, in rhyme. This, Crites, is a good observation of yours, but no argument: for it proves no more but that such thoughts should be waived, as often as may be, by the address of the poet. But suppose they are necessary in the places where he uses them, yet there is no need to put them into rhyme. He may place them in the begin-

ning of a verse, and break it off, as unfit, when so debased, for any other use: or granting the worst—that they require more room than the hemistich will allow, yet still there is a choice to be made of the best words, and least vulgar (provided they be apt), to express such thoughts. Many have blamed rhyme in general, for this fault, when the poet with a little care might have redressed it. But they do it with no more justice than if English poesy should be made ridiculous for the sake of the Water-poet's²⁶ rhymes. Our language is noble, full, and significant; and I know not why he who is master of it may not clothe ordinary things in it as decently as the Latin, if he use the same diligence in his choice of words: *delectus verborum origo est eloquentiæ*. It was the saying of Julius Cæsar, one so curious in his, that none of them can be changed but for a worse. One would think, *unlock the door*, was a thing as vulgar as could be spoken; and yet Seneca could make it sound high and lofty in his Latin:

Reserate clusos regii postes laris.
Set wide the palace gates.

"But I turn from this conception, both because it happens not above twice or thrice in any play that those vulgar thoughts are used; and then too (were there no other apology to be made, yet), the necessity of them, which is alike in all kinds of writing, may excuse them. For if they are little and mean in rhyme, they are of consequence such in blank verse. Besides that the great eagerness and precipitation with which they are spoken, makes us rather mind the substance than the dress; that for which they are spoken, rather than what is spoken. For they are always the effect of some hasty concernment, and something of consequence depends on them.

"Thus, Crites, I have endeavored to answer your objections; it remains only that I should vindicate an argument for verse, which you have gone about to overthrow. It had formerly been said that the easiness of blank verse renders the poet too luxuriant, but that the labor of rhyme bounds and circumscribes an over-fruitful

²⁶ John Taylor the Water-Poet, the rudeness of whose verse had become proverbial.

fancy; the sense there being commonly confined to the couplet, and the words so ordered that the rhyme naturally follows them, not they the rhyme. To this you answered, that it was no argument to the question in hand; for the dispute was not which way a man may write best, but which is most proper for the subject on which he writes.

"First, give me leave, Sir, to remember you that the argument against which you raised this objection was only secondary: it was built on this hypothesis—that to write in verse was proper for serious plays. Which supposition being granted (as it was briefly made out in that discourse, by showing how verse might be made natural), it asserted, that this way of writing was an help to the poet's judgment, by putting bounds to a wild overflowing fancy. I think, therefore, it will not be hard for me to make good what it was to prove on that supposition. But you add, that were this let pass, yet he who wants judgment in the liberty of his fancy, may as well show the defect of it when he is confined to verse; for he who has judgment will avoid errors, and he who has it not will commit them in all kinds of writing.

"This argument, as you have taken it from a most acute person, so I confess it carries much weight in it: but by using the word judgment here indefinitely, you seem to have put a fallacy upon us. I grant, he who has judgment, that is, so profound, so strong, or rather so infallible a judgment, that he needs no helps to keep it always poised and upright, will commit no faults either in rhyme or out of it. And on the other extreme, he who has a judgment so weak and crazed that no helps can correct or amend it, shall write scurvily out of rhyme, and worse in it. But the first of these judgments is nowhere to be found, and the latter is not fit to write at all. To speak therefore of judgment as it is in the best poets; they who have the greatest proportion of it, want other helps than from it, within. As for example, you would be loth to say that he who is endued with a sound judgment has no need of history, geography,

or moral philosophy, to write correctly. Judgment is indeed the master-workman in a play; but he requires many subordinate hands, many tools to his assistance. And verse I affirm to be one of these; 'tis a rule and line by which he keeps his building compact and even, which otherwise lawless imagination would raise either irregularly or loosely; at least, if the poet commits errors with this help, he would make greater and more without it: 'tis, in short, a slow and painful, but the surest kind of working. Ovid, whom you accuse for luxury in verse, had perhaps been farther guilty of it, had he writ in prose. And for your instance of Ben Jonson, who, you say, writ exactly without the help of rhyme; you are to remember, 'tis only an aid to a luxuriant fancy, which his was not: as he did not want imagination, so none ever said he had much to spare. Neither was verse then refined so much, to be an help to that age, as it is to ours. Thus then, the second thoughts being usually the best, as receiving the maturest digestion from judgment, and the last and most mature product of those thoughts being artful and labored verse, it may well be inferred, that verse is a great help to a luxuriant fancy; and this is what that argument which you opposed was to evince."

Neander was pursuing this discourse so eagerly that Eugenius had called to him twice or thrice, ere he took notice that the barge stood still, and that they were at the foot of Somerset-stairs, where they had appointed it to land. The company were all sorry to separate so soon, though a great part of the evening was already spent; and stood awhile looking back on the water, upon which the moonbeams played, and made it appear like floating quicksilver: at last they went up through a crowd of French people, who were merrily dancing in the open air, and nothing concerned for the noise of guns which had alarmed the town that afternoon. Walking thence together to the Piazzes, they parted there; Eugenius and Lisideius to some pleasant appointment they had made, and Crites and Neander to their several lodgings.

A DEFENCE OF AN ESSAY OF DRAMATIC POESY¹

(Text: first edition, 1668)

The former edition of *The Indian Emperor* being full of faults, which had escaped the printer, I have been willing to overlook this second with more care; and though I could not allow myself so much time as was necessary, yet, by that little I have done, the press is freed from some gross errors which it had to answer for before. As for the more material faults of writing, which are properly mine, though I see many of them, I want leisure to amend them. 'Tis enough for those who make one poem the business of their lives, to leave that correct: yet excepting Virgil, I never met with any which was so in any language.

But while I was thus employed about this impression, there came to my hands a new printed play called *The Great Favorite*, or *The Duke of Lerma*; the author² of which, a noble and most ingenious person, has done me the favor to make some observations and animadversions upon my *Dramatic Essay*. I must confess he might have better consulted his reputation, than by matching himself with so weak an adversary. But if his honor be diminished in the choice of his antagonist, it is sufficiently recompensed in the election of his cause: which being the weaker, in all appearance, as combating the received opinions of the best ancient and modern authors, will add to his glory, if he overcome, and to the opinion of his generosity, if he be vanquished: since he engages at so great odds, and, so like a cavalier, undertakes the protection of the weaker party. I have only to fear on my own behalf that so good a cause as mine may not suffer by my ill management, or weak defence; yet I cannot in honor but take the glove, when 'tis offered me: though I am only a champion by succession; and no more able to defend the right of Aristotle and Horace than an infant Dimock³ to maintain the title of a king.

For my own concernment in the controversy, it is so small that I can easily be contented to be driven from a few notions of dramatic poesy; especially by one who has the reputation of understanding all things: and I might justly make that excuse for my yielding to him, which the philosopher made to the emperor — why should I offer to contend with him who is master of more than twenty legions of arts and sciences? But I am forced to fight, and therefore it will be no shame to be overcome.

Yet I am so much his servant, as not to meddle with anything which does not concern me in his Preface; therefore, I leave the good sense and other excellencies of the first twenty lines to be considered by the critics. As for the play of *The Duke of Lerma*, having so much altered and beautified it, as he has done, it can justly belong to none but him. Indeed, they must be extreme ignorant as well as envious, who would rob him of that honor; for you see him putting in his claim to it, even in the first two lines:

Repulse upon repulse, like waves thrown back,
That slide to hang upon obdurate rocks.

After this, let detraction do its worst; for if this be not his, it deserves to be. For my part, I declare for distributive justice; and from this and what follows, he certainly deserves *those advantages which he acknowledges to have received from the opinion of sober men*.

In the next place, I must beg leave to observe his great address in courting the reader to his party. For intending to assault all poets, both ancient and modern, he discovers not his whole design at once, but seems only to aim at me, and attacks me on my weakest side, my defence of verse.

To begin with me — he gives me the

¹ The Defence of an Essay of Dramatic Poesy was prefixed to the second edition of Dryden's *The Indian Emperor*, 1668.

² The author was Sir Robert Howard, brother of Dryden's wife. He collaborated with Dryden in *The Indian Queen*.

³ The Dimocks of Scrivelsby, in Lincolnshire, had been since the time of William the Conqueror the champions of the king, and in the ceremonies of the coronation they maintained the king's title. The custom has lapsed since the coronation of George IV.

compellation of The Author of a Dramatic Essay, which is a little discourse in dialogue, for the most part borrowed from the observations of others: therefore, that I may not be wanting to him in civility, I return him his compliment by calling him The Author of the Duke of Lerma.

But (that I may pass over his salute) he takes notice of my great pains to prove rhyme as natural in a serious play, and more effectual than blank verse. Thus, indeed, I did state the question; but he tells me, *I pursue that which I call natural in a wrong application: for 'tis not the question whether rhyme or not rhyme be best or most natural for a serious subject, but what is nearest the nature of that it represents.*

If I have formerly mistaken the question, I must confess my ignorance so far, as to say I continue still in my mistake: but he ought to have proved that I mistook it; for it is yet but *gratis dictum*: I still shall think I have gained my point, if I can prove that rhyme is best or most natural for a serious subject. As for the question as he states it, whether rhyme be nearest the nature of what it represents, I wonder he should think me so ridiculous as to dispute whether prose or verse be nearest to ordinary conversation.

It still remains for him to prove his inference — that, since verse is granted to be more remote than prose from ordinary conversation, therefore no serious plays ought to be writ in verse: and when he clearly makes that good, I will acknowledge his victory as absolute as he can desire it.

The question now is, which of us two has mistaken it; and if it appear I have not, the world will suspect *what gentleman that was, who was allowed to speak twice in Parliament, because he had not yet spoken to the question*; and perhaps conclude it to be the same, who, 'tis reported, maintained a contradiction *in terminis*, in the face of three hundred persons.

But to return to verse; whether it be natural or not in plays, is a problem which is not demonstrable of either side: 'tis enough for me that he acknowledges he had

rather read good verse than prose: for if all the enemies of verse will confess as much, I shall not need to prove that it is natural. I am satisfied, if it cause delight: for delight is the chief, if not the only, end of poesy: instruction can be admitted but in the second place; for poesy only instructs as it delights. 'Tis true, that to imitate well is a poet's work; but to affect the soul, and excite the passions, and above all to move admiration, which is the delight of serious plays, a bare imitation will not serve. The converse, therefore, which a poet is to imitate, must be heightened with all the arts and ornaments of poesy, and must be such, as, strictly considered, could never be supposed spoken by any without premeditation.

As for what he urges, that *a play will still be supposed to be a composition of several persons speaking ex tempore; and that good verses are the hardest things which can be imagined to be so spoken*; I must crave leave to dissent from his opinion, as to the former part of it: for, if I am not deceived, a play is supposed to be the work of the poet, imitating or representing the conversation of several persons; and this I think to be as clear as he thinks the contrary.

But I will be bolder, and do not doubt to make it good, though a paradox, that one great reason why prose is not to be used in serious plays, is, because it is too near the nature of converse: there may be too great a likeness; as the most skilful painters affirm, that there may be too near a resemblance in a picture: to take every lineament and feature, is not to make an excellent piece; but to take so much only as will make a beautiful resemblance of the whole; and, with an ingenious flattery of nature, to heighten the beauties of some parts, and hide the deformities of the rest. For so says Horace:

*Ut pictura poesis erit. . . .
Hæc amat obscurum, vult hæc sub luce videri,
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen.
. Et quæ
Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit.⁴*

⁴ "For poems are like pictures: . . .

This loves the shades, while that the light endures,

Nor shuns the nicest ken of connoisseurs. . . .

Much that he feels would tire, he lets alone."

(*De Arte Poetica*, 361-363, 140-150.)

In Bartholomew Fair, or the lowest kind of comedy, that degree of heightening is used, which is proper to set off that subject. 'Tis true the author was not there to go out of prose, as he does in his higher arguments of comedy, The Fox, and Alchemist; yet he does so raise his matter in that prose as to render it delightful; which he could never have performed had he only said or done those very things that are daily spoken or practised in the Fair; for then the Fair itself would be as full of pleasure to an ingenious person as the play; which we manifestly see it is not. But he hath made an excellent lazar of it: the copy is of price, though the original be vile. You see in Catiline and Sejanus, where the argument is great, he sometimes ascends to verse, which shows he thought it not unnatural in serious plays; and had his genius been as proper for rhyme as it was for humor, or had the age in which he lived attained to as much knowledge in verse as ours, it is probable he would have adorned those subjects with that kind of writing.

Thus prose, though the rightful prince, yet is by common consent deposed, as too weak for the government of serious plays; and he failing, there now start up two competitors; one the nearer in blood, which is blank verse; the other more fit for the ends of government, which is rhyme. Blank verse is, indeed, the nearer prose, but he is blemished with the weakness of his predecessor. Rhyme (for I will deal clearly) has somewhat of the usurper in him; but he is brave and generous, and his dominion pleasing. For this reason of delight, the ancients (whom I will still believe as wise as those who so confidently correct them) wrote all their tragedies in verse, though they knew it most remote from conversation.

But I perceive I am falling into the danger of another rebuke from my opponent; for when I plead that the ancients used verse, I prove not that they would have admitted rhyme, had it then been written: all I can say is only this; that it seems to have succeeded verse by the general consent of poets in all modern languages: for almost all their serious plays are written in it:

which, though it be no demonstration that therefore they ought to be so, yet at least the practice first, and then the continuation of it, shows that it attained the end—which was to please; and if that cannot be compassed here, I will be the first who shall lay it down. For I confess my chief endeavors are to delight the age in which I live. If the humor of this be for low comedy, small accidents, and raillery, I will force my genius to obey it, though with more reputation I could write in verse. I know I am not so fitted by nature to write comedy: I want that gaiety and humor which is required to it. My conversation is slow and dull, my humor saturnine and reserved: in short, I am none of those who endeavor to break jests in company, or make repartees. So that those who decry my comedies do me no injury, except it be in point of profit: reputation in them is the last thing to which I shall pretend. I beg pardon for entertaining the reader with so ill a subject; but before I quit that argument, which was the cause of this digression, I cannot but take notice how I am corrected for my quotation of Seneca in my defence of plays in verse. My words are these: "Our language is noble, full, and significant; and I know not why he who is master of it, may not clothe ordinary things in it as decently as in the Latin, if he use the same diligence in his choice of words. One would think, *unlock a door*, was as think as vulgar as could be spoken; yet Seneca could make it sound high and lofty in his Latin:

Reserate clusos regii postes laris."

But he says of me, *That being filled with the precedents of the ancients, who writ their plays in verse, I commend the thing; declaring our language to be full, noble, and significant, and charging all defects upon the ill placing of words, which I prove by quoting Seneca loftily expressing such an ordinary thing as shutting a door.*

Here he manifestly mistakes; for I spoke not of placing, but of the choice of words; for which I quoted that aphorism of Julius Cæsar:

Delectus verborum est origo eloquentiæ:

but *delectus verborum* is no more Latin for the placing of words than *reserate* is Latin for *shut the door*, as he interprets it, which I ignorantly construed *unlock* or *open* it.

He supposes I was highly affected by the sound of those words; and I suppose I may more justly imagine it of him; for if he had not been extremely satisfied with the sound, he would have minded the sense a little better.

But these are now to be no faults; for ten days after his book is published, and that his mistakes are grown so famous that they are come back to him, he sends his *Errata* to be printed, and annexed to his play; and desires, that instead of *shutting* you would read *opening*; which, it seems, was the printer's fault. I wonder at his modesty, that he did not rather say it was Seneca's, or mine; and that in some authors, *reserare* was to *shut* as well as to *open*, as the word *barach*, say the learned, is both to *bless* and *curse*.

Well, since it was the printer, he was a naughty man to commit the same mistake twice in six lines: I warrant you *delectus verborum* for *placing of words* was his mistake too, though the author forgot to tell him of it: if it were my book, I assure you I should. For those rascals ought to be the proxies of every gentleman author, and to be chastised for him, when he is not pleased to own an error. Yet since he has given the *Errata*, I wish he would have enlarged them only a few sheets more, and then he would have spared me the labor of an answer: for this cursed printer is so given to mistakes, that there is scarce a sentence in the Preface without some false grammar or hard sense in it; which will all be charged upon the poet, because he is so good-natured as to lay but three errors to the printer's account, and to take the rest upon himself, who is better able to support them. But he needs not apprehend that I should strictly examine those little faults, except I am called upon to do it: I shall return therefore to that quotation of Seneca, and answer, not to what he writes, but to what he means. I never intended it as an argument, but only as an illustration of what I had said before concerning the election of words: and all he can charge me with is

only this — that if Seneca could make an ordinary thing sound well in Latin by the choice of words, the same, with the like care, might be performed in English: if it cannot, I have committed an error on the right hand, by commending too much the copiousness and well-sounding of our language; which I hope my countrymen will pardon me. At least the words which follow in my Dramatic Essay will plead somewhat in my behalf; for I say there, that this objection happens but seldom in a play; and then, too, either the meanness of the expression may be avoided, or shut out from the verse by breaking it in the midst.

But I have said too much in the defence of verse; for after all, it is a very indifferent thing to me whether it obtain or not. I am content hereafter to be ordered by his rule, that is, to write it sometimes, because it pleases me; and so much the rather, because he has declared that it pleases him. But he has taken his last farewell of the muses, and he has done it civilly, by honoring them with the name of *his long acquaintances*; which is a compliment they have scarce deserved from him. For my own part, I bear a share in the public loss; and how emulous soever I may be of his fame and reputation, I cannot but give this testimony of his style, — that it is extreme poetical, even in oratory; his thoughts elevated sometimes above common apprehension; his notions politic and grave, and tending to the instruction of princes, and reformation of states; that they are abundantly interlaced with variety of fancies, tropes, and figures, which the critics have enviously branded with the name of obscurity and false grammar.

Well, he is now fettered in business of more unpleasant nature: the muses have lost him, but the commonwealth gains by it; the corruption of a poet is the generation of a statesman.

He will not venture again into the civil wars of censure; ubi . . . nullus habitura triumphos: if he had not told us he had left the muses, we might have half suspected it by that word *ubi*, which does not any way belong to them in that place; the rest of the verse is indeed Lucan's; but that *ubi*, I will answer for it, is his own. Yet he has

another reason for this disgust of poesy; for he says immediately after, that *the manner of plays which are now in most esteem, is beyond his power to perform: to perform the manner of a thing, I confess is new English to me. However, he condemns not the satisfaction of others; but rather their unnecessary understanding, who, like Sancho Pança's doctor, prescribe too strictly to our appetites; for, says he, in the difference of tragedy and comedy, and of farce itself, there can be no determination but by the taste, nor in the manner of their composure.*

We shall see him now as great a critic as he was a poet; and the reason why he excelled so much in poetry will be evident, for it will appear to have proceeded from the exactness of his judgment. *In the difference of tragedy, comedy, and farce itself, there can be no determination but by the taste.* I will not quarrel with the obscurity of his phrase, though I justly might; but beg his pardon if I do not rightly understand him. If he means that there is no essential difference betwixt comedy, tragedy, and farce, but what is only made by the people's taste, which distinguishes one of them from the other, that is so manifest an error that I need not lose time to contradict it. Were there neither judge, taste, nor opinion in the world, yet they would differ in their natures; for the action, character, and language of tragedy would still be great and high; that of comedy lower and more familiar; admiration would be the delight of one and satire of the other.

I have but briefly touched upon these things, because, whatever his words are, I can scarce imagine, that *he who is always concerned for the true honor of reason, and would have no spurious issue fathered upon her*, should mean anything so absurd as to affirm, that *there is no difference betwixt comedy and tragedy, but what is made by the taste only*: unless he would have us understand the comedies of my Lord L., where the first act should be pottages, the second fricassees, etc., and the fifth a *chère entière* of women.

I rather guess he means, that betwixt one comedy and tragedy and another, there is no other difference but what is made by

the liking or disliking of the audience. This is indeed a less error than the former, but yet it is a great one. The liking or disliking of the people gives the play the denomination of good or bad; but does not really make or constitute it such. To please the people ought to be the poet's aim, because plays are made for their delight; but it does not follow that they are always pleased with good plays, or that the plays which please them are always good. The humor of the people is now for comedy; therefore, in hope to please them, I write comedies rather than serious plays; and so far their taste prescribes to me: but it does not follow from that reason that comedy is to be preferred before tragedy in its own nature; for that which is so in its own nature cannot be otherwise; as a man cannot but be a rational creature: but the opinion of the people may alter, and in another age, or perhaps in this, serious plays may be set up above comedies.

This I think a sufficient answer: if it be not, he has provided me of an excuse; it seems, in his wisdom, he foresaw my weakness, and has found out this expedient for me, *That it is not necessary for poets to study strict reason; since they are so used to a greater latitude than is allowed by that severe inquisition, that they must infringe their own jurisdiction, to profess themselves obliged to argue well.*

I am obliged to him for discovering to me this back-door; but I am not yet resolved on my retreat: for I am of opinion that they cannot be good poets who are not accustomed to argue well. False reasonings and colors of speech are the certain marks of one who does not understand the stage; for moral truth is the mistress of the poet, as much as of the philosopher. Poesy must resemble natural truth, but it must be ethical. Indeed the poet dresses truth, and adorns nature, but does not alter them:

Ficta voluptatis causa sint proxima veris.

Therefore, that is not the best poesy which resembles notions of things that are not to things that are: though the fancy may be great, and the words flowing, yet the soul is but half satisfied when there is not truth in the foundation. This is that which makes

Virgil be preferred before the rest of poets: in variety of fancy and sweetness of expression, you see Ovid far above him; for Virgil rejected many of those things which Ovid wrote. *A great wit's great work is to refuse*, as my worthy friend, Sir John Berkenhead, has ingeniously expressed it: you rarely meet with anything in Virgil but truth, which therefore leaves the strongest impression of pleasure in the soul. This I thought myself obliged to say in behalf of poesy; and to declare, though it be against myself, that when poets do not argue well, the defect is in the workman, not in the art.

And now I come to the boldest part of his discourse, wherein he attacks not me, but all the ancients and moderns; and undermines, as he thinks, the very foundations on which dramatic poesy is built. I could wish he would have declined that envy which must of necessity follow such an undertaking, and contented himself with triumphing over me in my opinions of verse, which I will never hereafter dispute with him; but he must pardon me, if I have that veneration for Aristotle, Horace, Ben Jonson, and Corneille, that I dare not serve him in such a cause, and against such heroes, but rather fight under their protection, as Homer reports of little Teucer, who shot the Trojans from under the large buckler of Ajax Telamon:

Στῆ δ' ἄρ' ἐπ' Αἴαντος σάκει Τελαμωνιάδαο.

He stood beneath his brother's ample shield,
And cover'd there, shot death through all the field.

The words of my noble adversary are these:

But if we examine the general rules laid down for plays by strict reason, we shall find the errors equally gross; for the great foundation which is laid to build upon, is nothing, as it is generally stated, as will appear upon the examination of the particulars.

These particulars, in due time, shall be examined: in the meanwhile, let us consider what this great foundation is, which he says is nothing, as it is generally stated. I never heard of any other foundation of dramatic

poesy than the imitation of nature; neither was there ever pretended any other by the ancients, or moderns, or me, who endeavor to follow them in that rule. This I have plainly said in my definition of a play; that it is a just and lively image of human nature, etc. Thus the foundation, as it is generally stated, will stand sure, if this definition of a play be true; if it be not, he ought to have made his exception against it by proving that a play is not an imitation of nature, but somewhat else which he is pleased to think it.

But it is very plain that he has mistaken the foundation for that which is built upon it, though not immediately: for the direct and immediate consequence is this; if nature be to be imitated, then there is a rule for imitating nature rightly; otherwise there may be an end, and no means conducing to it. Hitherto I have proceeded by demonstration; but as our divines when they have proved a Deity, because there is order, and have inferred that this Deity ought to be worshipped, differ afterwards in the manner of the worship; so, having laid down that nature is to be imitated, and that proposition proving the next, that then there are means which conduce to the imitating of nature, I dare proceed no farther positively; but have only laid down some opinions of the ancients and moderns, and of my own, as means which they used, and which I thought probable for the attaining of that end. Those means are the same which my antagonist calls the foundations—how properly, the world may judge; and to prove that this is his meaning, he clears it immediately to you by enumerating those rules or propositions against which he makes his particular exceptions—as namely, those of time, and place—in these words: *First, we are told the plot should not be so ridiculously contrived, as to crowd two several countries into one stage: secondly, to cramp the accidents of many years or days into the representation of two hours and an half; and lastly, a conclusion drawn, that the only remaining dispute is, concerning time, whether it should be contained in twelve or twenty-four hours; and the place to be limited to that spot of ground where the*

play is supposed to begin: and this is called nearest nature; for that is concluded most natural, which is most probable, and nearest to that which it presents.

Thus he has only made a small mistake of the means conducing to the end, for the end itself; and of the superstructure for the foundation: but he proceeds: *To show, therefore, upon what ill grounds they dictate laws for Dramatic Poesy*, etc. He is here pleased to charge me with being magisterial, as he has done in many other places of his Preface. Therefore in vindication of myself, I must crave leave to say, that my whole discourse was skeptical, according to that way of reasoning which was used by Socrates, Plato, and all the Academics of old, which Tully and the rest of the ancients followed, and which is imitated by the modest inquisitions of the Royal Society. That it is so, not only the name will show, which is, *An Essay*, but the frame and composition of the work. You see, it is a dialogue sustained by persons of several opinions, all of them left doubtful, to be determined by the readers in general; and more particularly deferred to the accurate judgment of my Lord Buckhurst, to whom I made a dedication of my book. These are my words in my Epistle, speaking of the persons whom I introduced in my dialogue: " 'Tis true, they differed in their opinions, as 'tis probable they would; neither do I take upon me to reconcile, but to relate them, leaving your lordship to decide it in favor of that part which you shall judge most reasonable." And after that, in my Advertisement to the Reader, I said this: "The drift of the ensuing discourse is chiefly to vindicate the honor of our English writers from the censure of those who unjustly prefer the French before them. This I intimate, lest any should think me so exceeding vain, as to teach others an art which they understand much better than myself." But this is more than necessary to clear my modesty in that point; and I am very confident that there is scarce any man who has lost so much time as to read that trifle, but will be my compurgator as to that arrogance whereof I am accused. The truth is, if I had been naturally guilty of so much vanity as to dictate my

opinions, yet I do not find that the character of a positive or self-conceited person is of such an advantage to any in this age, that I should labor to be publicly admitted of that order.

But I am not now to defend my own cause, when that of all the ancients and moderns is in question: for this gentleman, who accuses me of arrogance, has taken a course not to be taxed with the other extreme of modesty. Those propositions which are laid down in my discourse, as helps to the better imitation of nature, are not mine (as I have said) nor were ever pretended so to be, but derived from the authority of Aristotle and Horace, and from the rules and examples of Ben Jonson and Corneille. These are the men with whom properly he contends, and against whom he will endeavor to make it evident, that there is no such thing as what they all pretend.

His argument against the unities of place and time is this: *That 'tis as impossible for one stage to present two rooms or houses truly, as two countries or kingdoms; and as impossible that five hours or twenty-four hours should be two hours, as that a thousand hours or years should be less than what they are, or the greatest part of time to be comprehended in the less: for all of them being impossible, they are none of them nearest the truth or nature of what they present; for impossibilities are all equal, and admit of no degree.*

This argument is so scattered into parts that it can scarce be united into a syllogism; yet, in obedience to him, I will abbreviate and comprehend as much of it as I can in few words, that my answer to it may be more perspicuous. I conceive his meaning to be what follows, as to the unity of place (if I mistake, I beg his pardon, professing it is not out of any design to play the *Argumentative Poet*). If one stage cannot properly present two rooms or houses, much less two countries or kingdoms, then there can be no unity of place; but one stage cannot properly perform this: therefore there can be no unity of place.

I plainly deny his minor proposition; the force of which, if I mistake not, depends on this; that the stage being one place can-

not be two. This, indeed, is as great a secret as that we are all mortal; but to requite it with another, I must crave leave to tell him, that though the stage cannot be two places, yet it may properly represent them, successively, or at several times. His argument is indeed no more than a mere fallacy, which will evidently appear, when we distinguish place, as it relates to plays, into real and imaginary. The real place is that theatre, or piece of ground, on which the play is acted. The imaginary, that house, town, or country, where the action of the *Drama* is supposed to be; or more plainly, where the scene of the play is laid. Let us now apply this to that Herculean argument, *which, if strictly and duly weighed, is to make it evident that there is no such thing as what they all pretend*. It is impossible, he says, for one stage to present two rooms or houses: I answer, 'tis neither impossible, nor improper, for one real place to represent two or more imaginary places, so it be done successively; which in other words is no more than this: that the imagination of the audience, aided by the words of the poet, and painted scenes, may suppose the stage to be sometimes one place, sometimes another; now a garden, or wood, and immediately a camp: which, I appeal to every man's imagination, if it be not true. Neither the ancients nor moderns, as much fools as he is pleased to think them, ever asserted that they could make one place two; but they might hope, by the good leave of this author, that the change of a scene might lead the imagination to suppose the place altered: so that he cannot fasten those absurdities upon this scene of a play, or imaginary place of action, that it is one place, and yet two. And this being so clearly proved, that 'tis past any show of a reasonable denial, it will not be hard to destroy that other part of his argument which depends upon it; namely, that 'tis as impossible for a stage to represent two rooms or houses, as two countries or kingdoms; for his reason is already overthrown, which was, because both were alike impossible. This is manifestly otherwise; for 'tis proved that a stage may properly represent two rooms or houses; for the imagination being judge of what is represented, will in reason

be less choked with the appearance of two rooms in the same house, or two houses in the same city, than with two distant cities in the same country, or two remote countries in the same universe. Imagination in a man or reasonable creature is supposed to participate of reason; and when that governs, as it does in the belief of fiction, reason is not destroyed, but misled, or blinded: that can prescribe to the reason, during the time of the representation, somewhat like a weak belief of what it sees and hears; and reason suffers itself to be so hoodwinked, that it may better enjoy the pleasures of the fiction: but it is never so wholly made a captive, as to be drawn headlong into a persuasion of those things which are most remote from probability: 'tis in that case a free-born subject, not a slave; it will contribute willingly its assent, as far as it sees convenient, but will not be forced. Now there is a greater vicinity in nature betwixt two rooms than betwixt two houses, betwixt two houses than betwixt two cities, and so of the rest; reason therefore can sooner be led by imagination to step from one room into another, than to walk to two distant houses, and yet rather to go thither, than to fly like a witch through the air, and be hurried from one region to another. Fancy and reason go hand in hand; the first cannot leave the last behind; and though fancy, when it sees the wide gulf, would venture over as the nimbler, yet it is withheld by reason, which will refuse to take the leap when the distance over it appears too large. If Ben Jonson himself will remove the scene from Rome into Tuscany in the same act, and from thence return to Rome, in the scene which immediately follows, reason will consider there is no proportionable allowance of time to perform the journey, and therefore will choose to stay at home. So, then, the less change of place there is, the less time is taken up in transporting the persons of the drama, with analogy to reason; and in that analogy, or resemblance of fiction to truth, consists the excellency of the play.

For what else concerns the unity of place, I have already given my opinion of it in my Essay; — that there is a latitude to be allowed to it — as several places in the

same town or city, or places adjacent to each other in the same country, which may all be comprehended under the larger denomination of one place; yet with this restriction, that the nearer and fewer those imaginary places are, the greater resemblance they will have to truth; and reason, which cannot make them one, will be more easily led to suppose them so.

What has been said of the unity of place, may easily be applied to that of time: I grant it to be impossible that the greater part of time should be comprehended in the less, that twenty-four hours should be crowded into three: but there is no necessity of that supposition. For as place, so time relating to a play is either imaginary or real: the real is comprehended in those three hours, more or less, in the space of which the play is represented; the imaginary is that which is supposed to be taken up in the representation, as twenty-four hours more or less. Now no man ever could suppose that twenty-four real hours could be included in the space of three: but where is the absurdity of affirming that the feigned business of twenty-four imagined hours may not more naturally be represented in the compass of three real hours, than the like feigned business of twenty-four years in the same proportion of real time? For the proportions are always real, and much nearer, by his permission, of twenty-four to three, than of four thousand to it.

I am almost fearful of illustrating anything by similitude, lest he should confute it for an argument; yet I think the comparison of a glass will discover very aptly the fallacy of his argument, both concerning time and place. The strength of his reason depends on this, that the less cannot comprehend the greater. I have already answered, that we need not suppose it does: I say not that the less can comprehend the greater, but only that it may represent it: as in a glass or mirror of half a yard diameter, a whole room and many persons in it may be seen at once, not that it can comprehend that room or those persons, but that it represents them to the sight.

But the author of *The Duke of Lerma* is to be excused for his declaring against the

unity of time; for, if I be not much mistaken, he is an interested person; the time of that play taking up so many years as the favor of the Duke of Lerma continued; nay, the second and third act including all the time of his prosperity, which was a great part of the reign of Philip the Third: for in the beginning of the second act he was not yet a favorite, and before the end of the third was in disgrace. I say not this with the least design of limiting the stage too servilely to twenty-four hours, however he be pleased to tax me with dogmatizing in that point. In my dialogue, as I before hinted, several persons maintained their several opinions: one of them, indeed, who supported the cause of the French poesy, said, how strict they were in that particular; but he who answered in behalf of our nation, was willing to give more latitude to the rule; and cites the words of Corneille himself, complaining against the severity of it, and observing what beauties it banished from the stage. In few words, my own opinion is this (and I willingly submit it to my adversary, when he will please impartially to consider it), that the imaginary time of every plot ought to be contrived into as narrow a compass as the nature of the plot, the quality of the persons, and variety of accidents will allow. In comedy I would not exceed twenty-four or thirty hours: for the plot, accidents, and persons of comedy are small, and may be naturally turned in a little compass: but in tragedy the design is weighty, and the persons great; therefore there will naturally be required a greater space of time in which to move them. And this, though Ben Jonson has not told us, yet 'tis manifestly his opinion: for you see that to his comedies he allows generally but twenty-four hours; to his two tragedies, *Sejanus* and *Catiline*, a much larger time: though he draws both of them into as narrow a compass as he can: for he shows you only the latter end of *Sejanus* his favor, and the conspiracy of *Catiline* already ripe, and just breaking out into action.

But as it is an error on the one side, to make too great a disproportion betwixt the imaginary time of the play, and the real time of its representations; so on the other

side, 'tis an oversight to compress the accidents of a play into a narrower compass than that in which they could naturally be produced. Of this last error the French are seldom guilty, because the thinness of their plots prevents them from it; but few Englishmen, except Ben Jonson, have ever made a plot with variety of design in it, included in twenty-four hours, which was altogether natural. For this reason, I prefer *The Silent Woman* before all other plays, I think justly; as I do its author, in judgment, above all other poets. Yet of the two, I think that error the most pardonable, which in too straight a compass crowds together many accidents; since it produces more variety, and consequently more pleasure to the audience; and because the nearness of proportion betwixt the imaginary and real time does speciously cover the compression of the accidents.

Thus I have endeavored to answer the meaning of his argument; for, as he drew it, I humbly conceive that it was none; as will appear by his proposition, and the proof of it: His proposition was this:

If strictly and duly weighed, 'tis as impossible for one stage to present two rooms or houses, as two countries or kingdoms, etc. And his proof this: For all being impossible, they are none of them nearest the truth or nature of what they present.

Here you see, instead of proof or reason, there is only *petitio principii*; for in plain words, his sense is this: Two things are as impossible as one another, because they are both equally impossible; but he takes those two things to be granted as impossible which he ought to have proved such, before he had proceeded to prove them equally impossible. He should have made out first, that it was impossible for one stage to represent two houses, and then have gone forward to prove that it was as equally impossible for a stage to present two houses as two countries.

After all this, the very absurdity to which

he would reduce me is none at all: for he only drives at this, that if his argument be true, I must then acknowledge that there are degrees in impossibilities, which I easily grant him without dispute: and if I mistake not, Aristotle and the School are of my opinion. For there are some things which are absolutely impossible, and others which are only so *ex parte*; as it is absolutely impossible for a thing to be, and not be, at the same time; but for a stone to move naturally upward, is only impossible *ex parte materiæ*; but it is not impossible for the first mover to alter the nature of it.

His last assault, like that of a Frenchman, is most feeble: for whereas I have observed that none have been violent against verse, but such only as have not attempted it, or have succeeded ill in their attempt, he will needs, according to his usual custom, improve my observation to an argument, that he might have the glory to confute it. But I lay my observation at his feet, as I do my pen, which I have often employed willingly in his deserved commendations, and now most unwillingly against his judgment. For his person and parts, I honor them as much as any man living, and have had so many particular obligations to him, that I should be very ungrateful if I did not acknowledge them to the world. But I gave not the first occasion of this difference in opinions. In my Epistle Dedicatory before my *Rival Ladies*, I had said somewhat in behalf of verse, which he was pleased to answer in his Preface to his plays: that occasioned my reply in my Essay; and that reply begot this rejoinder of his in his Preface to *The Duke of Lerma*. But as I was the last who took up arms, I will be the first to lay them down. For what I have here written, I submit it wholly to him; and if I do not hereafter answer what may be objected against this paper, I hope the world will not impute it to any other reason than only the due respect which I have for so noble an opponent.

OF HEROIC PLAYS ¹

(Text: second edition, 1673)

Whether heroic verse ought to be admitted into serious plays is not now to be disputed: 'tis already in possession of the stage; and I dare confidently affirm that very few tragedies, in this age, shall be received without it. All the arguments which are formed against it can amount to no more than this, that it is not so near conversation as prose, and therefore not so natural. But it is very clear to all who understand poetry, that serious plays ought not to imitate conversation too nearly. If nothing were to be raised above that level, the foundation of poetry would be destroyed. And if you once admit of a latitude, that thoughts may be exalted, and that images and actions may be raised above the life, and described in measure without rhyme, that leads you insensibly from your own principles to mine: you are already so far onward on your way, that you have forsaken the imitation of ordinary converse. You are gone beyond it; and to continue where you are is to lodge in the open fields betwixt two inns. You have lost that which you call natural, and have not acquired the last perfection of art. But it was only custom which cozened us so long; we thought, because Shakespeare and Fletcher went no farther, that there the pillars of poetry were to be erected; that, because they excellently described passion without rhyme, therefore rhyme was not capable of describing it. But time has now convinced most men of that error. 'Tis indeed so difficult to write verse that the adversaries of it have a good plea against many who undertake that task, without being formed by art or nature for it. Yet, even they who have written worst in it would have written worse without it: they have cozened many with their sound, who never took the pains to examine their sense. In fine, they have succeeded; though, it is true, they have more dishonored rhyme by their good success, than they could have done by their ill. But I am willing to let fall this argument: 'tis free for every man to write, or not to

write, in verse, as he judges it to be, or not to be, his talent; or as he imagines the audience will receive it.

For Heroic Plays (in which only I have used it without the mixture of prose), the first light we had of them, on the English theatre, was from the late Sir William D'Avenant. It being forbidden him in rebellious times to act the tragedies and comedies, because they contained some matter of scandal to those good people, who could more easily dispossess their lawful sovereign than endure a wanton jest, he was forced to turn his thoughts another way, and to introduce the examples of moral virtue, writ in verse, and performed in recitative music. The original of this music, and of the scenes which adorned his work, he had from the Italian operas; but he heightened his characters (as I may probably imagine) from the example of Corneille and some French poets. In this condition did this part of poetry remain at his Majesty's return; when, growing bolder, as being now owned by a public authority, he reviewed his *Siege of Rhodes*, and caused it to be acted as a just drama. But as few men have the happiness to begin and finish any new project, so neither did he live to make his design perfect: there wanted the fulness of a plot, and the variety of characters to form it as it ought; and, perhaps, something might have been added to the beauty of the style. All which he would have performed with more exactness had he pleased to have given us another work of the same nature. For myself and others, who come after him, we are bound, with all veneration to his memory, to acknowledge what advantage we received from that excellent groundwork which he laid: and, since it is an easy thing to add to what already is invented, we ought all of us, without envy to him, or partiality to ourselves, to yield him the precedence in it.

Having done him this justice, as my guide, I may do myself so much, as to give an account of what I have performed after

¹ Of Heroic Plays is the Prefatory Essay to the *Conquest of Granada*.

him. I observed then, as I said, what was wanting to the perfection of his Siege of Rhodes; which was design, and variety of characters. And in the midst of this consideration, by mere accident, I opened the next book that lay by me, which was an Ariosto in Italian; and the very first two lines of that poem gave me light to all I could desire:

*Le donne, i cavalier, l'arme, gli amori,
Le cortesia, l'audaci imprese io canto, etc.*²

For the very next reflection which I made was this, that an heroic play ought to be an imitation, in little, of an heroic poem; and, consequently, that love and valor ought to be the subject of it. Both these Sir William D'Avenant had begun to shadow; but it was so, as first discoverers draw their maps, with headlands, and promontories, and some few outlines of somewhat taken at a distance, and which the designer saw not clearly. The common drama obliged him to a plot well formed and pleasant, or, as the ancients call it, one entire and great action. But this he afforded not himself in a story, which he neither filled with persons, nor beautified with characters, nor varied with accidents. The laws of an heroic poem did not dispense with those of the other, but raised them to a greater height, and indulged him a further liberty of fancy, and of drawing all things as far above the ordinary proportion of the stage as that is beyond the common words and actions of human life; and, therefore, in the scanting of his images and design, he complied not enough with the greatness and majesty of an heroic poem.

I am sorry I cannot discover my opinion of this kind of writing, without dissenting much from his, whose memory I love and honor. But I will do it with the same respect to him, as if he were now alive, and overlooking my paper while I write. His judgment of an heroic poem was this: *That it ought to be dressed in a more familiar and easy shape; more fitted to the common*

actions and passions of human life; and, in short, more like a glass of nature, showing us ourselves in our ordinary habits, and figuring a more practicable virtue to us, than was done by the ancients or moderns. Thus he takes the image of an heroic poem from the drama, or stage poetry; and accordingly intended to divide it into five books, representing the same number of acts; and every book into several cantos, imitating the scenes which compose our acts.

But this, I think, is rather a play in narration, as I may call it, than an heroic poem; if at least you will not prefer the opinion of a single man to the practice of the most excellent authors, both of ancient and latter ages. I am no admirer of quotations; but you shall hear, if you please, one of the ancients delivering his judgment on this question; it is Petronius Arbitrator, the most elegant, and one of the most judicious authors of the Latin tongue; who, after he had given many admirable rules for the structure and beauties of an epic poem, concludes all in these following words:

*Non enim res gestæ versibus comprehendæ sunt, quod longe melius historici faciunt: sed, per ambages, deorumque ministeria, præcipitandus est liber spiritus, ut potius furentis animi vaticinatio appareat, quam religiosæ orationis, sub testibus, fides.*³

In which sentence, and his own essay of a poem, which immediately he gives you, it is thought he taxes Lucan, who followed too much the truth of history, crowded sentences together, was too full of points, and too often offered at somewhat which had more of the sting of an epigram, than of the dignity and state of an heroic poem. Lucan used not much the help of his heathen deities: there was neither the ministry of the gods, nor the precipitation of the soul, nor the fury of a prophet (of which my author speaks), in his Pharsalia; he treats you more like a

2 "Of loves and ladies, knights and arms, I sing,
Of courtesies, and many a daring feat." (Rose.)

3 For actual events are not to be recounted in verse, things which the historians do far better; but by means of digressions, and the good offices of the gods, the free spirit is to be urged on, that the prophesying of an inspired mind may appear in the poem, rather than the mere accuracy of a scrupulous discourse, under the control of witnesses.

philosopher than a poet, and instructs you, in verse, with what he had been taught by his uncle Seneca in prose. In one word, he walks soberly afoot, when he might fly. Yet Lucan is not always this religious historian. The oracle of Appius, and the witchcraft of Erietho, will somewhat atone for him, who was, indeed, bound up by an ill-chosen and known argument, to follow truth with great exactness. For my part, I am of opinion that neither Homer, Virgil, Statius, Ariosto, Tasso, nor our English Spenser, could have formed their poems half so beautiful, without those gods and spirits, and those enthusiastic parts of poetry, which compose the most noble parts of all their writings. And I will ask any man who loves heroic poetry (for I will not dispute their tastes who do not), if the ghost of Polydorus in Virgil, the Enchanted Wood in Tasso, and the Bower of Bliss in Spenser (which he borrows from that admirable Italian) could have been omitted without taking from their works some of the greatest beauties in them. And if any man object the improbabilities of a spirit appearing, or of a palace raised by magic, I boldly answer him, that an heroic poet is not tied to a bare representation of what is true, or exceeding probable; but that he may let himself loose to visionary objects, and to the representation of such things as depending not on sense, and therefore not to be comprehended by knowledge, may give him a freer scope for imagination. 'Tis enough that, in all ages and religions, the greatest part of mankind have believed the power of magic, and that there are spirits or spectres which have appeared. This, I say, is foundation enough for poetry; and I dare farther affirm that the whole doctrine of separated beings, whether those spirits are incorporeal substances (which Mr. Hobbes, with some reason, thinks to imply a contradiction), or that they are a thinner or more ærial sort of bodies (as some of the fathers have conjectured), may better be explicated by poets than by philosophers or divines. For their speculations on this subject are wholly poetical; they have only their fancy for their guide; and that, being

sharper in an excellent poet, than it is likely it should in a phlegmatic, heavy gownman, will see farther in its own empire, and produce more satisfactory notions on those dark and doubtful problems.

Some men think they have raised a great argument against the use of spectres and magic poetry by saying they are unnatural; but whether they or I believe there are such things is not material; 'tis enough that, for aught we know, they may be in nature; and whatever is or may be, is not properly unnatural. Neither am I much concerned at Mr. Cowley's verses before Gondibert (though his authority is almost sacred to me): 'tis true, he has resembled the epic poetry to a fantastic fairy-land; but he has contradicted himself by his own example. For he has himself made use of angels and visions in his *Davideis*, as well as Tasso in his *Godfrey*.

What I have written on this subject will not be thought digression by the reader, if he please to remember what I said in the beginning of this essay, that I have modelled my heroic plays by the rules of an heroic poem. And if that be the most noble, the most pleasant, and the most instructive way of writing in verse and withal the highest pattern of human life, as all poets have agreed, I shall need no other argument to justify my choice in this imitation. One advantage the drama has above the other, namely, that it represents to view what the poem only does relate; and, *Segnius irritant animum demissa per aures, quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus*,⁴ as Horace tells us.

To those who object to my frequent use of drums and trumpets, and my representations of battles, I answer, I introduced them not on the English stage: Shakespeare used them frequently; and though Jonson shows no battle in his *Catiline*, yet you hear from behind the scenes the sounding of trumpets, and the shouts of fighting armies. But I add farther, that these warlike instruments, and even the representations of fighting on the stage, are no more than necessary to produce the effects of an

⁴ Less keenly do those things affect us which come to us through the ears, than those which are subject to the trustworthy eyes. (*De Arte Poetica*, 180, 181.)

heroic play; that is, to raise the imagination of the audience, and to persuade them, for the time, that what they behold on the theatre is really performed. The poet is then to endeavor an absolute dominion over the minds of the spectators; for, though our fancy will contribute to its own deceit, yet a writer ought to help its operation: and that the Red Bull⁵ has formerly done the same is no more an argument against our practice than it would be for a physician to forbear an approved medicine because a mountebank has used it with success.

Thus I have given a short account of heroic plays. I might now, with the usual eagerness of an author, make a particular defence of this. But the common opinion (how unjust soever) has been so much to my advantage, that I have reason to be satisfied, and to suffer with patience all that can be urged against it.

For, otherwise, what can be more easy for me than to defend the character of Almanzor, which is one great exception that is made against the play? 'Tis said, that Almanzor is no perfect pattern of heroic virtue, that he is a contemner of kings, and that he is made to perform impossibilities.

I must therefore avow, in the first place, from whence I took the character. The first image I had of him was from the Achilles of Homer; the next from Tasso's Rinaldo (who was a copy of the former), and the third from the Artaban of Monsieur Calprenède, who has imitated both. The original of these, Achilles, is taken by Homer for his hero; and is described by him as one who in strength and courage surpassed the rest of the Grecian army; but withal of so fiery a temper, so impatient

of an injury, even from his king and general, that when his mistress was to be forced from him by the command of Agamemnon, he not only disobeyed it, but returned him an answer full of contumely, and in the most opprobrious terms he could imagine. They are Homer's words which follow, and I have cited but some few amongst a multitude:

Οἰνοβαρές, κυνὸς ὄμματ' ἔχων, κραδίην δ' ἐλάφειο,⁶
Δημοβόρος βασιλεὺς, etc.⁷

Nay, he proceeded so far in his insolence, as to draw out his sword, with intention to kill him:

Ἐλκετο δ' ἐκ κολεοῦ μέγα ξίφος.⁸

And, if Minerva had not appeared, and held his hand, he had executed his design; and it was all she could do to dissuade him from it. The event was, that he left the army, and would fight no more. Agamemnon gives his character thus to Nestor:

Ἄλλ' ὅδ' ἀνὴρ ἐθέλει περὶ πάντων ἐμμεναι ἄλλων,
Πάντων μὲν κρτέων ἐθέλει, πάντεσσι δ' ἀνίσσιν.⁹

and Horace gives the same description of him in his Art of Poetry:

*Honoratum si fortè reponis Achillem,
Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.*¹⁰

Tasso's chief character, Rinaldo, was a man of the same temper; for, when he had slain Gernando in his heat of passion, he not only refused to be judged by Godfrey, his general, but threatened that if he came to seize him, he would right himself by arms upon him; witness these following lines of Tasso:

5 A London theatre of an unsavory reputation.

6 "O monster! mix'd of insolence and fear,
Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer." (Iliad I, 225; Pope.)

7 "Scourge of thy people, violent and base." (Ibid., 231; Pope.)

8 "While half unsheathed appear'd the glittering blade." (Ibid., 194; Pope.)

9 "But that imperious, that unconquer'd soul,
No laws can limit, no respect control;
Before his pride must his superiors fall,
His word the law and he the lord of all." (Ibid., 287, 288; Pope.)

10 "If haply to the stage you summon back
Great Pelus' son, adhere to Homer's track.
Proud, stern, relentless, brave, the hero draw,
His title conquest, and the sword his law."

(De Arte Poetica, 120-122; Howes's translation.)

*Venga egli, o mandi, io terrò fermo il piede:
Giudici fian tra noi la sorte, e l'arme;
Fera tragedia vuol che s'appresenti,
Per lor diporto, alle nemiche genti.*¹¹

You see how little these great authors did esteem the *point of honor*, so much magnified by the French, and so ridiculously aped by us. They made their heroes men of honor; but so as not to divest them quite of human passions and frailties: they contented themselves to show you what men of great spirits would certainly do when they were provoked, not what they were obliged to do by the strict rules of moral virtue. For my own part, I declare myself for Homer and Tasso, and am more in love with Achilles and Rinaldo, than with Cyrus and Oroondates. I shall never subject my characters to the French standard, where love and honor are to be weighed by drachms and scruples. Yet, where I have designed the patterns of exact virtues, such as in this play are the parts of Almahide, of Ozmyn, and Benzayda, I may safely challenge the best of theirs.

But Almanzor is taxed with changing sides: and what tie has he on him to the contrary? He is not born their subject whom he serves, and he is injured by them to a very high degree. He threatens them, and speaks insolently of sovereign power; but so do Achilles and Rinaldo, who were subjects and soldiers of Agamemnon and Godfrey of Bulloigne. He talks extravagantly in his passion; but, if I would take the pains to quote an hundred passages of Ben Jonson's Cethegus, I could easily show you that the rodomontades of Almanzor are neither so irrational as his, nor so impossible to be put in execution; for Cethegus threatens to destroy nature, and to raise a new one out of it; to kill all the Senate for his part of the action; to look Cato dead; and a thousand other things as extravagant he says, but performs not one action in the play.

But none of the former calumnies will stick: and, therefore, 'tis at last charged upon me, that Almanzor does all things; or, if you will have an absurd accusation, in their nonsense who make it, that he performs impossibilities. They say, that being a stranger, he appeases two fighting factions, when the authority of their lawful sovereign could not. This is indeed the most improbable of all his actions, but 'tis far from being impossible. Their king had made himself contemptible to his people, as the history of Granada tells us; and Almanzor, though a stranger, yet was already known to them by his gallantry, in the *juego de toros*, his engagement on the weaker side, and more especially by the character of his person and brave actions, given by Abdalla just before; and, after all, the greatness of the enterprise consisted only in the daring, for he had the king's guards to second him. But we have read both of Cæsar, and many other generals, who have not only calmed a mutiny with a word, but have presented themselves single before an army of their enemies; which upon sight of them has revolted from their own leaders and come over to their trenches. In the rest of Almanzor's actions you see him for the most part victorious; but the same fortune has constantly attended many heroes who were not imaginary. Yet you see it no inheritance to him; for, in the first part, he is made a prisoner, and, in the last, defeated, and not able to preserve the city from being taken. If the history of the late Duke of Guise be true, he hazarded more and performed not less in Naples than Almanzor is feigned to have done in Granada.

I have been too tedious in this apology; but to make some satisfaction, I will leave the rest of my play exposed to the critics without defence.

The concernment of it is wholly passed from me, and ought to be in them who have been favorable to it, and are somewhat

11 "Here let him come in all his pomp of state;
I place my proud foot on the ground and wait
His unfeared presence and his scorned decree;
Sharp arms shall be our only jurors, Fate
Sole arbitress, and foemen flock to see
The sportful drama played, — a deep, deep tragedy."

(*Jerusalem Liberata*, v. 43; Wiffen's translation.)

obliged to defend their own opinions. That there are errors in it, I deny not:

*Ast opere in tanto fas est obrepere somnum.*¹²

But I have already swept the stakes; and,

with the common good fortune of prosperous gamesters, can be content to sit quietly; to hear my fortune cursed by some, and my faults arraigned by others, and to suffer both without reply.

"ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA" AND THE ART OF TRAGEDY¹

(Text: first edition, 1678)

The death of Antony and Cleopatra is a subject which has been treated by the greatest wits of our nation, after Shakespeare; and by all so variously that their example has given me the confidence to try myself in this bow of Ulysses amongst the crowd of suitors; and, withal, to take my own measures in aiming at the mark. I doubt not but the same motive has prevailed with all of us in this attempt; I mean the excellency of the moral: for the chief persons represented were famous patterns of unlawful love; and their end accordingly was unfortunate. All reasonable men have long since concluded, that the hero of the poem ought not to be a character of perfect virtue, for then he could not, without injustice, be made unhappy; nor yet altogether wicked, because he could not then be pitied. I have therefore steered the middle course; and have drawn the character of Antony as favorably as Plutarch, Appian, and Dion Cassius would give me leave; the like I have observed in Cleopatra. That which is wanting to work up the pity to a greater height was not afforded me by the story; for the crimes of love, which they both committed, were not occasioned by any necessity, or fatal ignorance, but were wholly voluntary; since our passions are, or ought to be, within our power. The fabric of the play is regular enough, as to the inferior parts of it; and the unities of time, place, and action, more exactly observed than perhaps the English theatre requires. Particularly, the action is so much one that it is the only one of the kind without episode, or underplot; every scene in the tragedy conducting to the main design,

and every act concluding with a turn of it. The greatest error in the contrivance seems to be in the person of Octavia; for, though I might use the privilege of a poet to introduce her into Alexandria, yet I had not enough considered that the compassion she moved to herself and children was destructive to that which I reserved for Antony and Cleopatra; whose mutual love, being founded upon vice, must lessen the favor of the audience to them, when virtue and innocence were oppressed by it. And, though I justified Antony in some measure, by making Octavia's departure to proceed wholly from herself; yet the force of the first machine² still remained; and the dividing of pity, like the cutting of a river into many channels, abated the strength of the natural stream. But this is an objection which none of my critics have urged against me; and therefore I might have let it pass, if I could have resolved to have been partial to myself. The faults my enemies have found are rather cavils concerning little and not essential decencies; which a master of the ceremonies may decide betwixt us. The French poets, I confess, are strict observers of these punctilios: they would not, for example, have suffered Cleopatra and Octavia to have met; or, if they had met, there must only have passed betwixt them some cold civilities, but no eagerness of repartee, for fear of offending against the greatness of their characters, and the modesty of their sex. This objection I foresaw, and at the same time contemned; for I judged it both natural and probable that Octavia, proud of her new-gained conquest, would search out Cleopatra to triumph over her; and

¹² Quoted incorrectly from Horace, *De Arte Poetica*, 360.

"Howbeit, at times the noblest bard, I think,

In works of long attempt may fairly wink." (Howes.)

¹ Preface to Dryden's *All for Love*, or, *The World Well Lost*.

² Literary or dramatic contrivance.

that Cleopatra, thus attacked, was not of a spirit to shun the encounter: and 'tis not unlikely that two exasperated rivals should use such satire as I have put into their mouths; for, after all, though the one were a Roman, and the other a queen, they were both women. 'Tis true, some actions, though natural, are not fit to be represented; and broad obscenities in words ought in good manners to be avoided: expressions therefore are a modest clothing of our thoughts, as breeches and petticoats are of our bodies. If I have kept myself within the bounds of modesty, all beyond it is but nicety and affectation; which is no more but modesty depraved into a vice. They betray themselves who are too quick of apprehension in such cases, and leave all reasonable men to imagine worse of them than of the poet.

Honest Montaigne³ goes yet further: *Nous ne sommes que cérémonie; la cérémonie nous emporte, et laissons la substance des choses. Nous nous tenons aux branches, et abandonnons le tronc et le corps. Nous avons appris aux dames de rougir, oyans seulement nommer ce qu'elles ne craignent aucunement à faire: nous n'osons appeller à droit nos membres, et ne craignons pas de les employer à toute sorte de débauche. La cérémonie nous défend d'exprimer par paroles les choses licites et naturelles, et nous l'en croyons; la raison nous défend de n'en faire point d'illicites et mauvaises, et personne ne l'en croit.* My comfort is, that by this opinion my enemies are but suckling critics, who would fain be nibbling ere their teeth are come.

Yet in this nicety of manners does the excellency of French poetry consist: their heroes are the most civil people breathing; but their good breeding seldom extends to a word of sense; all their wit is in their ceremony; they want the genius which animates our stage; and therefore 'tis but necessary, when they cannot please, that they should take care not to offend. But as the civillest man in the company is commonly the dull-est, so these authors, while they are afraid to make you laugh or cry, out of pure good manners make you sleep. They are so

careful not to exasperate a critic that they never leave him any work; so busy with the broom, and make so clean a riddance, that there is little left either for censure or for praise: for no part of a poem is worth our discommending where the whole is insipid; as when we have once tasted of palled wine, we stay not to examine it glass by glass. But while they affect to shine in trifles, they are often careless in essentials. Thus, their Hippolytus is so scrupulous in point of decency that he will rather expose himself to death than accuse his stepmother to his father; and my critics, I am sure, will commend him for it; but we of grosser apprehensions are apt to think that this excess of generosity is not practicable but with fools and madmen. This was good manners with a vengeance; and the audience is like to be much concerned at the misfortunes of this admirable hero: but take Hippolytus out of his poetic fit, and I suppose he would think it a wiser part to set the saddle on the right horse, and choose rather to live with the reputation of a plain-spoken, honest man, than to die with the infamy of an incestuous villain. In the meantime we may take notice that where the poet ought to have preserved the character as it was delivered to us by antiquity, when he should have given us the picture of a rough young man, of the Amazonian strain, a jolly huntsman, and both by his profession and his early rising a mortal enemy to love, he has chosen to give him the turn of gallantry, sent him to travel from Athens to Paris, taught him to make love, and transformed the Hippolytus of Euripides into Monsieur Hippolyte.⁴ I should not have troubled myself thus far with French poets, but that I find our *Chedreux*⁵ critics wholly form their judgments by them. But for my part, I desire to be tried by the laws of my own country; for it seems unjust to me that the French should prescribe here till they have conquered. Our little sonneteers, who follow them, have too narrow souls to judge of poetry. Poets themselves are the most proper, though I conclude not the most critics. But till some genius, as universal

³ In his essay, *De la Présomption*.

⁴ As in the *Phèdre* of Racine.

⁵ The name of the fashionable periwigs of the day, and, according to Scott, derived from their maker.

as Aristotle, shall arise, one who can penetrate into all arts and sciences, without the practice of them, I shall think it reasonable that the judgment of an artificer in his own art should be preferable to the opinion of another man; at least where he is not bribed by interest, or prejudiced by malice. And this, I suppose, is manifest by plain induction: for, first, the crowd cannot be presumed to have more than a gross instinct of what pleases or displeases them: every man will grant me this; but then, by a particular kindness to himself, he draws his own stake first, and will be distinguished from the multitude, of which other men may think him one. But, if I come closer to those who are allowed for witty men, either by the advantage of their quality, or by common fame, and affirm that neither are they qualified to decide sovereignly concerning poetry, I shall yet have a strong party of my opinion; for most of them severally will exclude the rest, either from the number of witty men, or at least of able judges. But here again they are all indulgent to themselves; and everyone who believes himself a wit, that is, every man, will pretend at the same time to a right of judging. But to press it yet farther, there are many witty men, but few poets; neither have all poets a taste of tragedy. And this is the rock on which they are daily splitting. Poetry, which is a picture of nature, must generally please; but 'tis not to be understood that all parts of it must please every man; therefore is not tragedy to be judged by a witty man, whose taste is only confined to comedy. Nor is every man, who loves tragedy, a sufficient judge of it; he must understand the excellencies of it too, or he will only prove a blind admirer, not a critic. From hence it comes that so many satires on poets, and censures of their writings, fly abroad. Men of pleasant conversation (at least esteemed so), and endued with a trifling kind of fancy, perhaps helped out with some smattering of Latin, are ambitious to distinguish themselves from the herd of gentlemen, by their poetry —

*Rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illa Fortuna.*⁶

And is not this a wretched affectation, not to be contented with what fortune has done for them, and sit down quietly with their estates, but they must call their wits in question, and needlessly expose their nakedness to public view? Not considering that they are not to expect the same approbation from sober men, which they have found from their flatterers after the third bottle. If a little glittering in discourse has passed them on us for witty men, where was the necessity of undeceiving the world? Would a man who has an ill title to an estate, but yet is in possession of it; would he bring it of his own accord to be tried at Westminster? We who write, if we want the talent, yet have the excuse that we do it for a poor subsistence; but what can be urged in their defence, who, not having the vocation of poverty to scribble, out of mere wantonness take pains to make themselves ridiculous? Horace was certainly in the right where he said *that no man is satisfied with his own condition.*⁷ A poet is not pleased because he is not rich; and the rich are discontented because the poets will not admit them of their number. Thus the case is hard with writers: if they succeed not, they must starve; and if they do, some malicious satire is prepared to level them, for daring to please without their leave. But while they are so eager to destroy the fame of others, their ambition is manifest in their concernment; some poem of their own is to be produced, and the slaves are to be laid flat with their faces on the ground, that the monarch may appear in the greater majesty.

Dionysius and Nero had the same longings, but with all their power they could never bring their business well about. 'Tis true, they proclaimed themselves poets by sound of trumpet; and poets they were, upon pain of death to any man who durst call them otherwise. The audience had a fine time on't, you may imagine; they sat in a bodily fear, and looked as demurely as they could: for 'twas a hanging matter to laugh unseasonably; and the tyrants were suspicious, as they had reason, that their subjects had 'em in the wind; so, every man, in his own defence, set as good a face

⁶ For "common sense" is very rare in that station of life. (Juvenal, viii. 73, 74.)

⁷ Satires, I. i. 1-3.

upon the business as he could. 'Twas known beforehand that the monarchs were to be crowned laureates; but when the show was over, and an honest man was suffered to depart quietly, he took out his laughter which he had stifled, with a firm resolution never more to see an emperor's play; though he had been ten years a-making it. In the meantime the true poets were they who made the best markets, for they had wit enough to yield the prize with a good grace, and not contend with him who had thirty legions. They were sure to be rewarded if they confessed themselves bad writers, and that was somewhat better than to be martyrs for their reputations. Lucan's example was enough to teach them manners; and after he was put to death for overcoming Nero, the emperor carried it without dispute for the best poet in his dominions. No man was ambitious of that grinning honor; for if he heard the malicious trumpeter proclaiming his name before his betters, he knew there was but one way with him. Mæcnas took another course, and we know he was more than a great man, for he was witty too: but finding himself far gone in poetry, which Seneca assures us was not his talent, he thought it his best way to be well with Virgil and with Horace; that at least he might be a poet at the second hand; and we see how happily it has succeeded with him; for his own bad poetry is forgotten, and their panegyrics of him still remain. But they who should be our patrons are for no such expensive ways to fame; they have much of the poetry of Mæcnas, but little of his liberality. They are for persecuting Horace and Virgil, in the persons of their successors; for such is every man who has any part of their soul and fire, though in a less degree. Some of their little zanies yet go farther; for they are persecutors even of Horace himself, as far as

they are able, by their ignorant and vile imitations of him; by making an unjust use of his authority, and turning his artillery against his friends. But how would he disdain to be copied by such hands! I dare answer for him, he would be more uneasy in their company than he was with Crispinus their forefather, in the Holy Way; and would no more have allowed them a place amongst the critics, than he would Demetrius the mimic, and Tigellius the buffoon:

*Demetri, teque, Tigelli,
Discipulorum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.*⁸

With what scorn would he look down on such miserable translators, who make doggerel of his Latin, mistake his meaning, misapply his censures, and often contradict their own? He is fixed as a landmark to set out the bounds of poetry —

*Saxum antiquum, ingens,—
Limes agro positus, litem ut discerneret
arvis.*⁹

But other arms than theirs, and other sinews are required, to raise the weight of such an author; and when they would toss him against enemies —

*Genua labant, gelidus concrevit frigore sanguis.
Tum lapis ipse, viri vacuum per inane
volutus,
Nec spatium evasit totum, nec pertulit
ictum.*¹⁰

For my part, I would wish no other revenge, either for myself, or the rest of the poets, from this rhyming judge of the twelve-penny gallery, this legitimate son of Sternhold,¹¹ than that he would subscribe his name to his censure, or (not to tax him beyond his learning) set his mark: for, should he own himself publicly, and come from behind the lion's skin,

⁸ "You, Demetrius and Tigellius, I bid go weep amidst the chairs of your pupils." (Horace, Satires, I. x. 90, 91.)

⁹ "An antique stone he saw, the common bound
Of neighb'ring fields, and barrier of the ground."

(Virgil's *Æneid*, xii. 897, 898. Dryden.)

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, 905-907. Dryden translates it thus:

"His knocking knees are bent beneath the load,
And shiv'ring cold congeals his vital blood.
The stone drops from his arms, and, falling short
For want of vigor, mocks his vain effort."

¹¹ Referring to the famous metrical version of the Psalms by Sternhold, Hopkins, and others, which had become proverbial for the pedestrian quality of its verse.

they whom he condemns would be thankful to him, they whom he praises would choose to be condemned; and the magistrates, whom he has elected, would modestly withdraw from their employment, to avoid the scandal of his nomination. The sharpness of his satire, next to himself, falls most heavily on his friends, and they ought never to forgive him for commending them perpetually the wrong way, and sometimes by contraries. If he have a friend whose hastiness in writing is his greatest fault, Horace would have taught him to have minced the matter, and to have called it readiness of thought, and a flowing fancy; for friendship will allow a man to christen an imperfection by the name of some neighbor virtue—

*Vellem in amicitia sic erraremus; et isti
Errori nomen virtus posuisset honestum.*¹²

But he would never have allowed him to have called a slow man hasty, or a hasty writer a slow drudge, as Juvenal explains it—

*Canibus pigris, scabieque vetusta
Lævibus, et siccae lambentibus ora lucernæ,
Nomen erit, Pardus, Tigris, Leo; si quid
adhuc est
Quod fremit in terris violentius.*¹³

Yet Lucretius laughs at a foolish lover, even for excusing the imperfections of his mistress—

*Nigra μελιχροος est, immunda et fætida ακοσ-
μος . . .
Balba loqui, non quit, τραυλιζει; muta pudens
est, etc.*¹⁴

But to drive it *ad Æthiopem cygnum*¹⁵ is not to be endured. I leave him to interpret this by the benefit of his French version on

the other side, and without farther considering him than I have the rest of my illiterate censors, whom I have disdained to answer, because they are not qualified for judges. It remains that I acquaint the reader that I have endeavored in this play to follow the practice of the ancients, who, as Mr. Rymer has judiciously observed, are and ought to be our masters. Horace likewise gives it for a rule in his *Art of Poetry*—

*Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna,*¹⁶

Yet though their models are regular, they are too little for English tragedy; which requires to be built in a larger compass. I could give an instance in the *Ædipus Tyrannus*,¹⁷ which was the masterpiece of Sophocles; but I reserve it for a more fit occasion, which I hope to have hereafter. In my style, I have professed to imitate the divine Shakespeare; which that I might perform more freely, I have disencumbered myself from rhyme. Not that I condemn my former way, but that this is more proper to my present purpose. I hope I need not to explain myself, that I have not copied my author servilely: words and phrases must of necessity receive a change in succeeding ages; but it is almost a miracle that much of his language remains so pure; and that he who began dramatic poetry amongst us, untaught by any, and as Ben Jonson tells us, without learning, should by the force of his own genius perform so much, that in a manner he has left no praise for any who come after him. The occasion is fair, and the subject would be pleasant to handle the difference of styles betwixt him and Fletcher, and wherein, and how far they are both to be imitated. But since I must not be

¹² Would that it were possible thus to err in matters of friendship, and that to such an error virtuous feeling would ascribe an honorable name. (Horace, *Satires*, I. iii. 41, 42.)

¹³ "Lazy curs, hairless from inveterate mange, and licking the edges of a dry lamp, have for names, 'Panther,' 'Tiger,' 'Lion,'—or if there be anything else which roars with greater fury in the world." (Juvenal, viii. 34-37. Translation by J. D. Lewis.)

¹⁴ "The sallow skin is for the swarthy put,
And love can make a slattern of a slut. . . .
She stammers: O, what grace in lisping lies!
If she says nothing, to be sure she's wise."

(Lucretius, iv. 1160, 1164. Dryden's translation.)

¹⁵ To call an Ethiopian a swan. (Juvenal, viii. 33.)

¹⁶ "Your standard then be Greece! Her models bright
By day peruse, and reperuse by night." (Howes.)

¹⁷ Dryden wrote his *Ædipus*, in collaboration with Nathaniel Lee, in this same year, 1678. The theme is classical, but there are such Elizabethan elements as ghosts and incantations here and there in the play.

overconfident of my own performance after him, it will be prudence in me to be silent. Yet, I hope I may affirm, and without vanity, that, by imitating him, I have excelled

myself throughout the play; and particularly, that I prefer the scene betwixt Antony and Ventidius in the first act, to anything which I have written in this kind.

A DISCOURSE CONCERNING THE ORIGINAL AND PROGRESS OF SATIRE¹ (ABRIDGED)

(Text: first edition, 1692/3)

. . . There has been a long dispute among the modern critics, whether the Romans derived their satire from the Grecians, or first invented it themselves. Julius Scaliger, and Heinsius, are of the first opinion; Casaubon, Rigaltius, Dacier, and the publisher of the Dauphin's Juvenal, maintain the latter. If we take satire in the general signification of the word, as it is used in all modern languages, for an invective, it is certain that it is almost as old as verse; and though hymns, which are praises of God, may be allowed to have been before it, yet the defamation of others was not long after it. After God had cursed Adam and Eve in Paradise, the husband and wife excused themselves, by laying the blame on one another; and gave a beginning to those conjugal dialogues in prose, which the poets have perfected in verse. The third chapter of Job is one of the first instances of this poem in holy Scripture; unless we will take it higher, from the latter end of the second where his wife advises him to curse his Maker.

This original, I confess, is not much to the honor of satire; but here it was nature, and that depraved; when it became art, it bore better fruit. Only we have learnt thus much already, that scoffs and revilings are of the growth of all nations; and, consequently, that neither the Greek poets borrowed from other people their art of railing, neither needed the Romans to take it from them. But, considering satire as a species of poetry, here the war begins amongst the critics. Scaliger the father will have it descend from Greece to Rome; and derives the word satire from *satyrus*, that mixed kind of animal, or, as the ancients thought him, rural god, made up betwixt a man and a goat; with a human

head, hooked nose, pouting lips, a bunch, or struma, under the chin, pricked ears, and upright horns; the body shagged with hair, especially from the waist, and ending in a goat, with the legs and feet of that creature. But Casaubon, and his followers, with reason, condemn this derivation; and prove, that from *satyrus*, the word *satira*, as it signifies a poem, cannot possibly descend. For *satira* is not properly a substantive, but an adjective; to which the word *lanx* (in English, a charger, or large platter) is understood; so that the Greek poem made according to the manners of a satyr, and expressing his qualities, must properly be called satyrical, and not satire. And thus far 'tis allowed that the Grecians had such poems; but that they were wholly different *in specie* from that to which the Romans gave the name of satire.

This is what I have to say in general of satire: only, as Dacier has observed before me, we may take notice, that the word satire is of more general signification in Latin, than in French, or English. For amongst the Romans it was not only used for those discourses which decried vice, or exposed folly, but for others also, where virtue was recommended. But in our modern languages we apply it only to invective poems, where the very name of satire is formidable to those persons who would appear to the world what they are not in themselves; for in English to say satire, is to mean reflection, as we use that word in the worst sense; or as the French call it, more properly, *médiance*. In the criticism of spelling, it ought to be with *i* and not with *y*, to distinguish its true derivation from *satira*, not from *satyrus*. And if this be so, then it is false

¹ The preface to The Satires of Juvenal and Persius, made English, dedicated to the Earl of Dorset.

spelled throughout this book;² for here it is written *satyr*; which having not considered at the first, I thought it not worth correcting afterwards. But the French are more nice, and never spell it any other way than *satire*.

In a word, that former sort of satire, which is known in England by the name of *lampoon*, is a dangerous sort of weapon, and for the most part unlawful. We have no moral right on the reputation of other men. 'Tis taking from them what we cannot restore to them. There are only two reasons for which we may be permitted to write lampoons; and I will not promise that they can always justify us. The first is revenge, when we have been affronted in the same nature, or have been any ways notoriously abused, and can make ourselves no other reparation. And yet we know, that, in Christian charity, all offences are to be forgiven, as we expect the like pardon for those which we daily commit against Almighty God. And this consideration has often made me tremble when I was saying our Savior's prayer; for the plain condition of the forgiveness which we beg is the pardoning of others the offences which they have done to us; for which reason I have many times avoided the commission of that fault, even when I have been notoriously provoked. Let not this, my lord, pass for vanity in me; for it is truth. More libels have been written against me than almost any man now living; and I had reason on my side, to have defended my own innocence. I speak not of my poetry, which I have wholly given up to the critics; let them use it as they please; posterity, perhaps, may be more favorable to me; for interest and passion will lie buried in another age, and partiality and prejudice be forgotten. I speak of my morals, which have been sufficiently aspersed; that only sort of reputation ought to be dear to every honest man, and is to me. But let the world witness for me, that I have been often wanting to myself in that particular; I have seldom answered any scurrilous lampoon, when it was in my power to have exposed my enemies; and,

being naturally vindictive, have suffered in silence, and possessed my soul in quiet.

Anything, though never so little, which a man speaks of himself, in my opinion, is still too much; and therefore I will waive this subject, and proceed to give the second reason which may justify a poet when he writes against a particular person; and that is, when he is become a public nuisance. All those, whom Horace in his Satires, and Persius and Juvenal have mentioned in theirs, with a brand of infamy, are wholly such. 'Tis an action of virtue to make examples of vicious men. They may and ought to be upbraided with their crimes and follies; both for their own amendment, if they are not yet incorrigible, and for the terror of others, to hinder them from falling into those enormities which they see are so severely punished in the persons of others. The first reason was only an excuse for revenge; but this second is absolutely of a poet's office to perform; but how few lampooners are there now living, who are capable of this duty! When they come in my way, 'tis impossible sometimes to avoid reading them. But, good God! how remote they are, in common justice, from the choice of such persons as are proper subject of satire! And how little wit they bring for the support of their injustice! The weaker sex is their most ordinary theme; and the best and fairest are sure to be the most severely handled. Amongst men, those who are prosperously unjust are entitled to a panegyric; but afflicted virtue is insolently stabbed with all manner of reproaches. No decency is considered, no fulsomeness omitted; no venom is wanting, as far as dulness can supply it. For there is a perpetual dearth of wit; a barrenness of good sense and entertainment. The neglect of the readers will soon put an end to this sort of scribbling. There can be no pleasantry where there is no wit; no impression can be made where there is no truth for the foundation. To conclude: they are like the fruits of the earth in this unnatural season; the corn which held up its head is spoiled with rankness; but the greater part of the harvest is laid along, and little of good income and

² The spelling is rectified in this edition.

wholesome nourishment is received into the barns.

Thus I have treated, in a new method, the comparison betwixt Horace, Juvenal, and Persius; somewhat of their particular manner belonging to all of them is yet remaining to be considered. Persius was grave, and particularly opposed his gravity to lewdness, which was the predominant vice in Nero's court, at the time when he published his satires, which was before that emperor fell into the excess of cruelty. Horace was a mild admonisher, a court-satirist, fit for the gentle times of Augustus, and more fit, for the reasons which I have already given. Juvenal was as proper for his times, as they for theirs; his was an age that deserved a more severe chastisement; vices were more gross and open, more flagitious, more encouraged by the example of a tyrant, and more protected by his authority. Therefore, wheresoever Juvenal mentions Nero, he means Domitian, whom he dares not attack in his own person, but scourges him by proxy. Heinsius urges in praise of Horace, that, according to the ancient art and law of satire, it should be nearer to comedy than tragedy; not declaiming against vice, but only laughing at it. Neither Persius nor Juvenal were ignorant of this, for they had both studied Horace. And the thing itself is plainly true. But as they had read Horace, they had likewise read Lucilius, of whom Persius says *secuit urbem*; . . . *et genuinum fregit in illis*; meaning Mutius and Lupus; and Juvenal also mentions him in these words: *Ense velut stricto, quoties Lucilius ardens infremuit*, etc. So that they thought the imitation of Lucilius was more proper to their purpose than that of Horace. "They changed satire" (says Holyday), "but they changed it for the better; for the business being to reform great vices, chastisement goes further than admonition; whereas a perpetual grin, like that of Horace, does rather anger than amend a man."

Thus far that learned critic, Barten Holyday,³ whose interpretation and illustrations

of Juvenal are as excellent as the verse of his translation and his English are lame and pitiful. For 'tis not enough to give us the meaning of a poet, which I acknowledge him to have performed most faithfully, but he must also imitate his genius and his numbers, as far as the English will come up to the elegance of the original. In few words, 'tis only for a poet to translate a poem. Holyday and Stapylton⁴ had not enough considered this, when they attempted Juvenal: but I forbear reflections; only I beg leave to take notice of this sentence, where Holyday says, "a perpetual grin, like that of Horace, rather angers than amends a man." I cannot give him up the manner of Horace in low satire so easily. Let the chastisement of Juvenal be never so necessary for his new kind of satire; let him declaim as wittily and sharply as he pleases; yet still the nicest and most delicate touches of satire consist in fine raillery. This, my lord, is your particular talent, to which even Juvenal could not arrive. 'Tis not reading, 'tis not imitation of an author, which can produce this fineness; it must be inborn; it must proceed from a genius, and particular way of thinking, which is not to be taught; and therefore not to be imitated by him who has it not from nature. How easy is it to call rogue and villain, and that wittily! But how hard to make a man appear a fool, a blockhead, or a knave, without using any of those opprobrious terms! To spare the grossness of the names, and to do the thing yet more severely, is to draw a full face, and to make the nose and cheeks stand out, and yet not to employ any depth of shadowing. This is the mystery of that noble trade, which yet no master can teach to his apprentice; he may give the rules, but the scholar is never the nearer in his practice. Neither is it true that this fineness of raillery is offensive. A witty man is tickled while he is hurt in this manner, and a fool feels it not. The occasion of an offence may possibly be given, but he cannot take it. If it be granted, that in effect this way does more mischief; that a man is secretly wounded, and though he be not

³ Holyday, an Oxford scholar, had produced translations of both Persius and Juvenal which Dryden comments on here and elsewhere.

⁴ Sir Robert Stapylton's translation of the First Six Satires of Juvenal appeared in 1644, and a complete version was published three years later,

sensible himself, yet the malicious world will find it out for him; yet there is still a vast difference betwixt the slovenly butchering of a man, and the fineness of a stroke that separates the head from the body, and leaves it standing in its place. A man may be capable, as Jack Ketch's ⁵ wife said of his servant, of a plain piece of work, a bare hanging; but to make a malefactor die sweetly was only belonging to her husband. I wish I could apply it to myself, if the reader would be kind enough to think it belongs to me. The character of Zimri ⁶ in my Absalom is, in my opinion, worth the whole poem: it is not bloody, but it is ridiculous enough; and he, for whom it was intended, was too witty to resent it as an injury. If I had railed, I might have suffered for it justly; but I managed my own work more happily, perhaps more dexterously. I avoided the mention of great crimes, and applied myself to the representing of blindides, and little extravagancies; to which, the wittier a man is, he is generally the more obnoxious.⁷ It succeeded as I wished; the jest went round, and he laughed at it in his turn who began the frolic.

'Tis but necessary, that after so much has been said of satire some definition of it should be given. Heinsius, in his dissertations on Horace, makes it for me, in these words: "Satire is a kind of poetry, without a series of action, invented for the purging of our minds; in which human vices, ignorance, and errors, and all things besides, which are produced from them in every man, are severely reprehended; partly dramatically, partly simply, and sometimes in both kinds of speaking; but, for the most part, figuratively, and occultly; consisting in a low familiar way, chiefly in a sharp and pungent manner of speech; but partly, also, in a facetious and civil way of jesting; by which either hatred or laughter, or indignation, is moved." Where I cannot but observe, that this obscure and perplexed definition, or rather description, of satire, is wholly accommodated to the Horatian way; and excluding the works of

Juvenal and Persius, as foreign from that kind of poem. The clause in the beginning of it, *without a series of action*, distinguishes satire properly from stage-plays, which are all of one action, and one continued series of action. The end or scope of satire is to purge the passions; so far it is common to the satires of Juvenal and Persius. The rest which follows is also belonging to all three; till he comes upon us, with the excluding clause, *consisting in a low familiar way of speech*, which is the proper character of Horace; and from which the other two, for their honor be it spoken, are far distant. But how come lowness of style, and the familiarity of words, to be so much the propriety of satire, that without them a poet can be no more a satirist, than without risibility he can be a man? Is the fault of Horace to be made the virtue and standing rule of this poem? Is the *grande sophos* of Persius, and the sublimity of Juvenal, to be circumscribed with the meanness of words and vulgarity of expression? If Horace refused the pains of numbers, and the loftiness of figures, are they bound to follow so ill a precedent? Let him walk afoot, with his pad in his hand, for his own pleasure; but let not them be accounted no poets, who choose to mount, and show their horsemanship. Holyday is not afraid to say, that there was never such a fall, as from his odes to his satires, and that he, injuriously to himself, untuned his harp. The majestic way of Persius and Juvenal was new when they began it, but 'tis old to us; and what poems have not, with time, received an alteration in their fashion? "Which alteration," says Holyday, "is to aftertimes as good a warrant as the first." Has not Virgil changed the manners of Homer's heroes in his *Æneis*? Certainly he has, and for the better: for Virgil's age was more civilized and better bred, and he writ according to the politeness of Rome, under the reign of Augustus Cæsar, not to the rudeness of Agamemnon's age, or the time of Homer. Why should we offer to confine free spirits to one form, when we cannot so much as confine our bodies to one fashion of apparel? Would not Donne's Satires,

⁵ Jack Ketch, the most famous public executioner of the century, whose barbarity was notorious.

⁶ Zimri, in Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel," is the second Duke of Buckingham.

⁷ Exposed, vulnerable.

which abound with so much wit, appear more charming, if he had taken care of his words, and of his numbers? But he followed Horace so very close that of necessity he must fall with him; and I may safely say it of this present age, that if we are not so great wits as Donne, yet certainly we are better poets.

But I have said enough, and it may be too much, on this subject. Will your lordship be pleased to prolong my audience, only so far, till I tell you my own trivial thoughts, how a modern satire should be made? I will not deviate in the least from the precepts and examples of the ancients, who were always our best masters. I will only illustrate them, and discover some of the hidden beauties in their designs, that we thereby may form our own in imitation of them. Will you please but to observe, that Persius, the least in dignity of all the three, has notwithstanding been the first who has discovered to us this important secret, in the designing of a perfect satire; that it ought only to treat of one subject; to be confined to one particular theme; or at least, to one principally. If other vices occur in the management of the chief, they should only be transiently lashed, and not be insisted on, so as to make the design double. As in a play of the English fashion, which we call a tragi-comedy, there is to be but one main design; and though there be an underplot, or second walk of comical characters and adventures, yet they are subservient to the chief fable, carried along under it, and helping to it; so that the drama may not seem a monster with two heads. Thus, the Copernican system of the planets makes the moon to be moved by the motion of the earth, and carried about her orb, as a dependent of hers. Mascardi, in his discourse of the *Doppia Favola*, or double tale in plays, gives an instance of it in the famous pastoral of Guarini, called *Il Pastor Fido*; where Corsica and the Satyr are the under parts; yet we may observe, that Corsica is brought into the body of the plot, and made subservient to it. 'Tis certain that the divine wit of Horace was not ignorant of this rule, that a play, though it consists of many parts, must yet be one in the action, and must drive on the accomplishment of one design; for he gives this

very precept, *sit quodvis simplex duntaxat et unum*; yet he seems not much to mind it in his satires, many of them consisting of more arguments than one; and the second without dependence on the first. Casaubon has observed this before me, in his preference of Persius to Horace; and will have his own beloved author to be the first who found out and introduced this method of confining himself to one subject. I know it may be urged in defence of Horace that this unity is not necessary; because the very word *satura* signifies a dish plentifully stored with all variety of fruit and grains. Yet Juvenal, who calls his poems a *farrago*, which is a word of the same signification with *satura*, has chosen to follow the same method of Persius, and not of Horace; and Boileau, whose example alone is a sufficient authority, has wholly confined himself, in all his satires, to this unity of design. That variety, which is not to be found in any one satire, is, at least, in many, written on several occasions. And if variety be of absolute necessity in every one of them, according to the etymology of the word, yet it may arise naturally from one subject, as it is diversely treated, in the several subordinate branches of it, all relating to the chief. It may be illustrated accordingly with variety of examples in the subdivisions of it, and with as many precepts as there are members of it; which, altogether, may complete that *olla*, or hotchpotch, which is properly a satire.

Under this unity of theme, or subject, is comprehended another rule for perfecting the design of true satire. The poet is bound, and that *ex officio*, to give his reader some one precept of moral virtue, and to caution him against some one particular vice or folly. Other virtues, subordinate to the first, may be recommended under that chief head; and other vices or follies may be scourged, besides that which he principally intends. But he is chiefly to inculcate one virtue, and insist on that. Thus Juvenal, in every satire excepting the first, ties himself to one principal instructive point, or to the shunning of moral evil. Even in the sixth, which seems only an arraignment of the whole sex of womankind, there is a latent admonition to avoid ill women, by showing how very few, who are virtuous and

good, are to be found amongst them. But this, though the wittiest of all his satires, has yet the least of truth or instruction in it. He has run himself into his old declamatory way, and almost forgotten that he was not setting up for a moral poet.

Persius is never wanting to us in some profitable doctrine, and in exposing the opposite vices to it. His kind of philosophy is one which is the stoic; and every satire is a comment on one particular dogma of that sect, unless we will except the first, which is against bad writers; and yet even there he forgets not the precepts of the Porch. In general, all virtues are everywhere to be praised and recommended to practice; and all vices to be reprehended, and made either odious or ridiculous; or else there is a fundamental error in the whole design.

I have already declared who are the only persons that are the adequate object of private satire, and who they are that may properly be exposed by name for public examples of vices and follies; and therefore I will trouble your lordship no further with them. Of the best and finest manner of satire, I have said enough in the comparison betwixt Juvenal and Horace: 'tis that sharp, well-mannered way of laughing a folly out of countenance, of which your lordship is the best master in this age. I will proceed to the versification which is most proper for it, and add somewhat to what I have said already on that subject. The sort of verse which is called *burlesque*, consisting of eight syllables, or four feet, is that which our excellent Hudibras has chosen. I ought to have mentioned him before, when I spoke of Donne; but by a slip of an old man's memory he was forgotten. The worth of his poem is too well known to need my commendation, and he is above my censure. His satire is of the Varronian kind, though unmixed with prose. The choice of his numbers is suitable enough to his design, as he has managed it; but in any other hand, the shortness of his verse, and the quick returns of rhyme, had debased the dignity of style. And besides, the double rhyme (a necessary companion of burlesque writing) is not so proper for manly satire; for it turns earnest too much to

jest, and gives us a boyish kind of pleasure. It tickles awkwardly with a kind of pain, to the best sort of readers: we are pleased ungratefully, and, if I may say so, against our liking. We thank him not for giving us that unseasonable delight, when we know he could have given us a better, and more solid. He might have left that task to others, who, not being able to put in thought, can only make us grin with the excrescence of a word of two or three syllables in the close. 'Tis, indeed, below so great a master to make use of such a little instrument. But his good sense is perpetually shining through all he writes; it affords us not the time of finding faults. We pass through the levity of his rhyme, and are immediately carried into some admirable useful thought. After all, he has chosen this kind of verse, and has written the best in it: and had he taken another, he would always have excelled; as we say of a court favorite, that whatsoever his office be, he still makes it uppermost, and most beneficial to himself.

The quickness of your imagination, my lord, has already prevented me; and you know beforehand, that I would prefer the verse of ten syllables, which we call the English heroic, to that of eight. This is truly my opinion. For this sort of number is more roomy; the thought can turn itself with greater ease in a larger compass. When the rhyme comes too thick upon us, it straitens the expression; we are thinking of the close, when we should be employed in adorning the thought. It makes a poet giddy with turning in a space too narrow for his imagination; he loses many beauties, without gaining one advantage. For a burlesque rhyme I have already concluded to be none; or, if it were, 'tis more easily purchased in ten syllables than in eight. In both occasions 'tis as in a tennis-court, when the strokes of greater force are given, when we strike out and play at length. Tassoni and Boileau have left us the best examples of this way, in the *Secchia Rapita*,⁸ and the *Lutrin*;⁹ and next them Merlino Coccaius in his *Baldus*. I will speak only of the two former, because the last is written in Latin verse. The *Secchia Rapita* is an

⁸ *La Secchia Rapita* (The Stolen Bucket) was declared by its author, Alessandro Tassoni (1565–1635), to be the first modern mock-heroic piece.

⁹ Boileau's *Le Lutrin* (The Reading-Desk), 1674, is the most successful French example of the mock-epic.

Italian poem, a satire of the Varronian kind. 'Tis written in the stanza of eight, which is their measure for heroic verse. The words are stately, the numbers smooth, the turn both of thought and words is happy. The first six lines of the stanza seem majestic and severe; but the two last turn them all into a pleasant ridicule. Boileau, if I am not much deceived, has modelled from hence his famous *Lutrin*. He had read the burlesque poetry of Scarron, with some kind of indignation, as witty as it was, and found nothing in France that was worthy of his imitation: but he copied the Italian so well that his own may pass for an original. He writes it in the French heroic verse, and calls it an heroic poem; his subject is trivial, but his verse is noble. I doubt not but he had Virgil in his eye, for we find many admirable imitations of him, and some parodies; as particularly this passage in the fourth of the *Æneids*—

*Nec tibi diva parens, generis nec Dardanus auctor,
Perfide; sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
Caucasus; Hyrcanæque admorunt ubera tigres:*¹⁰

which he thus translates, keeping to the words, but altering the sense—

*Non, ton père à Paris, ne fut point boulanger:
Et tu n'es point du sang de Gervais, l'hor-
loger;
Ta mère ne fut point la maitresse d'un coche:
Caucase dans ses flancs te forma d'une roche:
Une tigresse affreuse, en quelque antre écart
Te fit, avec son lait, sucer sa cruauté.*

And, as Virgil in his fourth Georgic, of the bees, perpetually raises the lowness of his subject, by the loftiness of his words, and ennobles it by comparisons drawn from empires, and from monarchs—

*Admiranda tibi levium spectacula rerum,
Magnanimosque duces totiusque ordine gentis
Mores et studia, et populos, et prælia dicam.*¹¹

and again—

*At genus immortale manet; multosque per annos
Stat fortuna domus, et avi numeratur avo-
rum;*¹²

we see Boileau pursuing him in the same flights, and scarcely yielding to his master. This, I think, my lord, to be the most beautiful and most noble kind of satire. Here is the majesty of the heroic, finely mixed with the venom of the other; and raising the delight which otherwise would be flat and vulgar, by the sublimity of the expression. I could say somewhat more of the delicacy of this and some other of his satires; but it might turn to his prejudice, if 'twere carried back to France.

I have given your lordship but this bare hint, in what verse and in what manner this sort of satire may be best managed. Had I time, I could enlarge on the beautiful turns of words and thoughts which are as requisite in this as in heroic poetry itself, of which the satire is undoubtedly a species. With these beautiful turns I confess myself to have been unacquainted, till about twenty years ago, in a conversation which I had with that noble wit of Scotland, Sir George Mackenzie, he asked me why I did not imitate in my verses the turns of Mr. Waller and Sir John Denham, of which he repeated many to me. I had often read with pleasure, and with some profit, those two fathers of our English poetry, but had not seriously enough considered those beauties which gave the last perfection to their works. Some sprinklings of this kind I had also formerly in my

10 "Neither a goddess mother was to thee,
Nor Dardanus, the founder of thy race.
Traitor! but bred thee, jagged with flinty cliffs,
The Caucasus, and Hyrcanian tigresses
Their dugs approached." (Translation by R. C. Singleton.)

11 "Shows of pigmy things,
That claim thy wonder, — both the high-souled chiefs,
And habits, and pursuits, and clans, and wars,
Of a whole nation duly will I sing." (Singleton.)

12 "Yet imperishable lasts
The lineage, and stands firm through many a year
The fortune of the house, and ancestors
Of ancestors are counted." (*Ibid.*, 202, 203.)

plays; but they were casual, and not designed. But this hint, thus seasonably given to me, first made me sensible of my own wants, and brought me afterwards to seek for the supply of them in other English authors. I looked over the darling of my youth, the famous Cowley; there I found, instead of them, the points of wit, and quirks of epigram, even in the Davideis, an heroic poem, which is of an opposite nature to those puerilities; but no elegant turns, either on the word or on the thought. Then I consulted a greater genius (without offence to the *manes* of that noble author), I mean Milton. But as he endeavors everywhere to express Homer, whose age had not arrived to that fineness, I found in him a true sublimity, lofty thoughts, which were clothed with admirable Grecisms, and ancient words, which he had been digging from the mines of Chaucer and Spenser, and which, with all their rusticity, had somewhat of venerable in them; but I found not there neither that for which I looked. At last I had recourse to his master, Spenser, the author of that immortal poem called the Fairy Queen; and there I met with that which I had been looking for so long in vain. Spenser had studied Virgil to as much advantage as Milton had done Homer; and amongst the rest of his excellencies had copied that. Looking farther into the Italian, I found Tasso had done the same; nay more, that all the sonnets in that language are on the turn of the first thought; which Mr. Walsh, in his late ingenious preface to his poems, has observed. In short, Virgil and Ovid are the two principal fountains of them in Latin poetry. And the French at this day are so fond of them, that they judge them to be the first beauties; *délicat et bien tourné* are the highest commendations which they bestow on somewhat which they think a masterpiece.

An example of the turn on words, amongst a thousand others, is that in the last book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*—

Heu! quantum scelus est, in viscera, viscera condit!

Congestoque avidum pinguescere corpore corpus;

Alteriusque animantem animantis vivere leto.

An example on the turn both of thoughts and words is to be found in Catullus, in the complaint of Ariadne, when she was left by Theseus—

Tum jam nulla viro juranti fœmina credat;

Nulla viri speret sermones esse fideles;

Qui, dum aliquid cupiens animus prægestit apisci,

Nil metuant jurare, nihil promittere parcant:

Sed simul ac cupidæ mentis satiata libido est,

Dicta nihil metuere, nihil perjuria curant.

An extraordinary turn upon the words is that in Ovid's *Epistolæ Heroidum*, of Sappho to Phaon—

Si, nisi quæ forma poterit te digna videri,

Nulla futura tua est, nulla futura tua est.

Lastly, a turn, which I cannot say is absolutely on words, for the thought turns with them, is in the fourth Georgic of Virgil, where Orpheus is to receive his wife from Hell, on express condition not to look on her till she was come on earth—

Cum subita incautum dementia cepit amantem;

*Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignorare Manes.*¹³

I will not burthen your lordship with more of them; for I write to a master who understands them better than myself. But I may safely conclude them to be great beauties. I might descend also to the mechanic beauties of heroic verse; but we have yet no English *prosodia*, not so much as a tolerable dictionary or a grammar; so that our language is in a manner barbarous; and what government will encourage any one, or more, who are capable of refining it, I know not: but nothing under a public expense can go through with it. And I rather fear a declination of the language, than hope an advancement of it in the present age.

I am still speaking to you, my lord, though, in all probability, you are already

out of hearing. Nothing which my meanness can produce is worthy of this long attention. But I am come to the last petition of Abraham; if there be ten righteous lines, in this vast preface, spare it for their sake; and also spare the next city, because it is but a little one.

I would excuse the performance of this translation, if it were all my own; but the better, though not the greater part, being the work of some gentlemen, who have succeeded very happily in their undertaking, let their excellencies atone for my imperfections, and those of my sons. I have perused some of the satires, which are done by other hands; and they seem to me as perfect in their kind as anything I have seen in English verse. The common way which we have taken is not a literal translation, but a kind of paraphrase; or somewhat, which is yet more loose, betwixt a paraphrase and imitation. It was not possible for us, or any men, to have made it pleasant any other way. If rendering the exact sense of those authors, almost line for line, had been our business, Barton Holyday had done it already to our hands: and by the help of his learned notes and illustrations not only of Juvenal and Persius, but what yet is more obscure, his own verses, might be understood.

But he wrote for fame, and wrote to scholars; we write only for the pleasure and entertainment of those gentlemen and ladies, who, though they are not scholars, are not ignorant; persons of understanding and good sense, who, not having been conversant in the original, or at least not having made Latin verse so much their business as to be critics in it, would be glad to find if the wit of our two great authors be answerable to their fame and reputation in the world. We have, therefore, endeavored to give the public all the satisfaction we are able in this kind.

And if we are not altogether so faithful to our author, as our predecessors Holyday and Stapylton, yet we may challenge to ourselves this praise, that we shall be far more pleasing to our readers. We have followed our authors at greater distance, though not step by step, as they have done; and oftentimes they have gone so

close, that they have trod on the heels of Juvenal and Persius, and hurt them by their too near approach. A noble author would not be pursued too close by a translator. We lose his spirit, when we think to take his body. The grosser part remains with us, but the soul is flown away in some noble expression, or some delicate turn of words or thought. Thus Holyday, who made this way his choice, seized the meaning of Juvenal; but the poetry has always escaped him.

They who will not grant me that pleasure is one of the ends of poetry, but that it is only a means of compassing the only end, which is instruction, must yet allow, that, without the means of pleasure, the instruction is but a bare and dry philosophy; a crude preparation of morals which we may have from Aristotle and Epictetus, with more profit than from any poet. Neither Holyday nor Stapylton have imitated Juvenal in the poetical part of him, his diction and his elocution. Nor had they been poets, as neither of them were, yet, in the way they took, it was impossible for them to have succeeded in the poetic part.

The English verse, which we call heroic, consists of no more than ten syllables; the Latin hexameter sometimes rises to seventeen; as, for example, this verse in Virgil—

Pulverulenta putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.

Here is the difference of no less than seven syllables in a line, betwixt the English and the Latin. Now the medium of these is about fourteen syllables; because the dactyl is a more frequent foot in hexameters than the spondee. But Holyday, without considering that he wrote with the disadvantage of four syllables less in every verse, endeavors to make one of his lines to comprehend the sense of one of Juvenal's. According to the falsity of the proposition was the success. He was forced to crowd his verse with ill-sounding monosyllables, of which our barbarous language affords him a wild plenty; and by that means he arrived at his pedantic end, which was to make a literal translation. His verses have nothing of verse in them, but only the worst part of it, the rhyme; and that, into the

bargain, is far from good. But, which is more intolerable, by cramming his ill-chosen, and worse-sounding monosyllables so close together, the very sense which he endeavors to explain is become more obscure than that of his author; so that Holyday himself cannot be understood, without as large a commentary as that which he makes on his two authors. For my own part, I can make a shift to find the meaning of Juvenal without his notes; but his translation is more difficult than his author. And I find beauties in the Latin to recompense my pains; but, in Holyday and Stapylton, my ears, in the first place, are mortally offended; and then their sense is so perplexed, that I return to the original, as the more pleasing task, as well as the more easy.

This must be said for our translation, that, if we give not the whole sense of Juvenal, yet we give the most considerable part of it; we give it, in general, so clearly, that few notes are sufficient to make us intelligible. We make our author at least appear in a poetic dress. We have actually made him more sounding, and more eloquent, than he was before in English; and have endeavored to make him speak that kind of English which he would have spoken had he lived in England, and had written to this age. If sometimes any of us (and 'tis but seldom) make him express the customs and manners of our native

country rather than of Rome, 'tis either when there was some kind of analogy betwixt their customs and ours, or when, to make him more easy to vulgar understandings, we give him those manners which are familiar to us. But I defend not this innovation, 'tis enough if I can excuse it. For to speak sincerely, the manners of nations and ages are not to be confounded; we should either make them English, or leave them Roman. If this can neither be defended nor excused, let it be pardoned, at least, because it is acknowledged; and so much the more easily, as being a fault which is never committed without some pleasure to the reader.

Thus, my lord, having troubled you with a tedious visit, the best manners will be shown in the least ceremony. I will slip away while your back is turned, and while you are otherwise employed; with great confusion for having entertained you so long with this discourse, and for having no other recompense to make you, than the worthy labors of my fellow-undertakers in this work, and the thankful acknowledgments, prayers, and perpetual good wishes, of,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most obliged, most humble,

And most obedient Servant,

Aug. 18, 1692

JOHN DRYDEN

PREFACE TO THE "FABLES"¹

(Text: first edition, 1700)

'Tis with a poet, as with a man who designs to build, and is very exact as he supposes, in casting up the cost beforehand; but, generally speaking, he is mistaken in his account, and reckons short of the expense he first intended. He alters his mind as the work proceeds, and will have this or that convenience more, of which he had not thought when he began. So has it happened to me; I have built a house, where I intended but a lodge; yet with better success than a certain nobleman,² who,

beginning with a dog-kennel, never lived to finish the palace he had contrived.

From translating the first of Homer's *Iliads* (which I intended as an essay to the whole work), I proceeded to the translation of the twelfth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, because it contains, among other things, the causes, the beginning, and ending of the Trojan war. Here I ought in reason to have stopped; but the speeches of Ajax and Ulysses lying next in my way, I could not balk 'em. When I had com-

¹ Fables Ancient and Modern, translated into verse, from Homer, Ovid, Boccace, and Chaucer; with Original Poems.

² The Duke of Buckingham, the Zimri of Absalom and Achitophel. The palace is Cliveden.

passed them, I was so taken with the former part of the fifteenth book (which is the masterpiece of the whole *Metamorphoses*), that I enjoined myself the pleasing task of rendering it into English. And now I found by the number of my verses, that they began to swell into a little volume; which gave me an occasion of looking backward on some beauties of my author, in his former books; there occurred to me the Hunting of the Boar, Cinyras and Myrrha, the good-natured story of Baucis and Philemon, with the rest, which I hope I have translated closely enough, and given them the same turn of verse which they had in the original; and this, I may say, without vanity, is not the talent of every poet. He who has arrived the nearest to it, is the ingenious and learned Sandys,³ the best versifier of the former age; if I may properly call it by that name, which was the former part of this concluding century. For Spenser and Fairfax⁴ both flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; great masters in our language, and who saw much further into the beauties of our numbers than those who immediately followed them. Milton was the poetical son of Spenser, and Mr. Waller of Fairfax; for we have our lineal descents and clans as well as other families. Spenser more than once insinuates that the soul of Chaucer was transfused into his body; and that he was begotten by him two hundred years after his decease. Milton has acknowledged to me that Spenser was his original; and many besides myself have heard our famous Waller own that he derived the harmony of his numbers from Godfrey of Bouillon, which was turned into English by Mr. Fairfax.

But to return: having done with Ovid for this time, it came into my mind, that our old English poet, Chaucer, in many things resembled him, and that with no disadvantage on the side of the modern author, as I shall endeavor to prove when I compare them; and as I am, and always have been, studious to promote the honor

of my native country, so I soon resolved to put their merits to the trial, by turning some of the Canterbury Tales into our language, as it is now refined; for by this means, both the poets being set in the same light, and dressed in the same English habit, story to be compared with story, a certain judgment may be made betwix them by the reader, without obtruding my opinion on him. Or, if I seem partial to my countryman and predecessor in the laurel, the friends of antiquity are not few; and, besides many of the learned, Ovid has almost all the beaux, and the whole fair sex, his declared patrons. Perhaps I have assumed somewhat more to myself than they allow me, because I have adventured to sum up the evidence; but the readers are the jury, and their privilege remains entire, to decide according to the merits of the cause; or, if they please, to bring it to another hearing before some other court. In the meantime, to follow the thread of my discourse (as thoughts, according to Mr. Hobbes, have always some connection), so from Chaucer I was led to think on Boccace, who was not only his contemporary, but also pursued the same studies; wrote novels in prose, and many works in verse; particularly is said to have invented the octave rhyme, or stanza of eight lines, which ever since has been maintained by the practice of all Italian writers who are, or at least assume the title of, heroic poets. He and Chaucer, among other things, had this in common, that they refined their mother-tongues; but with this difference, that Dante had begun to file their language, at least in verse, before the time of Boccace, who likewise received no little help from his master Petrarch; but the reformation of their prose was wholly owing to Boccace himself, who is yet the standard of purity in the Italian tongue, though many of his phrases are become obsolete, as in process of time it must needs happen. Chaucer (as you have formerly been told by our learned Mr. Rymer)⁵ first adorned and amplified our barren tongue from the Provençal

³ George Sandys (1578-1644), translator of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

⁴ Edward Fairfax's translation of Tasso's Godfrey of Bouillon, or the Recovery of Jerusalem, was published in 1604.

⁵ Thomas Rymer, Historiographer Royal, published in 1693 his famous Short View of Tragedy, in which among other things he praised Chaucer and attacked Shakespeare.

which was then the most polished of all the modern languages; but this subject has been copiously treated by that great critic, who deserves not little commendation from us his countrymen. For these reasons of time, and resemblance of genius, in Chaucer and Boccace, I resolved to join them in my present work; to which I have added some original papers of my own, which whether they are equal or inferior to my other poems, an author is the most improper judge; and therefore I leave them wholly to the mercy of the reader. I will hope the best, that they will not be condemned; but if they should, I have the excuse of an old gentleman, who, mounting on horseback before some ladies, when I was present, got up somewhat heavily, but desired of the fair spectators, that they would count fourscore and eight before they judged him. By the mercy of God, I am already come within twenty years of his number; a cripple in my limbs, but what decays are in my mind the reader must determine. I think myself as vigorous as ever in the faculties of my soul, excepting only my memory, which is not impaired to any great degree: and if I lose not more of it, I have no great reason to complain. What judgment I had, increases rather than diminishes; and thoughts, such as they are, come crowding in so fast upon me, that my only difficulty is to choose or to reject, to run them into verse, or to give them the other harmony of prose; I have so long studied and practised both, that they are grown into a habit, and become familiar to me. In short, though I may lawfully plead some part of the old gentleman's excuse, yet I will reserve it till I think I have greater need, and ask no grains of allowance for the faults of this my present work, but those which are given of course to human frailty. I will not trouble my reader with the shortness of time in which I writ it, or the several intervals of sickness. They who think too well of their own performances are apt to boast in their prefaces how little time their works have cost them, and what other business of more importance interfered; but the reader will be as apt to ask the question, why they allowed not a

longer time to make their work more perfect? and why they had so despicable an opinion of their judges as to thrust their indigested stuff upon them, as if they deserved no better?

With this account of my present undertaking, I conclude the first part of this discourse; in the second part, as at a second sitting, though I alter not the draft, I must touch the same features over again, and change the dead-coloring of the whole. In general I will only say, that I have written nothing which savors of immorality or profaneness; at least, I am not conscious to myself of any such intention. If there happen to be found an irreverent expression, or a thought too wanton, they are crept into my verses through my inadvertency; if the searchers find any in the cargo, let them be staved⁶ or forfeited, like counter-banded goods; at least, let their authors be answerable for them, as being but imported merchandise, and not of my own manufacture. On the other side, I have endeavored to choose such fables, both ancient and modern, as contain in each of them some instructive moral; which I could prove by induction, but the way is tedious, and they leap foremost into sight without the reader's trouble of looking after them. I wish I could affirm, with a safe conscience, that I had taken the same care in all my former writings; for it must be owned, that supposing verses are never so beautiful or pleasing, yet, if they contain anything which shocks religion or good manners, they are at best what Horace says of good numbers without good sense, *Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ*. Thus far, I hope, I am right in court, without renouncing to my other right of self-defence, where I have been wrongfully accused, and my sense wire-drawn into blasphemy or bawdry, as it has often been by a religious lawyer,⁷ in a late pleading against the stage; in which he mixes truth with falsehood, and has not forgotten the old rule of calumniating strongly, that something may remain.

I resume the thread of my discourse with the first of my translations, which was the

⁶ Broken up into staves, like so many contraband hogsheads.

⁷ Jeremy Collier, whose Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage, 1698, is the most famous attack on the stage in the language.

first Iliad of Homer. If it shall please God to give me longer life, and moderate health, my intentions are to translate the whole Ilias; provided still that I meet with those encouragements from the public, which may enable me to proceed in my undertaking with some cheerfulness. And this I dare assure the world beforehand, that I have found, by trial, Homer a more pleasing task than Virgil, though I say not the translation will be less laborious; for the Grecian is more according to my genius than the Latin poet. In the works of the two authors we may read their manners, and natural inclinations, which are wholly different. Virgil was of a quiet, sedate temper; Homer was violent, impetuous, and full of fire. The chief talent of Virgil was propriety of thoughts, and ornament of words; Homer was rapid in his thoughts, and took all the liberties, both of numbers and of expressions, which his language, and the age in which he lived, allowed him. Homer's invention was more copious, Virgil's more confined; so that if Homer had not led the way, it was not in Virgil to have begun heroic poetry; for nothing can be more evident than that the Roman poem is but the second part of the Ilias; a continuation of the same story, and the persons already formed. The manners of Æneas are those of Hector, superadded to those which Homer gave him. The adventures of Ulysses in the *Odysseis* are imitated in the first six books of Virgil's *Æneis*; and though the accidents are not the same (which would have argued him of a servile copying, and total barrenness of invention), yet the seas were the same in which both the heroes wandered; and Dido cannot be denied to be the poetical daughter of Calypso. The six latter books of Virgil's poem are the four-and-twenty Iliads contracted; a quarrel occasioned by a lady, a single combat, battles fought, and a town besieged. I say not this in derogation to Virgil, neither do I contradict anything which I have formerly said in his just praise; for his episodes are almost wholly of his own invention, and the form which he has given to the telling makes the tale his own, even though the original story had been the same. But this

proves, however, that Homer taught Virgil to design; and if invention be the first virtue of an epic poet, then the Latin poem can only be allowed a second place. Mr. Hobbes, in the preface to his own bald translation of the Ilias (studying poetry as he did mathematics, when it was too late). Mr. Hobbes, I say, begins the praise of Homer where he should have ended it. He tells us, that the first beauty of an epic poem consists in diction; that is, in the choice of words, and harmony of numbers. Now the words are the coloring of the work, which, in the order of nature, is last to be considered. The design, the disposition, the manners, and the thoughts, are all before it; where any of those are wanting or imperfect, so much wants or is imperfect in the imitation of human life, which is in the very definition of a poem. Words, indeed, like glaring colors, are the first beauties that arise and strike the sight; but, if the draft be false or lame, the figures ill disposed, the manners obscure or inconsistent, or the thoughts unnatural, then the finest colors are but daubing, and the piece is a beautiful monster at the best. Neither Virgil nor Homer were deficient in any of the former beauties; but in this last, which is expression, the Roman poet is at least equal to the Grecian, as I have said elsewhere; supplying the poverty of his language by his musical ear, and by his diligence.

But to return; our two great poets being so different in their tempers, one choleric and sanguine, the other phlegmatic and melancholic; that which makes them excel in their several ways is, that each of them has followed his own natural inclination, as well in forming the design, as in the execution of it. The very heroes show their authors: Achilles is hot, impatient, revengeful—

Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer, etc.

Æneas patient, considerate, careful of his people, and merciful to his enemies; even submissive to the will of heaven—

... quo fata trahunt retrahuntque, sequamur.

I could please myself with enlarging on this subject, but am forced to defer it to a better time. From all I have said, I will only draw this inference, that the action of Homer, being more full of vigor than that of Virgil, according to the temper of the writer, is of consequence more pleasing to the reader. One warms you by degrees; the other sets you on fire all at once, and never intermits his heat. 'Tis the same difference which Longinus makes betwixt the effects of eloquence in Demosthenes and Tully. One persuades, the other commands. You never cool while you read Homer, even not in the second book (a graceful flattery to his countrymen); but he hastens from the ships, and concludes not that book till he has made you an amends by the violent playing of a new machine. From thence he hurries on his action with variety of events, and ends it in less compass than two months. This vehemence of his, I confess, is more suitable to my temper; and, therefore, I have translated his first book with greater pleasure than any part of Virgil; but it was not a pleasure without pains. The continual agitations of the spirits must needs be a weakening of any constitution, especially in age; and many pauses are required for refreshment betwixt the heats; the Iliad of itself being a third part longer than all Virgil's works together.

This is what I thought needful in this place to say of Homer. I proceed to Ovid and Chaucer, considering the former only in relation to the latter. With Ovid ended the Golden Age of the Roman tongue; from Chaucer the purity of the English tongue began. The manners of the poets were not unlike. Both of them were well-bred, well-matured, amorous, and libertine, at least in their writings; it may be also in their lives. Their studies were the same, philosophy and philology.⁹ Both of them were knowing in astronomy; of which Ovid's books of the Roman Feasts, and Chaucer's Treatise of the Astrolabe, are sufficient wit-

nesses. But Chaucer was likewise an astrologer, as were Virgil, Horace, Persius, and Manilius. Both writ with wonderful facility and clearness; neither were great inventors: for Ovid only copied the Grecian fables, and most of Chaucer's stories were taken from his Italian contemporaries, or their predecessors. Boccace his Decameron was first published, and from thence our Englishman has borrowed many of his Canterbury Tales;¹⁰ yet that of Palamon and Arcite was written, in all probability, by some Italian wit, in a former age, as I shall prove hereafter. The tale of Griselda was the invention of Petrarch;¹¹ by him sent to Boccace, from whom it came to Chaucer. Troilus and Criseyde was also written by a Lombard author;¹² but much amplified by our English translator, as well as beautified; the genius of our countrymen, in general, being rather to improve an invention than to invent themselves, as is evident not only in our poetry, but in many of our manufactures. I find I have anticipated already, and taken up from Boccace before I come to him; but there is so much less behind; and I am of the temper of most kings, who love to be in debt, are all for present money, no matter how they pay it afterwards; besides, the nature of a preface is rambling, never wholly out of the way, nor in it. This I have learned from the practice of honest Montaigne, and return at my pleasure to Ovid and Chaucer, of whom I have little more to say.

Both of them built on the inventions of other men; yet since Chaucer had something of his own, as The Wife of Bath's Tale, The Cock and the Fox,¹³ which I have translated, and some others, I may justly give our countryman the precedence in that part; since I can remember nothing of Ovid which was wholly his. Both of them understood the manners, under which name I comprehend the passions, and, in a larger sense, the descriptions of persons, and their very habits. For an example, I see Baucis

⁹ Philology here has not its present meaning, but connotes the study of literature, and polite learning in general.

¹⁰ Modern scholarship is not in agreement with Dryden on this point.

¹¹ Dryden is also in error here. Petrarch, as is now well known, took the story of Griselda from the last novella of the Decameron, and Chaucer borrows it from Petrarch.

¹² Chaucer refers to "myn auctor called Lollius," whom scholars are unable to identify. Boccaccio's *Filostrato* is his chief source.

¹³ Chaucer may have borrowed this story from some now unknown French version.

and Philemon as perfectly before me, as if some ancient painter had drawn them; and all the pilgrims in the Canterbury Tales, their humors, their features, and the very dress, as distinctly as if I had supped with them at the Tabard in Southwark. Yet even there, too, the figures of Chaucer are much more lively, and set in a better light; which though I have not time to prove, yet I appeal to the reader, and am sure he will clear me from partiality. The thoughts and words remain to be considered in the comparison of the two poets, and I have saved myself one half of that labor, by owning that Ovid lived when the Roman tongue was in its meridian; Chaucer, in the dawning of our language; therefore that part of the comparison stands not on an equal foot, any more than the diction of Ennius and Ovid, or of Chaucer and our present English. The words are given up, as a post not to be defended in our poet, because he wanted the modern art of fortifying. The thoughts remain to be considered; and they are to be measured only by their propriety; that is, as they flow more or less naturally from the persons described, on such and such occasions. The vulgar judges, which are nine parts in ten of all nations, who call conceits and jingles wit, who see Ovid full of them, and Chaucer altogether without them, will think me little less than mad for preferring the Englishman to the Roman. Yet, with their leave, I must presume to say, that the things they admire are only glittering trifles, and so far from being witty, that in a serious poem they are nauseous, because they are unnatural. Would any man who is ready to die for love describe his passion like Narcissus? Would he think of *inopem me copia fecit*,¹⁴ and a dozen more of such expressions, poured on the neck of one another, and signifying all the same thing? If this were wit, was this a time to be witty, when the poor wretch was in the agony of death? This is just John Littlewit, in Bartholomew Fair, who had a conceit (as he tells you) left him in his misery; a miserable conceit. On these occasions the poet should endeavor to raise pity; but, instead of this, Ovid is tickling you to laugh. Virgil never made

¹⁴ Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, iii. 466.

use of such machines when he was moving you to commiserate the death of Dido: he would not destroy what he was building. Chaucer makes Arcite violent in his love, and unjust in the pursuit of it; yet when he came to die, he made him think more reasonably; he repents not of his love, for that had altered his character; but acknowledges the injustice of his proceedings, and resigns Emilia to Palamon. What would Ovid have done on this occasion? He would certainly have made Arcite witty on his deathbed; he had complained he was further off from possession, by being so near, and a thousand such boyisms, which Chaucer rejected as below the dignity of the subject. They who think otherwise, would, by the same reason, prefer Lucan and Ovid to Homer and Virgil, and Martial to all four of them. As for the turn of words, in which Ovid particularly excels all poets, they are sometimes a fault, and sometimes a beauty, as they are used properly or improperly; but in strong passions always to be shunned, because passions are serious, and will admit no playing. The French have a high value for them; and, I confess, they are often what they call delicate, when they are introduced with judgment; but Chaucer writ with more simplicity, and followed nature more closely than to use them. I have thus far, to the best of my knowledge, been an upright judge betwixt the parties in competition, not meddling with the design nor the disposition of it; because the design was not their own; and in the disposing of it they were equal. It remains that I say somewhat of Chaucer in particular.

In the first place, as he is the father of English poetry, so I hold him in the same degree of veneration as the Grecians held Homer, or the Romans Virgil. He is a perpetual fountain of good sense; learned in all sciences; and, therefore, speaks properly on all subjects. As he knew what to say, so he knows also when to leave off; a continence which is practised by few writers, and scarcely by any of the ancients, excepting Virgil and Horace. One of our late great poets¹⁵ is sunk in his reputation, because he could never forgive any conceit which came in his way; but swept like a

¹⁵ Abraham Cowley.

drag-net, great and small. There was plenty enough, but the dishes were ill sorted; whole pyramids of sweet-meats for boys and women, but little of solid meat for men. All this proceeded not from any want of knowledge, but of judgment. Neither did he want that in discerning the beauties and faults of other poets, but only indulged himself in the luxury of writing; and perhaps knew it was a fault, but hoped the reader would not find it. For this reason, though he must always be thought a great poet, he is no longer esteemed a good writer; and for ten impressions which his works have had in so many successive years, yet at present a hundred books are scarcely purchased once a twelve-month; for, as my last Lord Rochester said, though somewhat profanely, Not being of God, he could not stand.

Chaucer followed nature everywhere, but was never so bold to go beyond her; and there is a great difference of being *poeta* and *nimis poeta*, if we may believe Catullus,¹⁶ as much as betwixt a modest behavior and affectation. The verse of Chaucer, I confess, is not harmonious to us; but 'tis like the eloquence of one whom Tacitus commends, it was *aurebus istius temporis accommodata*: they who lived with him, and some time after him, thought it musical; and it continues so, even in our judgment, if compared with the numbers of Lidgate and Gower, his contemporaries; there is the rude sweetness of a Scotch tune in it, which is natural and pleasing, though not perfect. 'Tis true, I cannot go so far as he who published the last edition of him;¹⁷ for he would make us believe the fault is in our ears, and that there were really ten syllables in a verse where we find but nine; but this opinion is not worth confuting; 'tis so gross and obvious an error, that common sense (which is a rule in everything but matters of faith and revelation) must convince the reader, that equality of numbers, in every verse which we call heroic, was either not known, or not always practised,

in Chaucer's age. It were an easy matter to produce some thousands of his verses, which are lame for want of half a foot, and sometimes a whole one, and which no pronunciation can make otherwise. We can only say, that he lived in the infancy of our poetry, and that nothing is brought to perfection at the first. We must be children before we grow men. There was an Ennius, and in process of time a Lucilius, and a Lucretius before Virgil and Horace; even after Chaucer there was a Spenser, a Harington,¹⁸ a Fairfax, before Waller and Denham were in being; and our numbers were in their nonage till these last appeared. I need say little of his parentage, life, and fortunes; they are to be found at large in all the editions of his works. He was employed abroad, and favored, by Edward the Third, Richard the Second, and Henry the Fourth, and was poet, as I suppose, to all three of them. In Richard's time, I doubt, he was a little dipped in the rebellion of the Commons; and being brother-in-law to John of Gaunt, it was no wonder if he followed the fortunes of that family; and was well with Henry the Fourth when he had deposed his predecessor. Neither is it to be admired, that Henry, who was a wise as well as a valiant prince, who claimed by succession, and was sensible that his title was not sound, but was rightfully in Mortimer, who had married the heir of York; it was not to be admired, I say, if that great politician should be pleased to have the greatest wit of those times in his interests, and to be the trumpet of his praises. Augustus had given him the example, by the advice of Mæcenæ, who recommended Virgil and Horace to him; whose praises helped to make him popular while he was alive, and after his death have made him precious to posterity. As for the religion of our poet, he seems to have some little bias towards the opinions of Wycliffe, after John of Gaunt his patron; somewhat of which appears in the tale of Piers Plowman; yet

¹⁶ Dryden is nodding here. He has in mind Martial's line, *Quid sit scire cupis: nimis poeta es.*" (Epigrams, iii. 44.)

¹⁷ It is but fair to Dryden to remember that, in the edition of Chaucer with which he was familiar, the final *e* in most of the words was omitted, so that he was not aware of the melodious quality of Chaucer's verses as the poet wrote them, and as we have them today. The edition he refers to is that of Thomas Spaght, reprinted 1687.

¹⁸ Sir John Harington, whose translation of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* was published in 1591.

I cannot blame him for inveighing so sharply against the vices of the clergy in his age; their pride, their ambition, their pomp, their avarice, their worldly interest, deserved the lashes which he gave them, both in that, and in most of his Canterbury Tales. Neither has his contemporary Boccaccio spared them: yet both those poets lived in much esteem with good and holy men in orders; for the scandal which is given by particular priests reflects not on the sacred function. Chaucer's Monk, his Canon, and his Friar, took not from the character of his Good Parson. A satirical poet is the check of the laymen on bad priests. We are only to take care that we involve not the innocent with the guilty in the same condemnation. The good cannot be too much honored, nor the bad too coarsely used; for the corruption of the best becomes the worst. When a clergyman is whipped, his gown is first taken off, by which the dignity of his order is secured. If he be wrongfully accused, he has his action of slander; and 'tis at the poet's peril if he transgress the law. But they will tell us, that all kind of satire, though never so well deserved by particular priests, yet brings the whole order into contempt. Is then the peerage of England anything dishonored when a peer suffers for his treason? If he be libelled, or any way defamed, he has his *scandalum magnatum* to punish the offender. They who use this kind of argument, seem to be conscious to themselves of somewhat which has deserved the poet's lash, and are less concerned for their public capacity than for their private; at least there is pride at the bottom of their reasoning. If the faults of men in orders are only to be judged among themselves, they are all in some sort parties; for, since they say the honor of their order is concerned in every member of it, how can we be sure that they will be impartial judges? How far I may be allowed to speak my opinion in this case, I know not; but I am sure a dispute of this nature caused mischief in abundance betwixt a King of England and an Archbishop of Canterbury; one standing up for the laws of his land, and the other for the honor (as he called

it) of God's church; which ended in the murder of the prelate, and in the whipping of his Majesty from post to pillar for his penance. The learned and ingenious Dr. Drake has saved me the labor of inquiring into the esteem and reverence which the priests have had of old; and I would rather extend than diminish any part of it; yet must needs say, that when a priest provokes me without any occasion given him, I have no reason, unless it be the charity of a Christian, to forgive him: *prior læsit* is justification sufficient in the civil law. If I answer him in his own language, self-defence I am sure must be allowed me; and if I carry it further, even to a sharp re-creation, somewhat may be indulged to human frailty. Yet my resentment has not wrought so far but that I have followed Chaucer in his character of a holy man, and have enlarged on that subject with some pleasure; reserving to myself the right, if I shall think fit hereafter, to describe another sort of priests, such as are more easily to be found than the Good Parson; such as have given the last blow to Christianity in this age by a practice so contrary to their doctrine. But this will keep cold till another time. In the meanwhile, I take up Chaucer where I left him.

He must have been a man of a most wonderful comprehensive nature, because, as it has been truly observed of him, he has taken into the compass of his Canterbury Tales the various manners and humors (as we now call them) of the whole English nation, in his age. Not a single character has escaped him. All his pilgrims are severally distinguished from each other; and not only in their inclinations but in their very physiognomies and persons. Baptista Porta¹⁹ could not have described their natures better, than by the marks which the poet gives them. The matter and manner of their tales, and of their telling, are so suited to their different educations, humors, and callings, that each of them would be improper in any other mouth. Even the grave and serious characters are distinguished by their several sorts of gravity: their discourses are such as belong to

¹⁹ The famous Italian physiognomist (1538-1615).

their age, their calling, and their breeding; such as are becoming of them, and of them only. Some of his persons are vicious, and some virtuous; some are unlearned, or (as Chaucer calls them) lewd, and some are learned. Even the ribaldry of the low characters is different: the Reeve, the Miller, and the Cook, are several men, and distinguished from each other as much as the mincing Lady-Prioress and the broad-speaking, gap-toothed Wife of Bath. But enough of this; there is such a variety of game springing up before me, that I am distracted in my choice, and know not which to follow. 'Tis sufficient to say, according to the proverb, that here is God's plenty. We have our forefathers and great-grand-dames all before us, as they were in Chaucer's days: their general characters are still remaining in mankind, and even in England, though they are called by other names than those of monks, and friars, and canons, and lady-abbesses, and nuns; for mankind is ever the same, and nothing lost out of nature, though everything is altered. May I have leave to do myself the justice (since my enemies will do me none, and are so far from granting me to be a good poet, that they will not allow me so much as to be a Christian, or a moral man), may I have leave, I say, to inform my reader, that I have confined my choice to such tales of Chaucer as savor nothing of immodesty. If I had desired more to please than to instruct, the Reeve, the Miller, the Shipman, the Merchant, the Sumner, and, above all, the Wife of Bath, in the prologue to her tale, would have procured me as many friends and readers as there are beaux and ladies of pleasure in the town. But I will no more offend against good manners: I am sensible as I ought to be of the scandal I have given by my loose writings; and make what reparation I am able, by this public acknowledgment. If anything of this nature, or of profaneness be crept into these poems, I am so far from defending it, that I disown it. *Totum hoc indictum volo*. Chaucer makes another manner of apology for his broad speaking, and Boccace makes the like, but I will follow neither of them. Our countryman, in the end of his

Characters, before the Canterbury Tales, thus excuses the ribaldry, which is very gross in many of his novels —

But firste, I pray you, of your courtesye,
That ye ne arrete it not my villany,
Though that I plainly speak in this mattere,
To tellen you her words, and eke her chere;
Ne though I speak her words properly,
For this ye knowen as well as I,
Who shall tellen a tale after a man,
He mote rehearse as nye as ever he can:
Everich word of it ben in his charge,
All speke he, never so rudely, ne large:
Or else he mote tellen his tale untrue,
Or feine things, or find words new:
He may not spare, altho he were his brother,
He mote as wel say o word as another.
Crist spake himself full broad in holy Writ
And well I wote no villany is it,
Eke Plato saith, who so can him rede,
The words mote been cousin to the dede.²⁰

Yet if a man should have enquired of Boccace or of Chaucer, what need they had of introducing such characters, where obscene words were proper in their mouths, but very indecent to be heard, I know not what answer they could have made; for that reason, such tales shall be left untold by me. You have here a specimen of Chaucer's language, which is so obsolete that his sense is scarce to be understood; and you have likewise more than one example of his unequal numbers, which were mentioned before. Yet many of his verses consist of ten syllables, and the words not much behind our present English; as for example, these two lines, in the description of the Carpenter's young wife —

Wincing she was, as is a jolly colt,
Long as a mast, and upright as a bolt.²¹

I have almost done with Chaucer, when I have answered some objections relating to my present work. I find some people are offended that I have turned these tales into modern English; because they think them unworthy of my pains, and look on Chaucer as a dry, old-fashioned wit, not worth reviving. I have often heard the late Earl of Leicester say, that Mr. Cowley himself was of that opinion; who, having read him over at my lord's request, declared he had no

²⁰ Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, lines 725-742.

²¹ The Miller's Tale, lines 77, 78.

taste of him. I dare not advance my opinion against the judgment of so great an author; but I think it fair, however, to leave the decision to the public. Mr. Cowley was too modest to set up for a dictator, and being shocked perhaps with his old style, never examined into the depth of his good sense. Chaucer, I confess, is a rough diamond, and must first be polished, ere he shines. I deny not likewise, that, living in our early days of poetry, he writes not always of a piece; but sometimes mingles trivial things with those of greater moment. Sometimes also, though not often, he runs riot, like Ovid, and knows not when he has said enough. But there are more great wits besides Chaucer whose fault is their excess of conceits, and those ill sorted. An author is not to write all he can, but only all he ought. Having observed this redundancy in Chaucer (as it is an easy matter for a man of ordinary parts to find a fault in one of greater), I have not tied myself to a literal translation; but have often omitted what I judged unnecessary, or not of dignity enough to appear in the company of better thoughts. I have presumed further, in some places, and added somewhat of my own where I thought my author was deficient, and had not given his thoughts their true lustre, for want of words in the beginning of our language. And to this I was the more emboldened, because (if I may be permitted to say it myself) I found I had a soul congenial to his, and that I had been conversant in the same studies. Another poet, in another age, may take the same liberty with my writings; if at least they live long enough to deserve correction. It was also necessary sometimes to restore the sense of Chaucer, which was lost or mangled in the errors of the press. Let this example suffice at present; in the story of Palamon and Arcite, where the temple of Diana is described, you find these verses, in all the editions of our author:

There saw I Danè turned unto a tree,
I mean not the goddess Diane,
But Venus daughter, which that hight Danè.²²

Which, after a little consideration, I knew was to be reformed into this sense, that Daphne, the daughter of Peneus, was turned into a tree. I durst not make thus bold with Ovid, lest some future Milbourne²³ should arise, and say, I varied from my author, because I understood him not.

But there are other judges, who think I ought not to have translated Chaucer into English, out of a quite contrary notion; they suppose there is a certain veneration due to his old language; and that it is little less than profanation and sacrilege to alter it. They are farther of opinion, that somewhat of his good sense will suffer in this transfusion, and much of the beauty of his thoughts will infallibly be lost, which appear with more grace in their old habit. Of this opinion was that excellent person, whom I mentioned, the late Earl of Leicester, who valued Chaucer as much as Mr. Cowley despised him. My lord dissuaded me from this attempt (for I was thinking of it for some years before his death), and his authority prevailed so far with me, as to defer my undertaking while he lived, in deference to him: yet my reason was not convinced with what he urged against it. If the first end of a writer be to be understood, then, as his language grows obsolete, his thoughts must grow obscure:

*Multa renascentur, quæ nunc cecidere; cadentque
Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet
usus,
Quem penes arbitrium est et juss et norma
loquendi.*²⁴

When an ancient word, for its sound and significancy, deserves to be revived, I have that reasonable veneration for antiquity to restore it. All beyond this is superstition.

²² The Knight's Tale, lines 1204-1206.

²³ Luke Milbourne published in 1698 a fierce attack, running to more than two hundred pages, entitled *Notes on Dryden's Virgil*.

²⁴ "Full many a word, now lost, again shall rise,
And many a word shall droop which now we prize,
As shifting fashion stamps the doom of each,
Sole umpire, arbitress, and guide of speech."

(Horace, *De Arte Poetica*, 70-72; Howes's translation.)

Words are not like landmarks, so sacred as never to be removed; customs are changed, and even statutes are silently repealed, when the reason ceases for which they were enacted. As for the other part of the argument, that his thoughts will lose of their original beauty by the innovation of words; in the first place, not only their beauty, but their being is lost, where they are no longer understood, which is the present case. I grant that something must be lost in all transfusion, that is, in all translations; but the sense will remain, which would otherwise be lost, or at least be maimed, when it is scarce intelligible, and that but to a few. How few are there who can read Chaucer, so as to understand him perfectly! And if imperfectly, then with less profit, and no pleasure. 'Tis not for the use of some old Saxon friends,²⁵ that I have taken these pains with him: let them neglect my version, because they have no need of it. I made it for their sakes who understand sense and poetry as well as they, when that poetry and sense is put into words which they understand. I will go farther, and dare to add, that what beauties I lose in some places, I give to others which had them not originally: but in this I may be partial to myself; let the reader judge, and I submit to his decision. Yet I think I have just occasion to complain of them, who because they understand Chaucer, would deprive the greater part of their countrymen of the same advantage, and hoard him up, as misers do their grandam gold, only to look on it themselves, and hinder others from making use of it. In sum I seriously protest, that no man ever had, or can have, a greater veneration for Chaucer than myself. I have translated some part of his works, only that I might perpetuate his memory, or at least refresh it, amongst my countrymen. If I have altered him anywhere for the better, I must at the same time acknowledge, that I could have done nothing without him. *Facile est inventis addere* is no great commendation; and I am not so vain to think I deserved a greater. I will conclude what I have to say of him singly, with this one remark: a lady of my acquaintance who keeps a kind

of correspondence with some authors of the fair sex in France, has been informed by them, that Mademoiselle de Seudery, who is as old as Sibyl, and inspired like her by the same God of Poetry, is at this time translating Chaucer into modern French. From which I gather, that he has been formerly translated into the old Provençal; for how she should come to understand Old English, I know not. But the matter of fact being true, it makes me think that there is something in it like fatality; that, after certain periods of time, the fame and memory of great wits should be renewed, as Chaucer is both in France and England. If this be wholly chance, 'tis extraordinary; and I dare not call it more, for fear of being taxed with superstition.

Boccace comes last to be considered, who, living in the same age with Chaucer, had the same genius, and followed the same studies. Both writ novels, and each of them cultivated his mother-tongue. But the greatest resemblance of our two modern authors being in their familiar style, and pleasing way of relating comical adventures, I may pass it over, because I have translated nothing from Boccace of that nature. In the serious part of poetry, the advantage is wholly on Chaucer's side; for though the Englishman has borrowed many tales from the Italian, yet it appears that those of Boccace were not generally of his own making, but taken from authors of former ages, and by him modelled; so that what there was of invention, in either of them, may be judged equal. But Chaucer has refined on Boccace, and has mended the stories which he has borrowed, in his way of telling; though prose allows more liberty of thought, and the expression is more easy when unconfin'd by numbers. Our countryman carries weight, and yet wins the race at disadvantage. I desire not the reader should take my word; and, therefore, I will set two of their discourses, on the same subject, in the same light, for every man to judge betwixt them. I translated Chaucer first, and, amongst the rest, pitched on *The Wife of Bath's Tale*; not daring, as I have said, to adventure on her Prologue, because 'tis too licentious. There Chaucer

²⁵ I.e., friends who were acquainted with Old English.

introduces an old woman, of mean parentage, whom a youthful knight, of noble blood, was forced to marry, and consequently loathed her. The crone being in bed with him on the wedding-night and finding his aversion, endeavors to win his affection by reason, and speaks a good word for herself (as who could blame her?) in hope to mollify the sullen bridegroom. She takes her topics from the benefits of poverty, the advantages of old age and ugliness, the vanity of youth, and the silly pride of ancestry and titles, without inherent virtue, which is the true nobility. When I had closed Chaucer, I returned to Ovid, and translated some more of his fables; and, by this time, had so far forgotten *The Wife of Bath's Tale*, that, when I took up Boccace unawares I fell on the same argument, of preferring virtue to nobility of blood and titles, in the story of Sigismonda; which I had certainly avoided, for the resemblance of the two discourses, if my memory had not failed me. Let the reader weigh them both; and, if he thinks me partial to Chaucer, 'tis in him to right Boccace.

I prefer, in our countryman, far above all his other stories, the noble poem of *Palamon and Arcite*, which is of the epic kind, and perhaps not much inferior to the *Ilias* or the *Æneis*. The story is more pleasing than either of them, the manners as perfect, the diction as poetical, the learning as deep and various, and the disposition full as artful; only it includes a greater length of time, as taking up seven years at least; but Aristotle has left undecided the duration of the action; which yet is easily reduced into the compass of a year by a narration of what preceded the return of *Palamon* to Athens. I had thought, for the honor of our narration, and more particularly for his, whose laurel, though unworthy, I have worn after him, that this story was of English growth, and Chaucer's own; but I was undeceived by Boccace; for, casually looking on the end of his seventh *Giornata*, I found *Dioneo* (under which name he shadows himself), and *Fiametta* (who represents his mistress, the natural daughter of Robert, King of Naples), of whom these words are spoken: *Dioneo e Fiametta gran*

pezzo cantarono insieme d'Arcita, e di Palemone; by which it appears, that this story was written before the time of Boccace but the name of its author being wholly lost, Chaucer is now become an original; and I question not but the poem has received many beauties by passing through his noble hands. Besides this tale there is another of his own invention, after the manner of the Provençals, called *The Flower and the Leaf*,²⁶ with which I was so particularly pleased, both for the invention and the moral, that I cannot hinder myself from recommending it to the reader.

As a corollary to this preface, in which I have done justice to others, I owe somewhat to myself; not that I think it worth my time to enter the lists with one M——, or one B——, but barely to take notice, that such men there are, who have written scurrilously against me, without any provocation. M——, who is in orders, pretends, amongst the rest, this quarrel to me, that I have fallen foul on priesthood: if I have, I am only to ask pardon of good priests, and am afraid his part of the reparation will come to little. Let him be satisfied, that he shall not be able to force himself upon me for an adversary. I condemn him too much to enter into competition with him. His own translations of Virgil have answered his criticisms on mine. If (as they say he has declared in print) he prefers the version of Ogilby to mine, the world has made him the same compliment; for 'tis agreed, on all hands, that he writes even below Ogilby. That, you will say, is not easily to be done; but what cannot M—— bring about? I am satisfied, however, that, while he and I live together, I shall not be thought the worst poet of the age. It looks as if I had desired him underhand to write so ill against me; but upon my honest word I have not bribed him to do me this service, and am wholly guiltless of his pamphlet. 'Tis true, I should be glad if I could persuade him to continue his good offices, and write such another critique on anything of mine; for I find, by experience, he has a great stroke with the reader, when he condemns any of my poems, to make the world have a better opinion of them. He has taken some pains

²⁶ Modern scholarship has shown that *The Flower and the Leaf* is not Chaucer's work.

with my poetry; but nobody will be persuaded to take the same with his. If I had taken to the church, as he affirms, but which was never in my thoughts, I should have had more sense, if not more grace, than to have turned myself out of my benefice by writing libels on my parishioners. But his account of my manners and my principles are of a piece with his cavils and his poetry; and so I have done with him for ever.

As for the city bard, or knight physician, I hear his quarrel to me is, that I was the author of Absalom and Achitophel, which, he thinks, is a little hard on his fanatic patrons in London.

But I will deal the more civilly with his two poems, because nothing ill is to be spoken of the dead; and therefore peace be to the *manes* of his Arthurs. I will only say, that it was not for this noble knight that I drew the plan of an epic poem on King Arthur, in my preface to the translation of Juvenal. The guardian angels of kingdoms were machines too ponderous for him to manage; and therefore he rejected them, as Dares did the whirl-bats of Eryx when they were thrown before him by Entellus: yet from that preface, he plainly took his hint; for he began immediately upon the story, though he had the baseness not to acknowledge his benefactor, but instead of it, to traduce me in a libel.

I shall say the less of Mr. Collier, because in many things he has taxed me justly; and I have pleaded guilty to all thoughts and expressions of mine which can be truly argued of obscenity, profaneness, or immorality, and retract them. If he be my enemy, let him triumph; if he be my friend, as I have given him no personal occasion to be otherwise, he will be glad of my repentance. It becomes me not to draw my pen in the defence of a bad cause, when I have so often drawn it for a good one. Yet it were not difficult to prove, that in many places he has perverted my meaning by his glosses, and interpreted my words into blasphemy and bawdry, of which they were not guilty. Besides that, he is too

much given to horse-play in his raillery, and comes to battle like a dictator from the plow. I will not say, "The zeal of God's house has eaten him up"; but I am sure it has devoured some part of his good manners and civility. It might also be doubted, whether it were altogether zeal which prompted him to this rough manner of proceeding; perhaps it became not one of his functions to rake into the rubbish of ancient and modern plays: a divine might have employed his pains to better purpose, than in the nastiness of Plautus and Aristophanes, whose examples, as they excuse not me, so it might be possibly supposed that he read them not without some pleasure. They who have written commentaries on those poets, or on Horace, Juvenal, and Martial, have explained some vices which, without their interpretation, had been unknown to modern times. Neither has he judged impartially betwixt the former age and us. There is more bawdry in one play of Fletcher's called *The Custom of the Country*, than in all ours together. Yet this has been often acted on the stage in my remembrance. Are the times so much more reformed now than they were five-and-twenty years ago? If they are, I congratulate the amendment of our morals. But I am not to prejudice the cause of my fellow poets, though I abandon my own defence: they have some of them answered for themselves; and neither they nor I can think Mr. Collier so formidable an enemy that we should shun him. He has lost ground, at the latter end of the day, by pursuing his point too far, like the Prince of Condé, at the battle of Senneph: from immoral plays to no plays, *ab abusu ad usum, non valet consequentia*. But, being a party, I am not to erect myself into a judge. As for the rest of those who have written against me, they are such scoundrels, that they deserve not the least notice to be taken of them. B—— and M—— are only distinguished from the crowd by being remembered to their infamy:

... *Demetri, Tigelli,*

*Discipulorum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.*²⁷

²⁷ "You, Demetrius and Tigellius, I bid go weep amidst the chairs of your pupils." (Horace, Satires, I. x. 90, 91.)

ANTHONY À WOOD

(1632-1695)

Anthony à Wood — the à was his own touch to give a flavor that he felt his plain name lacked, and he took pains to destroy an old bookplate and to paste over his name without it — was the first alumni biographer, the great seventeenth-century antiquarian, a more complete Oxonian even than Burton, for he was born hard by Merton, died in the house where he was born, and laid his bones at last in Merton Chapel, and like Burton a recluse, but a much smaller man. For this Oxonian hermit, this less engaging Burton, bachelor, and note-taker, life was a pen in the hand and a catalogue of crumbling ruins, inns and many cups, walks, bookstalls, quarrels and libels, and bones. He had one warm spot at least in his rather cold heart for bones, not only for those of abbeys but human. Fair Rosamund's, of course, he rose to; what man would not when legend says of her tomb, "There was a very sweet smell came out of it"? But no man so poor or unknown but the fact of his having these future objects of antiquity in him lent him a certain nimbus: "At night in a cellar in St. Martin's Lane belonging to an house about to be plucked down was found an embalmed body in a tin coffin with a glass over the face, put in a wooden coffin and that in a chest. *Quære* about this matter." Wood's last act was his arrangement for the proper disposal of his own bones at Merton.

Wood was a "tetchy" man. His bedmaker was the only person who visited his room until he came to die. Perhaps his zeal for dead things made him tactless in his handling of the living. At any rate, he was no master of arts of life at all, though he had been a scholar of Merton and though he gave up a life to the work of cataloguing the virtues and vices, and the glories and trifles of Oxford University. He could not get on with his brother's wife, for one thing. She turned him out of her house, and he had to seek other lodgings thanks to "the rudeness and barbarity of a brutish woman." His sort of life was possible more for the fact of his private means than the patronage of friends. Friends he had few. He put too many people into print to be a lovable man. It is always a ticklish business to write of contemporaries in any case, but doubly so of those of one at Oxford. Dons are so apt to overlook the art for the person. He was often in hot water. He was frank: "Dr. Barlow . . . got the bishopric of Lincoln. One that had flattered and run with the times. False, and a man of no sincerity. . . . Had old St. Robert with the great head [Grosteste] but risen out of his grave and seen what had been done in his absence, he would have repented that ever he had occupied the seat of Lincoln." President Bathurst of Trinity fell afoul of his spelling; he was "a poor spirit and snivelling fellow." The *Athenæ Oxonienses*, monumental and immortal work that it is, did not bring its author nothing but cheers. "Dr. John Wallis angry and would complain and have satisfaction for what is said of him in my second volume." And again: "Mr. Harris of Jesus College beyond Hinksey steps between 8 and 9 at night told me that 'I had set all Oxford in a flame.'" On being asked to subscribe to Wood's book, William Richards, Arch-Deacon of Berkshire, replied "he would rather subscribe to have it burnt." And because he had not treated Lord Chancellor Clarendon any too tenderly, among others, the *Athenæ* got Wood dragged into court, and the decision went against him. Parts of the work were publicly burned. The edition of 1691-2 was replaced in 1721 by an edition subject to the caprice of Tonson, who, in his zeal not to offend, omitted all the strong passages in the original. So thankless is an age for its geniuses.

Three great works came from the tireless scratching of Wood's quill. The first is his *History and Antiquities of Oxon*, finished in 1669, which got him a presentation to Archbishop Sheldon as a person who had "done the university a great deal of honor by a book," and which the famous Dr. Fell had translated into Latin for the wide world's benefit. This work led to his greater *Athenæ Oxonienses*, an account of all the sons of Oxford who had distinguished themselves in one way or another. In gathering the biographies for this colossal masterpiece Wood had the assistance of many writers and scholars, John Aubrey among others. The first volume appeared in 1691 and the second in 1692. And, lastly, there is that

autobiography-journal which Wood kept writing at through his life and which the Rev. Andrew Clark arranged and edited in the last decade of the nineteenth century. It is this last work that gives our man. Here we see the more formal biographer of the *Athenæ* in undress.

It is difficult to describe the Autobiography. Here is a far more eccentric and far less human Aubrey. In lack of method the two men are akin. The book contains notes on more antiquities than Aubrey ever dreamed of. No building could be taken down, no body taken up, but Anthony Wood was on hand. He tells us of traditions and customs of the university, the boar's head that is brought in with trumpets at Queen's in the Christmas season, the *terræ filius*, the university jester. He is, like Aubrey, an artist at describing the illnesses and accidents to which the flesh is heir, his own and others'; though he cannot hold a candle to Aubrey on the score of his own, he makes note of the smallpox that affected his eyes, and of Mutton, the horse of the university carrier that stepped on his head as a boy and caused him to "suffer from a slowness of apprehension." He is a master at obituaries, great and small. He gives all the details; his father "died Jan. 19, being Thursday, at about 4 of the clock in the morning, to the very great reluctance of his wife and children; and being a fat and corpulent man, and therefore his body could not keep, he was buried between 8 and 9 of the clock at night on the same day in the north part of Merton Coll. outer chapel or church." Big events and little jostle one another. He saw the King and Queen ride into the great quad of Christ Church when Laud entertained them at Oxford in 1636; the event made a deep impression upon him. He tells of his brother who "left his gown at the town's end, ran to Edgehill, and did his Majesty good service." He gives us the alarms and excursions of the wartime Oxford, the digging of trenches, the brutality of Parliament men. He hates the pushing Puritans of Commonwealth Oxon; and he detests even more the loose-living dons and proctors of Restoration Oxford. Epochal occurrences send ripples even to his city of books: "Sept. 3 [1658]. Oliver Cromwell the Protector died. This I set down, because some writers tell us that he was carried away by the Devil in the wind before mentioned." "Sept. 9 [1683]. The city at Penniless Bench had an entertainment of wind-music, a barrel of ale, and a fire. On the pump below the Star Inn was a tub set and a presbyter therein preaching. The smart lads of the city marched down the streets with cudgels in their hands, crying for the King and the Duke of York." Fires, floods, bonfires, suicides by pistol and water, the Dutchman who dropped dead climbing Shotover. He inserts his careful expense accounts. "Stued pruans" (as he spells them) — "4s." They appear often. "To Mrs. Burnham for flummery — 1s." He even gives the weather reports, if they be eccentric enough. In a cold July the King's swans crossed at St. James's on the ice. In another cold spell, "A child or two going to Wheatley starved to death at the bottom of Shotover." He is often very coarse in his language. He includes reviews of university affairs and formal biographies. He is like a small-town newspaper without the charity or the reticence. We get to know the few things he loved; the sound of the many Oxford bells, flummery, his pipe, the notice, even to quarrel, of the university big-wigs. He is not the lovable man that Aubrey can be at times.

But out of the confusion of Wood's haphazard notes an Oxford appears, an Oxford of a peculiarly keen century, not settled down even in spite of the presence of coffee-houses to the placidity of the eighteenth century, a university that is a small edition of a moving England, the same echoes of the Royal Society and scientific interests, even the profligacy of the court, the detonations of politics. And it is the university, after all, that we know today. Full of personal prejudices, a zeal for learning tempered by interest in good things to eat and drink, a town of graceful animosities and savage, narrow views of the *genus homo* in the midst of the studies of the nobility of man, frank disapproval of the cut of another's coat or diction by the lover of Plato. A pleasant, goodly place, full of vivid things to eat and talk about till the sparks fly, a place where curios and odd fragments of life take on the dignity of objects of art. A place of light and of less, but some, sweetness, of a splendid lot of sourness to leaven the lump. The Oxford temper is here, set down in this calendar of a man, who, for fifty years, was a living Oxford University Gazette with all the spaces between the lines filled in.

As for the *Athenæ Oxonienses*, for which Oxford in all times and the world besides owe Wood a tremendous debt, this book gives us a less colorful if a more literary Wood. Stiffer than Aubrey's, more finished and frozen, his biographies are too often a collection of all the facts of a man and a list of his works. Wood's method is to give all the facts; the decorative comes afterwards and often accidentally. Often the lives are lacking in unity and proportion. There are errors as well as libels; but always the intention is sound. The subjects many times

refuse to come to life in these pages that are rather like those from a notebook. Yet sometimes the lives have their literary touches throughout and a structural beauty; and always there seem to be some redeeming phrases at least that are full of a gusto and zest.

FROM ATHENÆ OXONIENSES

(Text: first edition, folio, 1691-2)

EDWARD KELLEY, otherwise Talbot, was born in the City of Worcester at about 4 of the clock in the afternoon on the first day of Aug., 1555 (3 of Q. Mary), whose nativity being afterwards calculated, it did appear that he was born to be a man of clear understanding, quick apprehension, of an excellent wit, and of a great propensity to philosophical studies and the mysteries of nature. This person, being about 17 years of age, at which time he had attained to a competency of grammar learning at Worcester and elsewhere, was sent to Oxon but to what house I cannot tell. . . .

Kelley having an unsettled mind left Oxon abruptly without being entered into the *matricula*, and in his rambles in Lancashire committing certain foul matters, lost both his ears at Lancaster, and about that time caused by his incantations a poor man that had been buried in the yard belonging to Lawchurch, near to Walton-in-the-Dale, to be taken out of his grave and to answer such questions that he then proposed to him. The story of which being to me incredible I shall refer you to the writer of it,¹ who is too credulous in many matters. About that time our author Kelley became intimate with Dr. John Dee, the famous mathematician, with whom continuing several years in philosophical studies and chemical experiments, they both became very famous among scholars and therefore noted by persons of high and noble extraction, one for the mathematics and the other for chemistry; for though Dee was the most eminent man of his time for the first, yet Kelley went far beyond him in the latter, as by the sequel it will appear. 'Tis reported by a certain Rosierucian² that they were so strangely fortunate as to find a very

large quantity of the *elixir* in some part of the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey, which was so incredibly rich in virtue that they lost much in making projection by way of trial before they found out the height of that medicine. In the beginning of 1583, Dr. J. Dee having contracted with certain spirits to act and converse with them, he appointed his friend Kelley to be his seer or skryer, or speculator, that is, to take notice what the spirits said and to tell it to Dee while he wrote down in a book what was dictated to him. Soon after Dee and Kelley being made known to and acquainted with the learned and most noble Polonian named Albert Alaskie, Prince of Sirad, who was come into England to see the fashions of the court and to admire the wisdom of the Queen, he thereupon had so great a respect for them, himself being a mathematician, that in Sept. following when he left England, he took them and their wives with him in the same ship, and travelling with him afterwards by land, he saw them safely conveyed to Cracow in Poland. Where continuing for some time, they removed to Prague; and at length, in Sept., 1586, to Trebona in Bohemia; at all which places tho' Kelley was several times troublesome, inconstant, and false to Dee, yet he mostly performed the office of skryer.³ And further, that notwithstanding Dee took the said spirits to be angelical, yet Kelley not, but rather mere delusions of the Devil. . . .

At Trebona, Kelley made projection, 9 Dec., 1586, with one small grain of the *elixir*, in proportion no bigger than the least grain of sand, upon one ounce and a quarter of common mercury, and it produced almost an ounce of pure gold. At another time he made projection upon a

¹ "John Weever in his Discourse of Ancient Funeral Monuments, Lond., 1631."

² Elias Ashmole.

³ Among other "communications," Kelley had a command from the spirit world that he and Dee should have their wives in common.

piece of metal cut out of a warming-pan, and without his touching or handling it or melting the metal—only warming it in the fire—the *elixir* being put thereon it was transmuted into pure silver. The said warming-pan and piece were sent to Q. Elizabeth by her ambassador then residing at Prague, that by fitting the piece with the place whence it was cut out it might exactly appear to be a part of the said warming-pan. At another time Kelley, who was openly profuse beyond the modest limits of a sober philosopher, did give away in gold-wire rings, or rings twisted with three gold wires, at the marriage of one of his maid-servants to the value of £4000, but this I think was acted after Dee had left him at Trebona, which was in May, 1589; otherwise it had not been done, and so consequently Rudolph II, Emperor of Germany, who had a great respect for him and Dee, would not for his prodigality or open management of the secret or rather, as some say, for a chemical cheat put upon him have committed him to close custody. . . .

At length our author Kelley—who had been knighted by the Emperor as it seems—being imprisoned the second time, at Prague, by the aforesaid Emperor, after he had been at liberty for some months and in a manner had crept into his favor, attempted an escape out of an high window by tying his sheets together after he had divided each into two parts at least; but he being too weighty for them fell to the ground before he was half way down; so that bruising his body and breaking his legs he died soon after, in Octob. as it seems, in fifteen hundred, ninety-and-five; for on the 25 Nov. following the news of his death came to Dr. Dee then in England, which he inserted in his Diary thus, “Nov. 25, *an.* 1595, news that Sir E. K. was slain.”⁴

NATHANIEL POWNOLL, a Kentish man born—in or near Canterbury—was entered a batler of Broadgate’s Hall in Michaelmas term, *an.* 1599, aged 15, and two years after was made a student of Ch. Ch.,⁵ where being an indefatigable plodder

at his book and running through with wonderful diligence all the forms of philosophy, took the degree of M. of Arts, *an.* 1607. His life, as it deserved well of all so it was covetous of no man’s commendation, himself being as far from pride as his desert was near it. He lived constantly in the university 10 years, in which time he learned eight languages, watched often, daily exercised, always studied, insomuch that he made an end of himself in an over-fervent desire to benefit others. And tho’ he had out of himself sweat all his oil for his lamp and had laid the sun a-bed by his labors, yet he never durst adventure to do that, after all these studies done and ended, which our young novices, doing nothing, count nothing to do; but still thought himself as unfit, as he knew all men were unworthy, of so high an honor as to be the angels of God. And since in him so great examples of piety, knowledge, industry, and unaffected modesty have been long since fallen asleep, there is no other way left but to commend the titles of his monuments to posterity.⁶

WALTER RALEIGH, a person in his time of a good natural wit, better judgment, and of a plausible tongue, son of Walt. Raleigh, Esq., by Catharine his wife, daughter of Sir Philip Champernoon, Knt., was born at a place called Hayes in the parish of East Budleigh in Devonshire, *an.* 1552. . . .

In 1568 or thereabouts he became a commoner of Oriel Coll. at what time C. Champernoon, his kinsman, studied there, where his natural parts being strangely advanced by academical learning, under the care of an excellent tutor, became the ornament of the juniors and was worthily esteemed a proficient in oratory and philosophy. After he had spent about 3 years in that house where he had laid a good ground and sure foundation to build thereon, he left the university without a degree and went to the Middle Temple to improve himself in the intricate knowledge of the municipal laws. . . .

As for the remaining part of his life, it was sometimes low and sometimes in a middle condition and often tossed by fortune to

⁴ Dee, surviving his partner in alchemy, spent his last years quietly under the royal wing of Elizabeth in his laboratory at Mortlake on the Thames.

⁵ Christ Church.

⁶ There follows a list of the writings of this honest if obscure son of Oxford, so unlike the brazen Kelley.

and fro and seldom at rest. He was one that fortune had picked up out of purpose of whom to make an example or to use as her tennis ball thereby to show what she could do; for she tossed him up of nothing, and to and fro to greatness and from thence down to a little more than that wherein she found him, a bare gentleman, not that he was less, for he was well descended and of good alliance but poor in his beginnings. . . .

France was the first school wherein he learned the rudiments of war, and the Low Countries and Ireland, the military academies of those times, made him master of that discipline. For in both places he exposed himself afterwards to land service, but that in Ireland was a militia, which then did not yield him food and raiment, nor had he patience to stay there, tho' shortly after, in 1580, he went thither again and was a captain there under Arthur, Lord Grey, who succeeded Sir Will. Pelham in the deputyship of that kingdom. Afterwards gaining great credit, he was received into the court, became a person in favor, and had several boons bestowed on him afterwards, particularly the Castle of Sherburne in Dorsetshire, taken from the see of Salisbury. In the latter end of 1584 he discovered a new country, which he, in honor of the Queen, called Virginia, received the honor of knighthood from her, and was afterwards made captain of her Majesty's Guards, Seneschal of the Duchess of Cornwall and Exeter, Lord Warden of the Stannaries of Devon and Cornwall, Lord Lieutenant of Cornwall, and Governor of Jersey. In 1588 he showed himself active against the Invincible Armada of the Spaniards, and in 1592, being about that time a Parliament man wherein as in other Parliaments in the latter end of Q. Eliz. he was a frequent speaker, he went to America with 15 men-of-war to possess himself of Panama, where the Spaniards ship their riches, or to intercept them in their passage homewards, but returned successful, and was out of favor for a time, not only for that but for devirginating a maid of honor, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Nich. Throckmorton, whom he afterwards married, and for some months being kept under custody,

was at length set free but banished the court. Afterwards to follow the direction of his own genius, that was always inclined to search out hidden regions and the secrets of nature, he undertook a navigation to Guiana that bears gold in 1595 purposely for the improvement and honor of his country both by getting store of wealth and by molesting the Spaniard within the inward coasts of America, which he thought would be more profitable than on the sea coasts where there are never any towns laden with any riches but when they are conveyed thither to be carried over into Spain. He set out from Plymouth on the 6th of Febr. and arrived at the Island Trinidad, 22 March. There he easily took a little city called St. Joseph, and the Governor thereof, Don Antonio de Bereo, but found not so much as a piece of silver there. Having inquired many things of this Antonio about the mines of gold in Guiana, he left his ship in Trinidad and entered the vast River Orinoco with little barks and some hundred soldiers. He searched up and down Guiana for the space of four miles among the crooked and short turnings of the water several ways. Where, being parched with the reflecting beams of the sun just over his head and too much wet sometimes with showers and having long wrestled with such like difficulties, he yet continued so long till that it growing wintry cold in Apr. the waters all overspread the earth; insomuch that now he could pass away in no less danger of the waters than he came thither in danger of his enemies. After his return he was constituted one of the chief persons in the expedition to Cadiz, where he performed notable service and obtained to himself at home a great name. In 1603 he presented to K. James at his entrance to the crown of England a manuscript of his own writing containing valid arguments against a peace to be made with Spain, which was then the common discourse. But the King being altogether for peace, 'twas rejected, and the same year, just after he had been deprived of the captainship of the Guard, which K. James bestowed on Sir Tho. Erskine, Viscount Fenton in Scotland, we find him in a plot against the King, generally called Sir Wal-

ter Raleigh's treason, for which being brought to his trial, with others, at Winchester in 1603, was at length found guilty and condemned to die. But being reprieved, he was committed prisoner to the Tower of London for life, where he improved his confinement to the greatest advantage of learning and inquisitive men. In Apr., 1614, he published the *History of the World*, a book which for the exactness of its chronology, curiosity of its contexture, and learning of all sorts seems to be the work of an age. In 1617 power was granted to him to set forth ships and men for the undertaking an enterprise of a golden mine in Guiana in the southern parts of America, and on the 28th of March in the year following he left London in order for that voyage, notwithstanding Didacus Sarmiento de Acunna, Earl or Count of Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador to the K. of England, endeavored to hinder him with many arguments proposed to his Majesty. But at length Sir Walter going beyond his commission in taking and sacking the Town of St. Thome, belonging to the Spaniard, which was much aggravated by Gondomar, the King on the 9th of June, 1618, published his royal proclamation for the discovery of the truth of Raleigh's proceedings and for the advancement of justice. Whereupon, when Raleigh arrived at Plymouth, Sir Lewis Stucley, Vice-Admiral of the County of Devon, seized him and brought him up to London, 9, Aug. following. But Raleigh finding the court wholly guided by Gondomar, as 'tis said, notwithstanding I find elsewhere that he left England 16, July going before, he could hope for little mercy. Whereupon wisely contriving the design of an escape, was betrayed by Stucley, taken on the Thames, and committed to a close prison. . . .

On the 28th of the month of Oct. he was conveyed to the court called the King's Bench in Westminster, where it being proposed to him what he had to say for himself why the sentence of death, pronounced against him in 1603, should not be put in execution, he fell into a long discourse and vindicated himself so much that most wise men thought then, and all historians since,

that his life could not be taken away upon that account. Afterwards being conveyed to the gatehouse, suffered death the next day, notwithstanding David Noion, Lord of Chesne, acted much to save him. Authors are perplexed, as some are pleased to say, under what topic to place him, whether of statesman, seaman, soldier, chemist, or chronologer; for in all these he did excel. And it still remains a dispute whether the age he lived in was more obliged to his pen or his sword, the one being busy in conquering the New, the other in so bravely describing the Old World.

ROBERT BURTON, known otherwise to scholars by the name of Democritus Junior, younger brother to Will. Burton, whom I shall mention under the year 1645, was born of an ancient and genteel family at Lindley in Leicestershire, 8 Feb., 1576, and therefore in the titles of several of his choice books which he gave to the public library he added to his surname *Lindliacus Leicestrensis*. He was educated in grammar learning in the free school of Sutton-Coldfield in Warwickshire, whence he was sent to Brasenose Coll. in the long vacation, *an.* 1593, where he made a considerable progress in logic and philosophy in the condition of a commoner. In 1599 he was elected student of Ch. Ch., and for form sake, tho' he wanted not a tutor, he was put under the tuition of Dr. John Bancroft, afterwards Bishop of Oxon. In 1614 he was admitted to the reading of the sentences, and on the 29 Nov., 1616, he had the vicarage of St. Thomas' parish in the west suburb of Oxon conferred on him by the Dean and canons of Ch. Church—to the parishioners whereof he always gave the sacrament in wafers—which, with the rectory of Segrave in Leicestershire, given to him some years after by George, Lord Berkeley, he kept with much ado to his dying day. He was an exact mathematician, a curious calculator of natiivities, a general read scholar, a thoro'-paced philologist, and one that understood the surveying of lands well. As he was by many accounted a severe student, a devourer of authors, a melancholy and humorous⁷ person, so by others who knew him well a person of great honesty, plain deal-

⁷ Full of humors.

ing, and charity. I have heard some of the ancients of Ch. Ch. often say that his company was very merry, faceté, and juvenile, and no man in his time did surpass him for his ready and dexterous interlarding his common discourses among them with verses from the poets or sentences from classical authors. Which being then all the fashion in the university made his company more acceptable. He hath written:

The Anatomy of Melancholy. — First printed in qu. and afterwards several times in fol., *an.* 1624, 1632, 38, and 1652, etc., to the great profit of the bookseller, who got an estate by it. 'Tis a book so full of variety of reading that gentlemen who have lost their time and are put to a push for invention may furnish themselves with matter for common or scholastical discourse and writing. Several authors have unmercifully stolen matter from the said book without any acknowledgment, particularly one Will. Greenwood in his book entit., A Description of the Passion of Love, etc., Lond., 1657, oct., who, as others of the like humor do, sometimes takes his quotations without the least mention of Democritus Junior. He, the said R. Burton, paid his last debt to nature in his chamber in Ch. Ch. at or very near that time which he had some years before foretold from the calculation of his own nativity. Which being exact, several of the students did not forbear to whisper among themselves that, rather than there should be a mistake in the calculation, he sent up his soul to heaven thro' a slip about his neck. His body was afterwards with due solemnity buried near that of Dr. Rob. Weston in the north aisle which joins next to the choir of the Cath. of Ch. Church on the 27 of January in sixteen hundred thirty-and-nine. Over his grave was soon after erected a comely monument on the upper pillar of the said aisle, with his bust painted to the life. On the right hand of which is the calculation of his nativity and under the bust this inscription made by himself, all put up by the care of William Burton his brother. *Paucis notus, paucioribus ignotus, hic jacet Democritus junior, cui vitam dedit et mortem Melancholia. Obiit viii, Id. Jan. A. C. MDCXXXIX.* He left

behind him a very choice library of books, many of which he bequeathed to that of Bodley, and a hundred pounds to buy five pounds yearly for the supplying of Ch. Ch. library with books.

JEREMY TAYLOR tumbled out of his mother's womb into the lap of the Muses at Cambridge, was educated in Gonvil and Caius Coll. there till he was M. of A. Afterwards entering into holy orders, he supplied for a time the divinity lecturer's place in the Cath. of St. Paul in London, where behaving himself with great credit and applause far above his years came to the cognizance of that great encourager of learning, ingenuity, and virtue, Dr. Laud, Archb. of Cant., who thinking it for the advantage of the world that such mighty parts should be afforded better opportunities of study and improvement than a course of constant preaching would allow of, he caused him to be elected Fellow of Alls. Coll.,^s *an.* 1636, where being settled, love and admiration still waited upon him, while he improved himself much in books. . . .

He became one of the chaplains to the said Archb. of Cant., who bestowed upon him the rectory of Uppingham in Rutlandshire, and other matters he would have done for him in order to his advance in the church, had not the rebellion unluckily broken out. In the year 1642 he was, with others, by virtue of his Maj. letters sent to this university, actually created D. of D. in that noted convocation held on the first day of Nov. the same year, he then being chaplain in ord. to his said Majesty and a frequent preacher before him and the court in Oxon. . . .

Upon the declining of the King's cause, he retired into Wales, where he was suffered under the loyal Earl of Carbury of the Golden Grove in Caermarthenshire to officiate and keep school to maintain him and his children. From which, tho' it continued but a few years, were several youths most loyally educated and afterwards sent to the universities. In this solitude he began to write his excellent discourses, which are enough of themselves to furnish a library and will be famous to all succeeding generations for the exactness of wit,

^s All Souls' College, Oxford. Laud broke rules to put him in.

profoundness of judgment, richness of fancy, clearness of expression, copiousness of invention, and general usefulness to all the purposes of a Christian. By which he soon after got a great reputation among all persons of judgment and indifferences, and his name grew greater still as the world grew better and wiser. When he had spent some years in this retirement, in a private corner, as 'twere, of the world, his family was visited with sickness and thereby lost the dear pledges of God's favor, three sons of great hopes, within the space of two or three months. And tho' he had learned a quiet submission unto the divine will, yet this affliction touched him so sensibly that it made him desirous to leave the country. And going to London, he there for a time officiated in a private congregation of loyalists to his great hazard and danger. At length meeting with Edward, Lord Conway, a person of great honor and generosity, that lord, after he had understood his condition, made him a kind proffer; which our author Taylor embracing, it carried him over into Ireland and settled him at Portmore, a place made for study and contemplation; which he therefore dearly loved. And there he wrote his *Cases of Conscience*, a book that is able alone to give its author immortality. By this time the wheel of Providence brought about the King's happy restoration, and out of a confused chaos beauty and order began to appear, whereupon our loyal author went over to congratulate the Prince and people's happiness and bear a part in the universal triumph. It was not long after his sacred Majesty began the settlement of the church, and Dr. Taylor being resolved upon the bishopric of Down and Connor, was consecrated thereunto at Dublin on the 27th of January, 1660, and on the 21st of June, 1661, he had the administration of the see of Dromore granted to him by his Majesty in consideration that he had been the church's champion and that he had suffered much in defence of its cause. With what care and faithfulness he discharged his office all upon the place knew well and what good rules and directions he gave to his clergy and how he taught them the practice of them

by his own example. Upon his being made bishop, he was constituted a privy councillor, and the University of Dublin gave him their testimony by recommending him for their Vice-Chancellor, which honorable office he kept to his dying day. He was esteemed by the generality of persons a complete artist, accurate logician, exquisite, quick and acute in his reasonings, a person of great fluency in his language and of a prodigious readiness in his learning. . . .

But he had not only the accomplishments of a gentleman, but so universal were his parts that they were proportioned to everything. And tho' his spirit and humor were made up of smoothness and gentleness, yet he could bear with the harshness and roughness of the Schools⁹ and was not unseen in their subtilties and spinosities. His skill was great both in the civil and canon law and casuistical divinity. And he was a rare conductor of souls and knew how to counsel and to advise, to solve difficulties, and determine cases, and quiet consciences. To these may be added his great acquaintance with the fathers and ecclesiastical writers and the doctors of the first and purest ages both of the Greek and Lat. church; which he hath made use of against the Rom. Catholics to vindicate the Church of England from the challenge of innovation and to prove her ancient, catholic, and apostolical. Add to all these, he was a person of great humility, had nothing in him of pride and humor, but was courteous and affable and of easy access. He was withal a person of great charity and hospitality; and whosoever compares his plentiful incomes with the inconsiderable estate he left at his death will be easily convinced that charity was steward for a great proportion of his revenue. To sum up all in a few words of another author:¹⁰ "This great prelate had the good humor of a gentleman, the eloquence of an orator, the fancy of a poet, the acuteness of a Schoolman, the profoundness of a philosopher, the wisdom of a chancellor, the sagacity of a prophet, the reason of an angel, and the piety of a saint. He had devotion enough for a cloister, learning enough for an university, and wit enough

⁹ The mediæval Schoolmen.

¹⁰ George Rust, who succeeded Taylor as Bishop of Dromore.

for a coll. of *virtuosi*. And had his parts and endowments been parcelled out among his poor clergy that he left behind him, it would perhaps have made one of the best dioceses in the world." . . .¹¹

He being overtaken with a violent fever

surrendered up his pious soul to the Omnipotent at Lisburne, alias Lisnegarvy, on the thirteenth day of August in sixteen hundred sixty-and-seven, and was buried in a chapel of his own erection on the ruins of the old Cathedral of Dromore.

¹¹ A list and description of Taylor's works following.

SAMUEL PEPYS

(1633-1703)

Samuel Pepys rose from small beginnings to an important place in the England of the Restoration, the England that was turning modern. One of five children of a London tailor, who came later, though, into fatter years and an estate at Brampton, near Huntingdon, Pepys had the good fortune to attend Magdalene College, Cambridge. We do not hear of his cutting much of a figure in the halls of learning, save that he was, on October 22, 1653, publicly reprimanded for being "scandalously overserved with drink." After college, he married Elizabeth Marchant, daughter of a French Huguenot refugee, in 1655. His growth in fortune from nothing coincides with the return to the Royalist régime. He started out as secretary to his cousin, Edward Montagu, later to be Earl of Sandwich; and it was through Montagu that he became Clerk of the Acts in the navy office and eventually Clerk of the Privy Seal and Secretary of the Admiralty. He rose to be virtually Minister of the Navy by the time of the accession of his old comrade in the naval world, the Duke of York, to the throne of England. He started with a lank purse; and even by the end of the first decade of his having a finger in the naval pie, he had amassed a handsome fortune. And, paradoxically enough, though he had feathered his own nest and had grown adept at not letting his right hand know what his left received in the way of a tip, in case questions should be asked later, Samuel Pepys had done more than any other man to put the English navy of the glorious old carelessness of the Elizabethan adventures on a sound financial basis. Perhaps his own first-hand knowledge of leakages helped him to stop other holes. At any rate, he introduced strict economy into the victualling of seamen and the building and equipping of ships. He knew when and where to buy to the best advantage. He was an astute business man always. But his rise to a position of authority and a power for economy had not been all smooth sailing. In 1668 he was had up before the House of Commons to give an accounting after the Dutch disasters. He came off with flying colors, having buttressed himself with figures and brandy. Certainly the Diary, intended for no eyes but his own, proves him a man full of disgust at the inefficiency that suffered the sacred waters of the muddy Thames to be darkened by Dutch canvas. At another time he was unjustly accused of popery and of treason to the point of betraying naval secrets to the French; his life-long friendship with James achieved him that distinction. And with James's fall in 1688, Pepys's career terminated. He suffered a brief imprisonment in 1690 on an unproven charge of Jacobite intrigue, but was soon set free to his remaining years of literary retirement. He had been M. P. from Harwich in 1679. In 1664 he had joined the youthful Royal Society; and he had served as its president in 1684. Almost from the beginning of his naval work he had been collecting material for an historical study of the English navy; in 1690 he published his monumental *Memoirs Relating to the State of the Royal Navy of England for the Years Determined December 1688*. He had previously published in 1677 an account of the Portuguese troubles in 1667-8. Affluent in his retirement, he gave himself up to his letter writing and the arrangement of his large library. On May 25, 1703, he died in his mansion at Clapham, bequeathing the treasures on his bookshelves to his own Magdalene College, *inter alia* six MS. volumes in Sheltonian shorthand, with some notes in a shorthand of his own invention and in some foreign languages, being a journal he had kept, until his eyes had gone back on him, of events in his daily life between 1660 and 1669. So Samuel Pepys.

Pepys's friend, John Evelyn, wrote an obituary as a cap to this life of eminence and success: "26 May, 1703. This day died Mr. Samuel Pepys, a very worthy, industrious and curious person, none in England exceeding him in knowledge of the navy, in which he had passed through all the most considerable offices, Clerk of the Acts and Secretary of the Admiralty, all which he performed with great integrity. When King James II went out of England, he laid down his office, and would serve no more; but withdrawing himself from all public affairs, he lived at Clapham with his partner, Mr. Hewer, formerly his clerk, in a very noble and sweet place, where he enjoyed the fruits of his labors in great prosperity. He was universally beloved,

hospitable, generous, learned in many things, skilled in music, a very great cherisher of learned men of whom he had the conversation. His library and collection of other curiosities were the most considerable, the models of ships especially. Besides what he published of an account of the navy, as he found and left it, he had for divers years under his hand the History of the Navy, or *Navalia*, as he called it; but how far advanced and what will follow of his is left, I suppose, to his sister's son, Mr. Jackson, a young gentleman whom Mr. Pepys had educated in all sorts of useful learning, sending him to travel abroad, from whence he returned with extraordinary accomplishments and worthy to be heir. Mr. Pepys had been for forty years so much my particular friend that Mr. Jackson sent me complete mourning, desiring me to be one to hold up the pall at his magnificent obsequies; but my indisposition hindered me from doing him this last office."

But this is not the real Pepys. Pepys the man alive lay slumbering inside those closely written pages of his Diary, until John Smith, a clergyman, working from 1819 to 1822, woke him up for us from his long sleep. One does indeed have to remind himself that Pepys was one of the great builders of the foremost naval power of the world, that he was a great figure and fit subject for marble. For Mr. Pepys defies marble and monuments; he bulks larger than any navy however great. For Mr. Pepys he is indeed, and one cannot read the Diary without feeling one of the most living presences in our language. He is very much alive, and nothing but *Mr.* will ever do for this lover of camlet cloaks, oysters by the barrel, of servant-girls — if they be pretty — of books and plays, of shrewd business deals and picnics in the country, of gossip and the taste and look and prices of fine things. Mr. Pepys has slipped away out of the cold hands of the carver of *hic jacets*, and he lives on with us, especially in our undress and solitary selves, at this present. For here is a man compact of the tinsel and sterling of every one of us. The real Pepys is the bundle of whims, paradoxes, idle thoughts, importances and pomposities, selfishnesses and generousities, kindliness and hatefulness, the trivia and ephemera and the bronze of any complete man.

The real Pepys sends off to his mother the meat that has grown tainted. He is worried to see his wife's hair falling out. He is in an ecstasy when his Mrs. Knipp sings Barbary Allen, and he is as pleased as Punch when his wife chooses him as her valentine. He takes a broom to his maids, and he gives them lessons on the lute. He likes to sing to his neighbors on moonlit nights. He prefers The Adventures of Five Hours to Othello, Moor of Venice. He is not too strong on scientific things, but he does some excellent listening at the Royal Society and glows to be in such company and able to write R.S. after his name. He lies for a worthless brother; and he does not allow his sister to eat with the family for fear she will get to thinking that she is entitled to do so. He sings hymns before he gets out of bed in the morning. He heartily enjoys a fine dinner to which he has been invited, but he feels grieved to find he must foot the bill. He takes home the silver he had planned to present to his godson when he learns that the child is to be named John instead of Samuel. He is mighty proud of an expensive cloak, and he prays God he may be able to pay for it. He dislikes to see a pretty woman eating wafers with her dog. He gives his wife £12 to spend on clothes and himself £55. He is surprised when a history of the famous families of a shire appears without noticing the Pepyses, especially after he has had discourse on the family with the author when he was composing it. He leaves a Presbyterian sermon after an hour. He likes fish stories, such as tell of Danish fish frozen stiff that leap up and down when brought into a warm room. He likes to see the King play tennis, which he does very well; but he is sickened to hear his skill flattered beyond all bounds. He is not able to enjoy Henry V because of a draught on his neck. He is vexed to observe his wife's hair change color in one day. He has trouble with his multiplication-table. In art he is one of the sort who can admire such a picture as Henry VIII in the midst of the four evangelists. He is troubled to be seen sitting in a shilling seat at the theatre by some of his office clerks who are enjoying seats that cost half a crown. He forces his wife into taking dancing lessons, and then he has hard work getting her to leave off. He is vexed to find his brother at college in his bed at eight o'clock in the morning. He boxes a boy's ears for upsetting a glass of beer on his papers. He makes his will, leaving his money to his wife but his books to his brother. He fines himself for every kiss over one that he steals from a pretty woman. He knows the ropes with children, and so takes them to see the lions in the Tower. He cannot help carrying his new watch in his hand as he rides in the coach and looking at it to know the hour a hundred times over. Certainly he is catholic in his tastes; he can enjoy the bearded lady and Macbeth the same day. Snoring always makes him laugh. . . . This, not the Secretary of the Admiralty, is the real man.

Pepys gives us the color and movement of a particularly colorful and moving age of change and transition to modern values, too, in giving himself. He works as effectively in small details as in great; he tells us what men's heads are set up to mummify on public buildings, what lords fall and what lords rise; and he gives us also a remedy of honey and nutmeg for colds. He tells us of the Great Fire and the light in Lady Castlemaine's eyes. We learn of the auctioning off of great ships by an inch of burning candle. He takes us through London streets to see the pageant of man and the materials for making a philosophy.

But it is his peculiar greatness that Mr. Pepys does not achieve any philosophy at all. He leaves that to the philosophers. He merely observes and sets down. And he ends by giving a remarkably artistic creation by his very artlessness. Realism is too easy a word. Pepys has caught the savagery and the charm of life by going out actually and living it, and by contriving somehow to get the whole thing down just as it happened and before the colors had a chance to fade, before he could theorize about it, or draw conclusions merely. No one has ever been able to imitate him with any success. Perhaps the smallness of Pepys's brain is a part of the secret. But that being so, the size of Pepys's heart more than counterbalances his head. At any rate, there life is, as it is, — accidental, superficial, enormously out of proportion, full of anticlimaxes that seem almost divine, the nausea that follows the coronation; yet with something of a Greek tragedy about it, a breathlessness, an appeal unending. Mere whim and curiosity, beauty and ugliness, cheapness and excellence! books idly read, sermons dozed through, tremendous loyalties, pathetic myopia, and the prices of things. The haphazard drift of thistledown, nothing concluded; men seen moving like so many ants. The prattle of children and a dead man's body hanging in chains. Choice bits of scandal, and the death-cry of a handful of Puritans storming a great city to take down the rotting heads of their old leaders: "The King Jesus, and their heads upon the gates!" The night-cry of a childless queen imagining herself in her fever a mother at last. Feasts, and songs to the lute in the cool of the evening under the stars. Flirtations, the fall of princes. Oliver exhumed and hanged; asses kicking dead lions. Pepys is like the modern newspaper, the cathedral of this century. Here are your financial quotations, your society gossip, your market prices and news, your public events served up hot and spicy, even your sports, for does not Samuel make his wife run a race with a woman in the park? Everything save the editorial is here. Pepys leaves us to do the editorials.

The paradoxes that are Pepys. Mean as the meanest of us, generous as the best. Here is a hard-headed business man who has a taste for books and plays and music and sermons and lavish dinners, who is, in brief, a complete epicure. Here is a soul of thrift who is a splendid spender. Full of common sense, he is a lover of trifles. In love with his wife, he makes love to any pretty creature he meets. Saver, spendthrift, booklover, *bon vivant*, tower of morality, flirt, business man. Mean, kindly, hard, clever, shallow, small, and lovable Mr. Pepys! He knows human nature to the core, and the beauty of it all is that he does not know that he knows it. He merely puts it into practice in his own person. And he makes his readers lovers of themselves, however small.

FROM THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS

(Based on the Everyman (Braybrooke) edition, 1906)

8th [March, 1659/60]. At the Dog Tavern, Captain Philip Holland, with whom I advised how to make some advantage of my Lord's¹ going to sea, told me to have five or six servants entered on board as dead men, and I to give them what wages I pleased and so their pay to be mine; he also urged me to take the secretary's place that my Lord did proffer me.

8th (Lord's day) [April, 1660²]. The lieutenant and I looked through his glass

at two good merchantmen and at the women on board them, being pretty handsome.

18th [May³]. We got a smith's boy of the town to go along with us, and he showed us the church where Van Tromp lies entombed with a very fine monument. His epitaph is concluded thus: — *Tandem bello Anglico tantum non victor, certe invictus, vivere et vincere desit*. There is a sea-fight cut in marble, with the smoke the

¹ Sir Edward Montagu, afterwards Earl of Sandwich, the "my Lord" of the Diary, Pepys's employer, one of the two generals of the fleet.

² Off the coast of Holland. Pepys went with Montagu to bring Charles II over to his throne.

³ At The Hague.

best expressed that ever I saw in my life. From thence to the great church that stands in a fine great market-place over against the Stadt-house, and there I saw a stately tomb of the old Prince of Orange, of marble and brass; wherein, among other rarities, there are the angels with their trumpets expressed as it were crying. Here were very fine organs in both the churches. It is a most sweet town, with bridges, and a river in every street. In every house of entertainment there hangs in every room a poor man's box, it being their custom to confirm all bargains by putting something into the box, and that binds as fast as anything. We also saw the guest-house, where it was pleasant to see what neat preparation there is for the poor. We saw one poor man a-dying there. We light by chance of an English house to drink in, where discourse of the town and the thing that hangs up in the Stadt-house like a bushel, which is a sort of punishment for offenders to carry through the streets over his head, which is a great weight. Back by water, where a pretty, sober, Dutch lass sat reading all the way, and I could not fasten any discourse upon her.

19th [June]. Lady Pickering told me the story of her husband's case and desired my assistance with my Lord and did give me, wrapped up in paper, £5 in silver. With my Lord to Whitehall, and my Lady Pickering.

23rd. To my Lord's lodgings, where Tom Guy come to me, and there stayed to see the King touch people for the king's evil. But he did not come at all, it rained so; and the poor people were forced to stand all the morning in the rain in the garden. Afterward he touched them in the banquetting house.

18th [August]. Towards Westminster by water. I landed my wife at Whitefriars with £5 to buy her a petticoat, and my father persuaded her to buy a most fine cloth of 26s. a yard and a rich lace, that the petticoat will come to £5; but she doing it very innocently, I could not be angry.

25th [September]. I did send for a cup of tea, a China drink, of which I never had drank before.

7th [October] (Lord's day). To Whitehall on foot, calling at my father's to change my long black cloak for a short one, long cloaks being now quite out; but he being gone to church, I could not get one. I heard Dr. Spurstow preach before the King a poor dry sermon; but a very good anthem of Captain Cooke's afterwards. To my Lord's, and dined with him; he all dinner-time talking French to me and telling me the story how the Duke of York hath got my Lord Chancellor's daughter with child and that she do lay it to him and that for certain he did promise her marriage and had signed it with his blood but that he by stealth had got the paper out of her cabinet. And that the King would have him to marry her, but that he will not.⁴

13th. I went out to Charing Cross to see Major-General Harrison⁵ hanged, drawn, and quartered; which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition. He was presently cut down, and his head and heart shown to the people, at which there was great shouts of joy. It is said that he said that he was sure to come shortly at the right hand of Christ to judge them that now had judged him; and that his wife do expect his coming again. Thus it was my chance to see the King beheaded at Whitehall and to see the first blood shed in revenge for the King at Charing Cross. Setting up shelves in my study.

20th. I dined with my Lord and Lady; he was very merry and did talk very high how he would have a French cook and a master of his horse and his lady and child to wear black patches; which methought was strange; but he is become a perfect courtier; and, among other things, my Lady saying that she could get a good merchant for her daughter Jem, he answered that he would rather see her with a pedlar's pack at her back, so she married a gentleman, than she should marry a citizen. This afternoon, going through London, and calling at Crowe's, the upholsterer's, in Saint Bartholomew's, I saw the limbs of some of our new traitors set upon Aldersgate, which was a sad sight to see; and a bloody week

⁴ He had married her on the 3rd of September.

⁵ One of the judges of Charles I.

this and the last have been, there being ten hanged, drawn, and quartered.

21st. (Lord's day). George Vines carried me up to the top of his turret, where there is Cooke's head set up for a traitor, and Harrison's set up on the other side of Westminster Hall. Here I could see them plainly, as also a very fair prospect about London.

12th [November]. My father and I discoursed seriously about my sister's coming to live with me, and yet I am much afraid of her ill nature. I told her plainly my mind was to have her come not as a sister but as a servant, which she promised me that she would, and with many thanks did weep for joy.

22nd. Mr. Fox come in presently and did receive us with a great deal of respect; and then did take my wife and I to the Queen's presence-chamber, where he got my wife placed behind the Queen's chair, and the two Princesses come to dinner. The Queen,^a a very little, plain old woman, and nothing more in her presence in any respect nor garb than any ordinary woman. The Princess of Orange I had often seen before. The Princess Henrietta is very pretty, but much below my expectation; and her dressing of herself with her hair frizzed short up to her ears did make her seem so much the less to me. But my wife standing near her with two or three black patches on and well dressed, did seem to me much handsomer than she.

4th [December]. This day the Parliament voted that the bodies of Oliver, Ireton, Bradshaw, and Thomas Pride should be taken up out of their graves in the Abbey and drawn to the gallows and there hanged and buried under it. Which, methinks, do trouble me that a man of so great courage as he was should have that dishonor, though otherwise he might deserve it enough.

10th [January, 1660/1]. Mr. Davis told us the particular examinations of these fanatics that are taken. And in short it is this, these fanatics that have routed all the train-bands that they met with, put the King's life-guards to the run, killed about twenty men, broke through the city gates

twice; and all this in the daytime, when all the city was in arms—are not in all above 31. Whereas we did believe them—because they were seen up and down in every place almost in the city and had been in Highgate two or three days and in several other places—to be at least 500. A thing that never was heard of, that so few men should dare and do so much mischief. Their word was, “The King Jesus, and their heads⁷ upon the gates!” Few of them would receive any quarter, but such as were taken by force and kept alive expecting Jesus to come here and reign in the world presently, and will not believe yet. The King this day come to town.

28th. I saw again The Lost Lady, which do now please me better than before; and here I sitting behind in a dark place, a lady spit backward upon me by a mistake, not seeing me; but after seeing her to be a very pretty lady, I was not troubled at it at all. At Mr. Holden's I bought a hat cost me 35s.

25th [March, 1660/1]. Homewards, and took up a boy that had a lanthorn, that was picking up of rags, and got him to light me home, and had great discourse with him how he could get sometimes three or four bushels of rags in a day and got 3d. a bushel for them and many other discourses, what and how many ways there are for poor children to get their livings honestly.

10th [April, 1661]. Here we had, for my sake, two fiddles, the one a bass viol, on which he that played, played well some lya lessons, but both together made the worst music that ever I heard. We had a fine collation, but I took little pleasure in that for the illness of the music and for the intentness of my mind upon Mrs. Rebecca Allen. After we had done eating, the ladies went to dance, and among the men we had I was forced to dance, too; and did make an ugly shift. Mrs. R. Allen danced very well and seems the best humored woman that ever I saw. About nine o'clock Sir William and my Lady went home, and we continued dancing an hour or two, and so broke up very pleasant and merry, and so walked home, I leading Mrs. Rebecca, who seemed, I know not why, in that and other

^a Henrietta Maria, Charles I's widow.

⁷ The heads of the Regicides.

things, to be desirous of my favors, and would in all things show me respects. Going home, she would needs have me sing, and I did pretty well and was highly esteemed by them. So to Captain Allen's—where we was last night and heard him play on the harpsichord, and I found him to be a perfect good musician—and there, having no mind to leave Mrs. Rebecca, I did what with talk and singing (her father and I), Mrs. Turner and I stayed there till two o'clock in the morning, and was most exceeding merry, and I had the opportunity of kissing Mrs. Rebecca very often.

11th. At two o'clock, with very great mirth, we went to our lodging and to bed, and lay till seven, and then called up by Sir W. Batten; so I rose, and we did some business, and then come Captain Allen, and he and I withdrew, and sang a song or two, and among others, took great pleasure in "Go and be hanged, that's twice good-bye." The young ladies come too, and so I did again please myself with Mrs. Rebecca; and about nine o'clock, after we had breakfasted, we set forth for London, and indeed I was a little troubled to part with Mrs. Rebecca, for which God forgive me. Thus we went away through Rochester. We baited at Dartford, and thence to London, but of all the journeys that ever I made this was the merriest, and I was in a strange mood for mirth. Among other things, I got my Lady to let her maid, Mrs. Anne, to ride all the way on horseback, and she rides exceeding well; and so I called [her] my clerk, that she went to wait upon me. I met two little schoolboys going with pitchers of ale to their schoolmaster to break up against Easter, and I did drink of some of one of them, and gave him two-pence. By and by we come to two little girls keeping cows, and I saw one of them very pretty, so I had a mind to make her ask my blessing, and telling her that I was her godfather, she asked me innocently whether I was not Ned Warding, and I said that I was, so she kneeled down, and very simply called, "Pray, godfather, pray to God to bless me," which made us very merry, and I gave her two-pence. In several places I asked women whether they would sell me their children, but they denied me all, but

said they would give me one to keep for them, if I would. Mrs. Anne and I rode under the man that hangs upon Shooter's Hill, and a filthy sight it was to see how his flesh is shrunk to his bones. So home, and I found all well, and a good deal of work done since I went. So to bed very sleepy for last night's work, concluding that it is the pleasantest journey in all respects that ever I had in my life.

23rd. About four I rose and got to the Abbey, where I followed Sir J. Denham, the surveyor, with some company he was leading in. And with much ado, by the favor of Mr. Cooper, his man, did get up into a great scaffold across the north end of the Abbey, where with a great deal of patience I sat from past four till eleven before the King come in. And a great pleasure it was to see the Abbey raised in the middle, all covered with red, and a throne—that is, a chair—and footstool on the top of it; and all the officers of all kinds, so much as the very fiddlers, in red vests. At last comes in the Dean and prebendaries of Westminster, with the bishops, many of them in cloth of gold copes, and after them the nobility, all in their Parliament robes, which was a most magnificent sight. Then the Duke and the King with a sceptre, carried by my Lord Sandwich, and sword and wand before him and the crown too. The King in his robes, bare-headed, which was very fine. And after all had placed themselves, there was a sermon and the service; and then in the quire at the high altar, the King passed through all the ceremonies of the Coronation, which to my great grief I and most in the Abbey could not see. The crown being put upon his head, a great shout begun, and he come forth to the throne, and there passed through more ceremonies: as taking the oath, and having things read to him by the Bishop; and his lords—who put on their caps as soon as the King put on his crown—and bishops come, and kneeled before him. And three times the King-at-Arms went to the three open places on the scaffold and proclaimed that if anyone could show any reason why Charles Stuart should not be King of England, that now he should come and speak. And a general pardon also was read by the Lord Chancellor, and

medals flung up and down by my Lord Cornwallis, of silver, but I could not come by any. But so great a noise that I could make but little of the music; and indeed, it was lost to everybody. I went out a little while before the King had done all his ceremonies, and went round the Abbey to Westminster Hall, all the way within the rails, and 10,000 people with the ground covered with blue cloth, and scaffolds all the way. Into the hall I got, where it was very fine with hangings and scaffolds one upon another full of brave ladies; and my wife in one little one, on the right hand. Here I stayed walking up and down, and at last upon one of the side stalls I stood and saw the King come in with all the persons but the soldiers that were yesterday in the cavalcade; and a most pleasant sight it was to see them in their several robes. And the King come in with his crown on and his sceptre in his hand, under a canopy borne up by six silver staves, carried by Barons of the Cinque Ports, and little bells at every end. And after a long time, he got up to the farther end, and all set themselves down at their several tables; and that was also a brave sight. And the King's first course carried up by the Knights of the Bath. And many fine ceremonies there was of the heralds leading up people before him, and bowing; and my Lord of Albemarle's going to the kitchen and eating a bit of the first dish that was to go to the King's table. But, above all, was these three lords, Northumberland and Suffolk and the Duke of Ormond, coming before the courses on horseback, and staying so all dinner-time, and at last bringing up the King's champion, all in armor on horseback, with his spear and target carried before him. And a herald proclaims, "That if any dare deny Charles Stuart to be lawful King of England, here was a champion that would fight with him"; and with these words, the champion flings down his gauntlet, and all this he do three times in his going up towards the King's table. To which, when he is come, the King drinks to him, and then sends him the cup, which is of gold, and he drinks it off, and then rides back again with the cup in his hand. I went from table to table to see the bishops and all

others at their dinner, and was infinitely pleased with it. And at the lords' table, I met with William Howe, and he spoke to my Lord for me, and he did give him four rabbits and a pullet, and so Mr. Creed and I got Mr. Minshell to give us some bread, and so we at a stall eat it, as everybody else did what they could get. I took a great deal of pleasure to go up and down and look upon the ladies and to hear the music of all sorts, but above all, the 24 violins. About six at night they had dined, and I went up to my wife. And strange it is to think that these two days have held up fair till now that all is done and the King gone out of the hall; and then it fell a-raining and thundering and lightning as I have not seen it do for some years. Which people did take great notice of, God's blessing of the work of these two days, which is a foolery to take too much notice of such things. I observed little disorder in all this, only the King's footmen had got hold of the canopy and would keep it from the Barons of the Cinque Ports, which they endeavored to force from them again but could not do it till my Lord Duke of Albemarle caused it to be put into Sir R. Pye's hand till tomorrow to be decided. At Mr. Bowyer's; a great deal of company, some I knew, others I did not. Here we stayed upon the leads and below till it was late, expecting to see the fireworks, but they were not performed to-night. Only the city had a light like a glory round about it, with bonfires. At last, I went to King Street, and there sent Crockford to my father's and my house to tell them I could not come home tonight because of the dirt and a coach could not be had. And so I took my wife and Mrs. Franklyn, who I proffered the civility of lying with my wife at Mrs. Hunt's tonight, to Axe-yard, in which, at the further end, there were three great bonfires, and a great many gallants, men and women; and they laid hold of us and would have us drink the King's health upon our knees, kneeling upon a faggot, which we all did, they drinking to us one after another, which we thought a strange frolic; but these gallants continued there a great while, and I wondered to see how the ladies did tipple. At

last, I sent my wife and her bedfellow to bed, and Mr. Hunt and I went in with Mr. Thornbury, who did give the company all their wine, he being yeoman of the wine-cellar to the King; and there, with his wife and two of his sisters and some gallant sparks that were there, we drank the King's health and nothing else till one of the gentlemen fell down stark drunk and there lay; and I went to my Lord's pretty well. But no sooner a-bed with Mr. Shepley but my head began to turn and I to vomit, and if ever I was foxed, it was now, which I cannot say yet, because I fell asleep and slept till morning. Thus did the day end with joy everywhere; and blessed be God, I have not heard of any mischance to anybody through it all, but only to Sergeant Glynn⁸, whose horse fell upon him yesterday, and is like to kill him, which people do please themselves to see how just God is to punish the rogue at such a time as this; he being now one of the King's sergeants, and rode in the cavalcade with Maynard,⁹ to whom people wish the same fortune. There was also this night, in King Street, a woman had her eye put out by a boy's flinging a firebrand into the coach. Now, after all this, I can say that, besides the pleasure of the sight of these glorious things, I may now shut my eyes against any other objects nor for the future trouble myself to see things of state and show, as being sure never to see the like again in this world.

24th. Waked in the morning, with my head in a sad taking through the last night's drink, which I am very sorry for. So rose, and went out with Mr. Creed to drink our morning draught; which he did give me in chocolate to settle my stomach.

5th [June]. This morning did give my wife £4 to lay out upon lace and other things for herself. Sir W. Penn¹⁰ and I went out with Sir R. Slingsby to bowls in his alley, and there had good sport. I took my flageolet and played upon the leads in the garden, where Sir W. Penn come out in his shirt into his leads, and there we stayed talking and singing and drinking great

draughts of claret and eating botargo¹¹ and bread-and-butter till twelve at night, it being moonshine; and so to bed, very near fuddled.

2nd [July]. My father writes that my uncle is by fits stupid and like a man that is drunk, and sometimes speechless. Went to Sir William Davenant's opera; this being the fourth day that it hath begun and the first that I have seen it. Today was acted the second part of *The Siege of Rhodes*. We stayed a very great while for the King and Queen of Bohemia; and by the breaking of a board over our heads we had a great deal of dust fell into the ladies' necks and the men's hair, which made good sport. The King being come, the scene opened; which indeed is very fine and magnificent, and well acted, all but the eunuch, who was so much out that he was hissed off the stage.

6th. Waked this morning with news, brought me by a messenger on purpose, that my Uncle Robert is dead; so I rose sorry in some respect, glad in my expectations in another respect. So I bought me a pair of boots in St. Martin's, and got myself ready, and then to the post-house, and set out about eleven and twelve o'clock, taking the messenger with me that come to me, and so we rode, and got well by nine o'clock to Brampton, where I found my father well. My uncle's corpse in a coffin standing upon joint-stools in the chimney in the hall; but it begun to smell, and so I caused it to be set forth in the yard all night and watched by my aunt. My father and I lay together tonight, I greedy to see the will, but did not ask to see it till tomorrow.

8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th. I fell to work, and my father, to look over my uncle's papers and clothes, and continued all this week upon that business, much troubled with my aunt's base, ugly humors.

24th [August]. Called to Sir W. Batten's to see the strange creature that Captain Holmes hath brought with him from Guinea; it is a great baboon, but so much like a man in most things that, though they

⁸ He lived to be knighted by Charles.

⁹ Sergeant to Cromwell; he also was knighted by the King.

¹⁰ Comptroller of the navy, father of the founder of Pennsylvania.

¹¹ A kind of sausage.

say there is a species of them, yet I cannot believe but that it is a monster got of a man and she-baboon. I do believe that it already understands much English, and I am of the mind that it might be taught to speak or make signs. To the Opera, and there saw Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, done with scenes very well, but above all, Betterton did the Prince's part beyond imagination.

7th [September]. Having appointed the young ladies at the Wardrobe¹² to go with them to the play today, my wife and I took them to the theatre, where we seated ourselves close by the King and the Duke of York and Madame Palmer, which was great content; and, indeed, I can never enough admire her beauty. And here was Bartholomew Fair, with the puppet-show, acted today, which had not been these forty years, it being so satirical against Puritanism they durst not till now, which is strange they should already dare to do it and the King to countenance it, but I do never a whit like it the better for the puppets, but rather the worse.

9th [December]. At noon to dinner at the Wardrobe; where my Lady Wright was, who did talk much upon the worth and the desert of gallantry; and that there was none fit to be courtiers but such as have been abroad and know fashions; which I endeavored to oppose; and was troubled to hear her talk so, though she be a very wise and discreet lady in other things.

31st. To the office; and there late finishing our estimate of the debts of the navy to this day; and it come to near £374,000. So home and after supper and my barber had trimmed me, I sat down to end my journal for this year, and my condition at this time, by God's blessing, is that my health is very good, and so my wife's, in all respects. My servants, W. Hewer, Sarah, Nell, and Wayneman; my house at the navy office. I suppose myself to be worth about £500 clear in the world, and my goods of my house my own, and what is coming to me from Brampton, when my father dies, which God defer. . . . I am upon writing a little treatise to present to the Duke, about our privilege in the seas, as to

other nations striking their flags to us. But my greatest trouble is that I have for this last half year been a very great spend-thrift in all manner of respects, that I am afraid to cast up my accounts, though I hope I am worth what I say above. But I will cast them up very shortly. I have newly taken a solemn oath about abstaining from plays and wine, which I am resolved to keep according to the letter of the oath which I keep by me.

18th [February, 1661/2]. Walking in the streets, which were everywhere full of brick-bats and tiles flung down by the extraordinary wind the last night, such as hath not been in memory before, unless at the death of the late Protector.

March 1st. My wife and I by coach, first to see my little picture that is a-drawing, and thence to the Opera, and there saw Romeo and Juliet, the first time it was ever acted, but it is a play of itself the worst that ever I heard, and the worst acted that ever I saw these people do, and I am resolved to go no more to see the first time of acting, for they were all of them out more or less. I do find that I am £500 beforehand in the world, which I was afraid I was not, but I find that I had spent above £250 this last half year.

23rd [August, 1662]. But that which pleased me best was that my Lady Castlemaine¹³ stood over against us upon a piece of Whitehall. But methought it was strange to see her lord and her upon the same place walking up and down without taking notice one of another, only at the first entry he put off his hat, and she made him a very civil salute, but afterwards took no notice one of another; but both of them now and then would take their child, which the nurse held in her arms, and dandle it. One thing more; there happened a scaffold below to fall, and we feared some hurt, but there was none, but she of all the great ladies only run down among the common rabble to see what hurt was done, and did take care of a child that received some little hurt, which methought was so noble. Anon there come one there booted and spurred, that she talked long with; and by and by, she being in her hair, she put on his hat,

¹² Lord Sandwich's daughters.

¹³ One of the favorite mistresses of the King.

which was but an ordinary one, to keep the wind off; but it become her mightily, as everything else do. I went away, not weary with looking on her.

14th [September]. To Whitehall chapel, where sermon almost done, and I heard Captain Cooke's new music. This the first day of having viols and other instruments to play a symphony between every verse of the anthems; but the music more full than it was last Sunday, and very fine it is.

29th. To the King's Theatre, where we saw *Midsummer's Night's Dream*, which I had never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life.

26th [December]. To the Wardrobe. Hither come Mr. Battersby; and we falling into discourse of a new book of drollery in use, called *Hudibras*, I would needs go find it out, and met with it at the Temple; cost me 2s. 6d. But when I come to read it, it is so silly an abuse of the Presbyterian Knight going to the wars that I am ashamed of it; and by and by meeting at Mr. Townsend's at dinner, I sold it to him for 18d.

13th [January, 1662/3]. My poor wife rose by five o'clock in the morning, before day, and went to market and bought fowls and many other things for dinner, with which I was highly pleased, and the chine of beef was down also before six o'clock, and my own jack, of which I was doubtful, do carry it very well, things being put in order, and the cook come. By and by comes Dr. Clarke and his lady, his sister, and a she-cousin, and Mr. Pierce and his wife, which was all my guests. I had for them, after oysters, at first course, a hash of rabbits and lamb, and a rare chine of beef. Next, a great dish of roasted fowl, cost me about 30s. and a tart, and then fruit and cheese. My dinner was noble, and enough. I had my house mighty clean and neat; my room below with a good fire in it; my dining-room above, and my chamber being made a withdrawing chamber; and my wife's a good fire also. I find my new table very proper, and will hold nine or ten people well, but eight with great room. At supper had a good sack posset and cold meat, and sent my guests away about ten

o'clock at night, both them and myself highly pleased with our management of this day; and indeed their company was very fine, and Mrs. Clarke a very witty, fine lady, though a little conceited and proud. I believe this day's feast will cost me near £5.

14th. Examining part of my sea-manuscript with great pleasure, my wife sitting working by me.

15th. Mr. Coventry to dine with me, I having a wild goose roasted and a cold chine of beef and a barrel of oysters.

19th [April, 1663]. (Easter Day) Up, and this day put on my close-kneed colored suit, which, with new stockings of the color, with belt, and new gilt-handled sword, is very handsome. To church, where the young Scotchman preaching, I slept awhile. After supper, fell in discourse of dancing, and I find that Ashwell hath a very fine carriage, which makes my wife almost ashamed of herself to see herself so outdone, but tomorrow she begins to learn to dance for a month or two.

3rd [July]. Mr. Moore tells me great news that my Lady Castlemaine is fallen from court and this morning retired. He gives me no account of the reason but that it is so; for which I am sorry; and yet, if the King do it to leave off not only her but all other mistresses, I should be heartily glad of it, that he may fall to look after business.¹⁴

4th. This day, in the Duke's chamber there being a Roman story in the hangings and upon the standard written these four letters—S. P. Q. R., Sir G. Carteret came to me to know what the meaning of those four letters were; which ignorance is not to be borne in a privy counsellor, methinks, what a schoolboy should be whipped for not knowing.

7th [September]. To the Black Eagle in Bride Lane, and there had a chop of veal and some bread, cheese, and beer, cost me a shilling to my dinner; and so to Bartholomew Fair, where I met with Mr. Pickering, and he and I to see the monkeys at the Dutch house, which is far beyond the other that my wife and I saw the other day; and thence to see the dancing on the

¹⁴ The King did not break off with Castlemaine.

ropes, which was very poor and tedious. . . . By my letters from Tangier today I hear that it grows very strong by land and the mole goes on. They have lately killed about two hundred of the Moors and lost about forty or fifty. I am mightily afraid of laying out too much money in goods upon my house, but it is not money flung away, though I reckon nothing money but what is in the bank, till I have a good sum beforehand in the world.

9th. I met with Ned Pickering, he telling me the whole business of my Lord's folly with this Mrs. Becke, at Chelsea, of all which I am ashamed to see my Lord so grossly play the fool to the flinging off of all honor, friends, servants, and every thing and person that is good, with his carrying her abroad and playing on his lute under her window and forty other poor, sordid things, which I am grieved to hear; but believe it to no purpose for me to meddle with it, but let him go on till God Almighty and his own conscience and thoughts of his lady and family do it.

17th. With much ado through the fens, along dikes, where sometimes we were ready to have our horses sink to the belly, we got by night, with a great deal of stir and hard riding, to Parson's Drove, a heathen place, where I found my Uncle and Aunt Perkins and their daughters, poor wretches! in a sad, poor thatched cottage like a poor barn, or stable, peeling of hemp, in which I did give myself good content to see their manner of preparing of hemp; and in a poor condition of habit took them to our miserable inn, and there, after a long stay, and hearing of Frank, their son, the miller, play upon his treble, as he calls it, with which he earns part of his living, and singing of a country song, we set down to supper; the whole crew and Spankes's wife and child, a sad company, of which I was ashamed, supped with us. By and by, news is brought to us that one of our horses is stole out of the stable, which proves my uncle's, at which I am inwardly glad—I mean, that it was not mine; and at this we were at a great loss; and they doubting a person that lay at next door, a Londoner, some lawyer's clerk, we caused him to be

secured in his bed and other care to be taken to seize the house; and so, about twelve at night or more, to bed in a sad, cold, stony chamber; and a little after I was asleep, they waked me to tell me that the horse was found, which was good news, and so to sleep, but was bit cruelly, and nobody else of our company, which I wonder at, by the gnats.

26th [October]. Dr. Pierce tells me that the Queen is in a way to be pretty well again but that her delirium in her head continues still; that she talks idle, not by fits, but always, which in some lasts a week after so high a fever—in some more, and in some for ever; that this morning she talked mightily that she was brought to bed and that she wondered that she should be delivered without pain and without being sick and that she was troubled that her boy was but an ugly boy. But the King being by, said, "No, it is a very pretty boy."—"Nay," says she, "if it be like you, it is a fine boy indeed, and I would be very well pleased with it."

31st. To my great sorrow find myself £43 worse than I was the last month, which was then £760, and now it is but £717. But it hath chiefly arisen from my layings-out in clothes for myself and wife; *viz.*, for her about £12 and for myself £55, or thereabouts; having made myself a velvet cloak, two new cloth shirts, black, plain both, a new shag gown, trimmed with gold buttons and twist, with a new hat, and silk tops for my legs, and many other things, being resolved henceforward to go like myself. And also two periwigs, one whereof costs me £3 and the other 40s. I have worn neither yet, but will begin next week, God willing. I having laid out in clothes for myself and wife, and for her closet and other things without, these two months, this and the last, besides household expenses of victuals, etc., above £110. But I hope I shall with more comfort labor to get more, and with better success than when, for want of clothes, I was forced to sneak like a beggar. The Queen continues light-headed, but in hopes to recover. The plague is much in Amsterdam, and we in fear of it here, which God defend.¹⁵ The

Turk goes on mighty in the Emperor's dominions, and the princes cannot agree among themselves how to go against him.

3rd [November]. Home, and by and by comes Chapman, the periwig-maker, and upon my liking it, without more ado I went up, and there he cut off my hair, which went a little to my heart at present to part with it; but, it being over, and my periwig on, I paid him £3 for it; and away went he with my own hair to make up another of; and I, by and by, went abroad, after I had caused all my maids to look upon it; and they conclude it do become me; though Jane was mightily troubled for my parting of my own hair, and so was Bess.

9th. He¹⁶ tells me that the King by name, with all his dignities, is prayed for by them that they call fanatics as heartily and powerfully as in any of the other churches that are thought better. And that, let the King think what he will, it is them that must help him in the day of war. For so generally they are the most substantial sort of people and the soberest; and did desire me to observe it to my Lord Sandwich, among other things, that of all the old army now you cannot see a man begging about the streets; but what? You shall have this captain turned a shoemaker; the lieutenant, a baker; this a brewer; that a haberdasher; this common soldier a porter; and every man in his apron and frock, etc., as if they never had done anything else. Whereas, the others go with their belts and swords, swearing and cursing and stealing; running into people's houses, by force oftentimes, to carry away something; and this is the difference between the temper of one and the other; and concludes, and I think with some reason, that the spirits of the old Parliament soldiers are so quiet and contented with God's providences that the King is safer from any evil meant him by them one thousand times more than from his own discontented Cavalier.

21st [December]. To Shoe Lane, to see a cock-fighting at a new pit there, a spot I was never at in my life. But Lord! to see the strange variety of people, from Parlia-

ment man, by name Wildes, that was Deputy Governor of the Tower when Rob-inson was Lord Mayor, to the poorest 'prentices, bakers, brewers, butchers, dray-men, and what not; and all these fellows one with another cursing and betting. I soon had enough of it. It is strange to see how people of this poor rank, that look as if they had not bread to put in their mouths, shall bet three or four pounds at a time, and lose it, and yet bet as much the next battle.

3rd [February, 1663/4]. In Covent Garden tonight, going to fetch home my wife, I stopped at the great coffee-house there,¹⁷ where I never was before; where Dryden, the poet, I knew at Cambridge, and all the wits of the town and Harris the player and Mr. Hoole of our college. And, had I had time then, or could at other times, it will be good coming thither, for there, I perceive, is very witty and pleasant discourse. But I could not tarry, and, as it was late, they were all ready to go away.

13th [June, 1664]. Spent the whole morning reading of some old navy books; wherein the order that was observed in the navy then, above what it is now, is very observable. Mr. Coventry did talk of a History of the Navy of England, how fit it were to be writ; and he did say that it hath been in his mind to propose to me the writing of the History of the late Dutch War, which I am glad to hear, it being a thing I much desire and sorts mightily with my genius; and, if done well, may recommend me much. So he says he will get me an order for making of searches to all records, etc., in order thereto, and I shall take great delight in doing it.

2nd [September]. To Bartholomew Fair, and our boy with us, and there showed them and myself the dancing on the ropes and several other the best shows; but pretty it is to see how our boy carries himself so innocently clownish as would make one laugh. Then up and down to buy combs for my wife to give her maids.

3rd. I have had a bad night's rest to-night, not sleeping well, as my wife observed; and I thought myself to be might-

¹⁶ Mr. Blackburne, a Puritan friend of Pepys.

¹⁷ Will's, where a pinch from Dryden's snuff-box was a diploma in letters.

ily bit by fleas, and in the morning she chid her maids for not looking the fleas a'days. But, when I rose, I found that it is only the change of the weather from hot to cold, which, as I was two winters ago, do stop my pores, and so my blood tingles and itches all day all over my body.

5th. Come W. Bowyer and dined with us; but strange to see how he could not endure onions in sauce to lamb but was overcome with the sight of it, and so was forced to make his dinner of an egg or two. To Woolwich, with a galley, all the way reading Sir J. Suckling's Aglaura, which, methinks, is but a mean play; nothing of design in it.

6th. Called upon Doll, our pretty 'Change woman, for a pair of gloves trimmed with yellow ribbon to ¹⁸ the petticoat my wife bought yesterday, which cost me 20s.; but she is so pretty that, God forgive me! I could not think it too much, which is a strange slavery that I stand in to beauty, that I value nothing near it.

10th. This night I received, by Will, £105, the first fruits of my endeavors in the late contract for victualling of Tangier, for which God be praised! for I can, with a safe conscience, say that I have therein saved the King £5,000 *per annum*, and yet got myself a hope of £300 *per annum*, without the least wrong to the King.

16th. Met Sir W. Warren, and afterwards to the Sun Tavern, where he brought to me, being all alone, a £100 in a bag, which I offered him to give him my receipt for, but he told me no, it was my own, which he had a little while since promised me; and so most kindly he did give it me, and I as joyfully, even out of myself, carried it home in a coach—he himself expressly taking care that nobody might see this business done, though I was willing enough to have carried a servant with me to have received it, but he advised me to do it myself.

13th [November]. (Lord's day) This morning to church, where mighty sport to hear our clerk sing out of tune, though his master sits by him that begins and keeps the time aloud for the parish. With my wife

within doors and getting a speech out of Hamlet, "to be or not to be," without book. In the evening to sing psalms, and so to prayers and to bed.

9th [January, 1664/5]. Walked to Whitehall. In my way saw a woman that broke her thigh by her heels slipping up upon the frosty street. I saw the Royal Society bring their new book, wherein is nobly writ their charter and laws, and comes to be signed by the Duke as a Fellow; and all the Fellows are to be entered there, and lie as a monument; and the King hath put his, with the word Founder. Holmes was this day sent to the Tower, but I perceive it is made matter of jest only; but if the Dutch should be our masters, it may come to be of earnest to him, to be given over to them for a sacrifice, as Sir W. Raleigh was.

21st [February]. My wife busy in going with her woman to the hot-house to bathe herself after her long being within doors in the dirt, so that she now pretends to a resolution of being hereafter very clean. How long it will hold I can guess. . . . What mad freaks the maids of honor at court have! That Mrs. Jennings, one of the Duchess' maids, the other day dressed herself like an orange wench and went up and down and cried oranges; till, falling down, or by some accident, her fine shoes were discerned, and she put to a great deal of shame.

March 1st. To Gresham College, where Mr. Hooke read a second very curious lecture about the late comet; among other things, proving very probably that this is the very same comet that appeared before in the year 1618 and that in such a time probably it will appear again, which is a very new opinion; but all will be in print. Then to the meeting, where Sir G. Carteret's two sons, his own and Sir N. Slanning, were admitted of the Society. And this day I did pay my admission money, 40s., to the Society. Here was very fine discourses and experiments, but I do lack philosophy enough to understand them, and so cannot remember them. Among others, a very particular account of the making of the several sorts of bread in France,

¹⁸ To match the color of.

which is accounted the best place for bread in the world.

5th [May, 1665]. After dinner to Mr. Evelyn's; he being abroad, we walked in his garden, and a lovely, noble ground he hath indeed. And, among other rarities, a hive of bees, so as, being hived in glass, you may see the bees making their honey and combs mighty pleasantly. This day, after I had suffered my own hair to grow long in order to wearing it, I find the convenience of periwigs is so great that I have cut off all short again and will keep to periwigs.

7th. [June]. This day, much against my will, I did in Drury Lane see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors and "Lord have mercy upon us!" writ there; which was a sad sight to me, being the first of the kind that, to my remembrance, I ever saw. It put me into an ill conception of myself and my smell, so that I was forced to buy some roll-tobacco to smell to and chaw, which took away the apprehension. By water home, where weary with walking and with the mighty heat of the weather and for my wife's not coming home, I staying walking in the garden till twelve at night, when it begun to lighten exceedingly through the greatness of the heat.

8th. This day¹⁹ they engaged, the Dutch neglecting greatly the opportunity of the wind they had of us; by which they lost the benefit of their fire-ships. The Earl of Falmouth, Muskerry, and Mr. Richard Boyle killed on board the Duke's ship, the Royal Charles, with one shot, their blood and brains flying in the Duke's face and the head of Mr. Boyle striking down the Duke, as some say. Earl of Marlborough, Portland, Rear Admiral Sansum, to Prince Rupert, killed, and Captain Kirby and Ableson. Sir John Lawson wounded on the knee. Hath had some bones taken out and is likely to be well again. Upon receiving the hurt, he sent to the Duke for another to command the Royal Oak. The Duke sent Jordan out of the St. George, who did brave things in her. Captain Jeremiah Smith of the Mary was second to the Duke, and stepped between him and Captain

Seaton of the Urania, 76 guns and 400 men, who had sworn to board the Duke; killed him 200 men and took the ship; himself losing 99 men, and never an officer saved but himself and lieutenant. His master indeed is saved, with his leg cut off. Admiral Opdam blown up, Tromp killed, and said by Holmes; all the rest of their admirals, as they say, but Everson, whom they dare not trust for his affection to the Prince of Orange, are killed. We have taken and sunk, as is believed, about twenty-four of their best ships; killed and taken near 8 or 10,000 men and lost, we think, not above 700. A greater victory never known in the world. They are all fled; some 43 got into the Texel and others elsewhere, and we in pursuit of the rest. Thence, with my heart full of joy, home. Then to my Lady Penn's, where they are all joyed, and not a little puffed up at the good success of their father; and good service indeed is said to have been done by him. Had a great bonfire at the gate; and I, with my Lady Penn's people and others, to Mrs. Turner's great room, and there down into the street. I did give the boys 4s. among them, and mighty merry. So home to bed with my heart at great rest and quiet, saving that the consideration of the victory is too great for me presently to comprehend.

12th [August]. The people die so that now it seems they are fain to carry the dead to be buried by daylight, the nights not sufficing to do it in. And my Lord Mayor commands people to be within at nine at night all, as they say, that the sick may have liberty to go abroad for air. There is one also dead out of one of our ships at Deptford, which troubles us mightily — the Providence, fire-ship, which was just fitted to go to sea; but they tell me today no more sick on board.

31st. The plague having a great increase this week, beyond all expectation, of almost 2,000, making the general bill 7,000, odd 100; and the plague above 6,000. Thus this month ends with great sadness upon the public through the greatness of the plague everywhere through the kingdom almost. Every day sadder and sadder news of its increase. In the city died this week 7,496,

and of them 6,102 of the plague. But it is feared that the true number of the dead this week is near 10,000; partly from the poor that cannot be taken notice of, through the greatness of the number, and partly from the Quakers and others that will not have any bell ring for them.

5th [October]. To Mr. Evelyn's, to discourse of our confounded business of prisoners and sick and wounded seamen, wherein he and we are so much put out of order. And here he showed me his gardens, which are, for variety of evergreens and hedge of holly, the finest things I ever saw in my life. Thence in his coach to Greenwich, and there to my office, all the way having fine discourse of trees and the nature of vegetables.

5th [November]. Made a visit to Mr. Evelyn, who, among other things, showed me most excellent painting in little, in distemper, in Indian ink, water-colors, graving, and, above all, the whole secret of mezzo-tinto and the manner of it, which is very pretty, and good things done with it. He read to me very much also of his discourse, he hath been many years and now is about, about gardenage; which will be a most noble and pleasant piece. He read me part of a play or two of his making, very good, but not as he conceits them, I think, to be. He showed me his *Hortus Hiemalis*; leaves laid up in a book of several plants kept dry, which preserve color, however, and look very finely, better than an Herbal. In fine, a most excellent person he is, and must be allowed a little for a little conceitedness; but he may well be so, being a man so much above others. He read me, though with too much gusto, some little poems of his own, that were not transcendent, yet one or two very pretty epigrams; among others, of a lady looking in at a grate and being pecked at by an eagle that was there.

16th. Sir Edmund Pooley carried me down into the hold of the India ship, and there did show me the greatest wealth lie in confusion that a man can see in the world. Pepper scattered through every chink, you trod upon it; and in cloves and nutmegs

I walked above the knees! whole rooms full. And silk in bales and boxes of copper-plate, one of which I saw opened.

6th [December]. Here the best company for music that I ever was in in my life, and wish I could live and die in it, both for music and the face of Mrs. Pierce and my wife and Knipp, who is pretty enough, but the most excellent, mad-humored thing, and sings the noblest that ever I heard in my life, and Rolt with her, some things together, most excellently. I spent the night in an ecstasy almost; and, having invited them to my house a day or two hence, we broke up.

25th. (Christmas Day) To church in the morning, and there saw a wedding in the church, which I have not seen many a day; and the young people so merry one with another! and strange to see what delight we married people have to see these poor fools decoyed into our condition, every man and woman gazing and smiling at them.

3rd [January, 1665/6]. Home, and find all my good company I had bespoke, as Colman and his wife, and Lanier, Knipp and her surly husband; and good music we had, and among other things, Mr. Colman sang my words I set, of "Beauty, retire,"²⁰ and they praise it mightily.

6th. To a great dinner and much company. Mr. Cuttle and his lady and I went, hoping to get Mrs. Knipp to us, having wrote a letter to her in the morning, calling myself "Dapper Dicky," in answer to hers of "Barbary Allen,"²¹ but could not, and am told by the boy that carried my letter that he found her crying; and I fear she lives a sad life with that ill-natured fellow her husband. So we had a great, but I a melancholy dinner. After dinner to cards, and then comes notice that my wife is come unexpectedly to me to town. So I to her. It is only to see what I do and why I come not home; and she is in the right that I would have a little more of Mrs. Knipp's company before I go away.

28th. The King come to me of himself and told me, "Mr. Pepys," says he, "I do give you thanks for your good service all

²⁰ These words Pepys set to music are Solymans in The Siege of Rhodes.

²¹ Mrs. Knipp chose her name from her "little Scotch song" Pepys had liked.

this year, and I assure you I am very sensible of it." And the Duke of York did tell me with pleasure that he had read over my discourse about pursers and would have it ordered in my way, and so fell from one discourse to another.

10th [March]. I find at home Mrs. Pierce and Knipp come to dine with me. We were mighty merry; and, after dinner, I carried them and my wife out by coach to the New Exchange, and there I did give my Valentine, Mrs. Pierce, a dozen pair of gloves and a pair of silk stockings, and Knipp for company, though my wife had, by my consent, laid out 20s. on her the other day, six pairs of gloves. The truth is, I do indulge myself a little the more in pleasure, knowing that this is the proper age of my life to do it and out of my observation that most men that do thrive in the world do forget to take pleasure during the time that they are getting their estate, but reserve that till they have got one, and then it is too late for them to enjoy it.

19th [August, 1666]. (Lord's day) Comes by agreement Mr. Reeves, bringing me a lanthorn, with pictures in glass, to make strange things appear on a wall, very pretty. We did also at night see Jupiter and his girdle and satellites, very fine, with my twelve-foot glass, but could not Saturn, he being very dark. Spong and I had also several fine discourses upon the globes this afternoon, particularly why the fixed stars do not rise and set at the same hour all the year long, which he could not demonstrate nor I neither.

2nd [September]. (Lord's day) Some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast today, Jane called us up about three in the morning to tell us of a great fire they saw in the city. So I rose and slipped on my night-gown and went to her window; and thought it to be on the back-side of Mark Lane at the farthest; but, being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off; and so went to bed again and to sleep. About seven rose again to dress myself, and there looked out at the window and saw the fire not so much as it was, and further off. So to my closet to set things

to rights, after yesterday's cleaning. By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above 300 houses have been burned down tonight by the fire we saw and that it is now burning down all Fish Street by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower; and there got upon one of the high places, Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge; which, among other people, did trouble me for poor little Michell and our Sarah on the bridge. So down, with my heart full of trouble, to the lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it begun this morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding Lane and that it had burned down St. Magnus' Church and most part of Fish Street already. So I down to the water-side, and there got a boat, and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire. Poor Michell's house, as far as the Old Swan, already burned that way, and the fire running further, that in a very little time it got as far as the Steel-yard, while I was there. Everybody endeavoring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats or clambering from one pair of stairs, by the water-side, to another. And among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconies, till they burned their wings and fell down. Having stayed and in an hour's time seen the fire rage every way, and nobody, to my sight, endeavoring to quench it, but to remove their goods and leave all to the fire, and having seen it get as far as the Steel-yard, and the wind mighty high and driving it into the city; and everything, after so long a drought, proving combustible, even the very stones of churches; . . . I to Whitehall, with a gentleman with me, who desired to go off from the Tower, to see the fire, in my boat; and there up to the King's closet in the chapel, where people came about me, and I did give them an account dismayed

them all, and word was carried in to the King. So I was called for, and did tell the King and Duke of York what I saw; and that, unless his Majesty did command houses to be pulled down, nothing could stop the fire. They seemed much troubled, and the King commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor from him and command him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the fire every way. The Duke of York bid me tell him that if he would have any more soldiers, he shall; and so did my Lord Arlington afterwards, as a great secret. Here meeting with Captain Cocke, I in his coach, which he lent me, and Creed with me to Paul's; and there walked along Watling Street, as well as I could, every creature coming away laden with goods to save, and, here and there, sick people carried away in beds. Extraordinary good goods carried in carts and on backs. At last met my Lord Mayor in Canning Street, like a man spent, with handkercher about his neck. To the King's message he cried, like a fainting woman, "Lord! what can I do? I am spent! people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it." That he needed no more soldiers and that, for himself, he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night. So he left me, and I him, and walked home; seeing people all almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses, too, so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tar, in Thames Street; and warehouses of oil and wines and brandy and other things. . . . Met with the King and Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhithe, and there called Sir Richard Browne to them. Their order was only to pull down houses apace, and so below bridge at the water-side; but this little was or could be done, the fire coming upon them so fast. Good hopes there was of stopping it at the Three Cranes above and at Buttulph's Wharf below bridge, if care be used; but the wind carries it into the city so as we know not, by the water-side, what it do there. River full of lighters and boats taking in goods, and good goods swimming in the water; and only I observed that hardly

one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in but there was a pair of virginals in it. Having seen as much as I could now, I away to Whitehall by appointment, and there walked to St. James's Park; and there met my wife and Creed and Wood, and his wife, and walked to my boat; and there upon the water again, and to the fire up and down, it still increasing and the wind great. So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's faces in the wind you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true, so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire three or four, nay, five or six houses one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little ale-house on the Bankside over against the Three Cranes, and there stayed till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow; and, as it grew darker, appeared more and more; and in corners and upon steeples and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the city, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. Barbary and her husband away before us. We stayed till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side of the bridge and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long. It made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruin. So home with a sad heart, and there find everybody discoursing and lamenting the fire; and poor Tom Hater come with some few of his goods saved out of his house, which was burned upon Fish Street Hill. I invited him to lie at my house, and did receive his goods; but was deceived in his lying there, the news coming every moment of the growth of the fire; so as we were forced to begin to pack up our own goods and prepare for their removal; and did by moonshine, it being brave, dry, and moonshine and warm weather, carry much of my goods into the garden; and Mr. Hater and I did remove my money and iron chests into my cellar, as thinking that the safest place. And got my bags of gold into my

office, ready to carry away, and my chief papers of accounts also there, and my talies into a box by themselves.

4th. Sir W. Batten not knowing how to remove his wine, did dig a pit in the garden, and laid it in there; and I took the opportunity of laying all the papers of my office that I could not otherwise dispose of. And in the evening Sir W. Penn and I did dig another, and put our wine in it; and I my parmesan cheese as well as my wine and some other things. . . . This night, Mrs. Turner, who, poor woman, was removing her goods all this day, good goods, into the garden, and knows not how to dispose of them, and her husband supped with my wife and me at night in the office upon a shoulder of mutton from the cook's without any napkin or anything in a sad manner, but were merry. Only now and then, walking into the garden, saw how horribly the sky looks, all on a fire in the night, was enough to put us out of our wits; and, indeed, it was extremely dreadful, for it looks just as if it was at us, and the whole heaven on fire. I after supper walked in the dark down to Tower Street, and there saw it all on fire, at the Trinity House on that side and the Dolphin Tavern on this side, which was very near us; and the fire with extraordinary vehemence. Now begins the practice of blowing up of houses in Tower Street, those next the Tower, which at first did frighten people more than anything; but it stopped the fire where it was done, it bringing down the houses to the ground in the same places they stood, and then it was easy to quench what little fire was in it, though it kindled nothing almost. W. Hewer this day went to see how his mother did, and comes late home, telling us how he hath been forced to remove her to Islington, her house in Pye Corner being burned; so that the fire is got so far that way and to the Old Bailey, and was running down to Fleet Street; and Paul's is burned and all Cheap-side. I wrote to my father this night, but the post-house being burned, the letter could not go.

5th. I lay down in the office again upon W. Hewer's quilt, being mighty weary and sore in my feet with going till I was hardly

able to stand. About two in the morning my wife calls me up and tells me of new cries of fire, it being come to Barking Church, which is the bottom of our lane. I up; and finding it so, resolved presently to take her away, and did, and took my gold, which was about £2,350, W. Hewer and Jane down by Proundy's boat to Woolwich. But, Lord! what a sad sight it was by moonlight to see the whole city almost on fire that you might see it as plain at Woolwich as if you were by it. There, when I come, I find the gates shut, but no guard kept at all; which troubled me, because of discourses now begun that there is a plot in it and that the French had done it. I got the gates open, and to Mr. Sheldon's, where I locked up my gold and charged my wife and W. Hewer never to leave the room without one of them in it night or day. So back again, by the way seeing my goods well in the lighters at Deptford and watched well by people. Home, and whereas I expected to have seen our house on fire, it being now about seven o'clock, it was not. But to the fire, and there find greater hopes than I expected; for my confidence of finding our office on fire was such that I durst not ask anybody how it was with us till I come and saw it was not burned. But going to the fire, I find, by the blowing up of houses and the great help given by the workmen out of the King's yards, sent up by Sir W. Penn, there is a good stop given to it, as well at Mark Lane end as ours; it having only burned the dial of Barking Church and part of the porch, and was there quenched. I up to the top of Barking steeple, and there saw the saddest sight of desolation that I ever saw; everywhere great fires, oil-cellars and brimstone and other things burning. I became afraid to stay there long, and therefore down again as fast as I could, the fire being spread as far as I could see it; and to Sir W. Penn's, and there eat a piece of cold meat, having eaten nothing since Sunday, but the remains of Sunday's dinner. Here I met with Mr. Young and Whistler; and, having removed all my things and received good hopes that the fire at our end is stopped, they and I walked into the town, and find Fenchurch Street, Gracious Street,

and Lombard Street all in dust. The Exchange a sad sight, nothing standing there of all the statues or pillars but Sir Thomas Gresham's picture in the corner. Into Moorfields, our feet ready to burn walking through the town among the hot coals, and find that full of people and poor wretches carrying their goods there and everybody keeping his goods together by themselves; and a great blessing it is to them that it is fair weather for them to keep abroad night and day; drunk there, and paid twopence for a plain penny loaf. Thence homeward, having passed through Cheapside and Newgate market, all burned; and seen Anthony Joyce's house in fire; and took up, which I keep by me, a piece of glass of the Mercers' Chapel in the street, where much more was, so melted and buckled with the heat of the fire like parchment. I also did see a poor cat taken out of a hole in a chimney, joining to the wall of the Exchange, with the hair all burnt off the body, and yet alive. So home at night, and find there good hopes of saving our office; but great endeavors of watching all night and having men ready; and so we lodged them in the office, and had drink and bread and cheese for them. And I lay down and slept a good night about midnight, though, when I rose, I heard that there had been a great alarm of French and Dutch being risen, which proved nothing.

14th [November]. To Knipp's lodging, whom I find not ready to go home with me; and there stayed reading of Waller's verses while she finished dressing, her husband being by. Her lodging very mean and the condition she lives in; yet makes a show without doors, God bless us!

25th [December]. (Christmas Day) Lay pretty long in bed, and then rose, leaving my wife desirous to sleep, having sat up till four this morning seeing her maids make mince-pies. I to church, where our parson Mills made a good sermon. Then home, and dined well on some good ribs of beef roasted and mince-pies; only my wife, brother, and Barker, and plenty of good wine of my own, and my heart full of true joy; and thanks to God Almighty

for the goodness of my condition at this day!

31st. Blessed be God! and I pray God make me thankful for it, I do find myself worth in money, all good, above £6,200; which is above £1,800 more than I was the last year. Thus ends this year of public wonder and mischief to this nation and therefore generally wished by all people to have an end. Myself and family well, having four maids and one clerk, Tom, in my house and my brother now with me to spend time in order to his preferment. Our health all well, public matters in a most sad condition; seamen discouraged for want of pay and are become not to be governed. Nor, as matters are now, can any fleet go out next year. Our enemies, French and Dutch, great, and grow more by our poverty. The Parliament backward in raising because jealous of the spending of the money; the city less and less likely to be built again, everybody settling elsewhere and nobody encouraged to trade. A sad, vicious, negligent court, and all sober men there fearful of the ruin of the whole kingdom this next year; from which, good God deliver us! One thing I reckon remarkable in my own condition is that I am come to abound in good plate so as at all entertainments to be served wholly with silver plates, having two dozen and a half.

7th [January, 1666/7]. To the Duke's House, and saw Macbeth, which, though I saw it lately, yet appears a most excellent play in all respects but especially in divertisement, though it be a deep tragedy; which is a strange perfection in a tragedy, it being most proper here and suitable.²²

2nd [February]. This night comes home my new silver snuff-dish which I do give myself for my closet. I am very well pleased this night with reading a poem I brought home with me last night from Westminster Hall, of Dryden's, upon the present war; ²³ a very good poem.

3rd. We fell to talking of the burning of the city; and my Lady Carteret herself did tell us how abundance of pieces of burnt papers were cast by the wind as far as Cranborn; ²⁴ and among others she took

²² This was Davenant's adaptation, with the pretty witches.

²³ *Annus Mirabilis*.

²⁴ Over fifty miles from London.

up one, or had one brought her to see, which was a little bit of paper that had been printed, whereon there remained no more nor less than these words: "Time is, it is done."

12th [June, 1667]. Home, where all our hearts do now ache; for the news is true that the Dutch have broke the chain²⁵ and burned our ships and particularly The Royal Charles; other particulars I know not, but it is said to be so. And, the truth is, I do fear so much that the whole kingdom is undone that I do this night resolve to study with my father and wife what to do with the little that I have in money by me, for I give up all the rest that I have in the King's hands, for Tangier, for lost. So God help us; and God knows what disorders we may fall into and whether any violence on this office or perhaps some severity on our persons, as being reckoned by the silly people, or perhaps may by policy of state be thought fit to be condemned by the King and Duke of York and so put to trouble, though, God knows! I have, in my own person, done my full duty, I am sure. Home, and to bed with a heavy heart.

29th [July]. Cousin Roger and Creed to dinner with me, and very merry. But among other things they told me of the strange, bold sermon of Dr. Creeton yesterday before the King; how he preached against the sins of the court and particularly against adultery, over and over instancing how for that single sin in David the whole nation was undone, and of our negligence in having our castles without ammunition and powder when the Dutch came upon us, and how we have no courage nowadays but let our ships be taken out of our harbor. . . . Among other discourse, my cousin Roger told us as a thing certain that the Archbishop of Canterbury,²⁶ that now is, do keep a wench and that he is as very a wencher as can be; and tells us it is a thing publicly known that Sir Charles Sedley had got away one of the Archbishop's wenches from him, and the Archbishop sent to him to let him know that

she was his kinswoman and did wonder that he would offer any dishonor to one related to him. . . . Cousin Roger did acquaint me in private with an offer made of his marrying of Mrs. Elizabeth Wiles, whom I know; a kinswoman of Mr. Honiwood's, an ugly old maid but good housewife and is said to have £2,500 to her portion; but I can find that she hath but £2,000, which he prays me to examine; he says he will have her, she being one he hath long known intimately and a good housewife and discreet woman, though I am against it in my heart, she being not handsome at all. And it hath been the very bad fortune of the Pepyses that ever I knew never to marry an handsome woman,²⁷ excepting Ned Pepys.

30th. With Creed to Whitehall; in our way meeting with Mr. Cooling, my Lord Chamberlain's secretary, on horseback, who stopped to speak with us, and he proved very drunk and did talk and would have talked all night with us, I not being able to break loose from him, he holding me so by the hand. But, Lord! to see his present humor, how he swears at every word and talks of the King and my Lady Castlemaine in the plainest words in the world. And from him I gather that the story I learned yesterday is true—that the King hath declared that he did not get the child of which she is conceived at this time. But she told him, "G—d d—n me, but you shall own it!" It seems, he is jealous of Jermyn, and she loves him so that the thoughts of his marrying of my Lady Falmouth puts her into fits of the mother; and he, it seems, hath been in her good graces from time to time continually for a good while; and once, as this Cooling says, the King had like to have taken him a-bed with her, but that he was fain to creep under the bed into her closet. . . . I never heard so much vanity from a man in my life. So, being now weary of him, we parted, and I took coach, and carried Creed to the Temple. There set him down, and to my office, till my eyes begun to ache, and then home to supper. A pullet with good

²⁵ Stretched across the Thames to protect the idle British fleet.

²⁶ Gilbert Sheldon.

²⁷ Fortunately Mrs. Pepys could not read the Diary.

sauce to my liking, and then to play on the flageolet with my wife, which she now does very prettily, and so to bed.

8th [August]. I to my bookseller's; where, by and by, I met Mr. Evelyn, and talked of several things but particularly of the times. And he tells me that wise men do prepare to remove abroad what they have for that we must be ruined, our case being past relief, the kingdom so much in debt, and the King minding nothing but his lust, going two days a week to see my Lady Castlemaine at Sir D. Harvey's.

18th. Into St. Dunstan's Church, where I heard an able sermon of the minister of the place; and stood by a pretty, modest maid, whom I did labor to take by the hand; but she would not, but got further and further from me; and at last, I could perceive her to take pins out of her pocket to prick me if I should touch her again—which seeing, I did forbear, and was glad I did spy her design. And then I fell to gaze upon another pretty maid, in a pew close to me, and she on me; and I did go about to take her by the hand, which she suffered a little, and then withdrew. So the sermon ended, and the church broke up, and my amours ended also. Took coach and home, and there took up my wife, and to Islington.

26th. Dined at Sir W. Batten's, where Mr. Boreman was, who came from Whitehall; who tells us that he saw my Lord Chancellor come in his coach with some of his men, without his seal, to Whitehall to his chamber. And thither the King and Duke of York came and stayed together alone an hour or more. And it is said that the King do say that he will have the Parliament meet and that it will prevent much trouble by having of him out of their enmity by his place being taken away; for that all their enmity will be at him. It is said also that my Lord Chancellor answers that he desires he may be brought to his trial if he have done anything to lose his office; and that he will be willing and is most desirous to lose that and his head both together. Upon what terms they parted nobody knows. But the Chancellor looked sad, he says.

5th [October]. To the King's House, and there, going in, met with Knipp, and she took us up into the tiring-rooms and to the women's shift, where Nell²⁸ was dressing herself and was all unready, and is very pretty, prettier than I thought. And into the scene-room, and there sat down, and she gave us fruit. And here I read the questions²⁹ to Knipp, while she answered me, through all her part of Flora Figarys, which was acted today. But, Lord! to see how they were both painted would make a man mad! and did make me loathe them; and what base company of men comes among them, and how lewdly they talk! and how poor the men are in clothes and yet what a show they make on the stage by candlelight is very observable. But to see how Nell cursed for having so few people in the pit was pretty, the other house carrying away all the people at the new play and is said nowadays to have generally most company as being better players. By and by into the pit, and there saw the play, which is pretty good.

2nd [November]. To the King's Playhouse, and there saw Henry the Fourth; and contrary to expectation, was pleased in nothing more than in Cartwright's speaking of Falstaff's speech about "What is honor?" The house full of Parliament men, it being holiday with them. And it was observable how a gentleman of good habit, sitting just before us, eating of some fruit in the midst of the play, did drop down as dead, being choked; but with much ado Orange Moll did thrust her finger down his throat and brought him to life again.

5th [March, 1667/8]. I full of thoughts and trouble touching the issue of this day; and to comfort myself did go to the Dog and drink half a pint of mulled sack, and in the Hall³⁰ did drink a dram of brandy at Mrs. Hewlett's; and with the warmth of this did find myself in better order as to courage, truly. So we all up to the lobby, and, between eleven or twelve o'clock, were called in, with the mace before us, into the House, where a mighty full house. And we stood at the bar, namely, Brouncker, Sir J. Minnes, Sir T. Harvey, and myself, W.

²⁸ Nell Gwynne.

²⁹ The cues.

³⁰ Westminster.

Penn being in the House as a member. I perceive the whole House was full of expectation of our defence what it would be, and with great prejudice. After the Speaker had told us the dissatisfaction of the House and read the report of the committee, I began our defence most acceptably and smoothly and continued at it without any hesitation or loss but with full scope and all my reason free about me, as if it had been at my own table, from that time till past three in the afternoon; and so ended, without any interruption from the Speaker; but we withdrew. And there all my fellow officers and all the world that was within hearing did congratulate me and cry up my speech as the best thing they ever heard; and my fellow officers were overjoyed in it.

25th [March, 1668]. The Duke of York and all with him this morning were full of the talk of the 'prentices, who are not yet put down though the guards and militia of the town have been in arms all this night and the night before; and the 'prentices have made fools of them, sometimes by running from them and flinging stones at them. Some blood hath been spilt, but a great many houses pulled down; and, among others, the Duke of York was mighty merry at that of Daman Page's, the great bawd of the seamen; and the Duke of York complained merrily that he hath lost two tenants, by their houses being pulled down, who paid him for their wine licenses £15 a year. But these idle fellows have had the confidence to say that they did ill in contenting themselves in pulling down the little brothels and did not go and pull down the great one at Whitehall.

6th [April]. I do hear that my Lady Castlemaine is horribly vexed at the late libel,³¹ the petition of the poor prostitutes about the town, whose houses were pulled down the other day. I have got one of them, and it is not very witty, but devilish severe against her and the King. And I wonder how it durst be printed and spread

abroad, which shows that the times are loose and come to a great disregard of the King or court or government.

9th [June]. We came to Oxford, a very sweet place. Paid our guide £1 2s. 6d.; barber, 2s. 6d.; book, Stonehenge, 4s.; boy that showed me the colleges before dinner, 1s. To dinner; and then out with my wife and people and landlord. And to him that showed us the Schools and Library, 10s.; to him that showed us All Souls' College and Chicheley's³² picture, 5s. So to see Christ Church with my wife, I seeing several others very fine alone, before dinner, and did give the boy that went with me 1s. Strawberries, 1s. 2d. Dinner and servants, £1 0s. 6d. After coming home from the Schools, I out with the landlord to Brasenose College to the butteries, and in the cellar find the hand of the Child of Hale, . . . long.³³ Butler, 2s. Thence with coach and people to Physic-Garden, 1s. So to Friar Bacon's study. I up and saw it, and gave the man 1s. Bottle of sack for landlord, 2s. Oxford mighty fine place and well seated and cheap entertainment. At night came to Abingdon, where had been a fair of custard; and met many people and scholars going home; and there did get some pretty good music, and sang and danced till supper, 5s.

19th. My wife fell into her blubbing, and at length had a request to make to me, which was that she might go into France and live there out of trouble; and then all come out, that I loved pleasure and denied her any; and I find that there have been great fallings out between my father and her, whom, for ever hereafter, I must keep asunder, for they cannot possibly agree. And I said nothing, but, with very mild words and few, suffered her humor to spend, till we begun to be very quiet, and I think all will be over, and friends.

1st [September]. To Bartholomew Fair, and there saw several sights; among others, the mare that tells³⁴ money and many things to admiration; and, among others, come to me, when she was bid to go to

³¹ See Evelyn for 2nd of April, 1668.

³² The founder.

³³ Pepys meant to fill in here the seventeen inches that the hand of John Middleton, the famous nine-foot-three Lancashire giant, measured. The picture of the "Child of Hale" is still at B. N. C.

³⁴ Counts.

him of the company that most loved a pretty wench in a corner. And this did cost me 12*d.* to the horse, which I had flung him before, and did give me occasion to kiss a mighty *belle fille* that was exceedingly plain but *fort belle*.

21st [December]. Went into Holborn, and there saw the woman that is to be seen with a beard. She is a little plain woman, a Dane; her name, Ursula Dyan; about forty years old; her voice like a little girl's; with a beard as much as any man I ever saw, black almost and grizzly; it began to grow at about seven years old and was shaved not above seven months ago and is now so big as any man's almost that ever I saw, I say, bushy and thick. It was a strange sight to me, I confess, and what pleased me mightily. Thence to the Duke's Playhouse, and saw Macbeth.

12th [January, 1668/9]. This evening I observed my wife mighty dull, and I myself was not mighty fond because of some hard words she did give me at noon out of a jealousy at my being abroad this morning, which, God knows, it was upon the business of the office unexpectedly. But I to bed, not thinking but she would come after me. But waking by and by out of a slumber, which I usually fall into presently after my coming into the bed, I found she did not prepare to come to bed, but got fresh candles and more wood for her fire, it being mighty cold, too. At this being troubled, I after a while prayed her to come to bed; so, after an hour or two, she silent, and I now and then praying her to come to bed, she fell out into a fury, that I was a rogue and false to her. I did, as I might truly, deny it, and was mightily troubled, but all would not serve. At last, about one o'clock, she come to my side of the bed and drew my curtain open and with the tongs red hot at the ends made as if she did design to pinch me with them, at

which, in dismay, I rose up, and with a few words she laid them down; and did by little and little, very sillily, let all the discourse fall.

12th [February]. Home, and there Pelting hath got W. Penn's book against the Trinity.³⁵ I got my wife to read it to me; and I find it so well writ as, I think, it is too good for him ever to have writ it; and it is a serious sort of book and not fit for everybody to read.

10th [May, 1669]. Troubled, about three in the morning, with my wife's calling her maid up and rising herself to go with her coach abroad to gather May-dew, which she did, and I troubled for it for fear of any hurt, going abroad so betimes, happening to her; but I to sleep again, and she come home about six.

31st. Being called by my wife, we to the park, Mary Batelier and a Dutch gentleman, a friend of hers, being with us. Thence to The World's End, a drinking-house by the park; and there merry, and so home late. . . .

And thus ends all that I doubt I shall ever be able to do with my own eyes in the keeping of my Journal,³⁶ I being not able to do it any longer, having done now so long as to undo my eyes almost every time that I take a pen in my hand; and, therefore, whatever comes of it, I must forbear. And, therefore, resolve from this time forward to have it kept by my people in long-hand, and must be contented to set down no more than is fit for them and all the world to know; or, if there be anything, I must endeavor to keep a margin in my book open to add here and there a note in short-hand with my own hand.

And so I betake myself to that course which is almost as much as to see myself go into my grave. For which, and all the comforts that will accompany my being blind, the good God prepare me!

³⁵ This work, The Sandy Foundation Shaken, brought about the imprisonment of young Penn, the Quaker, in the Tower, whence he was delivered to his father to be transported.

³⁶ Throughout the Diary, Pepys has complained of the trouble his work caused his eyes.

SIR GEORGE SAVILE, FIRST MARQUIS OF HALIFAX

(1633-1695)

The name of the first Marquis of Halifax is met with much more often in the history of English politics than in that of English literature. No student of seventeenth-century history is unfamiliar with the handsome, witty, and urbane statesman who was adviser to kings and queens, and upon whom, among many other interesting activities, devolved the duty of offering to William and Mary, in the banqueting room at Whitehall, the crown of England. Historians have always paid due tribute to his intellectual brilliance, and his great gifts as orator and statesman, and he has been credited with an influence on public opinion of his day second to none. Indeed, Macaulay remarked of him that he is the special favorite of historians. In the realm of literature, however, Halifax has received much less than his dues, and the neglect of his writings by students of literature is not easy to understand. There is a sparkle about his essays and a vivaciousness which is more often sought than found in our older prose. As a master of aphorism he ranks with Jonson, Bacon, and Selden in his own century, and his style suggests that of Hazlitt in the nineteenth. His pamphlets and tracts have a modernity of thought and expression which is remarkable. On almost every question of his day his opinion was nearer the point of view of the twentieth century than to that of his contemporaries. His far-sightedness is best seen, perhaps, in his *Cautions for Choice of Members in Parliament* and in *A Rough Draft of a New Model at Sea*. The forcefulness with which he discussed political matters in the days of Charles II is abundantly evident in his *Letter to a Dissenter* and in *The Anatomy of an Equivalent*.

Halifax's most important work is *The Character of a Trimmer*, and it is as "the great trimmer" that he has effectively written himself down for future generations. He is as inextricably connected with the philosophy, the processes, and the functions of "trimming" as Izaak Walton is with those of angling. Certainly in no other English work have the counsels of independence, reasonableness, moderation, and compromise been so persuasively set forth to king and people. The epithet, "trimmer," which Sir Roger L'Estrange had used in such a derogatory sense in his *Humor of a Trimmer* in the *Observer* of December 3, 1684, is transmuted into a term of quite different import by the pen of Halifax. For the trimmer, as Halifax presents him to the world, is but the man who seeks the much-mooted golden mean. On the stream of politics he is the person who, to make the boat of state (if we may use the expression) go even, sets himself to trim the boat while extreme Tories or extreme Whigs almost upset it. He is a firm believer in a monarchical form of government, but instead of a state with a tyrannical king at one extreme and an oppressed or rebellious people at the other, he would bring the two extremes together into one family and one group, would have the king feel himself part of a whole made up of king and subjects, and thus rule in his people's hearts by love rather than by fear. He is a conservative in that he would conserve what is good in a faulty government, rather than shatter it to pieces. In religious matters he is, on the one hand, a loyal churchman and is "far from relishing the impertinent wanderings of those who pour out long prayers upon the congregation," but, on the other hand, he can sympathize with those generous and enthusiastic souls who in their devotions do not wish to be restricted to the set forms of the Prayer Book and the "Pray we's" of the conventional and unimaginative parson. He depicts with a humorous touch the "sauciness of some of the Scotch apostles" as well as "the undecent courtship of some of the silken divines, who, one would think, do practise to bow at the altar only to learn to make the better legs at court." He finds everything in nature, from the climate of England to the attributes of God himself, to partake of the qualities of a trimmer. In two respects only is Halifax not a trimmer or an advocate of moderation. One is in his love of England: "For the earth of England, though perhaps inferior to that of many places abroad, to him there is divinity in it, and he would rather die than see a spire of English grass trampled down by a foreign trespasser." The other is in his dread and hatred of the Papacy. "The Old Lady of Rome" is quite beyond the

bounds of his toleration. His dislike of Rome is due, however, not to any narrow sectarian feeling, but arose out of the strange mixture of religion and politics which was inevitable in the seventeenth century. In *The Character of a Trimmer*, as well as in such essays as *A Letter to a Dissenter* and the *Anatomy of an Equivalent*, Halifax has the same deep reverence and respect for law which characterizes Selden's mind and works, and his thought and style are reminiscent of Selden.

A very different subject from that of his political essays forms the theme of his *Advice to a Daughter*, the most charming and popular of his works. One would hardly have looked to the period of the Restoration for a tender and affectionate letter from a father to a daughter on the subject of the homely virtues of life. But perhaps it is just as well for us to be reminded that such fathers and such daughters and such virtues existed in the time of the Merry Monarch. There is a story to the effect that a copy of the letter was found years later on the fly-leaf of which the husband of the lady to whom the letter was addressed had written "*Labor in Vain*." But the general reader may reap the benefit of the advice contained in the epistle, even if the young lady did not. There is a certain hardness, and at times even a touch of cynicism, in the letter, but on the whole the tone is remarkably gentle and affectionate, and what one might have expected from a man whose favorite book was Montaigne's essays.

Halifax is connected by family ties with two other very interesting figures in the history of English literature. His first wife was Dorothy Spencer, the daughter of the Countess of Sunderland, the famous Sacharissa of her early days. And Elizabeth, his daughter (by a second marriage), to whom the letter of advice was addressed, became the mother of the famous Earl of Chesterfield, the eighteenth century's chief model of elegance, who, if he inherited less than his share of his grandfather's ability, received nevertheless a double portion of his urbanity and politeness. The differences in the characters of the two men can best be gauged by comparing the letters which Chesterfield wrote to his son with the letter which was sent to his mother two generations earlier.

THE LADY'S NEW-YEAR'S-GIFT; OR, ADVICE TO A DAUGHTER

(Text: first collected edition, *Miscellanies*, 1700) ¹

Dear Daughter,

I find that even our most pleasing thoughts will be unquiet, they will be in motion; and the mind can have no rest whilst it is possessed by a darling passion. You are at present the chief object of my care, as well as of my kindness, which sometimes throweth me into visions of your being happy in the world, that are better suited to my partial wishes than to my reasonable hopes for you. At other times, when my fears prevail, I shrink as if I was struck, at the prospect of danger to which a young woman must be exposed. But how much the more lively, so much the more liable you are to be hurt; as the finest plants are the soonest nipped by the frost. Whilst you are playing full of innocence, the

spiteful world will bite, except you are guarded by your caution. Want of care, therefore, my dear child, is never to be excused; since, as to this world, it hath the same effect as want of virtue. Such an early sprouting wit requireth so much the more to be sheltered by some rules, like something strewed on tender flowers to preserve them from being blasted. You must take it well to be pruned by so kind a hand as that of a father. There may be some bitterness in mere obedience; the natural love of liberty may help to make the commands of a parent harder to go down; some inward resistance there will be, where power and not choice maketh us move. But when a father layeth aside his authority, and persuadeth only by his kindness, you will never

¹ The standard edition of Halifax's works is that of Miss H. C. Foxcroft, in which the editor has collated the various printed texts of Halifax's essays and compared them in detail with the existing manuscript copies of them. Her text is a synthetic one, based chiefly on the authority of the manuscripts. Since, however, both manuscripts and printed texts are faulty, it has been thought best to follow the text of the first collected edition, entitled *Miscellanies*, 1700. Miss Foxcroft has followed the manuscripts in restoring the inflections, *-th* and *-eth* in the third person singular of the present tense, and as such endings are in accord with Halifax's style the present editors have retained them.

answer it to good nature, if it hath not weight with you.

A great part of what is said in the following discourse may be above the present growth of your understanding; but that becoming every day taller will in a little time reach up to it, so as to make it easy to you. I am willing to begin with you before your mind is quite formed, that being the time in which it is most capable of receiving a color that will last when it is mixed with it. Few things are well learnt but by early precepts; those well infused, make them natural; and we are never sure of retaining what is valuable till, by a continued habit, we have made it a piece of us.

Whether my skill can draw the picture of a fine woman, may be a question; but it can be none that I have drawn that of a kind father. If you will take an exact copy I will so far presume upon my workmanship as to undertake you shall not make an ill figure. Give me so much credit as to try, and I am sure that neither your wishes nor mine shall be disappointed by it.

RELIGION

The first thing to be considered is religion. It must be the chief object of your thoughts, since it would be a vain thing to direct your behavior in the world, and forget that which you are to have towards him who made it.

In a strict sense, it is the only thing necessary; you must take it into your mind, and from thence throw it into your heart, where you are to embrace it so close as never to lose possession of it. But then it is necessary to distinguish between the reality and the pretence.

Religion doth not consist in believing the legend of the nursery, where children with their milk are fed with tales of witches, hobgoblins, prophecies, and miracles. We suck in so greedily these early mistakes that our riper understanding hath much ado to cleanse our minds from this kind of trash. The stories are so entertaining, that we do not only believe them, but relate them; which makes the discovery of the truth somewhat grievous, when it makes us lose

such a field of impertinence, where we might have diverted ourselves; besides the throwing some shame upon us for having ever received them. This is making the world a jest, and imputing to God Almighty that the province he assigneth to the devil is to play at blindman's-buff, and show tricks with mankind; and is so far from being religion that it is not sense, and hath right only to be called that kind of devotion of which ignorance is the undoubted mother, without competition or dispute. These mistakes are therefore to be left off with your hanging-sleeves; and you ought to be as much out of countenance to be found with them about you, as to be seen playing with babies² at an age when other things are expected from you.

The next thing to be observed to you is that religion doth as little consist in loud answers and devout convulsions at church, or praying in an extraordinary manner. Some ladies are so extreme stirring at church, that one would swear the worm in their conscience made them so unquiet. Others will have such a divided face between a devout goggle and an inviting glance, that the unnatural mixture maketh even the best looks to be at that time ridiculous. These affected appearances are ever suspected, like very strong perfumes, which are generally thought no very good symptoms in those that make use of them. Let your earnestness therefore be reserved for your closet, where you may have God Almighty to yourself; in public be still and calm, neither indecently careless, nor affected in the other extreme.

It is not true devotion to put on an angry zeal against those who may be of a differing persuasion. Partiality to ourselves makes us often mistake it for a duty to fall hard upon others in that case; and being pushed on by self-conceit, we strike without mercy, believing that the wounds we give are meritorious, and that we are fighting God Almighty's quarrel; when the truth is we are only setting out ourselves. Our devotion too often breaketh out into that shape which most agreeth with our particular temper. The choleric grow into a hardened severity against all who dissent from them; snatch

² I.e., dolls.

at all the texts of Scripture that suit with their complexion; and because God's wrath was some time kindled, they conclude that anger is a divine virtue; and are so far from imagining their ill-natured zeal requireth an apology, that they value themselves upon it, and triumph in it. Others, whose nature is more credulous than ordinary, admit no bounds or measure to it; they grow as proud of extending their faith as princes are of enlarging their dominions; not considering that our faith, like our stomach, is capable of being over-charged; and that as the last is destroyed by taking in more than it can digest, so our reason may be extinguished by oppressing it with the weight of too many strange things, especially if we are forbidden to chew what we are commanded to swallow. The melancholy and the sullen are apt to place a great part of their religion in dejected or ill-humored looks, putting on an unsociable face, and declaiming against the innocent entertainments of life, with as much sharpness as they could bestow upon the greatest crimes. This generally is only a vizard; there is seldom anything real in it. No other thing is the better for being sour; and it would be hard that religion should be so, which is the best of things. In the meantime it may be said with truth, that this surly kind of devotion hath perhaps done little less hurt in the world by frightening, than the most scandalous examples have done by infecting it.

Having told you in these few instances, to which many more might be added, what is not true religion, it is time to describe to you what is so. The ordinary definitions of it are no more like it than the common signposts are like the princes they would represent. The unskilful daubers in all ages have generally laid on such ill colors, and drawn such harsh lines, that the beauty of it is not easily discerned. They have put in all the forbidding features that can be thought of; and in the first place have made it an irreconcilable enemy to nature, when, in reality, they are not only friends, but twins, born together at the same time; and it is doing violence to them both to go about to have them separated. Nothing is so kind and so inviting as true and unso-

phisticated religion. Instead of imposing unnecessary burdens upon our nature, it easeth us of the greater weight of our passions and mistakes; instead of subduing us with rigor, it redeemeth us from the slavery we are in to ourselves, who are the most severe masters, whilst we are under the usurpation of our appetites let loose and not restrained.

Religion is a cheerful thing, so far from being always at cuffs with good-humor, that it is inseparably united to it. Nothing unpleasant belongs to it, though the spiritual cooks have done their unskilful part to give an ill relish to it. A wise epicure would be religious for the sake of pleasure; good sense is the foundation of both; and he is a bungler who aimeth at true luxury but where they are joined.

Religion is exalted reason, refined and sifted from the grosser parts of it. It dwelleth in the upper region of the mind, where there are fewest clouds or mists to darken or offend it. It is both the foundation and the crown of all virtues. It is morality improved and raised to its height by being carried nearer Heaven, the only place where perfection resideth. It cleanseth the understanding, and brusheth off the earth that hangeth about our souls. It doth not want the hopes and the terrors which are made use of to support it, neither ought it to descend to the borrowing any argument out of itself, since there we may find everything that should invite us. If we were to be hired to religion, it is able to out-bid the corrupted world, with all it can offer us, being so much the richer of the two, in everything where reason is admitted to be a judge of the value.

Since this is so, it is worth your pains to make religion your choice, and not make use of it only as a refuge. There are ladies who, finding by the too visible decay of their good looks that they can shine no more by that light, put on the varnish of an affected devotion, to keep up some kind of figure in the world. They take sanctuary in the church when they are pursued by growing contempt, which will not be stopped, but followeth them to the altar. Such late penitence is only a disguise for the tormenting grief of being no more hand-

some. That is the killing thought which draweth the sighs and tears that appear outwardly to be applied to a better end.

There are many who have an aguish devotion, hot and cold fits, long intermissions, and violent raptures. This unevenness is by all means to be avoided. Let your method be a steady course of good life, that may run like a smooth stream, and be a perpetual spring to furnish to the continued exercise of virtue. Your devotion may be earnest, but it must be unconstrained; and like other duties, you must make it your pleasure too, or else it will have very little efficacy. By this rule you may best judge of your own heart. Whilst those duties are joys, it is an evidence of their being sincere; but when they are a penance, it is a sign that your nature maketh some resistance; and whilst that lasteth, you can never be entirely secure of yourself.

If you are often unquiet and too nearly touched by the cross accidents of life, your devotion is not of the right standard; there is too much alloy in it. That which is right and unmixed taketh away the sting of everything that would trouble you. It is like a healing balm, that extinguisheth the sharpness of the blood; so this softeneth and dissolveth the anguish of the mind. A devout mind hath the privilege of being free from passions, as some climates are from all venomous kind of creatures. It will raise you above the little vexations to which others for want of it will be exposed, and bring you to a temper, not of stupid indifference, but of such a wise resignation that you may live in the world, so as it may hang about you like a loose garment, and not tied too close to you.

Take heed of running into that common error of applying God's judgments upon particular occasions. Our weights and measures are not competent to make the distribution either of his mercy or his justice. He hath thrown a veil over these things, which makes it not only an impertinence but a kind of sacrilege, for us to give sentence in them without his commission.

As to your particular faith, keep to the religion that is grown up with you, both as it is the best in itself, and that the rea-

son of staying in it upon that ground is somewhat stronger for your sex, than it will perhaps be allowed to be for ours; in respect that the voluminous enquiries into the truth by reading are less expected from you. The best of books will be direction enough to you not to change; and whilst you are fixed and sufficiently confirmed in your own mind, you will do best to keep vain doubts and scruples at such a distance that they may give you no disquiet.

Let me recommend to you a method of being rightly informed, which can never fail. It is in short this: get understanding, and practise virtue. And if you are so blessed as to have those for your share, it is not surer that there is a God than it is that by him all necessary truths will be revealed to you.

HUSBAND

That which challengeth the next place in your thoughts is, How to live with a husband. And though that is so large a world that few rules can be fixed to it which are unchangeable, the methods being as various as the several tempers of men to which they must be suited, yet I cannot omit some general observations, which, with the help of your own, may the better direct you in the part of your life upon which your happiness most dependeth.

It is one of the disadvantages belonging to your sex, that young women are seldom permitted to make their own choice; their friends' care and experience are thought safer guides to them than their own fancies; and their modesty often forbiddeth them to refuse when their parents recommend, though their inward consent may not entirely go along with it. In this case there remaineth nothing for them to do but to endeavor to make that easy which falleth to their lot, and by a wise use of everything they may dislike in a husband turn that by degrees to be very supportable, which, if neglected, might in time beget an aversion.

You must first lay it down for a foundation in general, that there is inequality in the sexes, and that for the better economy of the world, the men, who were to be the

law-givers, had the larger share of reason bestowed upon them; by which means your sex is the better prepared for the compliance that is necessary for the better performance of those duties which seem to be most properly assigned to it. This looks a little uncourtly at the first appearance; but upon examination it will be found that Nature is so far from being unjust to you that she is partial on your side. She hath made you such large amends by other advantages for the seeming injustice of the first distribution, that the right of complaining is come over to our sex. You have it in your power not only to free yourselves, but to subdue your masters, and without violence throw both their natural and legal authority at your feet. We are made of differing tempers that our defects may the better be mutually supplied. Your sex wanteth our reason for your conduct; and our strength for your protection; ours wanteth your gentleness to soften and to entertain us. The first part of our life is a good deal subjected to you in the nursery, where you reign without competition, and by that means have the advantage of giving first impressions. Afterwards you have stronger influences, which, well managed, have more force in your behalf than all our privileges and jurisdictions can pretend to have against you. You have more strength in your looks than we have in our laws, and more power by your tears than we have by our arguments.

It is true that the laws of marriage run in a harsher style towards your sex. Obey is an ungenteel word, and less easy to be digested by making such an unkind distinction in the words of the contract, and so very unsuitable to the excess of good manners, which generally goes before it. Besides, the universality of the rules seemeth to be a grievance, and it appeareth reasonable that there might be an exemption for extraordinary women from ordinary rules to take away the just exception that lieth against the false measure of general equality.

It may be alleged by the counsel retained by your sex that, as there is in all other laws an appeal from the letter to the equity, in cases that require it, it is as

reasonable that some court of a larger jurisdiction might be erected where some wives might resort and plead specially. And in such instances where Nature is so kind as to raise them above the level of their own sex, they might have relief, and obtain a mitigation, in their own particular, of a sentence which was given generally against womankind. The causes of separation are now so very coarse, that few are confident enough to buy their liberty at the price of having their modesty so exposed. And for disparity of minds, which above all other things requireth a remedy, the laws have made no provision; so little refined are numbers of men by whom they are compiled. This and a great deal more might be said to give a color to the complaint.

But the answer to it in short is, that the institution of marriage is too sacred to admit a liberty of objecting to it; that the supposition of yours being the weaker sex, having without all doubt a good foundation, maketh it reasonable to subject it to the masculine dominion; that no rule can be so perfect as not to admit some exceptions; but the law presumeth there would be so few found in this case who would have a sufficient right to such a privilege, that it is safer some injustice should be connived at in a very few instances, than to break into an establishment upon which the order of human society doth so much depend.

You are therefore to make your best of what is settled by law and custom, and not vainly imagine that it will be changed for your sake. But that you may not be discouraged, as if you lay under the weight of an incurable grievance, you are to know, that by a wise and dexterous conduct, it will be in your power to relieve yourself from anything that looketh like a disadvantage in it. For your better direction, I will give a hint of the most ordinary causes of dissatisfaction between man and wife, that you may be able by such a warning to live so upon your guard that, when you shall be married, you may know how to cure your husband's mistakes and to prevent your own.

First, then, you are to consider, you live in a time which hath rendered some kind

of frailties so habitual that they lay claim to large grains of allowance. The world in this is somewhat unequal, and our sex seemeth to play the tyrant, in distinguishing partially for ourselves, by making that in the utmost degree criminal in the woman which in a man passeth under a much gentler censure. The root and the excuse of this injustice is the preservation of families from any mixture which may bring a blemish to them; and whilst the point of honor continues to be so placed, it seems unavoidable to give your sex the greater share of the penalty. But if in this it lieth under any disadvantage, you are more than recompensed by having the honor of families in your keeping. The consideration so great a trust must give you maketh full amends; and this power the world hath lodged in you can hardly fail to restrain the severity of an ill husband, and to improve the kindness and esteem of a good one. This being so, remember, that next to the danger of committing the fault yourself, the greatest is that of seeing it in your husband. Do not seem to look or hear that way. If he is a man of sense he will reclaim himself; the folly of it is of itself sufficient to cure him. If he is not so, he will be provoked, but not reformed. To expostulate in these cases looketh like declaring war, and preparing reprisals, which, to a thinking husband, would be a dangerous reflection. Besides, it is so coarse a reason which will be assigned for a lady's too great warmth upon such an occasion, that modesty no less than prudence ought to restrain her, since such an indecent complaint makes a wife much more ridiculous than the injury that provoketh her to it. But it is yet worse, and more unskilful, to blaze it in the world, expecting it should rise up in arms to take her part. Whereas she will find it can have no other effect than that she will be served up in all companies as the reigning jest at that time, and will continue to be the common entertainment till she is rescued by some newer folly that cometh upon the stage, and driveth her away from it. The impertinence of such methods is so plain that it doth not deserve the pains of being laid open. Be assured that in these cases your discretion and

silence will be the most prevailing reproof. An affected ignorance, which is seldom a virtue, is a great one here; and when your husband seeth how unwilling you are to be uneasy, there is no stronger argument to persuade him not to be unjust to you. Besides, it will naturally make him more yielding in other things; and whether it be to cover or to redeem his offence, you may have the good effects of it whilst it lasteth, and all that while have the most reasonable ground that can be of presuming such a behavior will at last entirely convert him. There is nothing so glorious to a wife as a victory so gained; a man so reclaimed is for ever after subjected to her virtue; and her bearing for a time is more than rewarded by a triumph that will continue as long as her life.

The next thing I will suppose is that your husband may love wine more than is convenient. It will be granted that, though there are vices of a deeper dye, there are none that have greater deformity than this when it is not restrained. But with all this, the same custom which is the more to be lamented for its being so general, should make it less uneasy to everyone in particular who is to suffer by the effects of it. So that in the first place, it will be no new thing if you should have a drunkard for your husband; and there is by too frequent examples evidence enough, that such a thing may happen, and yet a wife may live too without being miserable. Self-love dictateth aggravating words to everything we feel; ruin and misery are the terms we apply to whatever we do not like, forgetting the mixture allotted to us by the condition of human life, by which it is not intended we should be quite exempt from trouble. It is fair, if we can escape such a degree of it as would oppress us, and enjoy so much of the pleasant part as may lessen the ill taste of such things as are unwelcome to us. Everything hath two sides, and for our own ease we ought to direct our thoughts to that which may be least liable to exception. To fall upon the worst side of a drunkard giveth so unpleasant a prospect that it is not possible to dwell upon it. Let us pass then to the more favorable part, as far as a wife is concerned in it.

I am tempted to say (if the irregularity of the expression could in strictness be justified) that a wife is to thank God her husband hath faults. Mark the seeming paradox, my dear, for your own instruction, it being intended no further. A husband without faults is a dangerous observer; he hath an eye so piercing, and seeth everything so plain, that it is exposed to his full censure. And though I will not doubt but that your virtue will disappoint the sharpest enquiries, yet few women can bear the having all they say or do represented in the clear glass of an understanding without faults. Nothing softeneth the arrogance of our nature like a mixture of some frailties. It is by them we are best told that we must not strike too hard upon others because we ourselves do so often deserve blows; they pull our rage by the sleeve, and whisper gentleness to us in our censures, even when they are rightly applied. The faults and passions of husbands bring them down to you, and make them content to live upon less unequal terms than faultless men would be willing to stoop to; so haughty is mankind till humbled by common weaknesses and defects, which in our corrupted state contribute more towards the reconciling us to one another, than all the precepts of the philosophers and divines. So that where the errors of our nature make amends for the disadvantages of yours, it is more your part to make use of the benefit than to quarrel at the fault.

Thus, in case a drunken husband should fall to your share, if you will be wise and patient, his wine shall be of your side; it will throw a veil over your mistakes, and will set out and improve everything you do that he is pleased with. Others will like him less, and by that means he may perhaps like you the more. When, after having dined too well, he is received at home without a storm, or so much as a reproaching look, the wine will naturally work out all in kindness, which a wife must encourage, let it be wrapped up in never so much impertinence. On the other side, it would boil up into rage if the mistaken wife should treat him roughly, like a certain thing called a kind shrew, than which the world, with all its plenty, cannot show a more senseless, ill-

bred, forbidding creature. Consider, that where the man will give such frequent intermissions of the use of his reason, the wife insensibly getteth a right of governing in the vacancy, and that raiseth her character and credit in the family to a higher pitch than perhaps could be done under a sober husband, who never putteth himself into an incapacity of holding the reins. If these are not entire consolations, at least they are remedies to some degree. They cannot make drunkenness a virtue, nor a husband given to it a felicity; but you will do yourself no ill office in the endeavoring, by these means, to make the best of such a lot, in case it should happen to be yours, and by the help of a wise observation, to make that very supportable, which would otherwise be a load that would oppress you.

The next case I will put is, that your husband may be choleric or ill-humored. To this it may be said that passionate men generally make amends at the foot of the account. Such a man, if he is angry one day without any sense, will the next day be as kind without reason. So by marking how the wheels of such a man's head are used to move, you may easily bring over all his passion to your party. Instead of being struck down by his thunder, you shall direct it where and upon whom you shall think it best applied. Thus are the strongest poisons turned to the best remedies; but then there must be art in it, and a skilful hand, else the least bungling maketh it mortal. There is a great deal of nice care requisite to deal with a man of this complexion. Choler proceedeth from pride, and maketh a man so partial to himself that he swelleth against contradiction, and thinketh he is lessened if he is opposed. You must in this case take heed of increasing the storm by an unwary word, or kindling the fire whilst the wind is in a corner which may blow it in your face. You are dexterously to yield everything till he beginneth to cool, and then by slow degrees you may rise and gain upon him. Your gentleness, well timed, will, like a charm, dispel his anger ill placed; a kind smile will reclaim, when a shrill, pettish answer would provoke him; rather than fail upon such occasions, when other remedies are too weak,

a little flattery may be admitted, which, by being necessary, will cease to be criminal.

If ill humor and sullenness, and not open and sudden heat is his disease, there is a way of treating that too, so as to make it a grievance to be endured. In order to it, you are first to know that naturally good sense hath a mixture of surly in it; and there being so much folly in the world, and for the most part so triumphant, it giveth frequent temptations to raise the spleen of men who think right. Therefore that which may generally be called ill humor is not always a fault; it becometh one when either it is wrong applied, or that it is continued too long, when it is not so. For this reason you must not too hastily fix an ill name upon that which may perhaps not deserve it; and though the case should be that your husband might too sourly resent anything he disliketh, it may so happen that more blame shall belong to your mistake than to his ill humor. If a husband behaveth himself sometimes with an indifference that a wife may think offensive, she is in the wrong to put the worst sense upon it, if by any means it will admit a better. Some wives will call it ill humor if their husbands change their style from that which they used whilst they made their first addresses to them. Others will allow no intermissions or abatement in the expressions of kindness to them, not enough distinguishing times, and forgetting that it is impossible for men to keep themselves up all their lives to the height of some extravagant moments. A man may at some times be less careful in little things, without any cold or disobliging reasons for it; as a wife may be too expecting in smaller matters, without drawing upon herself the inference of being unkind. And if your husband should be really sullen, and have such frequent fits, as might take away the excuse of it, it concerneth you to have an eye prepared to discern the first appearances of cloudy weather, and to watch when the fit goeth off, which seldom lasteth long if it is let alone. But whilst the mind is sore, everything galleth it, and that maketh it necessary to let the black humor begin to spend itself before you come in and venture to undertake it.

If in the lottery of the world you should draw a covetous husband, I confess it will not make you proud of your good luck; yet even such a one may be endured, too, though there are few passions more untractable than that of avarice. You must first take care that your definition of avarice may not be a mistake. You are to examine every circumstance of your husband's fortune, and weigh the reason of everything you expect from him before you have right to pronounce that sentence. The complaint is now so general against all husbands that it giveth great suspicion of its being often ill-grounded; it is impossible they should all deserve that censure, and therefore it is certain that it is many times misapplied. He that spareth in everything is an inexcusable niggard; he that spareth in nothing is as inexcusable a madman. The mean is to spare in what is least necessary, to lay out more liberally in what is most required in our several circumstances. Yet this will not always satisfy. There are wives who are impatient of the rules of economy, and are apt to call their husband's kindness in question, if any other measure is put to their expense than that of their own fancy. Be sure to avoid this dangerous error, such a partiality to yourself, which is so offensive to an understanding man that he will very ill bear his wife's giving herself such an injurious preference to all the family and whatever belongeth to it.

But to admit the worst, and that your husband is really a close-handed wretch, you must in this, as in other cases, endeavor to make it less afflicting to you; and first you must observe seasonable hours of speaking. When you offer anything in opposition to this reigning humor, a third hand and a wise friend may often prevail more than you will be allowed to do in your own cause. Sometimes you are dexterously to go along with him in things, where you see that the niggardly part of his mind is most predominant, by which you will have the better opportunity of persuading him in things where he may be more indifferent. Our passions are very unequal, and are apt to be raised or lessened according as they work upon different objects; they are not to be stopped or re-

strained in those things where our mind is more particularly engaged. In other matters they are more tractable, and will sometimes give reason a hearing, and admit a fair dispute. More than that, there are few men, even in this instance of avarice, so entirely abandoned to it, that at some hours, and upon some occasions, will not forget their natures, and for that time turn prodigal. The same man who will grudge himself what is necessary, let his pride be raised and he shall be profuse; at another time his anger shall have the same effect; a fit of vanity, ambition, and sometimes of kindness, shall open and enlarge his narrow mind; a dose of wine will work upon this tough humor, and for the time dissolve it. Your business must be, if this case happeneth, to watch these critical moments, and not let one of them slip without making your advantage of it; and a wife may be said to want skill if by these means she is not able to secure herself in a good measure against the inconveniences this scurvy quality in a husband might bring upon her, except he should be such an incurable monster as I hope will never fall to your share.

The last supposition I will make is, that your husband should be weak and incompetent to make use of the privileges that belong to him. It will be yielded that such a one leaveth room for a great many objections. But God Almighty seldom sendeth a grievance without a remedy, or at least such a mitigation as taketh away a great part of the sting and the smart of it. To make such a misfortune less heavy, you are first to bring to your observation that a wife very often maketh the better figure for her husband's making no great one; and there seemeth to be little reason why the same lady that chooseth a waiting-woman with worse looks may not be content with a husband with less wit; the argument being equal from the advantage of the comparison. If you will be more ashamed in some cases of such a husband, you will be less afraid than you would perhaps be of a wise one. His unseasonable weakness may no doubt sometimes grieve you, but then set against this that it giveth you the dominion, if you will make the right use

of it. It is next to his being dead, in which case the wife hath right to administer. Therefore be sure, if you have such an idiot, that none, except yourself, may have the benefit of the forfeiture. Such a fool is a dangerous beast if others have the keeping of him; and you must be very undexterous if when your husband shall resolve to be an ass, you do not take care that he may be your ass. But you must go skilfully about it, and above all things, take heed of distinguishing in public what kind of husband he is. Your inward thoughts must not hinder the outward payment of the consideration that is due to him. Your slighting him in company, besides that it would, to a discerning bystander, give too great encouragement for the making nearer applications to you, is in itself such an undecent way of assuming, that it may provoke the tame creature to break loose, and to show his dominion for his credit, which he was content to forget for his ease. In short, the surest and the most approved method will be to do like a wise minister to an easy prince: first give him the orders you afterwards receive from him.

With all this, that which you are to pray for is a wise husband, one that by knowing how to be a master, for that very reason will not let you feel the weight of it; one whose authority is so softened by his kindness that it giveth you ease without abridging your liberty; one that will return so much tenderness for your just esteem of him that you will never want power, though you will seldom care to use it. Such a husband is as much above all the other kinds of them as a rational subjection to a prince, great in himself, is to be preferred before the disquiet and uneasiness of unlimited liberty.

Before I leave this head, I must add a little concerning your behavior to your husband's friends, which requireth the most refined part of your understanding to acquit yourself well of it. You are to study how to live with them with more care than you are to apply to any other part of your life, especially at first, that you may not stumble at the first setting out. The family into which you are grafted will generally be apt to expect that, like a stranger in a

foreign country, you should conform to their methods, and not bring in a new model by your own authority. The friends in such a case are tempted to rise up in arms as against an unlawful invasion, so that you are with the utmost caution to avoid the least appearances of anything of this kind. And that you may with less difficulty afterwards give your directions, be sure at first to receive them from your husband's friends. Gain them to you by early applying to them, and they will be so satisfied, that, as nothing is more thankful than pride when it is complied with, they will strive which of them shall most recommend you; and when they have helped you to take root in your husband's good opinion, you will have less dependence upon theirs, though you must not neglect any reasonable means of preserving it. You are to consider that a man governed by his friends is very easily inflamed by them; and that one who is not so will yet for his own sake expect to have them considered. It is easily improved to a point of honor in a husband not to have his relations neglected; and nothing is more dangerous than to raise an objection which is grounded upon pride; it is the most stubborn and lasting passion we are subject to, and where it is the first cause of the war it is very hard to make a secure peace. Your caution in this is of the last importance to you.

And that you may the better succeed in it, carry a strict eye upon the impertinence of your servants; take heed that their ill humor may not engage you to take exceptions, or their too much assuming in small matters raise consequences which may bring you under great disadvantage. Remember, that in the case of a royal bride, those about her are generally so far suspected to bring in a foreign interest that in most countries they are insensibly reduced to a very small number, and those of so low a figure that it doth not admit the being jealous of them. In little and in the proportion, this may be the case of every new-married woman, and therefore it may be more advisable for you to gain the servants you find in a family than to tie yourself too fast to those you carry into it.

You are not to overlook these small reflections because they may appear low and inconsiderable; for it must be said that as the greatest streams are made up of the small drops at the head of the springs from whence they are derived, so the greater circumstances of your life will be in some degree directed by these seeming trifles, which, having the advantage of being the first acts of it, have a greater effect than singly in their own nature they could pretend to.

I will conclude this article with my advice that you would, as much as nature will give you leave, endeavor to forget the great indulgence you have found at home. After such a gentle discipline as you have been under, everything you dislike will seem the harsher to you. The tenderness we have had for you, my dear, is of another nature, peculiar to kind parents, and differing from that into which you shall be transplanted; and yet they may be very kind, too, and afford no justifiable reason to you to complain. You must not be frightened with the first appearances of a differing scene, for when you are used to it, you may like the house you go to better than that you left; and your husband's kindness will have so much advantage of ours that we shall yield up all competition, and, as well as we love you, be very well contented to surrender to such a rival.

HOUSE, FAMILY, AND CHILDREN

You must lay before you, my dear, there are degrees of care to recommend yourself to the world in the several parts of your life. In many things, though the doing them well may raise your credit and esteem, yet the omission of them would draw no immediate reproach upon you. In others, where your duty is more particularly applied, the neglect of them is amongst those faults which are not forgiven, and will bring you under a censure, which will be a much heavier thing than the trouble you would avoid. Of this kind is the government of your house, family, and children, which since it is the province allotted to your sex, and that the discharging it well will for that reason be expected from you, if

you either desert it out of laziness, or manage it ill for want of skill, instead of a help you will be an incumbrance to the family where you are placed.

I must tell you that no respect is lasting but that which is produced by our being in some degree useful to those that pay for it. Where that faileth, the homage and reverence go along with it, and fly to others where something may be expected in exchange for them. And upon this principle the respects even of the children and the servants will not stay with one that doth not think them worth their care, and the old housekeeper shall make a better figure in the family than the lady with all her fine clothes, if she wilfully relinquishes her title to the government. Therefore take heed of carrying your good breeding to such a height as to be good for nothing, and to be proud of it. Some think it hath a great air to be above troubling their thoughts with such ordinary things as their house and family; others dare not admit cares for fear they should hasten wrinkles; mistaken pride maketh some think they must keep themselves up, and not descend to these duties, which do not seem enough refined for great ladies to be employed in; forgetting all this while that it is more than the greatest princes can do at once to preserve respect and to neglect their business. No age ever erected altars to insignificant gods; they had all some quality applied to them to draw worship from mankind; this maketh it the more unreasonable for a lady to expect to be considered and at the same time resolve not to deserve it. Good looks alone will not do; they are not such a lasting tenure as to be relied upon; and if they should stay longer than they usually do, it will by no means be safe to depend upon them; for when time hath abated the violence of the first liking, and that the nap is a little worn off, though still a good degree of kindness may remain, men recover their sight which before might be dazzled, and allow themselves to object as well as to admire.

In such a case, when a husband seeth an empty airy thing sail up and down the house to no kind of purpose, and look as if she came thither only to make a visit; when

he findeth that after her emptiness hath been extreme busy about some very senseless thing, she eats her breakfast half an hour before dinner, to be at greater liberty to afflict the company with her discourse, then calleth for her coach, that she may trouble her acquaintance, who are already cloyed with her; and having some proper dialogues ready to display her foolish eloquence at the top of the stairs, she setteth out like a ship out of the harbor laden with trifles, and cometh back with them. At her return she repeateth to her faithful waiting-woman the triumphs of that day's impertinence; then, wrapped up in flattery and clean linen, goeth to bed so satisfied that it throweth her into pleasant dreams of her own felicity. Such a one is seldom serious but with her tailor; her children and family may now and then have a random thought, but she never taketh aim but at something very impertinent.

I say, when a husband, whose province is without doors, and to whom the economy of the house would be in some degree indecent, findeth no order nor quiet in his family, meeteth with complaints of all kinds springing from this root, the mistaken lady, who thinketh to make amends for all this by having a well-chosen petticoat, will at last be convinced of her error, and with grief be forced to undergo the penalties that belong to those who are wilfully insignificant. When this scurvy hour cometh upon her she first groweth angry, then when the time of it is past, would perhaps grow wiser, not remembering that we can no more have wisdom than grace whenever we think fit to call for it. There are times and periods fixed for both; and when they are too long neglected, the punishment is that they are irrecoverable, and nothing remaineth but a useless grief for the folly of having thrown them out of our power. You are to think what a mean figure a woman maketh when she is so degraded by her own fault; whereas there is nothing in those duties which are expected from you that can be lessening to you, except your want of conduct makes it so. You may love your children without living in the nursery, and you may have a competent and discreet care of them without letting it break out

upon the company or exposing yourself by turning your discourse that way, which is a kind of laying children to the parish, and it can hardly be done anywhere that those who hear it will be so forgiving as not to think they are overcharged with them. A woman's tenderness to her children is one of the least deceitful evidences of her virtue; but yet the way of expressing it must be subject to the rules of good breeding. And though a woman of quality ought not to be less kind to them than mothers of the meanest rank are to theirs, yet she may distinguish herself in the manner and avoid the coarse methods which in women of a lower size might be more excusable. You must begin early to make them love you that they may obey you. This mixture is nowhere more necessary than in children. And I must tell you that you are not to expect returns of kindness from yours, if ever you have any, without grains of allowance; and yet it is not so much a defect in their good nature as a shortness of thought in them. Their first insufficiency maketh them lean so entirely upon their parents for what is necessary, that the habit of it maketh them continue the same expectations for what is unreasonable; and as often as they are denied so often they think they are injured; and whilst their desires are strong, and their reasons yet in the cradle, their anger looketh no farther than the thing they long for and cannot have; and to be displeased for their own good is a maxim they are very slow to understand. So that you may conclude the first thoughts of your children will have no small mixture of mutiny; which being so natural you must not be angry except you would increase it. You must deny them as seldom as you can, and when there is no avoiding it, you must do it gently; you must flatter away their ill humor, and take the next opportunity of pleasing them in some other thing, before they either ask or look for it; this will strengthen your authority by making it soft to them, and confirm their obedience by making it their interest. You are to have as strict a guard upon yourself amongst your children as if you were amongst your enemies. They are apt to make wrong inferences, to take en-

couragement from half words, and misapply what you may say or do, so as either to lessen their duty, or to extend their liberty farther than is convenient. Let them be more in awe of your kindness than of your power. And above all, take heed of supporting a favorite child in its impertinence, which will give right to the rest of claiming the same privilege. If you have a divided number, leave the boys to the father's more peculiar care, that you may with the greater justice pretend to a more immediate jurisdiction over those of your own sex. You are to live so with them that they may never choose to avoid you, except when they have offended; and then let them tremble that they may distinguish. But their penance must not continue so long as to grow too sour upon their stomachs, that it may not harden instead of correcting them. The kind and severe parts must have their several turns seasonably applied; but your indulgence is to have the broader mixture, that love, rather than fear, may be the root of their obedience.

Your servants are in the next place to be considered; and you must remember not to fall into the mistake of thinking that because they receive wages, and are so much inferior to you, therefore they are below your care to know how to manage them. It would be as good reason for a master workman to despise the wheels of his engines because they are made of wood. These are the wheels of your family; and let your directions be never so faultless, yet if these engines stop or move wrong, the whole order of your house is either at a stand or discomposed. Besides, the inequality which is between you must not make you forget that nature maketh no such distinction, but that servants may be looked upon as humble friends, and that returns of kindness and good usage are as much due to such of them as deserve it, as their service is due to us when we require it. A foolish haughtiness in the style of speaking or in the manner of commanding them is in itself very undecent; besides that it begetteth an aversion in them, of which the least ill effect to be expected is that they will be slow and careless in all that is enjoined them; and you will find it true by your

experience that you will be so much the more obeyed as you are less imperious. Be not too hasty in giving your orders, nor too angry when they are not altogether observed; much less are you to be loud and too much disturbed. An evenness in distinguishing when they do well or ill is that which will make your family move by a rule and without noise, and will the better set out your skill in conducting it with ease and silence, that it may be like a well disciplined army, which knoweth how to anticipate the orders that are fit to be given them. You are never to neglect the duty of the present hour to do another thing, which, though it may be better in itself, is not to be unseasonably preferred. Allot well chosen hours for the inspection of your family, which may be so distinguished from the rest of your time that the necessary cares may come in their proper place, without any influence upon your good humor, or interruption to other things. By these methods you will put yourself in possession of being valued by your servants, and then their obedience will naturally follow.

I must not forget one of the greatest articles belonging to a family, which is the expense. It must not be such, as by failing either in the time or measure of it, may rather draw censure than gain applause. If it was well examined, there is more money given to be laughed at than for any one thing in the world, though the purchasers do not think so. A well stated rule is like the Line, when that is once passed we are under another Pole; so the first straying from a rule is a step towards making that which was before a virtue to change its nature, and to grow either into a vice, or at least an impertinence. The art of laying out money wisely is not attained to without a great deal of thought; and it is yet more difficult in the case of a wife, who is accountable to her husband for her mistakes in it. It is not only his money, his credit too is at stake, if what lieth under the wife's care is managed either with undecent thrift, or too loose profusion. You are therefore to keep the mean between these two extremes, and it being hardly possible to hold the balance exactly

even, let it rather incline towards the liberal side as more suitable to your quality, and less subject to reproach. Of the two, a little money misspent is sooner recovered than the credit which is lost by having it unhandsomely saved; and a wise husband will less forgive a shameful piece of parsimony than a little extravagance, if it be not too often repeated. His mind in this must be your chief direction; and his temper, when once known, will in great measure justify your part in the management, if he is pleased with it.

In your clothes avoid too much gaudy; do not value yourself upon an embroidered gown; and remember, that a reasonable word, or an obliging look, will gain you more respect than all your fine trappings. This is not said to restrain you from a decent compliance with the world, provided you take the wiser and not the foolisher part of your sex for your pattern. Some distinctions are to be allowed, whilst they are well suited to your quality and fortune, and in the distribution of the expense it seemeth to me that a full attendance and well chosen ornaments for your house will make you a better figure than too much glittering in what you wear, which may with more ease be imitated by those that are below you. Yet this must not tempt you to starve everything but your own apartment; or, in order to more abundance there, give just cause to the least servant you have to complain of the want of what is necessary. Above all, fix it in your thoughts as an unchangeable maxim, that nothing is truly fine but what is fit, and that just so much as is proper for your circumstances of their several kinds is much finer than all you can add to it. When you once break through these bounds you launch into a wide sea of extravagance. Everything will become necessary, because you have a mind to it; and you have a mind to it, not because it is fit for you, but because somebody else hath it. This lady's logic setteth reason upon its head, by carrying the rule from things to persons, and appealing from what is right to every fool that is in the wrong. The word *necessary* is miserably applied, it disordereth families, and overturneth gov-

ernments by being so abused. Remember, that children and fools want everything, because they want wit to distinguish; and therefore there is no stronger evidence of a crazy understanding than the making too large a catalogue of things necessary, when in truth there are so very few things that have a right to be placed in it. Try everything first in your judgment, before you allow it a place in your desire; else your husband may think it as necessary for him to deny, as it is for you to have whatever is unreasonable; and if you shall too often give him that advantage, the habit of refusing may perhaps reach to things that are not unfit for you.

There are unthinking ladies, who do not enough consider how little their own figure agreeth with the fine things they are so proud of. Others, when they have them, will hardly allow them to be visible; they cannot be seen without a light, and that is many times so saucy and so prying, that, like a too forward gallant, it is to be forbid the chamber. Some, when they are ushered into their dark *ruelle*,³ it is with such solemnity, that a man would swear there was something in it, till the unskilful lady breaketh silence, and beginneth a chat, which discovereth it is a puppet play with magnificent scenes. Many esteem things rather as they are hard to be gotten, than that they are worth getting. This looketh as if they had an interest to pursue that maxim because a great part of their own value dependeth upon it. Truth in these cases would be often unmannerly, and might derogate from the prerogative great ladies would assume to themselves, of being distinct creatures from those of their sex which are inferior and of less difficult access.

In other things, too, your condition must give the rule to you, and therefore it is not a wife's part to aim at more than a bounded liberality; the farther extent of that quality (otherwise to be commended) belongeth to the husband, who hath better means for it. Generosity wrong placed becometh vice. It is no more a virtue when it groweth into an inconvenience; virtues must be enlarged or restrained according

to differing circumstances. A princely mind will undo a private family. Therefore things must be suited, or else they will not deserve to be commended, let them in themselves be never so valuable; and the expectations of the world are best answered when we acquit ourselves in that manner which seemeth to be prescribed to our several conditions, without usurping upon those duties which do not so particularly belong to us.

I will close the consideration of this article of expense with this short word: do not fetter yourself with such a restraint in it as may make you remarkable; but remember that virtue is the greatest ornament, and good sense the best equipage.

BEHAVIOR AND CONVERSATION

It is time now to lead you out of your house into the world. A dangerous step; where your virtue alone will not secure you, except it is attended with a great deal of prudence. You must have both for your guard, and not stir without them. The enemy is abroad, and you are sure to be taken if you are found straggling. Your behavior is therefore to incline strongly towards the reserved part; your character is to be immovably fixed upon that bottom, not excluding a mixture of greater freedom, as far as it may be innocent and well timed. The extravagancies of the age have made caution more necessary; and by the same reason that the too great license of ill men hath by consequence in many things restrained the lawful liberty of those who did not abuse it, the unjustifiable freedoms of some of your sex have involved the rest in the penalty of being reduced. And though this cannot so alter the nature of things as to make that criminal which in itself is indifferent, yet, if it maketh it dangerous, that alone is sufficient to justify the restraint. A close behavior is the fittest to receive virtue for its constant guest, because there, and there only, it can be secure. Proper reserves are the outworks, and must never be deserted by those who intend to keep the place; they keep off the possibilities not only of being taken, but of

³ Literally, a lane. Here it means a private gathering, or "at home."

being attempted; and if a woman seeth danger, though at never so remote a distance, she is for that time to shorten her line of liberty. She who will allow herself to go to the utmost extent of everything that is lawful, is so very near going farther, that those who lie at watch will begin to count upon her.

Mankind, from the double temptation of vanity and desire, is apt to turn everything a woman doth to the hopeful side; and there are few who dare make an impudent application till they discern something which they are willing to take for an encouragement. It is safer, therefore, to prevent such forwardness than to go about to cure it. It gathereth strength by the first allowances, and claimeth a right from having been at any time suffered with impunity. Therefore, nothing is with more care to be avoided than such a kind of civility as may be taken for invitation; and it will not be enough for you to keep yourself free from any criminal engagements; for if you do that which either raiseth hopes or createth discourse, there is a spot thrown upon your good name; and those kind of stains are the harder to be taken out, being dropped upon you by the man's vanity, as well as by the woman's malice.

Most men are in one sense Platonic lovers, though they are not willing to own that character. They are so far philosophers as to allow that the greatest part of pleasure lieth in the mind; and in pursuance of that maxim, there are few who do not place the felicity more in the opinion of the world of their being prosperous lovers, than in the blessing itself, how much soever they appear to value it. This being so, you must be very cautious not to gratify these chameleons at the price of bringing a cloud upon your reputation, which may be deeply wounded, though your conscience is unconcerned.

Your own sex, too, will not fail to help the least appearance that giveth a handle to be ill turned. The best of them will not be displeased to improve their own value by laying others under a disadvantage, when there is a fair occasion given for it. It distinguisheth them still the more; their

own credit is more exalted, and, like a picture set off with shades, shineth more when a lady, either less innocent or less discreet, is set near, to make them appear so much the brighter. If these lend their breath to blast such as are so unwary as to give them this advantage, you may be sure there will be a stronger gale from those who, besides malice or emulation, have an interest too, to strike hard upon a virtuous woman. It seemeth to them that their load of infamy is lessened by throwing part of it upon others; so that they will not only improve it when it lieth in their way, but take pains to find out the least mistake an innocent woman committeth, in revenge of the injury she doth in leading a life which is a reproach to them. With these you must be extreme wary, and neither provoke them to be angry, nor invite them to be intimate.

To the men you are to have a behavior which may secure you without offending them. No ill-bred affected shyness, not a roughness, unsuitable to your sex, and unnecessary to your virtue; but a way of living that may prevent all coarse raileries or unmannerly freedoms; looks that forbid without rudeness, and oblige without invitation, or leaving room for the saucy inferences men's vanity suggesteth to them upon the least encouragements. This is so very nice that it must engage you to have a perpetual watch upon your eyes, and to remember that one careless glance giveth more advantage than a hundred words not enough considered; the language of the eyes being very much the most significant and the most observed.

Your civility, which is always to be preserved, must not be carried to a compliance which may betray you into irrecoverable mistakes. This French ambiguous word *complaisance* hath led your sex into more blame than all other things put together. It carrieth them by degrees into a certain thing called "a good kind of woman," an easy idle creature, that doth neither good nor ill but by chance, hath no choice, but leaveth that to the company she keepeth. Time, which by degrees addeth to the significance of words, hath made her, according to the modern style, little better than one who thinketh it a rudeness to

deny, when civilly required, either her service in person, or her friendly assistance to those who would have a meeting or want a confidant. She is a certain thing always at hand, an easy companion, who hath ever great compassion for distressed lovers; she censureth nothing but rigor, and is never without a plaster for a wounded reputation, in which chiefly lieth her skill in chirurgery. She seldom hath the propriety of any particular gallant, but liveth upon brokage, and waiteth for the scraps her friends are content to leave her.

There is another character not quite so criminal, yet not less ridiculous, which is that of "a good-humored woman," one who thinketh she must always be in a laugh, or a broad smile, because good humor is an obliging quality; thinketh it less ill-manners to talk impertinently than to be silent in company. When such a prating engine rideth admiral,⁴ and carrieth the lantern in a circle of fools, a cheerful coxcomb coming in for a recruit, the chattering of monkeys is a better noise than such a concert of senseless merriment. If she is applauded in it, she is so encouraged that, like a ballad-singer, who if commended, breaketh his lungs, she letteth herself loose, and overfloweth upon the company. She conceiveth that mirth is to have no intermission, and therefore she will carry it about with her, though it be to a funeral; and if a man should put a familiar question, she doth not know very well how to be angry, for then she would be no more that pretty thing called "a good-humored woman." This necessity of appearing at all times to be so infinitely pleased is a grievous mistake, since in a handsome woman that invitation is unnecessary, and in one who is not so, ridiculous. It is not intended by this that you should forswear laughing; but remember, that fools being always painted in that posture, it may fright those who are wise from doing it too frequently, and going too near a copy which is so little inviting; and much more from doing it loud, which is an unnatural sound, and looketh so much like another sex that few things are more offensive. That boisterous kind of jollity is as contrary to wit and

good manners as it is to modesty and virtue. Besides, it is a coarse kind of quality that throweth a woman into a lower form, and degradeth her from the rank of those who are more refined. Some ladies speak loud and make a noise to be the more minded, which looketh as if they beat their drums for volunteers, and if by misfortune none come in to them, they may, not without reason, be a good deal out of countenance.

There is one thing yet more to be avoided, which is the example of those who intend nothing farther than the vanity of conquest, and think themselves secure of not having their honor tainted by it. Some are apt to believe their virtue is too obscure, and not enough known, except it is exposed to a broader light, and set out to its best advantage, by some public trials. These are dangerous experiments, and generally fail, being built upon so weak a foundation as that of a too great confidence in ourselves. It is as safe to play with fire as to dally with gallantry. Love is a passion that hath friends in the garrison, and for that reason must by a woman be kept at such a distance that she may not be within the danger of doing the most usual thing in the world, which is conspiring against herself; else the humble gallant, who is only admitted as a trophy, very often becometh the conqueror; he putteth on the style of victory, and from an admirer groweth into a master, for so he may be called from the moment he is in possession. The first resolutions of stopping at good opinion and esteem grow weaker by degrees against the charms of courtship skillfully applied. A lady is apt to think a man speaketh so much reason whilst he is commending her, that she hath much ado to believe him in the wrong when he is making love to her. And when, besides the natural inducements your sex hath to be merciful, she is bribed by well-chosen flattery, the poor creature is in danger of being caught, like a bird listening to the whistle of one that hath a snare for it. Conquest is so tempting a thing, that it often maketh women mistake men's submissions; which, with all their fair appear-

⁴ The ship carrying the admiral or commander of the fleet.

ance, have generally less respect than art in them. You are to remember, that men who say extreme fine things many times say them most for their own sakes; and that the vain gallant is often as well pleased with his own compliments as he could be with the kindest answer. Where there is not that ostentation you are to suspect there is design. And as strong perfumes are seldom used but where they are necessary to smother an unwelcome scent, so excessive good words leave room to believe they are strewed to cover something which is to gain admittance under a disguise. You must, therefore, be upon your guard, and consider that, of the two, respect is more dangerous than anger. It puts even the best understandings out of their place for the time, till their second thoughts restore them. It stealeth upon us insensibly, throweth down our defences, and maketh it too late to resist, after we have given it that advantage. Whereas railing goeth away in sound; it hath so much noise in it that by giving warning it bespeaketh caution. Respect is a slow and a sure poison, and, like poison, swelleth us within ourselves. Where it prevaieth too much, it groweth to be a kind of apoplexy in the mind, turneth it quite round, and after it hath once seized the understanding, becometh mortal to it. For these reasons, the safest way is to treat it like a sly enemy, and to be perpetually upon the watch against it.

I will add one advice to conclude this head, which is, that you will let every seven years make some alteration in you towards the graver side, and not be like the girls of fifty, who resolve to be always young, whatever Time with his iron teeth hath determined to the contrary. Unnatural things carry a deformity in them never to be disguised; the liveliness of youth in a riper age looketh like a new patch upon an old gown; so that a gay matron, a cheerful old fool, may be reasonably put into the list of the tamer kind of monsters. There is a certain creature called a grave hobby-horse, a kind of a she-numps,⁵ that pretendeth to be pulled to a play, and must needs go to Bartholomew Fair, to look after the young folks, whom she only seem-

eth to make her care; in reality she taketh them for her excuse. Such an old butterfly is of all creatures the most ridiculous, and the soonest found out. It is good to be early in your caution, to avoid anything that cometh within distance of such despicable patterns, and not like some ladies, who defer their conversion till they have been so long in possession of being laughed at that the world doth not know how to change their style, even when they are reclaimed from that which gave the first occasion for it.

The advantages of being reserved are too many to set down; I will only say that it is a guard to a good woman, and a disguise to an ill one. It is of so much use to both that those ought to use it as an artifice who refuse to practise it as a virtue.

FRIENDSHIPS

I must in a particular manner recommend to you a strict care in the choice of your friendships. Perhaps the best are not without their objections, but however, be sure that yours may not stray from the rules which the wiser part of the world hath set to them. The leagues offensive and defensive seldom hold in politics, and much less in friendships. The violent intimacies, when once broken, of which they scarce ever fail, make such a noise; the bag of secrets untied, they fly about like birds let loose from a cage, and become the entertainment of the town. Besides, these great dearnesses by degrees grow injurious to the rest of your acquaintance, and throw them off from you. There is such an offensive distinction when the dear friend cometh into the room that it is flinging stones at the company, who are not apt to forgive it.

Do not lay out your friendship too lavishly at first, since it will, like other things, be so much the sooner spent; neither let it be of too sudden a growth; for as the plants which shoot up too fast are not of that continuance as those which take more time for it, so too swift a progress in pouring out your kindness is a certain sign that by the course of nature it will not be long-lived.

⁵ A she-fool.

You will be responsible to the world if you pitch upon such friends as at the time are under the weight of any criminal objection. In that case you will bring yourself under the disadvantages of their character, and must bear your part of it. Choosing implicitly approving; and if you fix upon a lady for your friend against whom the world shall have given judgment, 'tis not so well natured as to believe you are altogether averse to her way of living, since it doth not discourage you from admitting her into your kindness. And resemblance of inclinations being thought none of the least inducements of friendship, you will be looked upon at least as a well-wisher, if not a partner with her in her faults. If you can forgive them in another it may be presumed you will not be less gentle to yourself; and therefore you must not take it ill if you are reckoned a *croupière*, and condemned to pay an equal share with such a friend of the reputation she hath lost.

If it happeneth that your friend should fall from the state of innocence after your kindness was engaged to her, you may be slow in your belief in the beginning of the discovery; but as soon as you are convinced by a rational evidence, you must, without breaking too roughly, make a far and quick retreat from such a mistaken acquaintance. Else by moving too slowly from one that is so tainted, the contagion may reach you so far as to give you part of the scandal, though not of the guilt. This matter is so nice that as you must not be too hasty to join in the censure upon your friend when she is accused, so you are not on the other side to defend her with too much warmth; for if she should happen to deserve the report of common fame, besides the vexation that belongeth to such a mistake, you will draw an ill appearance upon yourself, and it will be thought you pleaded for her not without some consideration of yourself. The anger which must be put on to vindicate the reputation of an injured friend may incline the company to suspect you would not be so zealous if there was not a possibility that the case might be your own. For this reason you are not to carry your dearness so far as abso-

lutely to lose your sight where your friend is concerned. Because malice is too quick-sighted, it doth not follow that friendship must be blind. There is to be a mean between these two extremes, else your excess of good nature may betray you into a very ridiculous figure, and by degrees you may be preferred to such offices as you will not be proud of. Your ignorance may lessen the guilt, but will improve the jest upon you, who shall be kindly solicitous to procure a meeting, and innocently contribute to the ills you would avoid; whilst the contriving lovers, when they are alone, shall make you the subject of their mirth, and perhaps (with respect to the Goddess of Love be it spoken) it is not the worst part of their entertainment, at least it is the most lasting, to laugh at the believing friend who was so easily deluded.

Let the good sense of your friends be a chief ingredient in your choice of them; else, let your reputation be never so clear, it may be clouded by their impertinence. It is like our houses being in the power of a drunken or a careless neighbor; only a much worse, as that there will be no insurance here to make you amends, as there is in the case of fire.

To conclude this paragraph: if formality is to be allowed in any instance, it is to be put on to resist the invasion of such forward women as shall press themselves into your friendship, where, if admitted, they will either be a snare or an encumbrance.

CENSURE

I will come next to the consideration how you are to manage your censure, in which both care and skill will be a good deal required. To distinguish is not only natural but necessary; and the effect of it is that we cannot avoid giving judgment in our minds either to absolve or to condemn, as the case requireth. The difficulty is to know when and where it is fit to proclaim the sentence. An aversion to what is criminal, a contempt of what is ridiculous, are the inseparable companions of understanding and virtue; but the letting them go farther than our own thoughts hath so much danger

in it, that though it is neither possible nor fit to suppress them entirely, yet it is necessary they should be kept under very great restraints. An unlimited liberty of this kind is little less than sending a herald and proclaiming war to the world, which is as an angry beast when so provoked. The contest will be unequal, though you are never so much in the right; and if you begin against such an adversary it will tear you in pieces, with this justification, that it is done in its own defence. You must therefore take heed of laughing, except in company that is very sure. It is throwing snowballs against bullets; and it is the disadvantage of a woman that the malice of the world will help the brutality of those who will throw a slovenly untruth upon her. You are for this reason to suppress your impatience for fools who, besides that they are too strong a party to be unnecessarily provoked, are of all others the most dangerous in this case. A blockhead in his rage will return a dull jest that will lie heavy, though there is not a grain of wit in it. Others will do it with more art, and you must not think yourself secure because your reputation may perhaps be out of the reach of ill will; for if it findeth that part guarded it will seek one which is more exposed. It lieth, like a corrupt humor in the body, to the weakest part. If you have a tender side, the world will be sure to find it, and to put the worst color on all you say or do, give an aggravation to everything that may lessen you, and a spiteful turn to everything that might recommend you. Anger layeth open those defects which friendship would not see, and civility might be willing to forget. Malice needeth no such invitation to encourage it, neither are any pains more superfluous than those we take to be ill spoken of. If envy, which never dieth and seldom sleepeth, is content sometimes to be in a slumber, it is very unskilful to make a noise to awake it.

Besides, your wit will be misapplied if it is wholly directed to discern the faults of others, when it is so necessary to be often used to mend and prevent your own. The sending our thoughts too much abroad hath the same effect as when a family

never stayeth at home. Neglect and disorder naturally followeth as it must do within ourselves if we do not frequently turn our eyes inwards to see what is amiss with us; where it is a sign we have an unwelcome prospect, when we do not care to look upon it, but rather seek our consolations in the faults of those we converse with.

Avoid being the first in fixing a hard censure; let it be confirmed by the general voice before you give in to it; neither are you then to give sentence like a magistrate, or as if you had a special authority to bestow a good or ill name at your discretion. Do not dwell too long upon a weak side; touch and go away; take pleasure to stay longer where you can commend, like bees that fix only upon those herbs out of which they may extract the juice of which their honey is composed. A virtue stuck with bristles is too rough for this age; it must be adorned with some flowers, or else it will be unwillingly entertained; so that even where it may be fit to strike, do it like a lady, gently; and assure yourself that where you care to do it you will wound others more and hurt yourself less by soft strokes than by being harsh or violent.

The triumph of wit is to make your good nature subdue your censure; to be quick in seeing faults and slow in exposing them. You are to consider that the invisible thing called a good name is made up of the breath of numbers that speak well of you; so that if by a disobliging word you silence the meanest, the gale will be less strong which is to bear up your esteem. And though nothing is so vain as the eager pursuit of empty applause, yet to be well thought of and to be kindly used by the world is like a glory about a woman's head; 'tis a perfume she carrieth about with her, and leaveth wherever she goeth; 'tis a charm against ill-will. Malice may empty her quiver, but cannot wound; the dirt will not stick, the jests will not take. Without the consent of the world a scandal doth not go deep; it is only a slight stroke upon the injured party, and returneth with the greater force upon those that gave it.

VANITY AND AFFECTATION

I must with more than ordinary earnestness give you caution against vanity, it being the fault to which your sex seemeth to be the most inclined; and since affectation, for the most part, attendeth it; I do not know how to divide them. I will not call them twins, because more properly vanity is the mother, and affectation is the darling daughter; vanity is the sin, and affectation is the punishment; the first may be called the root of self-love, the other the fruit. Vanity is never at its full growth till it spreadeth into affectation, and then it is complete.

Not to dwell any longer upon the definition of them, I will pass to the means and motives to avoid them. In order to it, you are to consider, that the world challengeth the right of distributing esteem and applause; so that where any assume by their single authority to be their own carvers, it groweth angry and never faileth to seek revenge. And if we may measure a fault by the greatness of the penalty, there are few of a higher size than vanity, as there is scarce a punishment which can be heavier than that of being laughed at.

Vanity maketh a woman tainted with it so topful of herself, that she spillesh it upon the company. And because her own thoughts are entirely employed in self-contemplation, she endeavoreth, by a cruel mistake, to confine her acquaintance to the same narrow circle of that which only concerneth her ladyship, forgetting that she is not of half that importance to the world that she is to herself, so mistaken she is in her value by being her own appraiser. She will fetch such a compass in discourse to bring in her beloved self, and rather than fail, her fine petticoat, that there can hardly be a better scene than such a trial of ridiculous ingenuity. It is a pleasure to see her angle for commendations, and rise so dissatisfied with the ill-bred company if they will not bite. To observe her throwing her eyes about to fetch in prisoners and go about cruising like a privateer, and so out of countenance if she return without booty, is no ill piece of comedy. She is so eager to

draw respect that she always misseth it; yet thinketh it so much her due that when she faileth she groweth waspish, not considering that it is impossible to commit a rape upon the will; that it must be fairly gained, and will not be taken by storm; and that in this case, the tax ever riseth highest by a benevolence. If the world instead of admiring her imaginary excellencies, taketh the liberty to laugh at them, she appealeth from it to herself, for whom she giveth sentence, and proclaimeth it in all companies. On the other side, if encouraged by a civil word, she is so obliging that she will give thanks for being laughed at in good language. She taketh a compliment for a demonstration, and setteth it up as an evidence even against her looking-glass. But the good lady being all this while in a most profound ignorance of herself, forgetteth that men would not let her talk upon them, and throw so many senseless words at their heads, if they did not intend to put her person to fine and ransom for her impertinence. Good words of any other lady are so many stones thrown at her; she can by no means bear them; they make her so uneasy that she cannot keep her seat; but up she riseth, and goeth home half burst with anger and strait-lacing. If by great chance she saith anything that hath sense in it, she expecteth such an excessive rate of commendations that, to her thinking, the company ever riseth in her debt. She looketh upon rules as things made for the common people, and not for persons of her rank; and this opinion sometimes tempteth her to extend her prerogative to the dispensing with the Commandments. If by great fortune she happeneth in spite of her vanity, to be honest, she is so troublesome with it that, as far as in her lieth, she maketh a scurvy thing of it. Her bragging of her virtue looketh as if it cost her so much pains to get the better of herself that the inferences are very ridiculous. Her good humor is generally applied to the laughing at good sense. It would do one good to see how heartily she despiseth anything that is fit for her to do. The greatest part of her fancy is laid out in choosing her gown, as her discretion is chiefly employed in not paying for it. She is faithful to the

fashion, to which not only her opinion, but her senses, are wholly resigned; so obsequious she is to it that she would be ready to be reconciled even to virtue, with all its faults, if she had her dancing-master's word that it was practised at court.

To a woman so composed when affectation cometh in to prove her character, it is then raised to the highest perfection. She first setteth up for a fine thing, and for that reason will distinguish herself, right or wrong, in everything she doth. She would have it thought that she is made of so much the finer clay, and so much more sifted than ordinary, that she hath no common earth about her. To this end she must neither move nor speak like other women, because it would be vulgar; and therefore must have a language of her own, since ordinary English is too coarse for her. The looking-glass in the morning dictateth to her all the motions of the day, which by how much the more studied are so much the more mistaken. She cometh into a room as if her limbs were set-on with ill-made screws, which maketh the company fear the pretty thing should leave some of its artificial person upon the floor. She doth not like herself as God Almighty made her, but will have some of her own workmanship; which is so far from making her a better thing than a woman, that it turneth her into a worse creature than a monkey. She falleth out with Nature, against which she maketh war without admitting a truce, those moments excepted in which her gallant may reconcile her to it. When she hath a mind to be soft and languishing, there is something so unnatural in that affected easiness, that her frowns could not be by many degrees so forbidding. When she would appear unreasonably humble, one may see she is so excessively proud that there is no enduring it. There is such an impertinent smile, such a satisfied simper, when she faintly disowneth some fulsome commendation a man may happen to bestow upon her against his conscience, that her thanks for it are more visible under such a thin disguise than they could be if she should print them. If a handsomer woman taketh any liberty of dressing out of the ordinary rules, the mistaken lady

followeth without distinguishing the unequal pattern, and maketh herself uglier by an example misplaced, either forgetting the privilege of good looks in another, or presuming, without sufficient reason, upon her own. Her discourse is a senseless chime of empty words, a heap of compliments so equally applied to differing persons that they are neither valued nor believed. Her eyes keep pace with her tongue, and are therefore always in motion. One may discern that they generally incline to the compassionate side, and that, notwithstanding her pretence to virtue, she is gentle to distressed lovers, and ladies that are merciful. She will repeat the tender part of a play so feelingly that the company may guess, without injustice, she was not altogether a disinterested spectator. She thinketh that paint and sin are concealed by railing at them. Upon the latter she is less hard, and being divided between the two opposite prides of her beauty and her virtue, she is often tempted to give broad hints that somebody is dying for her; and of the two she is less unwilling to let the world think she may be sometimes profaned than that she is never worshipped.

Very great beauty may perhaps so dazzle for a time that men may not so clearly see the deformity of these affectations; but when the brightness goeth off, and that the lover's eyes are by that means set at liberty to see things as they are, he will naturally return to his senses, and recover the mistake into which the lady's good looks had at first engaged him, and being once undeceived, ceaseth to worship that as a goddess which he seeth is only an artificial shrine, moved by wheels and springs to delude him. Such women please only like the first opening of a scene that hath nothing to recommend it but the being new. They may be compared to flies, that have pretty shining wings for two or three hot months, but the first cold weather maketh an end of them; so the latter season of these fluttering creatures is dismal; from their nearest friends they receive a very faint respect; from the rest of the world, the utmost degree of contempt.

Let this picture supply the place of any other rules which might be given to prevent

your resemblance to it; the deformity of it, well considered, is instruction enough, from the same reason that the sight of a drunkard is a better sermon against that vice than the best that was ever preached upon that subject.

PRIDE

After having said this against vanity, I do not intend to apply the same censure to pride well placed and rightly defined. It is an ambiguous word; one kind of it is as much a virtue as the other is a vice. But we are naturally so apt to choose the worst that it is become dangerous to commend the best side of it.

A woman is not to be proud of her fine gown; nor, when she hath less wit than her neighbors, to comfort herself that she hath more lace. Some ladies put so much weight upon ornaments that, if one could see into their hearts, it would be found that even the thought of death is made less heavy to them by the contemplation of their being laid out in state, and honorably attended to the grave. One may come a good deal short of such an extreme, and yet still be sufficiently impertinent, by setting a wrong value upon things which ought to be used with more indifference. A lady must not appear solicitous to engross respect to herself, but be content with a reasonable distribution, and allow it to others, that she may have it returned to her. She is not to be troublesomely nice, nor distinguish herself by being too delicate, as if ordinary things were too coarse for her; this is an unmannerly and an offensive pride, and where it is practised deserveth to be mortified, of which it seldom faileth. She is not to lean too much upon her quality, much less to despise those who are below it. Some make quality an idol, and then their reason must fall down and worship it. They would have the world think that no amends can ever be made for the want of a great title or an ancient coat of arms. They imagine that with these advantages they stand upon the higher ground, which maketh them look down upon merit and virtue as things inferior to them. This mistake is not only senseless, but criminal too, in putting

a greater price upon that which is a piece of good luck, than upon things which are valuable in themselves. Laughing is not enough for such a folly; it must be severely whipped, as it justly deserves. It will be confessed there are frequent temptations given by pert upstarts to be angry, and by that to have our judgments corrupted in these cases; but they are to be resisted; and the utmost that is to be allowed is, when those of a new edition will forget themselves, so as either to brag of their weak side, or to endeavor to hide their meanness by their insolence, to cure them by a little seasonable raillery, a little sharpness well placed, without dwelling too long upon it.

These and many other kinds of pride are to be avoided.

That which is to be recommended to you is an emulation to raise yourself to a character, by which you may be distinguished; an eagerness for precedence in virtue and all such other things as may gain you a greater share of the good opinion of the world. Esteem to virtue is like a cherishing air to plants and flowers, which maketh them blow and prosper; and for that reason it may be allowed to be in some degree the cause as well as the reward of it. That pride which leadeth to a good end cannot be a vice, since it is the beginning of a virtue; and to be pleased with just applause is so far from a fault that it would be an ill symptom in a woman, who should not place the greatest part of her satisfaction in it. Humility is no doubt a great virtue, but it ceaseth to be so when it is afraid to scorn an ill thing. Against vice and folly it is becoming your sex to be haughty; but you must not carry the contempt of things to arrogance towards persons, and it must be done with fitting distinctions, else it may be inconvenient by being unseasonable. A pride that raiseth a little anger to be outdone in anything that is good will have so good an effect that it is very hard to allow it to be a fault.

It is no easy matter to carry even between these differing kinds so described; but remember that it is safer for a woman to be thought too proud than too familiar.

DIVERSIONS

The last thing I shall recommend to you is a wise and a safe method of using diversions. To be too eager in the pursuit of pleasure whilst you are young is dangerous; to catch at it in riper years is grasping a shadow; it will not be held. Besides, that by being less natural it groweth to be indecent. Diversions are the most properly applied to ease and relieve those who are oppressed by being too much employed. Those that are idle have no need of them, and yet they above all others give themselves up to them. To unbend our thoughts when they are too much stretched by our cares is not more natural than it is necessary; but to turn our whole life into a holiday, is not only ridiculous, but destroyeth pleasure instead of promoting it. The mind, like the body, is tired by being always in one posture; too serious breaketh, and too diverting looseneth it. It is variety that giveth the relish; so that diversions too frequently repeated grow first to be indifferent, and at last tedious. Whilst they are well chosen and well timed they are never to be blamed; but when they are used to an excess, though very innocent at first, they often grow to be criminal, and never fail to be impertinent.

Some ladies are bespoken for merry meetings, as Bessus⁶ was for duels. They are engaged in a circle of idleness, where they turn round for the whole year without the interruption of a serious hour. They know all the players' names, and are intimately acquainted with all the booths in Bartholomew Fair. No soldier is more obedient to the sound of his captain's trumpet than they are to that which summoneth them to a puppet-play or a monster. The spring that bringeth out flies and fools maketh them inhabitants of Hyde Park; in the winter they are an incumbrance to the playhouse, and the ballast of the drawing-room. The streets all this while are so weary of these daily faces that men's eyes are overlaid with them. The sight is glutted with fine things as the stomach with sweet ones; and when a fair lady will give too much of herself to the world she groweth

luscious, and oppresseth instead of pleasing. These jolly ladies do so continually seek diversion that in a little time they grow into a jest, yet are unwilling to remember that if they were seldomer seen they would not be so often laughed at. Besides, they make themselves cheap, than which there cannot be an unkindler word bestowed upon your sex.

To play sometimes, to entertain company, or to divert yourself, is not to be disallowed, but to do it so often as to be called a gamester, is to be avoided, next to the things that are most criminal. It hath consequences of several kinds not to be endured; it will engage you into a habit of idleness and ill hours, draw you into ill-mixed company, make you neglect your civilities abroad and your business at home, and impose into your acquaintance such as will do you no credit.

To deep play there will be yet greater objections. It will give occasion to the world to ask spiteful questions—how you dare venture to lose, and what means you have to pay such great sums. If you pay exactly, it will be inquired from whence the money cometh. If you owe, and especially to a man, you must be so very civil to him for his forbearance, that it layeth a ground of having it farther improved if the gentleman is so disposed, who will be thought no unfair creditor if where the estate faileth he seizeth upon the person. Besides, if a lady could see her own face upon an ill game at a deep stake, she would certainly forswear anything that could put her looks under such a disadvantage.

To dance sometimes will not be imputed to you as a fault; but remember that the end of your learning it was that you might the better know how to move gracefully. It is only an advantage so far. When it goeth beyond it, one may call it excelling in a mistake, which is no very great commendation. It is better for a woman never to dance, because she hath no skill in it, than to do it too often because she doth it well. The easiest as well as the safest method of doing it is in private companies, amongst particular friends, and then carelessly, like a diversion, rather than with

⁶ A character in Beaumont and Fletcher's *A King and No King*.

solemnity, as if it was a business, or had anything in it to deserve a month's preparation by serious conference with a dancing master.

Much more might be said to all these heads, and many more might be added to them. But I must restrain my thoughts, which are full of my dear child, and would overflow into a volume, which would not be fit for a New Year's gift. I will conclude with my warmest wishes for all that is good to you: that you may live so as to be an ornament to your family, and a pattern to your sex; that you may be blessed with a husband that may value, and with children that may inherit, your virtue; that you may shine in the world by a true light, and silence envy by deserving to be es-

teemed; that wit and virtue may both conspire to make you a great figure. When they are separated, the first is so empty, and the other so faint, that they scarce have right to be commended. May they therefore meet and never part; let them be your guardian angels, and be sure never to stray out of the distance of their joint protection. May you so raise your character, that you may help to make the next age a better thing, and leave posterity in your debt for the advantage it shall receive by your example.

Let me conjure you, my dearest, to comply with this kind ambition of a father, whose thoughts are so engaged in your behalf, that he reckoneth your happiness to be the greatest part of his own.

THE CHARACTER OF A TRIMMER

(Text: first collected edition, 1700)

THE PREFACE

It must be more than an ordinary provocation that can tempt a man to write in an age over-run with scribblers, as Egypt was with flies and locusts. That worst vermin of small authors hath given the world such a surfeit, that instead of desiring to write, a man would be more inclined to wish, for his own ease, that he could not read. But there are some things which do so raise our passions that our reason can make no resistance; and when madmen in two extremes shall agree to make common sense treason, and join to fix an ill character upon the only men in the nation who deserve a good one, I am no longer master of my better resolution to let the world alone, and must break loose from my more reasonable thoughts to expose these false coiners, who would make their copper wares pass upon us for good payment.

Amongst all the engines of dissension, there hath been none more powerful in all times than the fixing names upon one another of contumely and reproach; and the reason is plain, in respect of the people, who though generally they are incapable of making a syllogism or forming an argu-

ment, yet they can pronounce a word; and that serveth their turn to throw it with their dull malice at the head of those they do not like. Such things ever begin in jest and end in blood, and the same word which at first maketh the company merry groweth in time to a military signal to cut one another's throats.

These mistakes are to be lamented, though not easily cured, being suitable enough to the corrupted nature of mankind; but 'tis hard that men will not only invent ill names but they will wrest and misinterpret good ones; so afraid some are even of a reconciling sound, that they raise another noise to keep it from being heard, lest it should set up and encourage a dangerous sort of men, who prefer peace and agreement before violence and confusion.

Were it not for this, why, after we have played the fool with throwing Whig and Tory at one another, as boys do snowballs, do we grow angry at a new name, which by its true signification might do as much to put us into our wits as the other hath done to put us out of them?

This innocent word Trimmer signifieth no more than this: that if men are together in a boat, and one part of the company

would weigh it down on one side, another would make it lean as much to the contrary; it happeneth there is a third opinion of those who conceive it would do as well if the boat went even, without endangering the passengers; now it is hard to imagine by what figure in language or by what rule in sense this cometh to be a fault, and it is much more a wonder it should be thought a heresy.

But so it happeneth, that the poor Trimmer hath now all the powder spent upon him alone, while the Whig is a forgotten, or at least a neglected enemy; there is no danger now to the state (if some men may be believed) but from the beast called a Trimmer; take heed of him, he is the instrument that must destroy church and state; a strange kind of monster, whose deformity is so exposed, that were it a true picture that is made of him, it would be enough to fright children and make women miscarry at the sight of it.

But it may be worth the examining whether he is such a beast as he is painted. I am not of that opinion, and am so far from thinking him an infidel either in church or state that I am neither afraid to expose the articles of his faith in relation to government, nor to say that I prefer them before any other political creed, that either our angry divines or our refined statesmen would impose upon us.

I have therefore in the following discourse endeavored to explain the Trimmer's principles and opinions, and then leave it to all discerning and impartial judges, whether he can with justice be so arraigned, and whether those who deliberately pervert a good name do not very justly deserve the worst that can be put upon themselves.

THE TRIMMER'S OPINION OF THE LAWS AND GOVERNMENT

Our Trimmer, as he hath a great veneration for laws in general, so he hath a more particular for our own. He looketh upon them as the chains that tie up our unruly passions, which else, like wild beasts let loose, would reduce the world into its first state of barbarism and hostility; the good

things we enjoy, we owe to them; and all the ill things we are freed from is by their protection.

God himself thought it not enough to be a creator, without being a lawgiver; and his goodness had been defective towards mankind in making them, if he had not prescribed rules to make them happy too.

All laws flow from that of Nature, and where that is not the foundation, they may be legally imposed, but they will be lamely obeyed. By this Nature is not meant that which fools and madmen misquote to justify their excesses; it is innocent and uncorrupted Nature, that which disposeth men to choose virtue, without its being prescribed, and which is so far from inspiring ill thoughts into us, that we take pains to suppress the good ones it infuseth.

The civilized world hath ever paid a willing subjection to laws; even conquerors have done homage to them; as the Romans, who took patterns of good laws even from those they had subdued; and at the same time that they triumphed over an enslaved people, the very laws of that place did not only remain safe, but became victorious. Their new masters, instead of suppressing them, paid them more respect than they had from those who first made them; and by this wise method they arrived at such an admirable constitution of laws, that to this day they reign by them. This excellency of them triumpheth still, and the world payeth now an acknowledgment of their obedience to that mighty empire, though so many ages after it is dissolved. And by a later instance, the kings of France, who in practice use their laws pretty familiarly, yet think their picture is drawn with most advantage upon their seals, when they are placed in the seat of justice; and though the hieroglyphic is not there of so much use to the people as they would wish, yet it showeth that no prince is so great as not to think fit, for his own credit at least, to give an outward when he refuseth a real worship to the laws.

They are to mankind that which the sun is to plants, whilst it cherisheth and preserveth them. Where they have their force and are not clouded or suppressed, everything smileth and flourisheth; but where

they are darkened and not suffered to shine out, it maketh everything to wither and decay.

They secure man not only against one another, but against themselves too; they are a sanctuary to which the Crown hath occasion to resort as often as the people, so that it is an interest as well as a duty to preserve them.

There would be no end of making a panegyric of laws; let it be enough to add that without laws the world would become a wilderness, and men little less than beasts; but with all this, the best things may come to be the worst, if they are not in good hands; and if it be true that the wisest men generally make the laws, it is true that the strongest do often interpret them. And as rivers belong as much to the channel where they run as to the spring from whence they first rise, so the laws depend as much upon the pipes through which they are to pass as upon the fountain from whence they flow.

The authority of a king who is head of the law, as well as the dignity of public justice, is debased when the clear stream of the law is puddled and disturbed by bunglers, or conveyed by unclean instruments to the people.

Our Trimmer would have them appear in their full lustre, and would be grieved to see the day when, instead of speaking with authority from the seats of justice, they should speak out of a grate, with a lamenting voice like prisoners that desire to be rescued.

He wisheth that the Bench may have a natural as well as a legal superiority to the Bar; he thinketh men's abilities very much misplaced when the reason of him that pleadeth is visibly too strong for those who judge and give sentence.

When those from the Bar seem to dictate to their superiors upon the Bench, their furs will look scurvily about them, and the respect of the world will leave the bare character of a judge, to follow the essential knowledge of a lawyer, who may be greater in himself than the other can be with all his trappings.

An uncontested superiority in any calling

will have the better of any discountenance⁷ that authority can put upon it, and therefore if ever such an unnatural method should be introduced it is then that Westminster Hall might be said to stand upon its head, and though justice itself can never be so, yet the administration of it would be rendered ridiculous.

A judge hath such power lodged in him that the king will never be thought to have chosen well where the voice of mankind hath not beforehand recommended the man to his station; when men are made judges of what they do not understand, the world censureth such a choice, not out of ill will to the men, but fear for themselves.

If the king had the sole power of choosing physicians, men would tremble to see bunglers preferred, yet the necessity of taking physic from a doctor is generally not so great as that of receiving justice from a judge. And yet the inferences will be very severe in such cases, for either it will be thought that such men bought what they were not able to deserve, or, which is as bad, that obedience shall be looked upon as a better qualification in a judge than skill or integrity, when such sacred things as the laws are not only touched but guided by profane hands. Men will fear that out of the tree of the law, from whence we expect shade and shelter, such workmen will make cudgels to beat us with, or rather they will turn the cannon upon our properties that were entrusted with them for their defence.

To see the laws mangled, disguised, speak quite another language than their own; to see them thrown from the dignity of protecting mankind to the disgraceful office of destroying them; and, notwithstanding their innocence in themselves, to be made the worst instruments that the most refined villainy can make use of, will raise men's anger above the power of laying it down again, and tempt them to follow the evil examples given them of judging without hearing, when so provoked by their desire of revenge. Our Trimmer therefore, as he thinketh the laws are jewels, so he believeth they are nowhere better set than in the constitution of our English govern-

⁷ The text reads "distinct name." The reading, "discountenance," is Miss Foxcroft's emendation.

ment, if rightly understood and carefully preserved.

It would be too great partiality to say they are perfect or liable to no objection; such things are not of this world; but if they have more excellencies and fewer faults than any other we know, it is enough to recommend them to our esteem.

The dispute which is a greater beauty, a monarchy or a commonwealth, hath lasted long between their contending lovers, and they have behaved themselves so like lovers (who in good manners must be out of their wits), who used such figures to exalt their own idols on either side, and such angry aggravations to reproach one another in the contest, that moderate men have in all times smiled upon this eagerness, and thought it differed very little from a downright frenzy. We in England, by a happy use of the controversy, conclude them both in the wrong and reject them from being our pattern, not taking the words in the utmost extent, which is, monarchy, a thing that leaveth men no liberty, and a commonwealth, such a one as alloweth them no quiet.

We think that a wise mean between these barbarous extremes is that which self-preservation ought to dictate to our wishes; and we may say we have attained to this mean in a greater measure, than any nation now in being, or perhaps any we have read of, though never so much celebrated for the wisdom or felicity of their constitutions. We take from one the too great power of doing hurt and yet leave enough to govern and protect us; we take from the other the confusion, the parity, the animosities, and the license, and yet reserve a due care of such a liberty as may consist with men's allegiance; but it being hard, if not impossible, to be exactly even, our government hath much the stronger bias towards monarchy, which by the general consent and practice of mankind seemeth to have the advantage in dispute against a commonwealth. The rules of a commonwealth are too hard for the bulk of mankind to come up to; that form of government requireth such a spirit to carry it on as doth not dwell in great numbers, but is restrained to so very few, especially in this

age, that let the methods appear never so reasonable in paper, they must fail in practice, which will ever be suited more to men's nature as it is than as it should be.

Monarchy is liked by the people for the bells and tinsel, the outward pomp and gilding; and there must be milk for babes, since the greatest part of mankind are and ever will be included in that list; and it is approved by wise and thinking men (all circumstances and objections impartially considered) that it hath so great an advantage above all other forms, when the administration of that power falleth in good hands, that all other governments look out of countenance, when they are set in competition with it. Lycurgus might have saved himself the trouble of making laws if either he had been immortal, or that he could have secured to posterity a succeeding race of princes like himself; his own example was a better law than he could with all his skill tell how to make; such a prince is a living law that dictateth to his subjects, whose thoughts in that case never rise above their obedience; the confidence they have in the virtue and knowledge of the master preventing the scruples and apprehensions to which men are naturally inclined in relation to those that govern them. Such a magistrate is the life and soul of justice, whereas the law is but a body and a dead one, too, without his influence to give it warmth and vigor; and by the irresistible power of his virtue he doth so reconcile dominion and allegiance that all disputes between them are silenced and subdued. And indeed no monarchy can be perfect and absolute without exception but where the prince is superior by his virtue as well as by his character and his power. So that to screw out precedents of unlimited power is a plain diminution to a prince that nature hath made great, and who had better make himself a glorious example to posterity than borrow an authority from dark records raised out of the grave, which, besides their non-usage, have always in them matter of controversy and debate. And it may be affirmed that the instances are very rare of princes having the warst in the dispute with their people, if they were eminent for justice in time of peace or conduct in time

of war; such advantage the Crown giveth to those who adorn it by their own personal virtues.

But since for the greater honor of good and wise princes, and the better to set off their character by the comparison, Heaven hath decreed there must be a mixture, and that such as are perverse or insufficient, or perhaps both, are at least to have their equal turns in the government of the world; and besides, that the will of man is so various, and so unbounded a thing, and so fatal too when joined with power misapplied, it is no wonder if those who are to be governed are unwilling to have so dangerous as well as so uncertain a standard of their obedience.

There must be therefore rules and laws; for want of which, or at least the observation of them, it was as capital for a man to say that Nero did not play well upon the lute as to commit treason or blaspheme the Gods. And even Vespasian himself had like to have lost his life for sleeping whilst he should have attended and admired that emperor's impertinence upon the stage. There is a wantonness in great power that men are generally too apt to be corrupted with; and for that reason a wise prince, to prevent the temptation arising from common frailty, would choose to govern by rules for his own sake, as well as for his people's, since it only secureth him from errors, and doth not lessen the real authority that a good magistrate would care to be possessed of; for if the will of a prince is contrary either to reason itself, or to the universal opinion of his subjects, the law by a kind restraint rescueth him from a disease that would undo him; if his will on the other side is reasonable and well directed, that will immediately become a law, and he is arbitrary by an easy and natural consequence, without taking pains or overturning the world for it.

If princes consider laws as things imposed on them, they have the appearance of fetters of iron, but to such as would make them their choice as well as their practice they are chains of gold; and in that respect are ornaments, as in others they are a defence to them. And, by a comparison not improper for God's vice-

gerents upon earth, as our Maker never commandeth our obedience to anything that as reasonable creatures we ought not to make our own election, so a good and wise governor, though all laws were abolished would, by the voluntary direction of his own reason, do without restraint the very same things that they would have enjoined.

Our Trimmer thinketh that the king and kingdom ought to be one creature, not to be separated in their political capacity; and when either of them undertake to act apart, it is like the crawling of worms after they are cut in pieces, which cannot be a lasting motion, the whole creature not stirring at a time. If the body have a dead palsy, the head cannot make it move; and God hath not yet delegated such a healing power to princes as that they can in a moment say to a languishing people oppressed and in despair, Take up your bed and walk.

The figure of a king is so comprehensive and exalted a thing that it is a kind of degrading him to lodge that power separately in his own natural person, which can never be safely or naturally great but where the people are so united to him as to be flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone. For when he is reduced to the single definition of a man he sinketh into so low a character that it is a temptation upon men's allegiance, and an impairing that veneration which is necessary to preserve their duty to him; whereas a prince who is so joined to his people that they seem to be his limbs, rather than his subjects; clothed with mercy and justice rightly applied in their several places; his throne supported by love as well as by power; and the warm wishes of his devoted subjects, like never-failing incense, still ascending towards him, looketh so like the best image we can frame to ourselves of God Almighty that men would have much ado not to fall down and worship him, and would be much more tempted to the sin of idolatry than to that of disobedience.

Our Trimmer is of opinion, that there must be so much dignity inseparably annexed to the royal function as may be sufficient to secure it from insolence and con-

tempt; and there must be condescensions from the Throne, like kind showers from Heaven, that the prince may look so much the more like God Almighty's deputy upon earth. For power without love hath a terrifying aspect, and the worship which is paid to it is like that which the Indians give out of fear to wild beasts and devils. He that feareth God only because there is an hell, must wish there were no God; and he who feareth the king only because he can punish, must wish there were no king. So that, without a principle of love, there can be no true allegiance; and there must remain perpetual seeds of resistance against a power that is built upon such an unnatural foundation as that of fear and terror. All force is a kind of foul play, and whosoever aimeth at it himself doth by implication allow it to those he playeth with; so that there will be ever matter prepared in the minds of people when they are provoked, and the prince, to secure himself, must live in the midst of his own subjects as if he were in a conquered country, raise arms as if he were immediately to meet or resist an invasion, and all this while sleep as unquietly from the fear of the remedies, as he did before from that of the disease; it being hard for him to forget that more princes have been destroyed by the guards than by their people; and that even at the time when the rule was *Quod principi placuit lex esto*, the armies and Prætorian Bands which were the instruments of that unruly power were frequently the means made use of to destroy them who had it. There will ever be this difference between God and his vicegerents, that God is still above the instruments he useth, and out of the danger of receiving hurt from them. But princes can never lodge power in any hands which may not at some time turn it back upon them; for though it is possible enough for a king to have power to satisfy his ambition, yet no kingdom hath money enough to satisfy the avarice of under-workmen, who learn from that prince who will exact more than belongeth to him to expect from him much more than they deserve, and, growing angry upon the first disappointment, they are the devils which grow terrible to the conjurers them-

selves who brought them up, and can't send them down again. And besides that there can be no lasting radical security but where the governed are satisfied with the governors, it must be a dominion very unpleasant to a prince of an elevated mind to impose an abject and sordid servility instead of receiving the willing sacrifice of duty and obedience. The bravest princes in all times, who were incapable of any other kind of fear, have feared to grieve their own people; such a fear is a glory, and in this sense 'tis an infamy not to be a coward. So that the mistaken heroes who are void of this generous kind of fear need no other aggravation to complete their ill characters.

When a despotic prince hath bruised all his subjects with a slavish obedience, all the force he can use cannot subdue his own fears, enemies of his own creation, to which he can never be reconciled, it being impossible to do injustice and not to fear revenge. There is no cure for this fear but the not deserving to be hurt; and therefore a prince who doth not allow his thoughts to stray beyond the rules of justice hath always the blessing of an inward quiet and assurance as a natural effect of his good meaning to his people; and though he will not neglect due precautions to secure himself in all events, yet he is incapable of entertaining vain and remote suspicions of those of whom he resolveth never to deserve ill.

It is very hard for a prince to fear rebellion, who neither doth, nor intendeth to do, anything to provoke it; therefore too great a diligence in the governors to raise and improve dangers and fears from the people is no very good symptom, and naturally begetteth an inference that they have thoughts of putting their subjects' allegiance to a trial; and therefore, not without some reason, fear beforehand that the irregularities they intend may raise men to a resistance.

Our Trimmer thinketh it no advantage to a government to endeavor the suppressing all kinds of right which may remain in the body of the people, or to employ small authors in it whose officiousness or want of money may encourage them to write,

though it is not very easy to have abilities equal to such a subject. They forget that in their too high-strained arguments for the rights of princes, they very often plead against human nature, which will always give a bias to those reasons which seem of her side. It is the people that readeth those books and it is the people that must judge of them; and therefore no maxims should be laid down for the right of government to which there can be any reasonable objection; for the world hath an interest, and for that reason is more than ordinary discerning to find out the weak sides of such arguments as are intended to do them hurt; and it is a diminution to a government to promote or countenance such well-affected mistakes which are turned upon it with disadvantage whenever they are detected and exposed. And naturally the too earnest endeavors to take from men the right they have, tempt them, by the example, to claim that which they have not.

In power, as in most things, the way for princes to keep it, is not to grasp more than their arms can well hold; the nice and unnecessary inquiring into these things, or the licensing some books and suppressing some others without sufficient reason to justify the doing either, is so far from being an advantage to a government that it exposeth it to the censure of being partial, and to the suspicion of having some hidden designs to be carried on by these unusual methods.

When all is said, there is a natural reason of state, an undefinable thing, grounded upon the common good of mankind, which is immortal, and in all changes and revolutions still preserveth its original right of saving a nation, when the letter of the law perhaps would destroy it; and by whatsoever means it moveth, carrieth a power with it that admitteth of no opposition, being supported by Nature, which inspireth an immediate consent at some critical times into every individual member, to that which visibly tendeth to preservation of the whole; and this being so, a wise prince, instead of controverting the right of this reason of state, will by all means

endeavor it may be of his side, and then he will be secure.

Our Trimmer cannot conceive that the power of any prince can be lasting, but where 'tis built upon the foundation of his own unborrowed virtue; he must not only be the first mover and the fountain from whence the great acts of state originally flow, but he must be thought so to his people that they may preserve their veneration for him; he must be jealous of his power, and not impart so much of it to any about him as that he may suffer an eclipse by it.

He cannot take too much care to keep himself up, for when a prince is thought to be led by those with whom he should only advise, and that the commands he giveth are transmitted through him, and are not of his own growth, the world will look upon him as a bird adorned with feathers that are not his own, or consider him rather as an engine⁸ than a living creature; besides, 'twould be a contradiction for a prince to fear a commonwealth and at the same time create one himself, by delegating such a power to any number of men near him as is inconsistent with the figure of a monarch; it is the worst kind of coördination the Crown can submit to; for it is the exercise of power that draweth the respect along with it, and when that is parted with, the bare character of a king is not sufficient to keep it up. But though it is a diminution to a prince to parcel out so liberally his power amongst his favorites, it is worse to divide it with any other man, and to bring himself in competition with a single rival; a partner in government is so unnatural a thing that it is a squint-eyed allegiance that must be paid to such a double-bottomed monarchy. The two Czars of Muscovy⁹ are an example that the most civilized part of the world will not be prone to follow. Whatsoever gloss may be put upon this method by those to whom it may be of some use, the prince will do well to remember and reflect upon the story of certain men who had set up a statue in honor of the sun, yet in a very little time they turned their backs to the sun, and their faces to the statue.

⁸ *I.e.*, a tool.

⁹ Peter (the Great) and his brother, Ivan, were joint Czars until the death of the latter.

These mystical unions are better placed in the other world than they are in this, and we shall have much ado to find that in a monarchy God's vicegerency is delegated to more heads than that which is anointed.

Princes may lend some of their light to make another shine, but they must still preserve the superiority of being the brighter planet, and when it happeneth that the reversion is in men's eyes, there is more care necessary to keep up the dignity of possession that men may not forget who is king, either out of their hopes or fears who shall be. If the sun should part with all his light to any other stars, the Indians would not know where to find their God, after he had so deposed himself, and would make the light (wherever it went) the object of their worship.

All usurpation is alike upon sovereignty, it is no matter from what hand it cometh, and crowned heads are to be the more circumspect in respect men's thoughts are naturally apt to ramble beyond what is present; they love to work at a distance, and in their greedy expectations which their minds may be filled with of a new master, the old one may be left to look a little out of countenance.

Our Trimmer owneth a passion for liberty, yet so restrained that it doth not in the least impair or taint his allegiance; he thinketh it hard for a soul that doth not love liberty ever to raise itself to another world; he taketh it to be the foundation of all virtue, and the only seasoning that giveth a relish to life; and though the laziness of a slavish subjection hath its charms for the more gross and earthly part of mankind, yet to men made of a better sort of clay, all that the world can give without liberty hath no taste. It is true nothing is sold so cheap by unthinking men; but that doth no more lessen the real value of it than a country fellow's ignorance doth that of a diamond in selling it for a pot of ale. Liberty is the mistress of mankind; she hath powerful charms which do so dazzle us that we find beauties in her which perhaps are not there, as we do in other mistresses. Yet if she was not a beauty, the world would not run mad for her; therefore, since the reasonable desire

of it ought not to be restrained, and that even the unreasonable desire of it cannot be entirely suppressed, those who would take it away from a people possessed of it are likely to fail in the attempting, or be very unquiet in the keeping of it.

Our Trimmer admireth our blessed constitution, in which dominion and liberty are so well reconciled; it giveth to the prince the glorious power of commanding freemen, and to the subjects the satisfaction of seeing the power so lodged as that their liberties are secure. It doth not allow the Crown such a ruining power as that no grass can grow where'er it treadeth, but a cherishing and protecting power; such a one as hath a grim aspect only to the offending subjects, but is the joy and the pride of all the good ones; their own interest being so bound up in it as to engage them to defend and support it. And though in some instances the king is restrained, yet nothing in the government can move without him; our laws make a distinction between vassalage and obedience; between a devouring prerogative and a licentious ungovernable freedom; and as of all the orders of building the composite is the best, so ours by a happy mixture and a wise choice of what is best in others, is brought into a form that is our felicity who live under it, and the envy of our neighbors that cannot imitate it.

The Crown hath power sufficient to protect our liberties. The people have so much liberty as is necessary to make them useful to the Crown.

Our government is in a just proportion, no tympany, no unnatural swelling either of power or liberty; and whereas in all overgrown monarchies, reason, learning, and inquiry are hanged in effigy for mutineers, here they are encouraged and cherished as the surest friends to a government established upon the foundation of law and justice. When all is done, those who look for perfection in this world may look as the Jews have for their Messiah; and therefore our Trimmer is not so unreasonably partial as to free our government from all objections. No doubt there have been fatal instances of its sickness, and more than that, of its mortality for some time;

though by a miracle it hath been revived again; but till we have another race of mankind, in all constitutions that are bounded there will ever be some matter of strife and contention, and, rather than want pretensions, men's passions and interests will raise them from the most inconsiderable causes.

Our government is like our climate. There are winds which are sometimes loud and unquiet; and yet, with all the trouble they give us, we owe part of our health unto them; they clear the air, which else would be like a standing pool, and instead of refreshment would be a disease unto us.

There may be fresh gales of asserting liberty without turning into such storms of hurricane as that the state should run any hazard of being cast away by them. These strugglings, which are natural to all mixed governments, while they are kept from growing into convulsions do by a mutual agitation from the several parts rather support and strengthen than weaken or maim the constitution; and the whole frame, instead of being torn or disjointed, cometh to be the better and closer knit by being thus exercised. But whatever faults our government may have, or a discerning critic may find in it, when he looketh upon it alone, let any other be set against it, and then it sheweth its comparative beauty; let us look upon the most glittering outside of unbounded authority, and upon a nearer inquiry we shall find nothing but poor and miserable deformity within. Let us imagine a prince living in his kingdom, as if in a great galley, his subjects tugging at the oar, laden with chains, and reduced to real rags, that they may gain him imaginary laurels; let us represent him gazing among his flatterers, and receiving their false worship, like a child never contradicted, and therefore always cozened, or like a lady complimented only to be abused; condemned never to hear truth, and consequently never to do justice; wallowing in the soft bed of wanton and unbridled greatness, not less odious to the instruments themselves than to the objects of his tyranny; blown up into an ambitious dropsy, never to be satisfied by the conquest of other people or by the

oppression of his own. By aiming to be more than a man, he falleth lower than the meanest of them, a mistaken creature, swelled with panegyrics, and flattered out of his senses, and not only an incumbrance, but a nuisance to mankind, a hardened and unrelenting soul; and, like some creatures that grow fat with poisons, he groweth great by other men's miseries; an ambitious ape of the Divine greatness, an unruly giant that would storm even heaven itself, but that his scaling-ladders are not long enough; in short, a wild and devouring creature in rich trappings, and with all his pride, no more than a whip in God Almighty's hand, to be thrown into the fire when the world hath been sufficiently scourged with it. This picture laid in right colors would not incite men to wish for such a government, but rather to acknowledge the happiness of our own, under which we enjoy all the privilege reasonable men can desire, and avoid all the miseries many others are subject to; so that our Trimmer would keep it with all its faults, and doth as little forgive those who give the occasion of breaking it, as he doth those that take it.

Our Trimmer is a friend to parliaments, notwithstanding all their faults and excesses, which of late have given such matter of objection to them; he thinketh that though they may at some times be troublesome to authority, yet they add the greatest strength to it under a wise administration; he believeth no government is perfect except a kind of omnipotence reside in it to exercise upon great occasions. Now this cannot be obtained by force alone upon people, let it be never so great; there must be their consent, too, or else a nation moveth only by being driven, a sluggish and constrained motion, void of that life and vigor which is necessary to produce great things, whereas the virtual consent of the whole being included in their representatives, and the king giving the sanction to the united sense of the people, every act done by such an authority seemeth to be an effect of their choice as well as a part of their duty; and they do, with an eagerness of which men are incapable whilst under a force, execute whatsoever is so

enjoined as their own wills, better explained by parliament, rather than from the terror of incurring the penalty of the law for omitting it. And by means of this political omnipotence, whatever sap or juice there is in a nation, may be to the last drop produced, whilst it riseth naturally from the root; whereas all power exercised without consent is like the giving wounds and gashes and tapping a tree at unseasonable times for the present occasion, which in a very little time must needs destroy it.

Our Trimmer believeth that by the advantage of our situation, there can hardly any such sudden disease come upon us, but that the king may have time enough left to consult with his physicians in parliament. Pretenses indeed may be made, but a real necessity so pressing that no delay is to be admitted is hardly to be imagined, and it will be neither easy to give an instance of any such thing for the time past, or reasonable to presume it will ever happen for the time to come. But if that strange thing should fall out, our Trimmer is not so strait-laced as to let a nation die or to be stifled rather than it should be helped by any but the proper officers. The cases themselves will bring the remedies along with them; and he is not afraid to allow that, in order to its preservation, there is a hidden power in government, which would be lost if it was defined, a certain mystery, by virtue of which a nation may at some critical times be secured from ruin; but then it must be kept as a mystery; it is rendered useless when touched by unskilful hands, and no government ever had, or deserved to have, that power which was so unwary as to anticipate their claim to it. Our Trimmer cannot help thinking it had been better if the Triennial Act had been observed; because 'tis the law, and he would not have the Crown by such an example teach the nation to break it; all irregularity is catching, it hath a contagion in it, especially in an age so much more inclined to follow ill patterns than good ones.

He would have had a parliament, because 'tis an essential part of the constitution, even without the law, it being the only pro-

vision in extraordinary cases in which there would be otherwise no remedy, and there can be no greater solecism in government than a failure of justice.

He would have had one because nothing else can unite and heal us; all other means are mere shifts and projects, houses of cards, to be blown down with the least breath, and cannot resist the difficulties which are ever presumed in things of this kind. And he would have had one because it might have done the king good, and could not possibly have done him hurt without his consent, which in that case is not to be supposed; and therefore for him to fear it is so strange and so little to be comprehended that the reasons can never be presumed to grow in our soil, or to thrive in it when transplanted from any other country. And no doubt there are such irresistible arguments for calling a parliament, that though it might be denied to the unmannerly mutinous petitions of men that are malicious and disaffected, it will be granted to the soft obsequious murmurs of his Majesty's best subjects, and there will be such rhetoric in their silent grief, that it will at last prevail against the artifices of those who, either out of guilt or interest, are afraid to throw themselves upon their country, knowing how scurvily they have used it. That day of judgment will come, though we know neither the day nor the hour. And our Trimmer will live so as to be prepared for it, with full assurance in the meantime that the lamenting voice of a nation cannot long be resisted, and that a prince who could so easily forgive his people when they had been in the wrong cannot fail to hear them when they are in the right.

THE TRIMMER'S OPINION CONCERNING THE PROTESTANT RELIGION

Religion hath such a superiority above other things, and that indispensable influence upon all mankind, that it is as necessary to our living happy in this world as it is to our being saved in the next. Without it man is an abandoned creature, one of the worst beasts nature hath produced, and fit only for the society of wolves and bears;

therefore in all ages it hath been the foundation of government. And though false gods have been imposed upon the credulous part of the world, yet they were gods still in their opinion, and the awe and reverence men had to them and their oracles kept them within bounds towards one another, which the laws with all their authority could never have effected without the help of religion. The laws would not be able to subdue the perverseness of men's wills, which are wild beasts, and require a double chain to keep them down; for this reason 'tis said, that it is not a sufficient ground to make war upon a neighboring state, because they are of another religion, let it be never so differing; yet if they worship nor acknowledge no Deity at all, they may be invaded as public enemies of mankind, because they reject the only thing that can bind them to live well with one another. The consideration of religion is so twisted with that of government that it is never to be separated, and though the foundations of it ought to be eternal and unchangeable, yet the terms and circumstances of discipline are to be suited to the several climates and constitutions, so that they may keep men in a willing acquiescence unto them, without discomposing the world by nice disputes, which can never be of equal moment with the public peace.

Our religion here in England seemeth to be distinguished by a peculiar effect of God Almighty's goodness, in permitting it to be introduced, or rather restored, by a more regular method than the circumstances of most other reformed churches would allow them to do in relation to the government; and the dignity with which it hath supported itself since, and the great men our church hath produced, ought to recommend it to the esteem of all Protestants at least. Our Trimmer is very partial to it for these reasons and many more, and desireth that it may preserve its due jurisdiction and authority; so far he is from wishing it oppressed by the unreasonable and malicious cavils of those who take pains to raise objections against it.

The questions will then be, how and by what methods this church shall best sup-

port itself (the present circumstances considered) in relation to Dissenters of all sorts. I will first lay this for a ground, that as there can be no true religion without charity, so there can be no true human prudence without bearing and condescension. This principle doth not extend to oblige the church always to yield to those who are disposed to contest with her; the expediency of doing it is to be considered and determined according to the occasion, and this leads me to lay open the thoughts of our Trimmer, in reference first to the Protestants, and then to the Popish recusants.

What hath lately happened among us maketh an apology necessary for saying anything that looketh like favor towards a sort of men who have brought themselves under such a disadvantage.

The late conspiracy¹⁰ hath such broad symptoms of the disaffection of the whole party, that upon the first reflections, while our thoughts are warm, it would almost persuade us to put them out of the protection of our good nature, and to think that the Christian indulgence which our compassion for other men's sufferings cannot easily deny seemeth not only to be forfeited by the ill appearances that are against them, but even becometh a crime when it is so misapplied. Yet for all this, upon second and cooler thoughts, moderate men will not be so ready to involve a whole party in the guilt of a few, and to admit inferences and presumptions to be evidence in a case where the sentence must be so heavy as it ought to be against all those who have a fixed resolution against the government established. Besides, men who act by a principle grounded upon moral virtue can never let it be clearly extinguished by the most repeated provocations. If a right thing, agreeable to Nature and good sense, taketh root in the heart of a man that is impartial and unbiassed, no outward circumstances can ever destroy it. It is true, the degrees of a man's zeal for the prosecution of it may be differing; the faults of other men, the consideration of the public, and the seasonable prudence by which wise men will ever be directed, may

10 The so-called "Rye House Plot," which had been discovered in 1683.

give great allays; they may lessen, and for a time perhaps suppress, the exercise of that which in general proposition may be reasonable; but still whatever is so will inevitably grow and spring up again, having a foundation in Nature, which is never to be destroyed.

Our Trimmer therefore endeavoreth to separate the detestation of those who had either a hand or a thought in the late plot, from the principle of prudential as well as Christian charity towards mankind, and for that reason would fain use the means of reclaiming such of the Dissenters as are not incurable, and even of bearing to a degree those that are, as far as may consist with the public interest and security. He is far from justifying an affected separation from the communion of the church, and even in those that mean well and are mistaken, he looketh upon it as a disease that hath seized upon their minds, very troublesome as well as dangerous, by the consequence it may produce. He doth not go about to excuse their making it an indispensable duty to meet in numbers to say their prayers; such meetings may prove mischievous to the state; at least the laws, which are the best judges, have determined that there is danger in them. He hath good nature enough to lament that the perverseness of a part should have drawn rigorous laws upon the whole body of the Dissenters, but when they are once made no private opinion must stand in opposition to them. If they are in themselves reasonable, they are in that respect to be regarded, even without being enjoined; if by the change of time and circumstances they should become less reasonable than when they were first made, even then they are to be obeyed too, because they are laws, till they are mended or repealed by the same authority that enacted them.

He hath too much deference to the constitution of our government to wish for more prerogative declarations in favor of scrupulous men, or to dispense with penal laws in such manner or to such an end that suspecting men might with some reason pretend that so hated a thing as persecution could never make way for itself with any hopes of success otherwise

than by preparing the deluded world by a false prospect of liberty and indulgence. The inward springs and wheels whereby the engine moved are now so fully laid open and exposed that it is not supposable that such a baffled experiment should ever be tried again. The effect it had at the time, and the spirit it raised, will not easily be forgotten, and it may be presumed the remembrance of it may secure us from any more attempts of that nature for the future; we must no more break a law to give men ease than we are to rifle an house with a devout intention of giving the plunder to the poor. In this case our compassion would be as ill directed as our charity in the other.

In short, the veneration due to the laws is never to be thrown off, let the pretenses be never so specious. Yet with all this he cannot bring himself to think that an extraordinary diligence to take the uttermost penalty of laws upon the poor offending neighbor is of itself such an all-sufficient virtue that, without anything else to recommend men, it should entitle them to all kind of preferments and rewards. He would not detract from the merits of those who execute the laws, yet he cannot think such a piece of service as this can entirely change the man, and either make him a better divine, or a more knowing magistrate than he was before, especially if it be done with a partial and unequal hand in reverence to greater and more dangerous offenders.

Our Trimmer would have those mistaken men ready to throw themselves into the arms of the church, and he would have those arms as ready to receive them that shall come to us; he would have no supercilious look to fright those strayed sheep from coming into the fold again; no ill-natured maxims of an eternal suspicion, or a belief that those who have once been in the wrong can never be in the right again; but a visible preparation of mind to receive with joy all the proselytes that come amongst us, and much greater earnestness to reclaim than punish them. It is to be confessed there is a great deal to forgive, a hard task enough for the charity of a church so provoked; but that must

not cut off all hopes of being reconciled. Yet if there must be some anger left still, let it break out into a Christian revenge, and by being kinder to the children of disobedience than they deserve, let the injured church triumph by throwing shame and confusion of face upon them. There should not always be storms and thunder; a clear sky would sometime make the church look more like Heaven, and would do more towards the reclaiming those wanderers than a perpetual terror which seemeth to have no intermission. For there is in many, and particularly in Englishmen, a mistaken pleasure in resisting the dictates of rigorous authority; a stomach that riseth against a hard imposition, nay, in some, even a lust in suffering from a wrong point of honor, which doth not want the applause from the greater part of mankind, who have not learned to distinguish. Constancy will be thought a virtue even where it is a mistake; and the ill-judging world will be apt to think that opinion most right which produceth the greatest number of those who are willing to suffer for it. All this is prevented, and falleth to the ground, by using well-timed indulgence; and the stubborn adversary who valueth himself upon his resistance whilst he is oppressed, yieldeth insensibly to kind methods when they are applied to him; and the same man naturally melteth into conformity who perhaps would never have been beaten into it. We may be taught, by the compassion that attendeth the most criminal men when they are condemned, that faults are much more natural things than punishments, and that even the most necessary acts of severity do some kind of violence to our nature, whose indulgence will not be confined within the strait bounds of inexorable justice. So that this should be an argument for gentleness, besides that it is the likeliest way to make these men ashamed of their separation, whilst the pressing them too hard tendeth rather to make them proud of it.

Our Trimmer would have the clergy supported in their lawful rights, and in all the power and dignity that belongeth to them; and yet he thinketh that possibly there may be in some of them a too great eagerness

to extend the ecclesiastical jurisdiction, which, though it may be well intended, yet the straining of it too high hath an appearance of ambition that raiseth men's objections to it; and is so far unlike the apostolic zeal, which was quite otherwise employed, that the world draweth inferences from it which do the church no service.

He is troubled to see men of all sides sick of a calenture of a mistaken devotion, and it seemeth to him that the devout fire of mistaken charity with which the primitive Christians were inflamed is long since extinguished, and instead of it a devouring fire of anger and persecution breaketh out in the world. We wrangle now with one another about religion till the blood cometh, whilst the Ten Commandments have no more authority with us than if they were so many obsolete laws or proclamations out of date. He thinketh that a nation will hardly be mended by principles of religion where morality is made a heresy; and therefore, as he believeth devotion misplaced when it gets into a conventicle, he concludeth that loyalty is so too, when lodged in a drunken club; those virtues deserve a better seat of empire, and they are degraded when such men undertake their defence as have too great need of an apology themselves.

Our Trimmer wisheth that some knowledge may go along with the zeal on the right side, and that those who are in possession of the pulpit would quote at least so often the authority of the Scriptures as they do that of the state. There are many who borrow too often arguments from the government to use against their adversaries, and neglect those that are more proper and would be more powerful; a divine groweth less, and putteth a diminution on his own character, when he quoteth any law but that of God Almighty to get the better of those who contest with him. And as it is a sign of a decayed constitution when Nature with good diet cannot expel noxious humors without calling foreign drugs to her assistance, so it looketh like want of health in a church, when instead of depending upon the power of that truth which it holdeth, and the good examples of

them that teach it, to support itself and to suppress errors, it should have a perpetual recourse to the secular authority, and even upon the slightest occasions.

Our Trimmer hath his objections to the too busy diligence and to the overdoing of some of the Dissenting clergy, and he doth as little approve of those of our church who wear God Almighty's liveries, as some old warders in the Tower do the king's who do nothing in their place but receive their wages for it. He thinketh that the liberty of the late times¹¹ gave men so much light and diffused it so universally amongst the people, that they are not now to be dealt with as they might have been in ages of less inquiry; and therefore, though in some well chosen and dearly beloved auditories good resolute nonsense backed with authority may prevail, yet generally men are become so good judges of what they hear that the clergy ought to be very wary how they go about to impose upon their understandings, which are grown less humble than they were in former times, when the men in black had made learning such a sin in the laity, that, for fear of offending, they made a conscience of being able to read. But now the world is grown saucy, and expecteth reasons, and good ones too, before they give up their own opinions to other men's dictates, though never so magisterially delivered to them.

Our Trimmer is far from approving the hypocrisy which seemeth to be the reigning vice amongst some of the Dissenting clergy; he thinketh it the most provoking sin men can be guilty of in relation to Heaven; and yet (which may seem strange) that very sin which shall destroy the soul of the man who preacheth may help to save those of the company that hear him, and even those who are cheated by the false ostentation of his strictness of life may by that pattern be encouraged to the real practice of those Christian virtues which he doth so deceitfully profess; so that the detestation of this fault may possibly be carried on too far by our own orthodox divines, if they think it cannot be enough expressed without bending the stick another way; a dangerous method, and a worse extreme for men

of that character, who by going to the utmost line of Christian liberty will certainly encourage others to go beyond it. No man doth less approve the ill-bred methods of some of the Dissenters in rebuking authority, who behave themselves as if they thought ill manners necessary to salvation; yet he cannot but distinguish and desire a mean between the sauciness of some of the Scotch apostles, and the undecent courtship of some of the silken divines, who, one would think, do practise to bow at the altar only to learn to make the better legs at court.

Our Trimmer approveth the principles of our church, that dominion is not founded in grace, and that our obedience is to be given to a Popish king in other things at the same time that our compliance with him in his religion is to be denied. Yet he cannot but think it a very extraordinary thing if a Protestant Church should by a voluntary election choose a Papist for their guardian, and receive directions for supporting their religion from one who must believe it a mortal sin not to endeavor to destroy it. Such a refined piece of breeding would not seem to be very well placed in the clergy, who will hardly find precedents to justify such an extravagant piece of courtship, and which is so unlike the primitive methods which ought to be our pattern. He hath no such unreasonable tenderness for any sorts of men as to expect their faults should not be impartially laid open as often as they give occasion for it; and yet he cannot but smile to see that the same man, who setteth up all the sails of his rhetoric to fall upon the Dissenters, when Popery is to be handled, he doth it so gingerly that he looketh like an ass mumbling of thistles, so afraid he is of letting himself loose where he may be in danger of letting his duty get the better of his discretion.

Our Trimmer is far from relishing the impertinent wanderings of those who pour out long prayers upon the congregation, and all from their own stock, which, God knoweth, for the most part is a barren soil, which produceth weeds instead of flowers, and by this means they expose religion it-

¹¹ *I.e.*, the period of the Commonwealth.

self rather than promote men's devotions. On the other side there may be too great restraint put upon men whom God and Nature hath distinguished from their fellow-laborers by blessing them with a happier talent, and by giving them not only good sense but a powerful utterance too, hath enabled them to gush out upon the attentive auditory with a mighty stream of devout and unaffected eloquence. When a man so qualified, endued with learning too, and above all, adorned with a good life, breaketh out into a warm and well-delivered prayer before his sermon, it hath the appearance of a divine rapture; he raiseth and leadeth the hearts of the assembly in another manner than the most composed or best studied form of set words can ever do; and the "Pray-we's," who serve up all their sermons with the same garnishing would look like so many statues or men of straw in the pulpit, compared with those who speak with such a powerful zeal that men are tempted at the moment to believe Heaven itself hath dictated their words to them.

Our Trimmer is not so unreasonably indulgent to the Dissenters as to excuse the irregularities of their complaints, and to approve their threatening styles, which are so ill suited to their circumstances as well as to their duty. He would have them to show their grief and not their anger to the government; and by such a submission to authority as becometh them, if they cannot acquiesce in what is imposed, let them deserve a legislative remedy to their sufferings, there being no other way to give them perfect redress. And either to seek it, or pretend to give it by any other method, would not only be vain but criminal too in those that go about it. Yet with all this, there may in the meantime be a prudential latitude left as to the manner of prosecuting the laws now in force against them. The government is in some degree answerable for such an administration of them as may be free from the censure of impartial judges; and in order to that, it would be necessary that one of these methods be pursued: either to let loose the laws to their utmost extent without any moderation or restraint, in which at least the

equality of the government would be without objection, the penalties being exacted without remission from the Dissenters of all kinds; or, if that will not be done (and indeed there is no reason it should), there is a necessity of some connivance to the Protestant Dissenters to excuse that which in humanity must be allowed to the Papists, even without any leaning towards them, which must not be supposed in those who are or shall be in the administration of public business. And it will follow that, according to our circumstances, the distribution of such connivance must be made in such a manner that the greatest part of it may fall on the Protestant side; or else the objections will be so strong, and the inferences so clear, that the friends as well as the enemies of the Crown will be sure to take hold of them.

It will not be sufficient to say that the Papists may be connived at because they are good subjects, and that the Protestant Dissenters must suffer because they are ill ones. These general maxims will not convince discerning men, neither will any late instances make them forget what passed at other times in the world. Both sides have had their turns in being good and ill subjects, and therefore 'tis easy to imagine what suspicions would arise in the present conjuncture if such a partial argument as this should be imposed upon us. The truth is, this matter speaks so much of itself that it is not only unnecessary but it may be unmanly, to say any more of it.

Our Trimmer therefore could wish that since, notwithstanding the laws which deny churches to say mass in, not only the exercise but also the ostentation of Popery is as well or better performed in the chapels of so many foreign ministers, where the English openly resort in spite of proclamations and Orders of Council, which are grown to be as harmless things to them as the Pope's bulls and excommunications are to heretics who are out of his reach; I say, he could wish that by a seasonable as well as an equal piece of justice, there might be so much consideration had of the Protestant Dissenters, as that there might be at some times and at some places a veil thrown over an innocent and retired con-

venticle; and, that such an indulgence might be practised with less prejudice to the church or diminution to the laws, it might be done so as to look rather like a kind omission to inquire more strictly than an allowed toleration of that which is against the rule established.

Such a skilful hand as this is very necessary in our circumstances, and the government by making no sort of men entirely desperate doth not only secure itself from villainous attempts but lay such a foundation for healing and uniting laws, whenever a Parliament shall meet, that the seeds of differences and animosities between the several contending sides may (Heaven consenting) be for ever destroyed.

THE TRIMMER'S OPINION CONCERNING THE PAPISTS

To speak of Popery leadeth me into such a sea of matter that it is not easy to forbear launching into it, being invited by such a fruitful theme, and by a variety never to be exhausted. But to confine it to the present subject, I will only say a short word of the religion itself, of its influence here at this time, and of our Trimmer's opinion in relation to our manner of living with them.

If a man would speak maliciously of this religion, one may say it is like those diseases where as long as one drop of the infection remaineth, there is still danger of having the whole mass of blood corrupted by it. In Swedeland¹² there was an absolute cure, and nothing of Popery heard of till Queen Christina (whether moved by arguments of this or the other world may not be good manners to inquire) thought fit to change her religion and country, and to live at Rome, where she might find better judges of her virtues, and less ungentle censures of those princely liberties to which she was sometimes disposed, than she left at Stockholm, where the good breeding is as much inferior to that of Rome in general as the civility of the religion, the Cardinals having rescued the church from those clownish methods the fishermen had first introduced, and mended

that pattern so effectually that a man of that age if he should now come into the world would not possibly know it.

In Denmark the reformation was entire; in some states of Germany, as well as Geneva, the cure was universal; but in the rest of the world where the Protestant religion took place the Popish humor was too tough to be totally expelled. And so it was in England, though the change was made with all the advantage imaginable to the Reformation, it being countenanced and introduced by legal authority, and by that means might have been perhaps as perfect as in any other place, if the short reign of Edward the Sixth and the succession of a Popish Queen had not given such advantage to that religion that it hath subsisted ever since, under all the hardships that have been put upon it. It hath been a strong compact body, and made the more so by these sufferings. It was not strong enough to prevail, but it was able, with the help of foreign support, to carry on an interest which gave the Crown trouble, and to make a considerable (not to say dangerous) figure in the nation. So much as this could not have been done without some hopes, nor these hopes kept up without some reasonable grounds. In Queen Elizabeth's time the Spanish zeal for their religion, and the revenge for '88 gave warmth to the Papists here, and above all the right of the Queen of Scots to succeed was, while she lived, sufficient to give them a better prospect of their affairs. In King James's time their hopes were supported by the treaty of the Spanish Match, and his gentleness towards them, which they were ready to interpret more in their own favor than was either reasonable or became them, so little tenderness they have, even where it is most due, if the interest of their religion cometh in competition with it.

As for the late king, though he gave the most glorious evidence that ever man did of his being a Protestant, yet, by the more than ordinary influence the Queen was thought to have over him, and it so happening that the greatest part of his anger was directed against the Puritans, there was such an advantage to men disposed to

¹² Sweden.

suspect, that they were ready to interpret it a leaning towards Popery, without which handle it was morally impossible that the ill-affected part of the nation could ever have seduced the rest into a rebellion.

That which helped to confirm many well meaning men in their misapprehensions of the king, was the long and unusual intermission of Parliaments; so that every year that passed without one made up a new argument to increase their suspicion, and made them presume that the Papists had a principal hand in keeping them off. This raised such heats in men's minds, to think that men who were obnoxious to the laws, instead of being punished, should have credit enough to secure themselves, even at the price of destroying the fundamental constitution, that it broke out into a flame, which, before it could be quenched, had almost reduced the nation to ashes.

Amongst the miserable effects of that unnatural war, none hath been more fatal to us than the forcing our princes to breathe in another air and to receive the early impressions of a foreign education. The barbarity of the English towards the king and the royal family might very well tempt him to think the better of everything he found abroad, and might naturally produce more gentleness at least towards a religion by which he was hospitably received, at the same time that he was thrown off and persecuted by the Protestants (though his own subjects), to aggravate the offence. The Queen Mother (as generally ladies do with age) grew most devout and earnest in her religion; and, besides the temporal rewards of getting larger subsidies from the French clergy, she had motives of another kind, to persuade her to show her zeal. And since by the Roman dispensatory a soul converted to the church is a sovereign remedy and layeth up a mighty stock of merit, she was solicitous to secure herself in all events, and therefore first set upon the Duke of Gloucester, who depended so much upon her good will that she might for that reason have been induced to believe the conquest would not be difficult. But it so fell out that he, either from his own constancy or

that he had those near him by whom he was otherwise advised, chose rather to run away from her importunity than by staying to bear the continual weight of it. It is believed she had better success with another of her sons,¹³ who, if he was not quite brought off from our religion, at least such beginnings were made as made them very easy to be finished. His being of a generous and aspiring nature, and in that respect less patient in the drudgery of arguing, might probably help to recommend a church to him that exempts the laity from the vexation of inquiring. Perhaps he might (though by mistake) look upon that religion as more favorable to the enlarged power of kings, a consideration which might have its weight with a young prince in his warm blood and that was brought up in arms.

I cannot hinder myself from a small digression to consider with admiration that the Old Lady of Rome, with all her wrinkles, should yet have charms able to subdue great princes. So far from handsome, and yet so imperious; so painted, and yet so pretending; after having abused, deposed, and murdered so many of her lovers, she still findeth others glad and proud of their new chains; a thing so strange to indifferent judges, that those who will allow no other miracles in the Church of Rome must needs grant that this is one not to be contested. She sitteth in her shop, and selleth at dear rates her rattles and her hobby-horses, whilst the deluded world still continueth to furnish her with customers.

But whither am I carried with this contemplation? It is high time to return to my text, and to consider the wonderful manner of the king's coming home again, led by the hand of Heaven, and called by the voice of his own people, who received him, if possible, with joys equal to the blessing of peace and union which his restoration brought along with it. By this there was an end put to the hopes some might have abroad of making use of his less happy circumstances to throw him into foreign interests and opinions, which had been wholly inconsistent with our religion,

¹³ The Duke of York, later James II.

our laws, and all other things that are dear to us; yet for all this some of those tinctures and impressions might so far remain as, though they were very innocent in him, yet they might have ill effects here by softening the animosity which seemeth necessary to the defender of the Protestant faith, in opposition to such a powerful and irreconcilable an enemy.

You may be sure that among all the sorts of men who applied themselves to the king at his first coming home for his protection the Papists were not the last, nor as they fain would have flattered themselves the least welcome, having their past sufferings as well as their present professions to recommend them; and there was something that looked like a particular consideration of them since it so happened that the indulgence promised to Dissenters at Breda was carried on in such a manner that the Papists were to divide with them. And though the Parliament, notwithstanding its resignation to the Crown in all things, rejected with scorn and anger a declaration framed for this purpose, yet the birth and steps of it gave such an alarm that men's suspicions once raised were not easily laid asleep again.

To omit other things, the breach of the Triple League, and the Dutch war with its appurtenances, carried jealousies to the highest pitch imaginable, and fed the hopes of one party and the fears of the other to such a degree that some critical revolutions were generally expected, when the ill success of that war, and the sacrifice France thought fit to make of the Papists here to their own interest abroad, gave them another check. And the act of enjoining the test to all in offices was thought to be no ill bargain to the nation, though bought at the price of 1,200,000 pounds, and the money applied to continue the war against the Dutch, than which nothing could be more unpopular or less approved. Notwithstanding these discouragements, Popery is a plant that may be mowed down, but the root will still remain; and, in spite of the laws, it will sprout up and grow again, especially if it should happen that there should be men in power, who, in weeding it out of our garden, will take care to

cherish and keep it alive; and though the law for excluding them from places of trust was tolerably kept as to the outward form, yet there were many circumstances, which, being improved by the quick-sighted malice of ill-affected men, did help to keep up the world in their suspicions, and to blow up jealousies to such a height both in and out of Parliament that the remembrance of them is very unpleasant, and the example so extravagant, that it is to be hoped nothing in our age like it will be re-attempted. But to come closer to the case in question: in this condition we stand with the Papists, what shall now be done, according to our Trimmer's opinion, in order to the better bearing this grievance?—since as I have said before, there is no hope of being entirely free from it. Papists we must have among us, and if their religion keep them from bringing honey to the hive, let the government try at least by gentle means to take away the sting from them. The first foundation to be laid is that a distinct consideration is to be had of the Popish clergy, who have such an eternal interest against all accommodation that it is a hopeless thing to propose anything to them less than all; their stomachs have been set for it ever since the Reformation. They have pinned themselves to a principle that admits no mean; they believe Protestants will be damned, and therefore by an extraordinary effect of Christian charity they would destroy one half of England that the other might be saved. Then for this world they must be in possession of God Almighty, to receive his rents for him, not to account till the Day of Judgment, which is a good kind of tenure, and ye cannot well blame the good men that will stir up the laity to run any hazard in order to the getting them restored. What is it to the priest if the deluded zealot undoeth himself in the attempt? he singeth masses as jollily and with as good a voice at Rome or St. Omers as ever he did; is a single man and can have no wants but such as may be easily supplied. Yet that he may not seem altogether insensible or ungrateful to those that are his martyrs, he is ready to assure their executors, and if they please will procure a grant *sub annulo piscatoris*, that the good

man by being hanged hath got a good bargain, and saved the singeing of some hundred of years, which he would else have had in Purgatory. There's no cure for this order of men, no expedient to be proposed, so that though the utmost severity of the laws against them may in some sort be mitigated, yet no treaty can be made with men who in this case have left themselves no free will, but are so muffled by zeal, tied by vows, and kept up by such unchangeable maxims of the priesthood, that they are to be left as desperate patients, and looked upon as men that will continue in an eternal state of hostility, till the nation is entirely subdued to them.

It is, then, only the lay Papists that are capable of being treated with, and we are to examine of what temper they are, and what arguments are the most likely to prevail upon them, and how far 'tis advisable for the government to be indulgent to them. The lay Papists generally keep their religion rather because they will not break company with those of their party than out of any settled zeal that hath root in them. Most of them do by the mediation of the priests marry amongst one another, to keep up an ignorant position by hearing only one side. Others by a mistake look upon it as they do upon escutcheons, the more ancient religion of the two; and as some men of a good pedigree will despise meaner men, though never so much superior to them by nature, so these undervalue Reformation as an upstart, and think there is more honor in supporting an old error than in embracing what seemeth to them to be a new truth. The laws have made them men of pleasure by excluding them from public business, and it happeneth well they are so, since they will the more easily be persuaded by arguments of ease and convenience to them. They have not put off the man in general, nor the Englishman in particular; those who in the late storm against them went into other countries, though they had all the advantages that might recommend them to a good reception, yet in a little time they chose to steal over again, and live here with hazard rather than abroad with se-

curity. There is a smell in our native earth better than all the perfumes in the East; there is something in a mother, though never so angry, that the children will more naturally trust her than the studied civilities of strangers, let them be never so hospitable; therefore 'tis not advisable nor agreeing with the rules of governing prudence to provoke men by hardships to forget that nature which else is sure to be of our side.

When these men by fair usage are put again into their right senses, they will have quite differing reflections from those which rigor and persecution had raised in them. A lay Papist will first consider his abbey lands, which, notwithstanding whatever hath or can be alleged, must sink considerably in the value the moment that Popery prevails; and it being a disputable matter whether zeal might not in a little time get the better of the law in that case, a considering man will admit that as an argument to persuade him to be content with things as they are, rather than run this or any other hazard by change, in which perhaps he may have no other advantage than that his now humble confessor may be raised to a bishopric, and from thence look down superciliously upon his patron, or which is worse, run to take possession for God Almighty of his abbey, in such a manner as the usurping landlord (as he will then be called) shall hardly be admitted to be so much as a tenant to his own lands, lest his title should prejudice that of the church, which will then be the landlord;¹⁴ he will think what disadvantage 'tis to be looked upon as a separate creature, depending upon a foreign interest and authority, and for that reason, exposed to the jealousy and suspicion of his countrymen. He will reflect what an incumbrance it is to have his house a pasture for hungry priests to graze in, which have such a never-failing influence upon the foolish, which is the greatest part of every man's family, that a man's dominion even over his own children is mangled and divided, if not totally undermined by them. Then to be subject to what arbitrary taxes the Popish convocation shall impose

¹⁴ The text reads "language." The reading, "landlord," which the sense seems to require, is Sir Walter Raleigh's emendation in his edition of *Halifax*.

upon him for the carrying on the common interest of that religion, under penalty of being marked out for half an heretic by the rest of the party; to have no share in business, no opportunity of showing his own value to the world; to live at the best an useless, and by others to be thought a dangerous, member of the nation where he is born, is a burthen to a generous mind that cannot be taken off by all the pleasure of a lazy unmanly life, or by the nauseous enjoyment of a dull plenty, that produceth no food for the mind, which will be considered in the first place by a man that hath a soul. When he shall think that if his religion, after his wading through a sea of blood, come at last to prevail it would infinitely lessen if not entirely destroy the glory, riches, strength, and liberty of his own country, and what a sacrifice is this to make to Rome, where they are wise enough to wonder there should be such fools in the world as to venture, struggle, and contend, nay, even die martyrs, for that which, should it succeed, would prove a judgment instead of a blessing to them; he will conclude that the advantages of throwing some of their children back again to God Almighty, when they have too many of them, are not equal to the inconveniences they may either feel or fear by continuing their separation from the religion established.

Temporal things will have their weight in the world, and though zeal may prevail for a time, and get the better in a skirmish, yet the war endeth generally on the side of flesh and blood, and will do so until mankind is another thing than it is at present. And therefore a wise Papist, in cold blood considering these and many other circumstances, which 'twill be worth his pains to see if he can unmuffle himself from the mask of infallibility, will think it reasonable to set his imprisoned senses at liberty, and that he hath a right to see with his own eyes, hear with his own ears, and judge by his own reason. The consequence of which might probably be that weighing things in a right scale, and seeing them in their true colors, he would distinguish between the merit of suffering for

a good cause and the foolish ostentation of drawing inconveniences upon himself; and therefore will not be unwilling to be convinced that our Protestant creed may make him happy in the other world, and the easier in this. A few of such wise proselytes would by their example draw so many after them that the party may insensibly melt away; and in a little time, without any angry word, we should come to an union that all good men would have reason to rejoice at.

But we are not to presume upon these conversions without preparing men for them by kind and reconciling arguments; nothing is so against our nature as to believe those can be in the right who are too hard upon us. There is a deformity in everything that doth us hurt, it will look scurvily in our eye while the smart continueth, and a man must have an extraordinary measure of grace to think well of a religion that reduceth him and his family to misery. In this respect our Trimmer would consent to the mitigation of such laws as were made (as it is said King Henry VIII got Queen Elizabeth) in a heat against Rome. It may be said that even States, as well as private men, are subject to passion; a just indignation of a villainous attempt produceth at the same time such remedies as perhaps are not without some mixture of revenge, and therefore, though time cannot repeal a law, it may by a natural effect soften the execution of it. There is less danger to rouse a lion when at rest, than to awake laws that were intended to have their times of sleeping, nay, more than that, in some cases their natural periods of life, dying of themselves without the solemnity of being revoked any otherwise than by the common consent of mankind, who do cease to execute when the reasons in great measure fail that first created and justified the rigor of such unusual penalties.

Our Trimmer is not eager to pick out sore¹⁵ places in history against this or any other party; quite contrary, is very solicitous to find out anything that may be healing and tend to an agreement; but to prescribe the means of this gentleness

¹⁵ The text has "some places," and is thus emended by Miss Foxcroft.

so as to make it effectual must come from the only place that can furnish remedies for this cure, *viz.*, a parliament. In the meantime it is to be wished there may be such a mutual calmness of mind as that the Protestants might not be so jealous as still to smell the match that was to blow up the King and both Houses in the Gunpowder Treason, or to start at every appearance of Popery, as if it were just taking possession. On the other side, let not the Papists suffer themselves to be led by any hopes, though never so flattering, to a confidence or ostentation which must provoke men to be less kind to them; let them use modesty on their sides, and the Protestants indulgence on theirs; and by this means there would be an overlooking of all venial faults, a tacit connivance at all things that do not carry scandal with them, and would amount to a kind of natural dispensation with the severe laws, since there would be no more accusers to be found when the occasions of anger and animosity are once removed. Let the Papists in the meantime remember that there is a respect due from all lesser numbers to greater, a deference to be paid by an opinion that is exploded to one that is established. Such a thought, well digested, will have an influence upon their behavior and produce such a temper as must win the most eager adversaries out of their ill humor to them, and give them a title to all the favor that may be consistent with the public peace and security.

THE TRIMMER'S OPINION IN RELATION TO THINGS ABROAD

The world is so composed that it is hard, if not impossible, for a nation not to be a great deal involved in the fate of their neighbors, and though, by the felicity of our situation, we are more independent than any other people, yet we have in all ages been concerned for our own sakes in the revolutions abroad. There was a time when England was the over-balancing power of Christendom, and that, either by inheritance or conquest, the better part of France received laws from us. After that, we being reduced into our own limits, France and Spain became the rivals for

the universal monarchy, and our third power, though in itself less than either of the other, happened to be superior to any of them by that choice we had of throwing the scales on that side to which we gave our friendship. I do not know whether this figure did not make us as great as our former conquest; to be a perpetual umpire of two great contending powers, who gave us all their courtship, and offered all their incense at our altar, whilst the fate of either Prince seemed to depend upon the oracles we delivered; for the King of England to sit on his throne as in the Supreme Court of Justice (to which the two great monarchs appeal, pleading their cause, and expecting their sentence, declaring which side was in the right, or at least if we pleased which side should have the better of it) was a piece of greatness which was peculiar to us. And no wonder if we endeavored to preserve it, as we did for a considerable time, it being our safety as well as glory to maintain it. But by a fatality upon our councils, or by the refined policy of this latter age, we have thought fit to use industry to destroy this mighty power which we have so long enjoyed; and that equality between the two monarchs which we might for ever have preserved hath been chiefly broken by us, whose interest it was above all others to maintain it. When one of them, like the overflowing of the sea, had gained more upon the other than our convenience or indeed our safety would allow, instead of mending the banks or making new ones, we ourselves with our own hands helped to cut them, to invite and make way for a farther inundation. France and Spain have had their several turns in making use of our mistakes, and we have been formerly as deaf to the instances of the then weaker part of the world to help them against the House of Austria, as we can now be to the earnestness of Spain that we would assist them against the power of France. Gondomar was as saucy, and as powerful too, in King James his court, as any French ambassador can have been at any time since; men talked as wrong then on the Spanish side, and made their court by it, as well as any can have done since by talking as

much for the French; so that from that time, instead of weighing in a wise balance the power of either Crown, it looketh as if we had learned only to weigh the pensions and take the heaviest.

It would be tedious, as well as unwelcome, to recapitulate all our wrong steps, so that I will go no farther than the King's restoration, at which time the balance was on the side of France, and that by the means of Cromwell, who, for a separate interest of his own, had sacrificed that of the nation by joining with the stronger side to suppress the power of Spain, which he ought to have supported. Such a method was natural enough to an usurper, and showed he was not the lawful father of the people, by his having so little care of them; and the example, coming from that hand, one would think, should for that reason be less likely to be followed. But to go on; home cometh the king, followed with courtships from all nations abroad, of which some did it not only to make him forget how familiarly they had used him when he was in other circumstances, but to bespeak the friendship of a prince, who, besides his other greatness, was yet more considerable by being reestablished by the love of his people. France had an interest either to dispose us to so much good will, or at least to put us into such a condition that we might give no opposition to their designs; and Flanders being a perpetual object in their eye, a lasting beauty for which they had an incurable passion, and not being kind enough to consent to them, they meditated to commit a rape upon her, which they thought would not be easy to do while England and Holland were agreed to rescue her whenever they should hear her cry out for help to them. To this end they put in practice seasonable and artificial whispers to widen things between us and the States. Amboyna and the fishery must be talked of here; the freedom of the seas and the preservation of trade must be insinuated there; and there being combustible matter on both sides, in a little time it took fire, which gave those that kindled it sufficient cause to smile and hug themselves, to see us both fall into the net they had laid for us. And it is observable and of good ex-

ample to us, if we will take it, that their design being to set us together at cuffs to weaken us, they kept themselves lookers-on till our victories began to break the balance; then the king of France, like a wise prince, was resolved to support the beaten side, and would no more let the power of the sea than we ought to suffer the monarchy of Europe to fall into one hand. In pursuance to this he took part with the Dutch, and in a little time made himself umpire of the peace between us. Some time after, upon pretense of his Queen's title to part of Flanders by right of devolution, he falleth into it with a mighty force, for which the Spaniard was so little prepared that he made a very swift progress, and had such a torrent of undisputed victory, that England and Holland, though the wounds they had given one another were yet green, being struck with the apprehension of so near a danger to them, thought it necessary for their own defence to make up a sudden league, into which Sweden was taken to interpose for a peace between the two Crowns.

This had so good an effect that France was stopped in its career, and the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle was a little after concluded. 'Twas a forced put; and though France wisely dissembled their inward dissatisfaction, yet from that very moment they resolved to untie the triple knot, whatever it cost them; for his Christian Majesty, after his conquering meals, ever riseth with a stomach; and he liked the pattern so well, that it gave him a longing desire to have the whole piece. Amongst the other means used for the attaining of this end, the sending over the Duchess of Orleans was not the least powerful. She was a very welcome guest here, and her own charms and dexterity, joined with other advantages that might help her persuasions, gave her such an ascendancy that she should hardly fail of success. One of the preliminaries of her treaty, though a trivial thing in itself, yet was considerable in the consequence, as very small circumstances often are in relation to the government of the world. About this time a general humor in opposition to France had made us throw off their fashion, and put on vests, that we might look more

like a distinct people, and not be under the servility of imitation, which ever payeth a greater deference to the original than is consistent with the equality all independent nations should pretend to. France did not like this small beginning of ill humors, at least of emulation, and wisely considering that it is a natural introduction first to make the world their apes, that they may be afterwards their slaves, it was thought that one of the instructions Madam brought along with her was to laugh us out of these vests; which she performed so effectually, that in a moment, like so many footmen who had quitted their master's livery, we all took it again, and returned to our old service. So that the very time of doing it gave a very critical advantage to France, since it looked like an evidence of our returning to their interest, as well as to their fashion, and would give such a distrust of us to our new allies that it might facilitate the dissolution of the knot, which tied them so within their bounds that they were very impatient till they were freed from the restraint.

But the lady had a more extended commission than this, and, without doubt, laid the foundation of a new strict alliance, quite contrary to the other in which we had been so lately engaged. And of this there were such early appearances that the world began to look upon us as falling into apostacy from the common interest. Notwithstanding all this, France did not neglect at the same time to give good words to the Dutch, and even to feed them with hopes of supporting them against us, when on a sudden, that never-to-be-forgotten declaration of war against them cometh out, only to vindicate his own glory, and to revenge the injuries done to his brother in England, by which he became our second in this duel; so humble can this prince be, when at the same time he doth us more honor than we deserve, he layeth a greater share of the blame upon our shoulders than did naturally belong to us. The particulars of that war, our part in it while we stayed in it, and, when we were out of breath, our leaving the French to make an end of it, are things too well known to make it necessary, and too unwelcome in themselves

to incite me, to repeat them. Only the wisdom of France is in this to be observed; that when we had made a separate peace which left them single to oppose the united force of the confederates, they were so far from being angry that they would not show so much as the least coldness, hoping to get as much by our mediation for a peace as they would have expected from our assistance in the war, our circumstances at that time considered.

This seasonable piece of indulgence in not reproaching us, but rather allowing those necessities of state which we gave for our excuse, was such an engaging method that it went a great way to keep us still in their chains, when, to the eye of the world, we had absolutely broke loose from them. And by what passed afterwards at Nimeguen, though the King's neutrality gave him the outward figure of a mediator, it appeared that his interposition was extremely suspected of partiality by the confederates, who upon that ground did, both at and before the conclusion of that treaty, treat his ministers there with a great deal of neglect. In this peace as well as in that of the Pyreneans and Aix-la-Chapelle, the king of France at the moment of making it had the thought of breaking it; for a very little time after he broached his pretensions upon Alost; which were things that if they had been offered by a less formidable hand would have been smiled at; but ill arguments, being seconded by good armies, carry such a power with them, that naked sense is a very unequal adversary. It was thought that these airy claims were chiefly raised with the prospect of getting Luxemburg for the equivalent; and this opinion was confirmed by the blocking it up afterwards, pretending to the county of Chimay that it might be entirely surrounded by the French dominions; and it was so pressed that it might have fallen in a little time, if the king of France had not sent orders to his troops to retire; and his Christian generosity, which was assigned for the reason of it, made the world smile since it is seen how differently his devout zeal worketh in Hungary. That specious reason was in many respects ill-timed, and France itself gave it so faintly, that at the very time it looked

out of countenance. The true ground for his retiring is worth our observation; for at the instance of the confederates, offices were done and memorials given, but all ineffectual till the word *Parliament* was put into them. That powerful word had such an effect that even at that distance it raised the siege, which may convince us of what efficacy the king of England's words are when he will give them their full weight, and threaten with his Parliament. It is then that he appeareth that great figure we ought to represent him in our minds, the nation his body, he the head, and joined with that harmony that every word he pronounceth is the word of a kingdom. Such words, as appeareth by this example, are as effectual as fleets and armies, because they can create them; and without this, his words sound abroad like a faint whisper, that is either not heard, or (which is worse) not minded.

But though France had made this step of forced compliance, it did not mean to leave off the pursuit of their pretensions and therefore immediately proposed the arbitration to the king; but it appeared that, notwithstanding his merit towards the confederates in saving Luxemburg, the remembrances of what had passed before had left such an ill taste in their mouths that they could not relish our being put into a condition to dispose of their interests, and therefore declined it by insisting upon a general treaty, to which France hath ever since continued to be averse. Our great earnestness also to persuade the confederates to consent to it was so unusual and so suspicious a method that it might naturally make them believe that France spake to them by our mouth, and for that reason, if there had been no other, might hinder the accepting it. And so little care hath been taken to cure this or other jealousies the confederates may have entertained, that, quite contrary, their ministers here every day take fresh alarms from what they observe in small, as well as in greater, circumstances; and they, being apt both to take and improve apprehensions of this kind, draw such inferences from them as make them entirely despair of us.

Thus we now stand, far from being inno-

cent spectators of our neighbors' ruin, and by a fatal mistake forgetting what a certain forerunner it is to our own. And now it is time our Trimmer should tell something of his opinion upon this present state of things abroad. He first professeth to have no bias either for or against France, and that his thoughts are wholly directed by the interest of his own country. He alloweth, and hath read, that Spain used the same methods when it was in its height as France doth now; and therefore it is not partiality that moveth him, but the just fear, which all reasonable men must be possessed with, of an overgrowing power. Ambition is a devouring beast; when it hath swallowed one province, instead of being cloyed, it hath so much the greater stomach to another, and being fed becometh still more hungry; so that for the confederates to expect a security from anything but their own united strength is a most miserable fallacy; and, if they cannot resist the encroachments of France by their arms it is in vain for them to dream of any other means of preservation. It would have the better grace, besides the saving so much blood and ruin, to give up all at once; make a present of themselves, to appease this haughty monarch, rather than be whispered, flattered, or cozened out of their liberty.

Nothing is so soft as the first applications of a greater Prince to engage a weaker; but that smiling countenance is but a vizard, it is not the true face; for as soon as their turn is served, the courtship flies to some other prince or state, where the same part is to be acted over again; leaveth the old mistaken friend to neglect and contempt, and like an insolent lover to a cast-off mistress, reproaches her with that infamy of which he himself was the author. Sweden, Bavaria, Palatine, etc., may by their fresh examples teach other princes what they are reasonably to expect, and what snakes are hid under the flowers the court of France so liberally throweth upon them whilst they can be useful. The various methods and deep intrigues, with the differing notes in several countries, do not only give suspicion, but assurance that everything is put in practice by which universal monarchy may be

obtained. Who can reconcile the withdrawing of his troops from Luxemburg in consideration of the war in Hungary which was not then declared, and presently after encouraging the Turk to take Vienna, and consequently to destroy the Empire? Or who can think that the persecution of the poor Protestants of France will be accepted of God as an atonement for hazarding the loss of the whole Christian faith? Can he be thought in earnest when he seemed to be afraid of the Spaniards and for that reason must have Luxemburg, and that he cannot be safe from Germany unless he is in possession of Strassburg? All injustice and violence must in itself be grievous, but the aggravations of supporting them by false arguments and insulting reasons has something in it yet more provoking than the injuries themselves; and the world hath ground enough to apprehend from such a method of arguing that even their senses are to be subdued as well as their liberties. Then the variety of arguments used by France in several countries is very observable. In England and Denmark nothing is insisted on but the greatness and authority of the Crown; on the other side the great men in Poland are commended who differ in opinion with the king, and they argue, like friends, to the privilege of the Diet against the separate power of the Crown. In Sweden they are troubled that the king should have changed something there of late, by his single authority, from the ancient and settled authority and constitutions. At Ratisbon the most Christian Majesty taketh the liberties of all the Electors and Free States into his protection, and telleth them the Emperor is a dangerous man, an aspiring hero, that would infallibly devour them, if he was not at hand to resist him on their behalf. But above all, in Holland, he hath the most obliging tenderness for the Commonwealth, and is in such disquiets lest it should be invaded by the Prince of Orange, that they can do no less in gratitude than undo themselves when he bids them, to show how sensible they are of his excessive good nature.

Yet, in spite of all these contradictions,

there are in the world such refined statesmen as will upon their credit affirm the following paradoxes to be real truth; first, that France alone is sincere and keepeth its faith, and consequently that it is the only friend we can rely upon; that the king of France, of all men living, hath the least mind to be a conqueror; that he is a sleepy, tame creature, void of all ambition, a poor kind of a man, that hath no farther thoughts than to be quiet; that he is charmed¹⁶ by his friendship to us; that it is impossible he should ever do us hurt, and therefore, though Flanders was lost, it would not in the least concern us; that he would fain help the Crown of England to be absolute, which would be to take pains to put it into a condition to oppose him, as it is, and must be, our interest as long as he continueth in such an overbalancing power and greatness.

Such a creed as this, if once received, might prepare our belief for greater things, and as he that taught men to eat a dagger began first with a penknife, so if we can be prevailed with to digest the smaller mistakes, we may at last make our stomachs strong enough for that of transubstantiation. Our Trimmer cannot easily be converted out of his senses by these state sophisters, and yet he hath no such peevish obstinacy as to reject all correspondence with France, because we ought to be apprehensive of the too great power of it. He would not have the king's friendship to the confederates extended to the involving him in any unreasonable or dangerous engagements, neither would he have him lay aside the consideration of his better establishment at home, out of his excessive zeal to secure his allies abroad; but, sure, there might be a mean between these two opposite extremes, and it may be wished that our friendship with France should at least be so bounded that it may consist with the honor¹⁷ as well as the interest of England. There is no woman but hath her fears of contracting too near an intimacy with a much greater beauty, because it exposeth her too often to a comparison that is not advantageous to her; and, sure, it may become a prince to be as jealous of his

¹⁶ Bewitched, rendered harmless. ¹⁷ The text reads "humor." The emendation, "honor," is Miss Foxcroft's.

dignity as a lady can be of her good looks, and to be as much out of countenance to be thought an humble companion to so much a greater power. To be always seen in an ill light, to be so darkened by the brightness of a greater star, is somewhat mortifying; and when England might ride admiral at the head of the confederates, to look like the kitchen-yacht to the Grand Louis is but a scurvy figure for us to make in the map of Christendom. It would rise upon our Trimmer's stomach if ever (which God forbid) the power of calling and intermitting Parliaments here should be transferred to the Crown of France, and that all the opportunities of our own settlements at home should give way to their projects abroad, and that our interests should be so far sacrificed to our compliance, that all the omnipotence of France can never make us full amends for it. In the meantime, he shrinketh at the dismal prospect he can by no means drive away from his thoughts, that when France hath gathered all the fruit arising from our mistakes, and that we can bear no more for them, they will cut down the tree and throw it into the fire. All this while some superfine statesmen, to comfort us, would fain persuade the world that this or that accident may save us; and, for all that is or ought to be dear to us, would have us to rely wholly upon chance, not considering that fortune is wisdom's creature, and that God Almighty loves to be on the wisest as well as the strongest side. Therefore, this is such a miserable shift, such a shameful evasion, that they would be laughed to death for it if the ruining consequence of this mistake did not more dispose men to rage and a detestation of it.

Our Trimmer is far from idolatry in other things; in one thing only he cometh near it, his country is in some degree his idol. He doth not worship the sun, because 'tis not peculiar to us; it rambles about the world, and is less kind to us than others. But for the earth of England, though perhaps inferior to that of many places abroad, to him there is divinity in it, and he would rather die than see a spire of English

grass¹⁸ trampled down by a foreign trespasser. He thinketh there are a great many of his mind, for all plants are apt to taste of the soil in which they grow, and we that grow here have a root that produceth in us a stalk of English juice, which is not to be changed by grafting or foreign infusion; and I do not know whether anything less will prevail, than the modern experiment by which the blood of one creature is transmitted into another; according to which, before the French blood can be let into our bodies, every drop of our own must be drawn out of them.

Our Trimmer cannot but lament that by a sacrifice too great for one nation to make to another, we should be like a rich mine, made useless only for want of being wrought, and that the life and vigor which should move us against our enemies is miserably applied to tear our own bowels; that being made by our happy situation not only safer, but, if we please, greater too than other countries which far exceed us in extent; that having courage by nature, learning by industry, and riches by trade, we should corrupt all these advantages so as to make them insignificant, and, by a fatality which seemeth peculiar to us, misplace our active rage one against another, whilst we are turned into statues on that side where lieth our greatest danger; to be unconcerned not only at our neighbor's ruin but our own, and let our island lie like a great hulk in the sea, without rudder or sail, all the men cast away in her, or as if we were all children in a great cradle and rocked asleep to a foreign tune.

I say, when our Trimmer representeth to his mind our roses blasted and discolored, whilst the lilies triumph and grow insolent upon the comparison; when he considereth our own once flourishing laurel now withered and dying, and nothing left us but a remembrance of a better part in history than we shall make in the next age, which will be no more to us than an escutcheon hung upon our door when we are dead; when he foreseeth, from hence growing, infamy from abroad, confusion at home, and all this without the possibility of a cure

¹⁸ The text has "piece of English glass." The very happy emendation, "spire of English grass," is Miss Foxcroft's.

in respect of the voluntary fetters good men put upon themselves by their allegiance; without a good measure of preventing grace, he would be tempted to go out of the world like a Roman philosopher rather than endure the burthen of life under such a discouraging prospect.

But mistakes, as all other things, have their periods, and many times the nearest way to cure is not to oppose them, but stay till they are crushed with their own weight; for nature will not allow anything to continue long that is violent; violence is a wound, and as a wound must be curable in a little time, or else 'tis mortal, but a nation comes near to be immortal, therefore the wound will one time or another be cured, though perhaps by such rough methods, if too long forborne, as may even make the best remedies we can prepare to be at the same time a melancholy contemplation to us. There is but one thing (God Almighty's Providence excepted) to support a man from sinking under these afflicting thoughts, and that is the hopes we draw singly from the king himself without the mixture of any other consideration.

Though the nation was lavish of their kindness to him at his first coming, yet there remaineth still a stock of warmth in men's hearts for him. Besides, the good influences of his happy planet are not yet all spent, and though the stars of men past their youth are generally declining and have less force, like the eyes of decaying beauties, yet by a blessing peculiar to himself we may yet hope to be saved by his autumnal fortune. He hath something about him that will draw down a healing miracle for his and our deliverance. A prince which seemeth fitted for such an offending age, in which men's crimes have been so general, that the not forgiving his people had been the destroying of them; whose gentleness giveth him a natural dominion that hath no bounds, with such a noble mixture of greatness and condescension, an engaging look that disarmeth men of their ill humors and their resentments; something in him that wanteth a name, and can be no more defined than it can be resisted; a gift of heaven of its last finishing, where

it will be peculiarly kind; the only prince in the world that dares be familiar, or that hath right to triumph over those forms which were first invented to give awe to those who could not judge, and to hide defects from those that could; a prince that hath exhausted himself by his liberality and endangered himself by his mercy; who outshineth by his own light and natural virtues all the varnish of studied acquisitions. His faults are like the shades to a good picture, or like alloy to gold, to make it the more useful; he may have some, but for any man to see them through so many reconciling virtues is a sacrilegious piece of ill nature, of which no generous mind can be guilty. A prince that deserveth to be loved for his own sake, even without the help of a comparison; our love, our duty, and our danger all join to cement our obedience to him. In short, whatever he can do, it is no more possible for us to be angry with him than with the bank that secureth us from the raging sea, the kind shade that hideth us from the scorching sun, the welcome hand that reacheth us a reprieve or with the guardian angel that rescueth our souls from the devouring jaws of wretched eternity.

CONCLUSION

To conclude, our Trimmer is so fully satisfied of the truth of those principles by which he is directed in reference to the public, that he will neither be bawled, threatened, laughed, nor drunk out of them; and instead of being converted by the arguments of his adversaries to their opinions, he is very much confirmed in his own by them. He professeth solemnly that were it in his power to choose, he would rather have his ambition bounded by the commands of a great and wise master, than let it range with a popular license, though crowned with success; yet he cannot commit such a sin against the glorious thing called liberty, nor let his soul stoop so much below itself, as to be content without repining to have his reason wholly subdued, or the privilege of acting like a sensible creature torn from him by the imperious dictates of unlimited authority, in what

and soever it happens to be placed. What is there in this that is so criminal as to reserve the penalty of that most singular prophethem, *A Trimmer is worse than a rebel*? What do angry men ail to rail so against moderation? Doth it not look as if they were going to some very scurvy extreme that is too strong to be digested by the more considering part of mankind? These arbitrary methods, besides the injustice of them, are (God be thanked) very unskilful too, for they fright the birds, by talking so loud, from coming into the nets that are laid for them; and when men agree to rife a house, they seldom give warning or blow a trumpet.

But there are some small statesmen who are so full charged with their own expectations that they cannot contain. And kind Heaven, by sending such a seasonable curse upon their undertakings, hath made their ignorance an antidote against their malice. Some of these cannot treat peaceably; yielding will not satisfy them; they will have men by storm. There are others that must have plots, to make their service more necessary, and have an interest to keep them alive, since they are to live upon them; and persuade the king to retrench his own greatness so as to shrink into the head of a party, which is the betraying him into such an unprincely mistake and to such a wilful diminution of himself, that they are the last enemies he ought to allow himself to forgive. Such men, if they could, would prevail with the sun to shine only upon them and their friends, and to leave all the rest of the world in the dark. This is a very unusual monopoly, and may come within the equity of the law which maketh it treason to imprison the king. When such unfitting bounds are put to his favor, and he confined to the narrow limits of a particular set of men that would inclose him, these honest and only loyal gentlemen, if they may be allowed to bear witness for themselves, make a king their engine, and degrade him into a property at the very time that their flattery would make him believe they paid divine worship to him. Besides these, there is a flying squadron on both sides that are afraid the world should agree; small dabblers in conjuring that

raise angry apparitions to keep men from being reconciled, like wasps that fly up and down, buzz and sting to keep men unquiet. But these insects are commonly short-lived creatures, and no doubt in a little time mankind will be rid of them. They were giants at least who fought once against Heaven, but for such pygmies as these to contend against it is such a provoking folly, that the insolent bunglers ought to be laughed and hissed out of the world for it. They should consider there is a soul in that great body of the people, which may for a time be drowsy and unactive, but when the leviathan is roused, it moveth like an angry creature, and will neither be convinced nor resisted. The people can never agree to show their united powers till they are extremely tempted and provoked to it; so that to apply cupping-glasses to a great beast naturally disposed to sleep, and to force the tame thing, whether it will or no, to be valiant, must be learnt out of some other book than Machiavelli, who would never have prescribed such a preposterous method. It is to be remembered that if princes have law and authority on their sides, the people on theirs may have nature, which is a formidable adversary. Duty, justice, religion, nay, even human prudence too, biddeth the people suffer anything rather than resist; but uncorrected nature, wherever it feels the smart, will run to the nearest remedy. Men's passions in this case are to be considered as well as their duty, let it be never so strongly enforced; for if their passions are provoked, they being as much a part of us as our limbs, they lead men into a short way of arguing, that admitteth no distinction, and from the foundation of self-defence they will draw inferences that will have miserable effects upon the quiet of a government.

Our Trimmer, therefore, dreads a general discontent, because he thinketh it differeth from a rebellion only as a spotted fever doth from the plague, the same species under a lower degree of malignity. It worketh several ways; sometimes like a slow poison that hath its effects at a great distance from the time it was given; sometimes like dry flax prepared to catch at the first fire; or like seed in the ground ready

to sprout upon the first shower. In every shape 'tis fatal, and our Trimmer thinketh no pains or precaution can be so great as to prevent it.

In short, he thinketh himself in the right, grounding his opinion upon that truth which equally hateth to be under the oppressions of wrangling sophistry on the one hand, or the short dictates of mistaken authority on the other.

Our Trimmer adoreth the goddess Truth, though in all ages she hath been scurvily used, as well as those that worshipped her. 'Tis of late become such a ruining virtue that mankind seemeth to be agreed to commend and avoid it; yet the want of practice which repealeth the other laws hath no influence upon the law of Truth, because it hath root in Heaven, and an intrinsic value in itself, that can never be impaired. She showeth her greatness in this, that her enemies, even when they are successful, are ashamed to own it; nothing but powerful Truth hath the prerogative of triumphing, not only after victories, but in spite of them, and to put Conquest herself out of countenance. She may be kept under and suppressed, but her dignity still remaineth with her, even when she is in chains; Falsehood, with all her impudence, hath not enough to speak ill of her before her face. Such majesty she carrieth about her, that her most prosperous enemies are fain to whisper their treason; all the power upon earth can never extinguish her. She hath lived in all ages; and let the mistaken zeal

of prevailing authority christen any opposition to it with what name they please, she maketh it not only an ugly and unmannerly but a dangerous thing to persist. She hath lived very retired indeed, nay, sometime so buried, that only some few of the discerning part of mankind could have a glimpse of her; with all that, she hath eternity in her, she knoweth not how to die; and from the darkest clouds that shade and cover her, she breaketh from time to time with triumph for her friends, and terror to her enemies.

Our Trimmer, therefore, inspired by this divine virtue thinketh fit to conclude with these assertions: that our climate is a Trimmer between that part of the world where men are roasted, and the other where they are frozen; that our church is a Trimmer between the frenzy of Platonic visions and the lethargic ignorance of Popish dreams; that our laws are Trimmers between the excess of unbounded power and the extravagance of liberty not enough restrained; that true virtue hath ever been thought a Trimmer, and to have its dwelling in the middle between the two extremes; that even God Almighty himself is divided between his two great attributes, his mercy and his justice.

In such company, our Trimmer is not ashamed of his name, and willingly leaveth to the bold champions of either extreme the honor of contending with no less adversaries than nature, religion, liberty, prudence, humanity, and common sense.

THOMAS TRAHERNE

(1636?-1674)

The discovery of the poems and prose of Thomas Traherne at the beginning of the twentieth century — after both author and works had been completely forgotten for nearly two hundred and fifty years — ranks as one of the greatest bibliographical romances of English literature. Traherne's works are thus almost unique among modern literary productions, in that they had to wait for more than two centuries before being published. It was a fortunate accident that Mr. W. T. Brooke, a London gentleman of literary interests, found, on a bookstall in 1897, two manuscripts of unknown authorship, one in verse, the other prose. He sold them to Dr. Grosart, who attributed them at once to Henry Vaughan, and planned to include them in a new edition of Vaughan's works. At Grosart's death they were purchased, together with another anonymous volume of prayers and devotions in the same handwriting, by Mr. Bertram Dobell, the London publisher. Closer examination by Mr. Dobell led him to doubt Vaughan's authorship of the works, and the search for the identity of the author began. An interesting bit of detective work ensued, which, aided by the happy and accidental discovery of another work by the same unknown author in the preface of which he was referred to as the chaplain of the late Lord Keeper Bridgeman, resulted in his being identified as Thomas Traherne. Other clues and proofs followed which were sufficient to enable Mr. Dobell to publish, for the first time, in 1903. The Poetical Works of Thomas Traherne, and in 1908 the same publisher brought out the first edition of the prose *Centuries of Meditations*.

The world of letters at once welcomed Traherne into its fellowship, and acknowledged his kinship with Vaughan and Herbert and other mystical writers of the Church of England in the seventeenth century who came under the neoplatonic influence of the day. Scholars have busied themselves for two decades to find out the facts of his life, but the modesty and humility of Traherne will not abide their questioning. The few details given by Anthony à Wood constitute the bulk of our knowledge of the man. He was the son of a shoemaker of Hereford, and came of an ancient Welsh family which had been reduced almost to poverty. Traherne's poems contain many autobiographical hints, but they have to do chiefly with the mind and soul of the poet rather than with his physical progress in this world. He was able to go to Oxford, and took his degree at Brasenose College in 1656. He entered the church, and retired to a country parish near Hereford where he lived a peaceful and meditative life. He was later called to London to become chaplain to Sir Orlando Bridgeman, Lord Keeper of the Seals, and returned with him afterwards to Hereford. Traherne survived his patron but lived on at his house, and died there at the age of thirty-eight. At his death he had some five pounds in money and a few clothes and books to bequeath to his friends.

Traherne is at present better known for his poems than for his prose, but the latter is undoubtedly the better of the two. He never really mastered the technicalities of verse, and is constantly obliged to fill out his lines with auxiliary words. At times he throws rhyme to the winds and writes free verse, some of it among the best, as it is certainly among the earliest, in the language. But no apology has to be made for his *Centuries of Meditations*. They are in the peculiar idiom of the seventeenth century, and stand comparison well with Browne and Taylor for richness, and with Walton and Bunyan for simplicity. But whether Traherne is essaying verse or prose, his theme is always one — the divineness of childhood and its intuitions, and the immediate and ecstatic harmony of the childlike soul with the world of nature. He has, therefore, much in common with Vaughan in his own century and with the later Blake and Wordsworth. Traherne's mysticism, however, is of a rather more practical and worldly turn than theirs, if one may speak thus of mysticism. Like all mystics of whatever sort, Traherne longs for a closer communion with God, and though he finds the world beautiful, its beauty is but a shadow of the Divine Beauty. "The beauty of holiness" and the

holiness of beauty have not often been so deeply felt and so felicitously expressed as in his prose.

Traherne has gained rather than lost by his long eclipse, for Vaughan and Blake and Wordsworth have all helped to prepare an audience for him, and the world that has discovered his *Meditations* is putting an increasingly higher value upon them.

FROM CENTURIES OF MEDITATIONS

(Text: first edition, Dobeñ's text, 1908)

THE FIRST CENTURY

1

An empty book is like an infant's soul, in which anything may be written. It is capable of all things, but containeth nothing. I have a mind to fill this with profitable wonders. And since Love made you put it into my hands I will fill it with those Truths you love without knowing them: with those things which, if it be possible, shall show my Love; to you in communicating most enriching Truths: to Truth in exalting her beauties in such a Soul.

2

Do not wonder that I promise to fill it with those Truths you love but know not; for though it be a maxim in the schools *that there is no Love of a thing unknown*, yet I have found that things unknown have a secret influence on the soul, and like the centre of the earth unseen violently attract it. We love we know not what, and therefore everything allures us. As iron at a distance is drawn by the loadstone, there being some invisible communications between them, so is there in us a world of Love to somewhat, though we know not what, in the world that should be. There are invisible ways of conveyance by which some great thing doth touch our souls, and by which we tend to it. Do you not feel yourself drawn by the expectation and desire of some Great Thing?

8

What is more easy and sweet than meditation? Yet in this hath God commended his Love, that by meditation it is enjoyed. As nothing is more easy than to think, so nothing is more difficult than to think well.

The easiness of thinking we received from God, the difficulty of thinking well proceeded from ourselves. Yet in truth, it is far more easy to think well than ill, because good thoughts be sweet and delightful. Evil thoughts are full of discontent and trouble. So that an evil habit and custom have made it difficult to think well, not Nature. For by nature nothing is so difficult as to think amiss.

11

Love is deeper than at first it can be thought. It never ceaseth but in endless things. It ever multiplies. Its benefits and its designs are always infinite. Were you not holy, divine, and blessed in enjoying the world, I should not care so much to bestow it. But now in this you accomplish the end of your creation, and serve God best, and please him most: I rejoice in giving it. For to enable you to please God, is the highest service a man can do you. It is to make you pleasing to the King of Heaven, that you may be the darling of his bosom.

15

Such endless depths live in the Divinity, and in the wisdom of God, that as he maketh one, so he maketh everyone the end of the world: and the supernumerary persons being enrichers of his inheritance. Adam and the world are both mine. And the posterity of Adam enrich it infinitely. Souls are God's jewels, every one of which is worth many worlds. They are his riches because his image, and mine for that reason. So that I alone am the end of the world: angels and men being all mine. And if others are so, they are made to enjoy it for my further advancement. God only being the Giver and I the Receiver. So that Seneca

philosophized rightly when he said "*Deus me dedit solum toti mundi, et totum mundum mihi soli*": God gave me alone to all the world, and all the world to me alone.

18

The world is not this little cottage of heaven and earth. Though this be fair, it is too small a gift. When God made the world. So are all those infinite and eternal of heavens, and the angels, and the celestial powers. These also are parts of the world. So are all those infinite and eternal treasures that are to abide for ever, after the Day of Judgment. Neither are these, some here, and some there, but all everywhere, and at once to be enjoyed. The world is unknown, till the value and glory of it is seen: till the beauty and the serviceableness of its parts is considered. When you enter into it, it is an illimited field of variety and beauty: where you may lose yourself in the multitude of wonders and delights. But it is an happy loss to lose oneself in admiration at one's own felicity: and to find God in exchange for oneself. Which we then do when we see him in his gifts, and adore his glory.

25

Your enjoyment of the world is never right till you so esteem it that everything in it is more your treasure than a king's exchequer full of gold and silver. And that exchequer yours also in its place and service. Can you take too much joy in your Father's works? He is himself in everything. Some things are little on the outside, and rough and common, but I remember the time when the dust of the streets were as pleasing as gold to my infant eyes, and now they are more precious to the eye of reason.

27

You never enjoy the world aright till you see how a sand exhibiteth the wisdom and power of God: and prize in everything the service which they do you, by manifesting his glory and goodness to your soul, far more than the visible beauty on their surface, or the material services they

can do your body. Wine by its moisture quencheth my thirst, whether I consider it or no: but to see it flowing from his love who gave it unto man, quencheth the thirst even of the holy angels. To consider it is to drink it spiritually. To rejoice in its diffusion is to be of a public mind. And to take pleasure in all the benefits it doth to all is heavenly, for so they do in heaven. To do so, is to be divine and good, and to imitate our infinite and eternal Father.

28

Your enjoyment of the world is never right, till every morning you awake in heaven; see yourself in your Father's palace; and look upon the skies, the earth, and the air as celestial joys; having such a reverend esteem of all, as if you were among the angels. The bride of a monarch, in her husband's chamber hath no such causes of delight as you.

29

You never enjoy the world aright till the sea itself floweth in your veins, till you are clothed with the heavens, and crowned with the stars: and perceive yourself to be the sole heir of the whole world, and more than so, because men are in it who are every one sole heirs as well as you. Till you can sing and rejoice and delight in God, as misers do in gold, and kings in sceptres, you never enjoy the world.

30

Till your spirit filleth the whole world, and the stars are your jewels; till you are as familiar with the ways of God in all ages as with your walk and table: till you are intimately acquainted with that shady nothing out of which the world was made: till you love men so as to desire their happiness, with a thirst equal to the zeal of your own: till you delight in God for being good to all: you never enjoy the world. Till you more feel it than your private estate, and are more present in the hemisphere, considering the glories and the beauties there, than in your own house. Till you remember how lately you were made, and how wonderful it was when you came into

it: and more rejoice in the palace of your glory, than if it had been made but today morning.

31

Yet further, you never enjoy the world aright till you so love the beauty of enjoying it that you are covetous and earnest to persuade others to enjoy it. And so perfectly hate the abominable corruption of men in despising it, that you had rather suffer the flames of hell than willingly be guilty of their error. There is so much blindness and ingratitude and damned folly in it. The world is a mirror of infinite beauty, yet no man sees it. It is a temple of majesty, yet no man regards it. It is a region of light and peace, did not men disquiet it. It is the Paradise of God. It is more to man since he is fallen than it was before. It is the place of angels and the Gate of Heaven. When Jacob waked out of his dream, he said "God is here, and I wist it not. How dreadful is this place! This is none other than the House of God, and the Gate of Heaven."

44

You must want like a God that you may be satisfied like God. Were you not made in his image? He is infinitely glorious, because all his wants and supplies are at the same time in his nature from eternity. He had, and from eternity he was without, all his treasures. From eternity he needed them, and from eternity he enjoyed them. For all eternity is at once in him, both the empty durations before the world was made, and the full ones after. His wants are as lively as his enjoyments: and always present with him. For his life is perfect, and he feels them both. His wants put a lustre upon his enjoyments and make them infinite. His enjoyments being infinite crown his wants, and make them beautiful even to God himself. His wants and enjoyments being always present are delightful to each other, stable, immutable, perfective of each other, and delightful to him. Who being eternal and immutable, enjoyeth all his wants and treasures together. His wants never afflict him, his treasures never disturb him. His wants always delight him: his treasures

never cloy him. The sense of his wants is always as great as if his treasures were removed: and as lively upon him. The sense of his wants, as it enlargeth his life, so it infuseth a value and continual sweetness into the treasures he enjoyeth.

58

The Cross is the abyss of wonders, the centre of desires, the school of virtues, the house of wisdom, the throne of love, the theatre of joys, and the place of sorrows. It is the root of happiness, and the Gate of Heaven.

THE SECOND CENTURY

40

In all love there is a love begetting, and a love begotten, and a love preceding. Which though they are one in essence subsist nevertheless in three several manners. For love is benevolent affection to another: which is of itself, and by itself relateth to its object. It floweth from itself and resteth in its object. Love proceedeth of necessity from itself, for unless it be of itself it is not love. Constraint is destructive and opposite to its nature. The love from which it floweth is the fountain of love. The love which streameth from it is the communication of love, or love communicated. The love which resteth in the object is the love which streameth to it. So that in all love the Trinity is clear. By secret passages without stirring, it proceedeth to its object; and is as powerfully present as if it did not proceed at all. The love that lieth in the bosom of the lover, being the love that is perceived in the spirit of the beloved: that is, the same in substance, though in the manner of substance, or subsistence different. Love in the bosom is the parent of love; love in the stream is the effect of love; love seen, or dwelling in the object, proceedeth from both. Yet are all these one and the self-same love: though three loves.

65

You are as prone to love as the sun is to shine; it being the most delightful and

natural employment of the soul of man, without which you are dark and miserable. Consider therefore the extent of love, its vigor and excellency. For certainly he that delights not in love makes vain the universe, and is of necessity to himself the greatest burden. The whole world ministers to you as the theatre of your love. It sustains you and all objects that you may continue to love them. Without which it were better for you to have no being. Life without objects is sensible emptiness, and that is a greater misery than death or nothing. Objects without love are a delusion of life. The objects of love are its greatest treasures: and without love it is impossible they should be treasures. For the objects which we love are the pleasing objects, and delightful things. And whatsoever is not pleasing and delightful to you can be no treasure: nay, it is distasteful, and worse than nothing, since we had rather it should have no being.

THE THIRD CENTURY

1

Will you see the infancy of this sublime and celestial greatness? Those pure and virgin apprehensions I had from the womb, and that divine light wherewith I was born are the best unto this day, wherein I can see the universe. By the gift of God they attended me into the world, and by his special favor I remember them till now. Verily they seem the greatest gifts his wisdom could bestow, for without them all other gifts had been dead and vain. They are unattainable by book, and therefore I will teach them by experience. Pray for them earnestly: for they will make you angelical, and wholly celestial. Certainly Adam in Paradise had not more sweet and curious apprehensions of the world than I when I was a child.

2

All appeared new, and strange at first, inexpressibly rare and delightful and beautiful. I was a little stranger, which at my entrance into the world was saluted and surrounded with innumerable joys. My knowledge was divine. I knew by intuition

those things which since my apostacy I collected again by the highest reason. My very ignorance was advantageous. I seemed as one brought into the estate of innocence. All things were spotless and pure and glorious: yea, and infinitely mine, and joyful and precious. I knew not that there were any sins, or complaints, or laws. I dreamed not of poverties, contentions, or vices. All tears and quarrels were hidden from mine eyes. Everything was at rest, free and immortal. I knew nothing of sickness or death or rents or exaction, either for tribute or bread. In the absence of these I was entertained like an angel with the works of God in their splendor and glory, I saw all in the peace of Eden; heaven and earth did sing my Creator's praises, and could not make more melody to Adam than to me. All time was eternity, and a perpetual Sabbath. Is it not strange that an infant should be heir of the whole world, and see those mysteries which the books of the learned never unfold?

3

The corn was orient and immortal wheat, which never should be reaped, nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting. The dust and stones of the street were as precious as gold: the gates were at first the end of the world. The green trees when I saw them first through one of the gates transported and ravished me, their sweetness and unusual beauty made my heart to leap, and almost mad with ecstasy, they were such strange and wonderful things. The men! O what venerable and reverend creatures did the aged seem! Immortal cherubims! And young men glittering and sparkling angels, and maids strange seraphic pieces of life and beauty! Boys and girls tumbling in the street, and playing, were moving jewels. I knew not that they were born or should die; but all things abided eternally as they were in their proper places. Eternity was manifest in the light of the day, and something infinite behind everything appeared, which talked with my expectation and moved my desire. The city seemed to stand in Eden, or to be built in heaven. The streets were mine, the temple was mine,

the people were mine, their clothes and gold and silver were mine, as much as their sparkling eyes, fair skins and ruddy faces. The skies were mine, and so were the sun and moon and stars, and all the world was mine; and I the only spectator and enjoyer of it. I knew no churlish proprieties,¹ nor bounds, nor divisions: but all proprieties and divisions were mine: all treasures and the possessors of them. So that with much ado I was corrupted, and made to learn the dirty devices of this world. Which now I unlearn, and become, as it were, a little child again that I may enter into the Kingdom of God.

The first light which shined in my infancy in its primitive and innocent clarity was totally eclipsed: insomuch that I was fain to learn all again. If you ask me how it was eclipsed? Truly by the customs and manners of men, which like contrary winds blew it out: by an innumerable company of other objects, rude, vulgar and worthless things, that like so many loads of earth and dung did overwhelm and bury it: by the impetuous torrent of wrong desires in all others whom I saw or knew that carried me away and alienated me from it: by a whole sea of other matters and concerns that covered and drowned it: finally by the evil influence of a bad education that did not foster and cherish it. All men's thoughts and words were about other matters. They all prized new things which I did not dream of. I was a stranger and unacquainted with them; I was little and revered their authority; I was weak, and easily guided by their example; ambitious also, and desirous to approve myself unto them. And finding no one syllable in any man's mouth of those things, by degrees they vanished, my thoughts (as indeed what is more fleeting than a thought?) were blotted out; and at last all the celestial, great, and stable treasures to which I was born, as wholly forgotten as if they had never been.

Had any man spoken of it, it had been the most easy thing in the world to have taught me, and to have made me believe that heaven and earth was God's house, and that he gave it me. That the sun was

mine, and that men were mine, and that cities and kingdoms were mine also: that earth was better than gold, and that water, every drop of it, was a precious jewel. And that these were great and living treasures: and that all riches whatsoever else was dross in comparison. From whence I clearly find how docible our nature is in natural things, were it rightly entreated. And that our misery proceedeth ten thousand times more from the outward bondage of opinion and custom, than from any inward corruption or depravation of nature: And that it is not our parents' loins, so much as our parents' lives, that enthralls and blinds us. Yet is all our corruption derived from Adam, inasmuch as all the evil examples and inclinations of the world arise from his sin. But I speak it in the presence of God and of our Lord Jesus Christ, in my pure primitive virgin light, while my apprehensions were natural, and unmixed, I cannot remember but that I was ten thousand times more prone to good and excellent things than evil. But I was quickly tainted and fell by others.

By this you may see who are the rude and barbarous Indians. For verily there is no savage nation under the cope of heaven, that is more absurdly barbarous than the Christian world. They that go naked and drink water and live upon roots are like Adam, or angels in comparison of us. But they indeed that call beads and glass buttons jewels, and dress themselves with feathers, and buy pieces of brass and broken hafts of knives of our merchants are somewhat like us. But we pass them in barbarous opinions and monstrous apprehensions, which we nick-name civility and the mode, amongst us. I am sure those barbarous people that go naked come nearer Adam, God, and angels in the simplicity of their wealth, though not in knowledge.

You would not think how these barbarous inventions spoil your knowledge. They put grubs and worms in men's heads that are enemies to all pure and true apprehensions, and eat out all their happiness. They make it impossible for them, in whom they reign, to believe there is any

¹ I.e., properties.

excellency in the works of God, or to taste any sweetness in the nobility of nature, or to prize any common, though never so great a blessing. They alienate men from the life of God, and at last make them to live without God in the world. To live the life of God is to live to all the works of God, and to enjoy them in his image, from which they are wholly diverted that follow fashions. Their fancies are corrupted with other jingles.

16

Once I remember (I think I was about four years old when) I thus reasoned with myself, sitting in a little obscure room in my father's poor house: If there be a God, certainly he must be infinite in goodness: and that I was prompted to by a real whispering instinct of nature. And if he be infinite in goodness, and a perfect being in wisdom and love, certainly he must do most glorious things, and give us infinite riches; how comes it to pass therefore that I am so poor? Of so scanty and narrow a fortune, enjoying few and obscure comforts? I thought I could not believe him a God to me unless all his power were employed to glorify me. I knew not then my soul, or body; nor did I think of the heavens and the earth, the rivers and the stars, the sun or the seas: all those were lost, and absent from me. But when I found them made out of nothing for me, then I had a God indeed, whom I could praise, and rejoice in.

17

Sometimes I should be alone, and without employment, when suddenly my soul would return to itself, and forgetting all things in the whole world which mine eyes had seen, would be carried away to the ends of the earth; and my thoughts would be deeply engaged with enquiries: how the earth did end? whether walls did bound it, or sudden precipices? Or whether the heavens by degrees did come to touch it; so that the face of the earth and heaven were so near, that a man with difficulty could creep under? Whatever I could imagine was inconvenient, and my reason being posed was quickly wearied. What also upheld the earth (be-

cause it was heavy) and kept it from falling; whether pillars or dark waters? And if any of these, what then upheld those, and what again those, of which I saw there would be no end? Little did I think that the earth was round, and the world so full of beauty, light, and wisdom. When I saw that, I knew by the perfection of the work there was a God, and was satisfied, and rejoiced. People underneath, and fields and flowers, with another sun and another day, pleased me mightily: but more when I knew it was the same sun that served them by night, that served us by day.

46

When I came into the country, and being seated among silent trees, and meads and hills, had all my time in mine own hands, I resolved to spend it all, whatever it cost me, in the search of happiness, and to satiate that burning thirst which nature had enkindled in me from my youth. In which I was so resolute, that I chose rather to live upon ten pounds a year, and to go in leather clothes, and feed upon bread and water, so that I might have all my time clearly to myself, than to keep many thousands per annum in an estate of life where my time would be devoured in care and labor. And God was so pleased to accept of that desire, that from that time to this I have had all things plentifully provided for me, without any care at all, my very study of felicity making me more to prosper than all the care in the whole world. So that through his blessing I live a free and a kingly life as if the world were turned again to Eden, or much more, as it is at this day.

THE FOURTH CENTURY

83

Whether it be the soul itself, or God in the soul, that shines by love, or both, it is difficult to tell: but certainly the love of the soul is the sweetest thing in the world. I have often admired what should make it so excellent. If it be God that loves, it is the shining of his essence; if it be the soul, it is his image: if it be both, it is a double benefit.

THE FIFTH CENTURY

7

Eternity is a mysterious absence of times and ages: an endless length of ages always present, and for ever perfect. For as there is an immovable space wherein all finite spaces are enclosed, and all motions carried on and performed, so is there an immovable duration, that contains and measures all moving durations. Without which first

the last could not be; no more than finite places, and bodies moving without infinite space. All ages being but successions correspondent to those parts of the eternity wherein they abide, and filling no more of it than ages can do. Whether they are commensurate with it or no, is difficult to determine. But the infinite immovable duration is eternity, the place and duration of all things, even of infinite space itself; the cause and end, the author and beautifier, the life and perfection of all.

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